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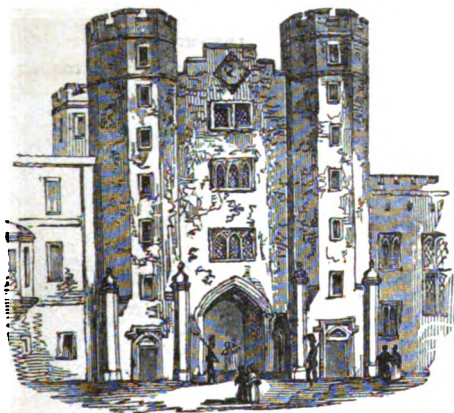


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**STISTED HALL, ESSEX.**  
The Seat of Onley Savill Onley, Esq<sup>r</sup>

THE  
**ST. JAMES'S MAGAZINE,**  
AND  
**Heraldic and Historical Register.**

EDITED BY  
**J. BERNARD BURKE, ESQ.,**  
AUTHOR OF "THE PEERAGE," "LANDED GENTRY," "ANECDOTES OF THE  
ARISTOCRACY," ETC.



**VOL. II.**

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*Gift of  
William Endicott, Jr.*

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TO

JOHN MAUDE, OF MOOR HOUSE,

IN THE COUNTY OF YORK, ESQ.,

A Magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant for the West Riding,

ONE OF THE EDITOR'S EARLIEST FRIENDS,

AND

THE CONSTANT PROMOTER OF HIS LITERARY ENDEAVOURS,

THIS VOLUME OF THE

ST. JAMES'S MAGAZINE,

IS INSCRIBED

WITH THE WARMEST FEELINGS OF ESTEEM AND REGARD.



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# THE ST. JAMES'S MAGAZINE,

## AND HERALDIC REGISTER.

MARCH, 1850.

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\* \* It is earnestly requested that those desirous of having their Arms recorded in the HERALDIC REGISTER, will communicate as early as possible with the Editor, care of Mr. Churton, 26, Holles Street, Cavendish Square, London. That portion of the Journal will be so arranged and numbered as to admit of its being bound at the end of the year as a separate volume, illustrated with the Armorial engravings. A full and comprehensive Index will be given.

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THE  
ST. JAMES'S MAGAZINE  
AND  
HERALDIC AND HISTORICAL REGISTER.

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CALVERLEY, OF CALVERLEY.

It is not quite two centuries and a half since the tragedy I am about to relate from ancient tradition, was enacted; and yet—to use no very forced or ambiguous metaphor—time has already begun to efface the record, or at least to render some portions of it indistinguishable. As good fortune, however, would have it, the mutilations have occurred only where they were of the least consequence, upon some of the detached outworks, as we may call them, and not upon the main body of the building.

They who unite imagination to the love of antiquity, and are familiar with the more perfect remains of the olden time—if the term “perfect” can, with propriety, be applied to that which is already under the influence of decay—will easily understand us when we attempt to illustrate this part of our subject, by the example of those beautiful ruins, of which, while the outlines still exist, the details have perished, or are crumbling around in huge disjointed fragments, amidst docks, and weeds, and nettles. There yet stand the walls, the highly-ornamented gothic casements, the flying buttresses, the winding staircases; and yet, how much—and at the same time how little—is wanted to make up the ancient edifice. A groined roof, a few windows of stained glass, an arch restored here, a wall completed there, and the magnificent creation of other days is once again before us. Even so it is with many of the romantic and historical traditions that belong to the same period; they have shared a similar fate in coming down to us, more or less mutilated by time, which, like Saturn of old, or the double deity of the east, is at once both creator and destroyer. Thus much by way of preface—a short one, if not a necessary one—for the romancer requires the prelude chord or symphony almost as much as the singer does.

The family of Calverley—or, as it is sometimes written, Caverley, perhaps from following a corrupt pronunciation—may be traced up to a very early period, their name having been derived from the place wherein they settled—a township in the West Riding of Yorkshire, about seven miles from Leeds, and three from Bradford. According to the custom of



those very warlike and pious times, when fighting and praying were looked upon as the principal occupations of life, the Calverleys made frequent donations upon a large scale to the church, and died right gallantly in their harness; and yet neither the brave nor the bounteous of that name have acquired for it so much celebrity, as one who committed the most atrocious crimes, and ended his career as a malefactor. Indeed, it may be said that the saints and heroes of Calverley are alike forgotten, or at best they are scantily remembered in some dry antiquarian page, which few ever read, while our hero, Walter Calverley, figures in blank verse, and has obtained to his own share, a much larger space in local history than has been allowed to all the rest of his race from the time when John, called Scoticus, or Scot, from his country, married Lardarina, daughter of Alphonsus Gospatrick, and, in her right, became Lord of Calverley.

The father of Walter Calverley dying while the latter was still in his nonage, the minor fell under the guardianship of an old friend of the family. How far this event influenced the future character of the young heir, it would be hard to say; his guardian was, to all accounts, a gentleman of unquestioned worth and honour, yet it is seldom seen that a stranger, even with the best intentions, fully supplies the place of a deceased parent. However this may be, Walter was to all appearance a youth of the highest promise, sufficiently versed in the accomplishments of the day, well-made, handsome, and—what seems somewhat at variance with his after-life—of a steady and even grave demeanour. Hence it was generally augured, that he would be an honour to his father's house, and a credit to his native county; a point upon which provincials are, for the most part, not a little jealous. But some few, who pretended to look more closely into things, were far from entertaining the same favourable opinions. They saw, or fancied they saw, without exactly accusing him of hypocrisy, that his character was the very reverse of what it seemed to be; he was, said they, like a river smoothed over by the ice, but once let the sun rise in its strength to melt the wintry mask, and they would then learn how fierce a torrent it had concealed.

These forebodings, however, did not prevent the heir to eight hundred a-year from being an acceptable guest in most families, especially where daughters and sisters were on hand, all as willing to be married, as fathers, mothers, and brothers, could be to get rid of them; or, as they more delicately phrased it, to see the fair ones settled in life. Thus it fell out, that he was at once the "invited and welcome guest to a gentleman of cheefe note in his country," whose name the old chronicler, so minute in other respects, having omitted to tell us, we shall, for the sake of convenience, call him Sir Luke Escholt. This gentleman had an only daughter, Emily, a consideration which, it may be supposed without any lack of charity, had some weight in the more than usual kindness he bestowed upon his youthful visitor, though perhaps we should do him wrong in supposing that he acted upon any definite scheme of entrapping him into an alliance. On these occasions the motives to action are in a certain measure a secret even to ourselves, and, while they most influence our conduct, assume to our minds no precise form, but hold on their course quietly, like the thin stream, whose progress is only visible by the fresher and deeper green of the herbage through which it steals its way.

Both Emily and her young guest were at that age when, unless the heart is previously occupied by some other object, it requires little more

than constant intercourse to kindle the flames of passion ; and this, in the present case, was not wanting. Lonely walks together at early day, or when the moonlight was on the glades, and the dance often prolonged beyond the midnight hour, soon ripened acquaintance into intimacy, intimacy into liking, and, by a process as rapid as it was natural, liking into love. All this was seen and approved of by the politic Sir Luke ; nor was he in the least surprised when one day Walter, who had long before secured the lady's assent, made a formal proposal to him for his daughter's hand in marriage.

"My dear Walter," replied the old gentleman, "so far as I am concerned, I may safely avouch, there is not a man in the whole shire that I would sooner have for a son-in-law than yourself ; but you are not yet of age, or entitled to act in this matter for yourself."

"I shall be in six months," interrupted Walter, hastily. "In less than six months."

"Be it so : when that day comes we will resume the subject, unless, in the meanwhile, you should change your mind."

"Never!" exclaimed Walter.

"Young man," said Sir Luke, laying his hand with much kindness on his shoulder ; "*never* is a word that comes the readiest to the lips of youth on these occasions ; but, credit my experience, such *nevers* are too often of short date."

"Not with me, sir, I assure you,—on my life—on my honour. It is impossible for me to change, on a subject like this."

"Well, time will shew, and to time we will refer it. When you are of age—your mind still holding—come back to us, and my consent will not, I dare say, be wanting to your wishes."

But Walter was not to be so satisfied. He pressed his suit with all the ardour of a young lover ; and although he could not extort from Sir Luke his consent to an immediate marriage in private, which might be afterwards publicly ratified at their own convenience, he prevailed so far over his scruples that he allowed them to exchange pledges, and reciprocally bind themselves to each other. It is even possible that his perseverance might have overcome the old gentleman's last doubts, and brought about an instant union could he have remained there a few days longer ; but affairs of importance made his presence in the capital indispensable, and he reluctantly prepared to set out, when, as the chronicler is careful to tell us, "the virtuous gentlewoman danced a *loth to depart* on his contracted lips ;" or, in plain English, the damsel gave her lover a parting kiss ; the *loth to depart* being a popular tune in the olden time, and often used by our earlier dramatists to express an unwilling separation.

The young heir had not been long in town before the wisdom of Sir Luke's doubts was made apparent, and probably in much less time than he himself had contemplated when he gave the warning. Already in the third week of his abode there, the "*never*" was forgotten—obliterated by a single glance from a pair of bright eyes, so completely as ever the returning tide of the sea washed out the wrinkles from the sands, only to leave other impressions in their place. In one evening, forgetting his rural beauty, he had fallen desperately in love with Philippa Brooke, and the maiden had listened, nothing loth, to his protestations, for, as we before mentioned, Walter possessed all those external qualifications which make young ladies fain, the eyes and ears being gene-

rally their counsellors in such matters, without any reference to the sober churl, reason. In brief space, Philippa was won; and so far from the course of love never running smooth, as the poet would have us believe, it may be truly said that no ball ever rolled more easily along a bowling-green, than did the ball of love with Walter. Everything, in fact, tended to help on his wishes; his guardian chanced to be a friend to early marriages, under the idea that they settled a young man in life, and kept him out of mischief; the lady, moreover, was his own niece; and the father saw no objection. When therefore Walter, with his characteristic impatience, pressed for the immediate celebration of the marriage, few difficulties were thrown in his way, except by the proverbial delay of the lawyers, and even they were induced, by certain golden considerations, to quicken their usual pace—if not into a positive gallop, at least into a sort of decent trot.

He thus got married before he had time to change his mind, which with so fickle a temper he most likely would have done, had he allowed himself, or had circumstances forced upon him any longer probation.

Even in those days, when conveyance from one place to another was a work of much time and difficulty, ill news was as proverbial for its speedy travelling, as it is amongst ourselves, with all the advantage of railways and electric telegraphs; and these tidings were not slow in reaching Emily. They proved her death-warrant. Yet she indulged in no passionate expressions either of grief or anger on receiving them. It might have been better for her if she had; for wounds that bleed inwardly are always the most dangerous—but contented herself with saying, while a smile lighted up her pale features, "I intreat of God to grant both prosperous health and fruitful wealth, both to him and her, though I am sick for his sake." Nor were these mere words, such as escape from weakness, or which pride uses when it would hide a deeper feeling. She had loved as only woman can love, and the cruel disappointment of her dearest hopes had struck so home, that she faded away like a stricken lily, and died with a rapidity that might have well nigh seemed marvellous. It is common, as we well know, to laugh at the idea of broken hearts, in any case; and, least of all, from a cause so shadowy and undefined in its nature as that which bears the name of love; to this it may be replied that our tale is no idle fiction, but one of those dark and terrible pages in the records of human life, which leave far behind them the wildest dreams of the imagination; when, moreover, we have discovered how it is that the immaterial soul acts upon the material body, in the general wear and tear of our earthly trial, it will be time enough to discuss how the heart may be broken,—and broken too by love.

It soon appeared that the friends who grieved for the premature death of Emily, grieved more naturally than wisely. In a few short months, almost indeed before they had laid the turf upon her head, the character of Walter Calverley began to unfold itself in a way that made the grave seem a happy refuge from his marriage-bed, and shewed the living wife to be much more an object of compassion than her departed rival.

About a week after the marriage, which had been celebrated in London, the young couple took up their abode at Calverley Hall. It was one of those late and beautiful autumns, when the summer brilliance remains still undiminished, and mingles strangely with the symptoms of decay that are the peculiar characteristics of the later season. To one

who really loved a country life, the scene around must have possessed the deepest interest, and, though unused to anything of the kind, it was not long before this was felt in its fullest extent by Philippa, whose gentle and somewhat romantic nature found an inexpressible charm in the sight of this quiet landscape, which she was henceforth, in right of her husband, to call her own. She felt as if all her previous existence had been a dream, and she was now, for the first time, transferred to her native element.

For some few weeks, Walter appeared to share in the feelings of his beautiful bride; but then, with as swift a transition as a northern winter bounds into spring, a change took place with him, this bitter feeling turning into discontent, not to say disgust, and an unappeasable desire for pleasures of a more exciting kind. The very gentleness of Philippa had become tameness and insipidity. In consequence he ran into such riot and excesses of all kinds, that he found himself compelled, first, to mortgage one part of his estate, then another; then he incurred debts, and, finally, he involved some of his best friends in his difficulties, by persuading them to become bound for him, when his own name had sunk so low in worldly estimation, that it would no longer obtain him credit. This, of course, had not been done all at once, or even in a very short time; rapid as is the descent to ruin, it took about four years to bring him to this pass, which, however, when it did come, effectually provided for his future moderation, by cutting off all the means of extravagance. There was an end to riot, since the sources that fed it were drained and dried up; the companions of his prosperous hours as naturally falling away from him, as the leaves fall from the trees in autumn. But the moral and physical abstinence forced upon him by this decay of his fortunes, instead of ameliorating his heart, only soured his temper; he grew morose and sullen, and even savage, much to the grief of his wife, who still loved him tenderly in spite of all his follies. For a long time her fear of him kept her silent; at length, in her anxiety to relieve his distress of mind, if possible, she took courage, and resolved to tend and heal those mental wounds, that from day to day were getting worse, and made him as painful an object to others as to himself. But all her efforts proved unavailing; the only result was, that her rapacious husband, availing himself of the gentle affection of his wife, obtained possession of all her jewels, and at length insisted that she should sell her dowry also. Nor did he at all attempt to gild over this proposal by affecting any intention of using the money, when obtained, for good or useful purposes; on the contrary, he plainly told her that he loved his own pleasures beyond all other considerations, and intended to employ it in maintaining them. Bitter as the insult was, Philippa would have cheerfully yielded to the sacrifice demanded of her, but the interests of her children would be deeply involved in it, and it required all her strong sense of duty towards a husband, and those lingering remains of affection, which, when once sown in a woman's bosom, is seldom wholly eradicated, to conquer her reluctance to thus depriving them of their natural inheritance. She did, however, bring herself even to this point, and, as usual, submitting her will to his commands, went to London for the purpose of disposing of her dowry. Upon arriving there, her first visit was naturally to the uncle who had formerly been her guardian, and had discharged the office

both with kindness and the strictest regard to his ward's interest. The old man received her with unabated affection, though the scrutinizing look with which he examined her after the first hearty salutations, brought the blood to her cheeks and even made her tremble.

"How is this, my love?" he began; "you have grown thin—you look ill. I have heard many unpleasant rumours, as if your husband did not use you well, and there is something in your pale face that confirms them."

"Mere slanders, dear uncle, I assure you; Walter is ever kind to me—most kind."

"I am glad to hear it—marry, a plague upon those lying tattlers, who must needs spread such false reports, for no good, as it seems, to themselves, except it be the pleasure they find in doing harm to others. But however, there is some excuse—some shadow of an excuse, I should rather say—in the present case; for I suppose all these fine tales of neglect and cruelty, and what not, have emanated from his creditors, a class of folks that seldom speak well, or think well, of those who owe them money."

"I do not believe he is in debt—that is, so very much in debt," replied Philippa, correcting herself, in the sad conviction that her husband's extravagance and consequent difficulties were too much a matter of notoriety to be glossed over. Most certainly her uncle was not deceived even by this qualified denial; for he shook his head, exclaiming, "Not so much in debt, say you? If you really believe that, it's plain your husband does not let his wife into all his secrets—few husbands do,—but I suspect you are playing the good housewife in this matter, and throwing a veil over Walter's follies, just as you would hide a stain or a darn in your best carpet. Well, I don't so much blame you for that; and as it seems he uses you well, I will set off his kindness against his follies, and see what can be done for him. I shan't part with you, though, for the next month or so,—count upon that, niece Philippa, as surely as you do upon the snows of winter; indeed, it may take so long to arrange things for Walter in the way that I could wish. But mind, you are not to give him the slightest hint of my purpose till all is settled; nothing I dislike so much as tantalizing any one with hopes; if the thing promised is really got, it loses half the pleasure it would otherwise bring, from having been expected and waited for; and if it fails, why then there's disappointment added to the annoyances of suspense. So, woman though you be, you must for once hold your tongue—all saws, proverbs, and adages to the contrary notwithstanding."

"Rely upon me, dear uncle; since such is your pleasure, I will not breathe a syllable of your kind intentions to Walter, 'till you shall bid me."

"And that may be sooner than you expect—nay, for ought I know when you go back to the country this same secret may be ripe for telling. In the meanwhile, rest assured I will take such order for Master Calverley as shall continue him in as good estate as the best of his ancestors."

While Philippa was thus busy in endeavouring to restore the broken fortunes of her husband, he was no less busy in dissipating the produce of the jewels she had given him. Riot again filled his sails; and the old companions returned with the seeming return of his prosperity, but ready as before to take wing, the moment his means of entertaining them

should be exhausted. The supply being moderate where the profuseness was so unbounded, that moment was not long in coming; and when it did, he began to curse his wife for her protracted absence, though till now he had scarcely given her a thought; or if he did, it was only to congratulate himself that she was away, and to wish he could as easily get rid of her altogether. The feeling of hatred he now entertained for her soon extended itself towards the children; for it is astonishing with what frightful rapidity these ulcers of the mind will spread when once they have been allowed to establish themselves. So intense became his aversion to his whole family that he was no longer able to throw a decent veil over it, but must needs proclaim it to the world; and on one occasion this led to a hostile encounter with a neighbouring gentleman, who had courage to defend the innocent and absent wife, from the base calumnies of her husband. In the duel, Calverley was severely wounded in the arm, and he had scarcely regained the free use of the injured limb, by the time Philippa returned from London, never doubting for a moment that the delight she herself experienced from the result of her journey, would find an immediate echo in the bosom of her husband. She was, however, soon to learn the fallacy of this expectation. His first greeting was—“What! hast brought me the money? Is your land sold, and at a good rate? Quick; why dost not answer me? You have not come back empty handed—death and darkness! if you have——”

“My dear husband——”

“Dear me no dears!—the gold—the gold, I say; let me hear it ring, let me see it sparkle! I have lost blood enough through you, she-wolf and devil that you are, and 'tis your gold must pour fresh life into my veins. Why, how the fool stares! Do I carry an evil eye in my head that you stand there gaping as if I had bewitched you.”

“You terrify me, Walter.”

“I shall terrify you more, presently, if the gold is not forthcoming. I hunger for it—I thirst for it, so produce your money-bags, and lose no more time in talking. I'd as leave hear the raven croak from the hollow oak yonder, as list to that tongue of yours.”

It was with some difficulty that the terrified Philippa could contrive amidst this torrent of threats, questions, and reproaches, to slip in an explanation of what had passed between herself and her uncle. Much to her surprise, as she progressed in her tale, the brow of Walter, which had been dark enough before, grew black as the blackest midnight. Seeing that she was giving some new offence, though unable to imagine what it could be, the glibness with which she had set out very soon failed her, and her speech became more and more confused every moment, till at last she was brought to a sudden and complete stand-still. Her silence was the cue for Walter to burst out in a greater rage than ever. Spurning the poor creature from him with his foot, he cried in a voice of thunder, “Do you dare say this to me?—to me, Walter Calverley, of Calverley, whose fathers had name and estate in the land when your beggarly race was never heard of—was it for this you went to London?—to complain of me, God wot, to your fine friends—to tell them how your husband having spent his own, had now a mind to your dowry? and—aye—and will have it too—do you mark that?—will! or he'll do such things as won't be forgotten in a hurry.”

“Indeed, dear Walter——”

"Indeed, dear devil!—it won't do. 'Sdeath and darkness! think you I'm such an ass as to put my head under your belt? to be at the beck and call of these same mighty friends of yours—pick up the crumbs that fall from their tables—stand cap in hand to take their orders.—Woman!" he said, dropping his voice to its lowest yet deepest tones, his whisper being more terrible than his former violence—"woman, I'd kill you—kill you, ere I'd see that day."

Shocked and terrified as Philippa felt at such treatment, it was not in her gentle nature to reply to it with anything like harshness. She endeavoured to take his hand, and he snatched it from her; she knelt to him, and he was again about to spurn her with his foot, but there was something so mild and loving in the dove's eyes that were upturned to him, something so inexpressibly sweet and winning in the sad smile that played about her lips as made him hesitate to give the intended blow. For a moment, at least, the demon within him had lost his power. There was even an approach to tenderness in the regards he threw upon the gentle suppliant, and he pressed his hand painfully to his brow, like one who is endeavouring in the whirl and trouble of his brain to recall some forgotten idea. Philippa saw with the quick apprehension of a woman, the better change that had thus come over him, and again attempted to take his hand, which he no longer withheld, though he rather abandoned than gave it to her.

"Dear Walter," she said, "let me implore you to lay aside all these doubts, as wronging the true love I always have had, and always shall have for you. Heaven knows the words I speak have no fashion of untruth; my friends indeed are truly possessed that your lands are mortgaged; they know to whom and for what; but I entreat you to believe that it was not from me that they had the knowledge. For any difference betwixt yourself and me—which would have more offended them than the mortgaging of your lands—I protest to you as yet they do not even suspect such a thing, having my assurance to the contrary."

"Woman!" exclaimed Calverley, "this will not pass with me; I am not one to accept of fair words for foul deeds, or for the doing nothing. Why sold you not your dowry as I bade you, and as you promised?"

"Because—it might be the error of my judgment—but I thought there was now no need of such a sacrifice, to the injury of our dear children, who should inherit the land after me."

"No need?" thundered Walter.

"I must pray your forgiveness, dear Walter, if I have been wrong; but, indeed, it so seemed to me. My uncle has promised—and he is not a man to break his word when once given—he has promised to release you from all your difficulties, and to set you in a higher estate than ever, if you will only submit to be guided by his counsels."

There was nothing in this to offend—nothing, in fact, but what ought to have conciliated the most angry spirit, if rightly taken; and yet, innocent as the speech was, it brought back Walter's evil mood. But so it always is when reason and religion yield up the guidance of the human heart to passion; we know as little what may be the next temper of the person so impelled, as we can guess where the leaf will fall that we see carried away by the whirlwind.

Fortunately at this crisis a gentleman from Cambridge sent in to desire a private interview. That he would have cruelly misused her in his then

state of mind, was most certain, and well if he had not proceeded to worse extremities. A parting blow, so violent as to fling her against the opposite wall, with the blood spurting from her face, gave sufficient proof of what might have been expected, had the interview been continued only a few minutes longer.

The visitor, who now introduced himself, proved to be a Fellow of Saint John's College, and after the first brief greetings he entered upon a subject least of all calculated to soothe the excited spirit of his host. He had come on the part of Calverley's younger brother, a student at St. John's, and universally held in the highest regard, both by equals and superiors, for his many excellent qualities. This young man had become security for Walter in a bond for a thousand pounds, which being forfeited, the creditor had entered up judgment and flung him into prison, to the utter ruin of all his prospects in life if he did not obtain an immediate release. The hardship of the case was evident, as well as that heavy scandal would fall upon the principal for neglecting to pay the bond, and thus causing his brother's ruin, all of which the kind mediator did not fail to lay before him in the liveliest colours. Walter at once saw how the odium of such an affair was likely to blacken his character with the world, already black enough. It might be too that he was moved by affection for his brother, for in the worst nature there is generally some redeeming goodness, as, in the most barren desert, spots are sure to be found of green trees and fresh waters. With a patience quite foreign to his usual habits, he listened to the admonitions of the stranger, although urged with no little warmth; and when the latter ended by demanding a categorical reply, he assured him that he was not only sensible of the wrong he had done his brother, but would take instant order for repairing it to the very utmost.

"Be pleased," he added, "to walk for a short space only about my grounds, while I look to what is necessary on this occasion; you will, I think, find enough to amuse you for the time I shall require; and yet farther to shorten it, my servant will bring you refreshments in the conservatory, a place that many visitors have thought worth seeing. My brother shall not be in prison many days—nor even hours beyond what may be necessary for your journey home again."

The gentleman thanked Walter with much cordiality, and assured him that in fulfilling so natural an obligation, he would not only content his own conscience, but greatly advance his reputation with the world.

"For myself," added the worthy collegian, "I shall account my pains in the business more richly recompensed by this prompt consent, than if I had obtained an award in a suit of my own to double the amount.

Upon these terms they parted for the present.

Walter now retired to a distant gallery, that he might consider in quiet what it were best for him to do. But the external repose failed to communicate itself to his mind. Whenever he would have turned his thoughts to the one point in question, the deeds of the past rose up like spectres, and mingled wildly, as in some mad dance, with his reflections on the future, until he knew not what he thought, or whether he thought at all. It was utter darkness and confusion within him, idea crossing and jarring with idea, as wave meets wave when tide and wind are in opposition; at one moment he was all remorse, at another vindictive rage—now tears, now execrations—this moment he reflected with horror on the ruin and



misery in which he had involved his wife and children, the next he cursed them as the causes of all he had suffered, or had yet to suffer, and the prospect did indeed look gloomily enough. If that state of mind, wherein a man has lost all mastery over his thoughts, be really madness so long as it lasts, then was Walter, good truth, mad as the wildest poor creature that ever howled to the full moon; and though it is the custom to talk of crimes committed in cold blood, such things must be reckoned among the rare occurrences of an age.

Exhausted by this inward strife, as indeed the firmest brain and the stoutest heart must soon have been, he had sunk into a window-seat near to which his eldest son was playing. At first the little fellow, on seeing his father where he had not expected to find any one, appeared half inclined to retreat. He drew back a few paces towards the door, still keeping his eye fixed upon Calverley, and wondering that he did not speak; but when this had continued some minutes, curiosity prevailed so far over other feelings, that he made a timid advance to the centre of the room, and then again halted. Still no notice was taken of him, and encouraged, instead of being daunted, by what might have seemed more likely to have produced the latter effect, he stole softly forward, and, taking his father's hand, said, "O, papa! how your hand burns!"

What a strange thing is the human heart. The gentle voice of the child, which might have been expected to soothe his troubled spirit, as David's harp stilled the demon in the breast of Saul, had just the contrary effect; it lashed him into his former fury, and seizing the terrified boy by the throat, he exclaimed, "What devil has brought you hither? Is it to tell me that you must soon starve, and that I have brought you to this pass? Why, fool, I knew it all without your telling me. I know how you will beg on the highways for a penny, and cry, God bless you, sirs, for a crust of mouldy bread, or filch the gold from some rich man's pocket—aye, that's the more thriving trade; better steal than beg. But have a care, young sir; many a man steals his own halter. They 'll hang you if they catch you; and there's an old prophecy that one of the name of Calverley shall wear an hempen collar. By Heavens! they shall not say it of you, though."

The glitter of the steel, which Walter drew forth as he said this, filled the child with a vague apprehension of something terrible, though he knew not exactly what, and he began crying and struggling to get away from the clutch of his father.

"Poor worm!" exclaimed Walter; "it's all in vain; the bird would as soon find pity from the hawk that has once pursued her. But kiss me first—kiss me, my boy. Why your lips are cold already. There's a brave boy."

And with these words, having kissed the child repeatedly with a sort of frantic affection, he plunged the dagger into his bosom, with so true an aim that the blow cleaved his heart. But no natural fear nor remorse came upon him when he felt the victim lying a dead weight upon his arm, and saw the little head hanging down, its beautiful bright locks all bedabbled with blood. On the contrary, the sight of the crimson stream appeared to have the same effect upon him that it has upon the bull, rousing him to a higher pitch of fury than before, and making him look eagerly around for another sacrifice. "There is more yet of the brood," he exclaimed; "little use in crushing one snake, if we let the rest live.

Bastards all—the raven never yet was father to the dove. And say it were not so—say that it is the blood of Calverley which flows so lustily—what then? The brother, who has lain under the same heart with me—who has drawn life from the same bosom, must not waste his young days in a prison. I will clear away all obstacles between him and the estate—myself the last. Yes, I swear it, brother, by everything that man most loves, or hates, or fears, you shall be lord of Calverley; and that you may be so, to work—to work—to work.”

In this desperate mood he hurried with the dead child in his arms to Philippa's bed-room, where she lay asleep, exhausted by recent illness. A maid servant, who watched for her waking, was nursing a younger boy by the fire. Upon seeing her master rush into the room, his face pale as death, his hands and clothes covered with blood, and the murdered child in his arms, she started up with a cry of horror. Walter immediately dropt his burthen, and catching the other child from her, a struggle ensued between them, during which he inflicted several wounds, only half parried by her efforts to intercept his blows. Finding the strength of the woman likely to prevail over him, for she was young and powerful, while he was feeble by nature, and still more so from dissipation, he grasped her by the throat so tightly that she was forced to let go the child, when, by a last exertion of his strength, he managed to fling her down the stairs. The noise of her fall awoke Philippa, who had hitherto slept through the scuffle, not soundly indeed, but in that broken slumber, in which the near reality makes itself heard and seen in the sleeper's dreams, though perhaps distorted, and mingled with things foreign to it. The first impulse of maternal instinct led her to catch up the wounded child, that lay moaning heavily upon the floor; but Walter, who, after flinging the servant down stairs, had turned back to complete his bloody work, made a sudden dart, and tried to wrest it from her. This occasioned a second struggle no less eagerly maintained than the former had been, in which the mother received several stabs intended for her child, when at last she swooned away from fright, exhaustion, and the loss of blood.

Not for a single moment did Walter pause to gaze upon this horrible scene. Yet it was no regret for what he had done, no sympathy with the murdered, nor any fears for himself, that made him fly as if pursued by some demon; he recollected that he had a third child at nurse about ten miles off, and in the fever of his insanity, he conceived that neither his revenge for his wife's supposed unfaithfulness, nor his desire to help his brother could be carried out, so long as one of his family was living. Down the great staircase therefore he might almost be said to fling himself, in the hope that his extraordinary speed would outrun the news of what had just happened, but he suddenly found himself brought to a halt at the bottom, by a servant whom the noise had brought there, and who was now listening to the maid's story.

“Oh, sir! what have you done?” exclaimed the man, stopping him.

“Done!” replied Walter, “that which you will never live to see me repent of.”

With this, he aimed a blow at him with the dagger, which being dexterously warded off, they closed, and he had the good fortune to fling his adversary, but not before he had so mangled him with his spurs in the course of their short wrestling, that, when once down, the poor fellow lay rolling upon the ground in agony, unable to get up again.

In his way to the stables, whither he now hastened, he was met by the gentleman from Cambridge, who, wondering at his strange plight, and not without some alarm, hoped that nothing unpleasant had happened.

"Oh *that*," replied Walter, "is as men shall see and understand things; for, look you, sir; what shall make some laugh, shall make others weep; and again, that which some shall deem well and wisely done, shall to others be as a sin and a stumbling-block. But beseech you, sir, go in, where I have taken orders for my brother's business, and will presently resolve you of that and all necessary matters."

The collegian, though unable to comprehend the secret meaning of his words, and suspicious of evil, went in as he had been desired, without attempting to detain his host by farther questions. Here, however, he found an ample comment on the text that had so much puzzled him. The floor covered with blood, the children and their mother to all appearance dead, the serving-man still groaning, and unable to move, from the rending and tearing of the spurs, formed a key to the riddle, that hardly needed any help from the explanations poured in upon him from all sides, for by this time the uproar had collected the whole family. So completely, however, was everyone occupied in telling or hearing, wondering, or conjecturing, that none thought of pursuing the assassin, till it was suggested by the visitor, and then it would have been too late to prevent farther mischief, had not Providence interfered.

Fully resolved to complete his bloody work by the murder of his remaining child, Calverley had set off without the loss of a moment, sparing neither whip nor spur by the way, and was already near the spot, when his horse stumbled and threw him. Before he could recover his feet and seize the bridle again, the affrighted animal started off. This gave the advantage to his pursuers, who, while he was slowly limping along from the effects of his fall, overtook him, and, after some opposition on his part, carried him before Sir John Saville, at Howley, one of the magistrates for the West Riding. Great was this gentleman's surprise at seeing a person of Calverley's name and estate in the county brought before him on a criminal charge, and much was it increased, when the collegian, as the highest in rank of the party, and the most capable orator, narrated all that he had just heard or seen, and referred to the testimony of the actual eye-witnesses for confirmation. During the recital the magistrate could not so far command his feelings, as not to give, from time to time, unequivocal signs of them, by looks, and even by broken words, and when the accusers had brought their several versions of the affair to an end, there was as much compassion as there was horror in the manner of his address.

"You have heard all this, Master Calverley, have you anything to say in reply? can you deny the whole, or any part of it?—or, if true, what cause?—what motive? Gracious heavens! it is almost too horrid for belief; and you, whom I have known from a boy; well for your poor father that he did not live to my years. Surely you must have been mad with wine at the time, and repentance of the deed has sobered you again."

"Repentance," said Walter, sullenly; "I repent of nothing but that I did not kill the other bastard brat."

"Why, Master Calverley, it is your own child you are defaming, your own wife you are slandering. Are you man, or devil?"

"You asked the question, and I answered you. I can be silent if you like that better."

"I should like best to hear you reply honestly and truly, yet in a manner befitting your condition, and which may not harden the hearts of men against you. Was this deed the devil's instigation at the moment, or is it long that you have entertained the idea of it?"

"So long that I only wonder it was not done and forgotten by this time."

"And what moved you thereto,"

"I have already said it; but you do not like the phrase, and so I have the less occasion to repeat it."

After a few more questions, which failed in eliciting any fresh matter of importance, he announced his purpose of sending Walter to the new jail at Wakefield, the plague happening just then to rage at York with much violence. For the first time the culprit gave some signs of human feeling, and asked "if he might not be permitted to see his wife?"

"She is too sorely wounded, as appears by the witnesses, to come to you; and Calverley, you well know, is in the opposite direction to Wakefield."

"Sorely wounded!" repeated Walter, in the tone of one who hears evil tidings for the first time—"sorely wounded! and perhaps dying!—you spoke it truly, Sir John; I have been mad—or it may be I am mad now—I've done enough to make me so."

The thrill of horror that went through him as he said this, communicated itself to all around. Sir John, in particular, was deeply affected. He turned to Sir Thomas Bland who was also in the commission of the peace, and had dropt in during the examination.

"How say you, Sir Thomas? may we, think you, comply with Master Calverley's request without blemishing our character as magistrates?"

"Why not?" said Sir Thomas; "he will be in sufficient custody, and such being the case, it is no more than Christian charity to oblige him in so small a matter."

"I am right glad to hear you say so," replied his brother magistrate; "for, be things as they may, I must needs grieve for Master Calverley's condition, and would do any thing, honestly in my power, to amend it. To tell you the truth neighbour," he added in a whisper, "it's my constant belief that the poor fellow is not in his right mind—not wholly mad, perhaps, but mad by fits and starts."

"If it's no more than that comes to, it won't do him much good with judge or jury," said Sir Thomas, in the same tone.

"I am afraid not," said the other.

And here the conversation ended, when the prisoner was led off under a strong escort, and taken, as he had desired, to his house at Calverley.

It might have been supposed that he would prove no welcome visitant at the house which he had made a house of mourning; but dearly as Philippa loved her children, when he appeared she forgot the mother in the wife, while as to the wounds he had inflicted on herself they weighed as nothing in the balance against her true affection. With pain and difficulty she raised herself from the couch where they had laid her, and flung

her arms about his neck, sobbing as though her heart would break, and unable for several minutes to say anything beyond, "Oh, my husband—my dear husband!"

"Would that I had indeed deserved such an epithet from your lips," replied Walter, sadly; "I should not then have stood before you as I do now, a self-condemned criminal, repenting when repentance can no longer avail him. But if I wronged you in my life, at least I will not in my death."

The constable, who, contrary to the character usually assigned to such officials, was a shrewd fellow, considered this as an intimation that the prisoner meant to commit suicide, and advancing from the door, where he had hitherto remained, drew near to be ready in case of the worst—"though how," he said to himself, "Master Calverley intends doing such a thing I can't imagine, seeing that we haven't left him so much as a pen-knife."

In the midst of his grief, Walter observed the action, and was at no loss to guess what had caused it.

"Do not fear me," he said; "I have no such intention."

"It's best though to be on the safe side, Master Calverley; and with your good leave I'll stay where I am. When I've once lodged you safe in Master Key's house at Wakefield, you can do as you please, or rather as he pleases."

Walter was too much beaten down by his new grief, to dispute the point any farther, and if he felt a momentary pang at finding himself for the first time in his life, thus completely at the will of another, the feeling was completely banished, when he again heard the low moaning voice of his Philippa.

"They will not take you from me, will they?" she murmured.

"Alas! yes, my love; we must part in a few minutes, and, I fear, for ever on this side the grave."

"Oh, no—they will not—cannot, be so cruel! For one day—only for one day—I have so much to say to you."

"My gentle, loving, Philippa! how could I ever feel otherwise towards you than I do at this moment? It seems like some horrid dream; but what realities has it left behind!"

"Give them gold," whispered Philippa; "my purse is in the oak cabinet, with the money I had saved up for William's birth-day to-morrow. Oh my child! my child!"

Walter could not reply; the words seemed well nigh to choke him when he would have uttered them, and even the constable was fain to wipe his eyes with his coat sleeve as he again drew back to allow them greater freedom in conversing.

Nearly an hour had passed in this way so agonizing to all parties, the constable feeling too much sympathy with their distress to abridge the interview, when the surgeon, who had been sent for long before, at last made his appearance. With more judgment, though perhaps less feeling, than had been exhibited by the officer of the law, he insisted upon their immediate separation, roundly assuring Walter that if he did not wish to complete the mischief he had begun, he would leave the room instantly.

"I must needs," he said, "look to the lady's wounds with as little delay as possible, besides that your presence keeps her in such a state of agitation as may well render all our cares unavailing."

This blunt protest was not lost upon the constable, who moreover felt that it was high time to set out for Wakefield. Joining his authority to the rough but well-meant remonstrances of the surgeon, a separation was effected by something between force and persuasion, in the course of which Philippa fainted, and thus put an end to a scene, which was growing inexpressibly distressing to all parties.

Day followed day—night followed night—all alike dark and cheerless to the prisoner, and rendered yet more so by the monotony of suffering. At length came the day of trial, and Walter, who had been previously removed to York for that purpose, was put to the bar in due course of law, when to the general surprise he refused to plead to his arraignment. It was in vain that the judge explained to him the horrible penalty of *forte et dure*, which the law at that period affixed to such contumacy, and that so far from escaping death he would only make it more certain, and in a form more dreadful. To all this he replied, "I am familiar with every thing you can urge, my lord; I know full well that I shall die under lingering tortures, being pressed to death beneath a load of stone or iron, but such pains are as welcome to me as ever were the child-bed throes to the heart of a loving woman, they are the only atonement I can offer to man or heaven; may they be accepted."

"Why, then, you do acknowledge your crime?" said the judge hastily, eager to catch at anything by which the more cruel form of punishment might be avoided. "In that case——"

"By no means, my Lord," interrupted Walter, without allowing him an opportunity of pronouncing judgment; "when I talked of atonement I said not for what offence, it might be for deeds ten times worse than any I stand accused of, but which, as the secret of them lies buried in my own bosom, come not within your cognizance."

Upon this declaration Calverley was removed from the bar, leaving the people much divided in their opinions upon his conduct. Some considered that he was committing an act of suicide, quite forgetting that he stood a fair chance of being hanged, and thus did no more in refusing to plead than exercise the only choice the law allowed him, which was not between life and death, but between a rope and the *peine forte et dure*. Others took his words in their literal meaning, and believed that he intended these voluntary pains as a sort of catholic penance for his crimes. The wiser few concluded that it was done to save his attainder and prevent the corruption of his blood and consequent forfeiture of lands in case, as there could be little doubt, he was attainted of felony; in other words, they suspected that his object in submitting to so terrible a death, was to save his estate for his surviving son Henry, for if he allowed them to press him to death, as no felony would have been proved against him for want of trial, no forfeiture could be incurred. Which, or whether any of these conjectures were right, we shall learn presently.

He was now led from court and taken to a cell which had long borne the name of Pompey's parlour, a phrase, no doubt, originally given to it by some sailor convict, and borrowed from the negroes, who used to give the grave that appellation. It is about eighteen feet square, and affords sufficient light to read by, and, though entirely devoted to condemned prisoners, it has the luxury of a fire place. In each corner of this dungeon a strong iron ring was then fixed into the wall, but these have been removed, the horrible punishment in which they once aided being

now happily obliterated from our law books. Still more ominous of the tragedy to be enacted was the total absence of bed or seat of any kind. It was plain that he who entered here as a prisoner, had no longer anything to do with the purposes of life; he came but to die, and to die in unutterable tortures.

I will not harrow up my readers' feelings by the details of the frightful ordeal through which the wretched man had to pass. Suffice it to add that the culprit expiated his offence by the severest of the tortures of the *peine forte et dure*, and died under the infliction, apparently repentant, but still resolute in his determination not to plead. It was the only atonement he could offer, and he seemed to feel a pride in the tremendous nature of the sacrifice. To his diseased imagination this idea threw a splendour about his crimes that made them almost virtues, and fully reconciled him to himself. He felt at his heart the exultation of a martyr. His sufferings he offered up as the penalty of his sins, and submitted to, for the preservation of his child's inheritance. By his refusal to plead no trial could be had, and no forfeiture ensue.

Remember, gentle reader, this is no idle fiction.\* So did Walter Calverley sin, but so did he atone for it. If his crimes were great, such also was his punishment, and there are few, we think, who will refuse complying with the solemn injunction, now half effaced, upon his tombstone.

*Orate pro a ia Walt. Calverley.*

*Pray for the soul of Walter Calverley.*

\* The pressing to death took place, August 5th, 1604.



## SPRING.

'Tis yet my full beleeve  
 That some good spirit that eve  
 By meane of some curious port,  
 Bare me where I saw paine and sport ;  
 But whether it were I woke or slept,  
 Well wot I if I lough and wept."

*Chaucer's Dream.*

I never could understand why old frost-bitten, wheezing, coughing, January should have the honour of introducing the new year to the world, when in truth he is at best an interloper, and has no more right to the office, than any gentleman of fourscore has to be maid of honour to Queen Sheba. January, indeed!—why,

" Yesterday, the sullen year  
 Saw the snowy whirlwind fly ;  
 Mute was the music of the air,  
 The herd stood drooping by."

The new year used to begin on the 21st of March, even so short time ago as the reign of George II. (1752); and with good reason; for do we not read in Exodus, "And the Lord spake unto Moses and Aaron, in the land of Egypt, saying, 'This month shall be unto you a beginning of months; it shall be the first month of the year to you.'"

Hail, therefore, to the new year of March, in spite of the calendar as by law established. And what need have you of chimes to announce your coming, when the blackbird hails you from his bush, and the throstle rings out his merry peal from the top of some high tree, where the bud is already giving promise of the leaf. The lark, too, is up before day-break, and mounting high in air sings his liveliest carol, as if to woo the tardy sun, while his chosen mate listens to him from the dank grass below, without having as yet shaken the dew from her wings—

" The skylark warbles high  
 His trembling, thrilling ecstasy ;  
 And lessening from the dazzled sight,  
 Melts into air and liquid light."

The sparrow has recovered all his wonted assurance, and has so pruned his feathers that he no longer looks half the size he did when he was hopping sullenly from one snow-bush to another, ragged and bulky, a sort of sturdy vagrant. The summer birds-of-passage have returned like so many happy exiles, and express their joy, each after his own fashion.



To be sure, the woodcocks, snipes, and field-fares have fled away to the regions of ice and snow,—to Norway, to Siberia, and to Lapland,—but let them go, since winter with his grim face has gone with them: we may well be content to miss the one, if in so doing we can only get rid of the other.

Once again, a welcome to young Spring, with her bright blue skies, so partially veiled with the thinnest and fleeciest clouds, now silvery, now golden, now crimson,—but always beautiful. The earliest of the trees are just beginning to leaf; daisies seem to start up beneath our feet; primroses abound in the most retired spots, but chiefly where the tree has been felled, and the thin twigs are shooting from its desolate stump; and the fragrant March violet, the first of the tribe, begins to unveil its white or purple flowers, in which the bees are sipping like so many fairies cradled in the cowslip-bell. But

“Where should the fairies’ dwelling be,  
Or in the air, or in the sea?—  
Oh, not in air! oh, not in air!  
Too bleak the winds are blowing there.  
Oh, not beneath the ocean’s flow;  
Too sad the mermaid sings below;  
The joyous elves would pine away,  
Secluded from their moonlight play.

“If not in air or neath the sea,  
Where should the fairies’ dwelling be?  
’Tis in the rose, ’tis in the rose  
When summer’s night in brilliance glows;  
’Tis in the cowslip’s golden bell  
The tiny spirit makes his cell;  
Or, when the wintry winds are cold,  
Is cradled in the beech-tree old.”\*

It was the beautiful belief of the olden time, that there existed not only life but intelligence and a sentient spirit in all created things. Their sympathy extended alike to trees and animals, and while to them the bark of the one concealed a faun or a wood-nymph, the others had a language of their own, and comprehended the speech of their human brethren. And why should it not be so? surely it is better for man not to stand alone in the beautiful world about him, that he should find a companion and a friend in all created things,—that he should feel there is a spirit in the leaf, the flower, and the stream, all comprehending him, and all sympathizing with him. This is an illusion, if you please, but it is one which tends to purify our grosser feelings—always having more than enough of earth in them—and will be the cause of many happy moments to him who possesses the talisman of fancy, and knows how to use it. And what fairy’s wand was ever so powerful when Oberon and Titania were realities to the ancient world? Try it upon these daisies that are gently lifting up their heads after the shower, and opening their eyes so lovingly to the sun. In an instant the meadow swarms with tiny spirits, the animating souls of those beautiful forms that will not die when they die, but will mingle with the invisible fires of the air, till called upon to

\* Soane’s “Fallacies of Hope.”

be the life of a new generation with the coming of new spring. How sweetly to imagination sound their voices—speaking music—as if a flute had been gifted with speech, and had uttered tones that could be understood as well as heard and felt—

“Happy mortal that can't see  
 With the eyes of sympathy  
 What is hidden from your kind,  
 In their very wisdom blind ;  
 Feel you not another world  
 Round about you is unfurl'd,  
     As when Night,  
     The veil of light  
 Drawing off from every star,  
 Shews them twinkling from afar ? ”

And what says the spirit of the Hyacinth for himself and his brethren in their various-coloured robes, some yellow, some scarlet, and others in their white vests spangled o'er and o'er with purple or crimson drops ? Hark ! it replies with the voice of other times, “I am of the same element as yourself, and once wore a form like yours, and was the favourite of the sun himself ; but as I played at quoits with him one day, the jealous zephyr caught his flying disc, and hurled it at me with so much violence that I fell down dead—dead, that is in my mortal form. Yet still Apollo loved me, and did not choose that my spirit should mingle with the elements of air and fire from which it came ; he gave me therefore a new shape, and placed me as a flower in the green meadows, where we might always meet again when the winter had passed away.

And what say the Violets!—Those of the fair complexion, white and pure as new-fallen snow, reply, “we are the spirits that once animated the forms of infant maidens ; we faded when all was spring to our eyes and hearts ; the summer heats of youth had not come to scorch us, the winter of old age had not arrived to freeze us ; children of the Spring we died, children of the Spring we live again, and are ever among the first to announce the coming of our dearest mother.

But the purple violets, with the dark blue eyes, what say they !—And a thousand sweet and tiny voices make answer, “we too are children of the Spring ; brothers we of the fair maidens, living as they lived, fading as they faded, dying but to revive so long as the sun shines and the river flows.”

Next try the talisman on the Crocus. He has got on the yellow robe of marriage, and fancies himself the earliest lover of the Spring, quite forgetting the poor little modest Snowdrop, upon whom indeed it must be owned she did not often smile ; and, when she did, it was so faint as never to call a blush of pleasure into his pale cheek. But the spirit of the crocus is a gay, flaunting spirit, and he and his kindred mingle with the little golden motes that are whirling about in the sunbeams and join in their giddy dance.

And why does the Daffodil incline its head !—“Call me, Narcissus,” replies the flower ; “'tis the name that I love best, though it reminds me how I pined myself to death for love of my own image in a fountain.”

Poor, pretty Daffodil!—And is it so? then must I bid thee farewell in the words of as sweet a poet as he who sang your ancient story.

“Fair Daffodills, we weep to see  
 You haste away so soon;  
 As yet the early rising sun  
 Has not attained his noon;  
 Stay, stay  
 Until the hastening day  
 Has run  
 But to the even song;  
 And, having prayed together, we  
 Will go with you along.

“We have short time to stay as you;  
 We have as short a spring,  
 As quick a growth to meet decay  
 As you or any thing—  
 We die  
 As your hours do, and dry  
 Away.  
 Like to the summer raine,  
 Or as the pearls of morning dew  
 Ne'er to be found againe.”

How busy is that black colony of rooks, building new nests, repairing the old, and like thrifty folks as they are, making a decent provision for their future families. They do not marry in haste, to repent at leisure, like some improvident folks, but always take especial care to have a cradle for the child, before they think of a child for the cradle. But have a care, my sable friends: March, in spite of his good humour, is of an uncertain temper; he can storm at times as loudly as any one, and you may chance to get a ruder lullaby than you bargained for—“Caw! caw! caw!” reply a hundred voices, which, being interpreted, mean, I suppose, “we know all that as well as you do; and beg to say we are somewhat older, and therefore wiser, than yourself, many amongst us reckoning our years by five score and ten. Use your eyes a little more discreetly, and you will see that we pick out the strongest and safest boughs, always taking good care to keep at a respectable distance from yourself and your friends.”—“Caw, caw,” suddenly croaks an old fellow, the watchman of the troop, who has perched himself upon the top of an elm tree, and has taken the alarm at something—“caw! caw!” and on the instant a set of stragglers rise from the ground, and the whole colony is on the wing, wheeling, screaming, and croaking, as if they thought the world was coming to an end.

Spring! how much of youth and hope are in the word! But it is not only in the air or the earth, or the water, that Spring shews herself, and makes all life rejoice in her presence. The stream dances not more merrily along under her influence than does the blood in the human veins and arteries. She strews her violets and her primroses on the grave of the Past, and bids us think no more of him, but look only at the future upon which she spreads her brightest rainbow. And how beautifully she beams in the mother's eyes, upon the heads of her little prattlers. Even the father has his share in these bright visions, and feels, though he scarcely will own it, what has been so happily expressed by a poet of no great eminence—

“ And when with envy time transports d,  
 Shall seek to rob us of our joys,  
 You'll in your girls again be courted,  
 And I go wooing on my boys.”

It is possible, very possible, that half the hopes thus formed may disappoint us; the child that now looks so blooming, may die before those whose locks are already grey; the fortunes of the wealthy merchant may be wrecked on the sea or on the land, the smiling bride may turn out a frowning wife—all, all may belie their early promise, and deny our expectations; but let us go on hoping nevertheless, 'till the night closes upon our little day of life, and then will come a brighter hope than any that have faded—the hope of a glorious immortality. In the meanwhile using the privilege of the season to indulge in visions of the future, we will look at Spring in her two coming months. Her dress grows gayer, and its colours brighter every hour, for the fair damsel is rather inconstant in her fashions, having almost as many changes of attire as the month has days. Now she wreaths her head with *marigolds* or *anemones*, and puts on the *ladies'-smock*, while in her bosom she wears *heart's-ease*. Now she is garlanded with the nodding cowslips, and carries in her hand tulips of all colours, the rubies and the sapphires and the topazes of the floral world. And now again she flings aside the buds of which she was before so fond, and tissues her green robe with greener leaves, and girdles herself with *woodbine* or with *lilies*, or is downright flaunting with crimson *peonies*, *poppies*, and *rhododendrons*. Nay, she does not disdain to wear *bachelor's buttons*, and plays with a branch of *white-thorn*, from which she shakes the flowers till the earth looks as if it had been raining blossoms. A hundred other fashions she has, yet amidst all her changes her kirtle is ever green, more or less dark, more or less vivid—but still green—always green, so that we shall do her no great wrong in supposing she is one of the fairy tribe. And when did fairy work greater wonders; she but touches the earth with her foot, and straightway start up a thousand flowers as if its light pressure had sown them; she but breathes upon the snows and they disappear—upon the ice-bound river, and instantly it is set free; she smiles upon the gloomy sky, and it throws off its clouds and its sullenness, and puts on its bluest mantle.

It may seem an odd fancy, but I cannot help thinking that the church-yard itself has another and more pleasing aspect when visited by the Spring. New aspirations start up with the grass and the flowers. A few weeks ago the whole area was a field of snow; the dead appeared to be buried a second time, and buried more effectually than when the light dust was first thrown upon them—buried, never to rise again to earthly eyes. It was as if the angel of desolation sat brooding over it, flapping his iron wings in the blast, while the elms and lindens moaned and rattled their leafless branches, fit emblems of itself—the dead by the dead—the sapless trees by the bloodless bodies. Now, how altered is everything. The entire church-yard has become a green garden, where

“ Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
 Returns to deck the hallowed mould,  
 And dresses there a sweeter sod,  
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.”

A young butterfly too, the earliest of its tribe, is flitting about from shrub to shrub, for the place has many such graceful tributes of affection. Ah! now I *feel*—which is better than comprehending—what the Greeks meant when they typified the soul of the newly departed by the butterfly emerging from its chrysalis! It is but fancy—I know that as well as my sage reprovers; but still it is a pleasing one, to imagine for the moment, only for the moment—that a spirit has risen from the grave into light and life in the shape of that painted butterfly.

But out upon those graceless little urchins, with their almost white locks and sunburnt cheeks! a whole troop of them are playing and shouting amongst the tomb-stones as unconcernedly as if they had never heard of such a thing as death; the sexton himself could not care less for the dark unsightly roots that are festering beneath the earth without a chance of reproduction. They drove away my visions and the butterfly at the same time, exciting no little indignation in a beggar-man, who stood muttering to himself as he looked on, and angrily shook the few grey locks that time had left him. The whole scene reminded me so strongly of a similar picture in a popular modern ballad that I could hardly help expecting a like catastrophe; at least, it would not have surprised me, had I suddenly heard the bell toll, and seen a child's funeral advancing to the very spot where the curly-headed varlets played so merrily. Let the ballad-writer speak for me:—

“The old man lean'd on his oaken staff  
Where the village-fathers sleep,  
As slumber the blest who have gone to rest  
And can no longer weep.  
He lean'd on his staff, while the children's laugh  
Rang out 'midst the tombstones, free;  
And his eye grew bright with an angry light—  
'Tis so they will dance o'er me.”

“He smote the ground with his oaken staff,  
And to Heaven he rais'd his head;  
And he curs'd the child who with spirits wild  
Was trampling o'er the dead.  
Yes, he curs'd the boy whose smile of joy  
Was the light of his father's cot;  
For his spirit burn'd, and his heart was turn'd,  
And the good he remembered not.”

“Three months went round, and the old man stood  
By the side of a grave new made,  
While the funeral bell peal'd a heavy knell  
For the child who there had play'd.  
Then his spirit was quell'd that he had so rebell'd  
And he knelt in pray'r as he sigh'd—  
'I dream'd not of this; 'twere better, I wis,  
The old man himself had died.'”

The catastrophe predicated in the ballad would no doubt have lent a tragic dignity to my waking dreams, but the fates had settled it otherwise; they brought the affair to a conclusion most prosaically, but much more in character with the joyous feelings of spring, by sending forth the parish beadle, cane in hand, at sight of whom the conscience-stricken rogues fled

as if they had been quicksilver. As luck would have it the parochial dignity was one who loved and cherished his stomach, which had thriven to such a degree upon fat bacon and father ale, with other kindred aliments, that his best speed was no better than a snail's, in comparison with that of his light-footed adversaries. Many and dire were his ejaculations, but they helped him just as little; he had not learnt the art of catching the birds by sprinkling salt upon their tails, though in his case the metaphor would no doubt have been peculiarly applicable.

There is, as we are told by high authority, a season for everything. Now I take it the season for building castles in the air is spring, when by some unaccountable sympathy between ourselves and the external world, our hopes bud and burgeon like the trees around us. And what may we not hope after the things we have seen of late years actually carried into effect?—things so wild that the dreams of night could hardly have been wilder. If we expressed a belief that perpetual motion would be discovered, the national debt wiped out, war grow obsolete and out of fashion, or the jails become untenanted—has not the world seen greater miracles? has it not seen railway-carriages travelling at forty or fifty miles an hour, and messages flying from London to Edinburgh in a few minutes? Why then should the course of improvement stop here? why should we not ourselves fly along by the help of some electric agent, while—

“Panting time toils after us in vain.”

There is no such thing as impossibility, except to ignorance, and, as we would not willingly plead guilty to such an indictment, we do most potently believe that the *St. James's Magazine* will go on like any other plant of the season, putting forth fresh buds every month, and fresh leaves, till it presents one mass of the greenest and freshest foliage, under which thousands of readers may be seated, much to their own satisfaction. Not that we pretend to the gift of prophecy either. We cannot, like Francis Moore, philomoth, predict what weather we shall have, nor have we the remotest conception whether the Czar means to take up his summer residence at Constantinople, or the Sublime Porte intends passing the winter at St. Petersburg; neither have we the slightest idea, what hitherto unheard of form of government our excellent neighbours, the good citizens of Paris, may next choose to establish for themselves; perhaps, like the frogs in the fable, they may elect another King Stork, another Napoleon, if they can light upon such an animal, to devour them; or they may revive sans-cullotism, with improvements, no one being allowed to take office, against whom it can be proved, that either he, or the father before him, wore a whole pair of breeks; which, I imagine, would be as good as the old Salique law in excluding the ladies from all ministerial employments; for what woman of any spirit would consent to give up her undoubted prerogative of wearing the breeches, even though by so doing, she might gain for herself the robes of a queen? Not one, I'll answer for them; or, if she did, she would be sent to Coventry by the rest of the sex as a traitress to the rights and privileges of womankind.

Let the reader laugh at such speculations if he will—and surely it is better laughing than crying any day of the week—but they are well adapted to spring, nevertheless; or they will be when April comes, and she puts on the gayest cap from Folly's wardrobe, and borrows Folly's

bauble for the nonce. Then hey for mirth and merry-making! little archins doing their best to make fools of their seniors, and thinking, no doubt, with folly in the song—

“ Under the sun  
There 's no such fun  
As Reason with my cap and bells on his head.”

Very true, Master Thomas Moore—very true indeed; you never in your life better proved your title to the character of a *Vates*—a prophet, that is a poet, for are they not all one? Oh, there is nothing half so delightful as playing the fool, so it be in season—“ *dulce est desipere in loco*; ” and not to offend any grave professors of wisdom by the insinuation, there is not one—no, not the gravest and wisest—but sometimes wears the cap though he is unconscious of it, and fancies all the while that he has the judge's wig on his head, or the bishop's mitre. And God help us if it were not so; it would be a sad world indeed if Folly did not now and then cheer us up with the jingling of his bells—so sad that it would be hardly worth the living in. But, thank Heaven, things are as they are; Folly walks abroad as common as the common air; he harangues with the statesman; he writes prescriptions in dog-Latin with the doctor; he is “ full of wise saws and modern instances ” with the judge; he talks soft nonsense with the maiden; he whispers in the ear of the author while penning his next new novel—in short, go where we will,

“ The bells on his cap ring merrily out,”

as any one may convince himself if he will only turn over a few pages of the historic roll. Socrates, the ugliest of philosophers, and most henpecked of husbands, was no very wise man in being so much wiser than his neighbours that it provoked them to get rid of him by a dose of hemlock; Alexander the Great shewed himself very little when he wept because no more worlds were left for him to conquer; our own King James the Second, though a well-meaning man in his own way, was yet not much better than a mooncalf, when, as Louis said of him, he lost three kingdoms for a mass; Napoleon, when he marched to Moscow, might have been a good soldier, but he evidently had not wit enough for an almanack-maker; and when he ran away from Elba, it is plain that the moon must have been at the fullest, let your ephemerides say what they will to the contrary. Then the prodigal is a fool to waste his substance for the benefit of the usurer; the usurer is a fool that he does not enjoy the gold when he has got it, but hoards up all for the benefit of an heir, whom he loves not half so well as he loves himself; his heir is a fool in not having some touch of his father's folly; and the soldier, who risks what few brains he may have for eighteen-pence a-day, is a fool positive.

And now having fooled the reader no doubt “ to the top of his bent,” we bid him, her, or them, as the case may be,

“ To one and all a fair good night,  
And pleasant dreams and slumbers light.”

## GATHERINGS FOR A GARLAND OF BISHOPRICK BLOSSOMS.

BY WM. HYLTON LONGSTAFFE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "DARLINGTON, ITS ANNALS AND CHARACTERISTICS, &c."

"A voice of uttermost joy brake out :  
The transport was rolled down the river of Wers,  
And Durham, the time-honoured Durham did hear,  
And the Towers of Saint Cuthbert were stirred by the shout."  
*(Wordsworth, alluding to the uprearing of the consecrated  
banner at Brancepeth, in the Rising of the North.)*

### A LEAF FROM THE FEMININE HISTORY OF THE RISING OF THE NORTH.

THE last Countess of Westmoreland who graced the long halls of Raby, was a learned lady in a learned age. Greek and Latin are now but studied by the *blues*, but, like her more celebrated namesake Jane Grey, Jane Neville lost none of her feminine modesty and attractions by her abstruse studies. She came indeed, of an elegant and learned but unfortunate race, for she was the eldest daughter of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, the poet, beheaded in 1547, at the early age of 29, and sister to the Duke of Norfolk, who died on the scaffold in 1572.

During her father's confinement in the Tower, his children were placed under the charge of the Duchess of Richmond, their aunt, to be brought up and educated; and Fox (the martyrologist), their instructor, says, that the young Lady Jane profited so wondrously in the Greek and Latin tongues "that she might well stand in competition with the most learned of that time, for the praise of elegancy in both kinds." It may be that the enchanting authors then introduced to her, formed her amusement in many a sad hour of loneliness and sorrow in later days.

It is difficult to say whether the alliance with the house of Howard was any inducement to her luckless husband Charles Neville, to join in the rash Rising of the North, as according to Northumberland's confession, the Duke entreated Westmoreland for all the brotherly love that was between them not to stir, as it would only endanger his (the Duke's) head. It is also improbable that in a rising for religion's sake, the Countess would give her husband a different counsel, as in after proceedings she continually advised submission. Besides, she was a zealous Protestant, for it is stated that she used earnest endeavours to "dehort" her niece the Countess of Surrey, from the Romish religion, and that the Lord Henry Howard "did always maintaine and defend the Catholick religion, against his sister of Westmerland." Indeed, the comparative kindness of the Queen to her after the rebellion, inclines me to the belief that she did not credit Northumberland's statements about her influence. Lord Hunsdon gathered from that nobleman that "the rebellyon was one of the



strangest matters that hath byn hard of; and princypally procured by old Norton and Martyngefelde, and earnestly followde by the two wyves, the Countessys.\* "The Earl," says Hunsdon again, "doth greatly excuse my lord of Westmerland; and sayeth playnly, that they could never gett any howld of hym, tyll the last ower, and that by procurement of his wyfe." "The said Earl of Westmerland ever seemed to be colde therein, so am I perswaded it had never been attempted, but through the earnest meanes of my lady his wief."

But whatever may have been her share in the preliminaries of the rising, her princely heart shone forth when Francis Norton and others were shifting for themselves at Brancepeth, after Westmoreland had fairly committed himself, thinking the chances of success desperate. Sir George Bowes's intelligence was that on that occasion, "my ladye *braste* owte agaynste them with great curses, as well for their unhappy counselling, as nowe, there cowerd flyghte," and Northumberland confessed, that "my Lady Westmerland, hearing that conclusion, cried out, weeping bitterly, and said: 'we and our countrie were shamed for ever; that nowe in the ende, we should seeke holes to creepe into.'"† But not a word of former evil counsel by Lady Jane is mentioned by Bowes, indeed, he lays the blame on Neville's uncle. "In trewth, Mr. Christopher Nevill hath doyne more harme to that noble younge Erle, hys nephewe, than can be thoughte." This Christopher is described as of Kirby Moorside, and his character seems to have been strongly tinctured with turbulence and immorality. He married Anne Fulthorpe, of Hipswell, widow of Francis Wandisford, of Kirklington, whose son Christopher Wandisford, married a daughter of Bowes, and "very cherefully and dewtyfully" assisted him in the rebellion. Trusting to his merits, he sued to be farmer of the forfeited land that Christopher Neville had in right of his mother, and that some portion of the rent might be allowed to her for maintenance. It is stated that Neville "*of long time did deale very ill with her,*" and was none of the most faithful of husbands, for he had given the rectory of Kirby Moorside, to William Barkley, alias Smith, whose wife, Katherine, was the reputed concubine of the donor. When he fled to Fernherst, over the border, Katherine sent Elizabeth Fenwick, alias Alnwicke, with a ring of gold to him there; she did not see him then, but the Earl of Westmoreland gave her two shillings. She was sent a second time, before Easter, and gave Neville the ring at Hundelea; he sent no token in return, but desired Katherine Smyth "by word of mouth, to lyve according to the laws," and he said further, that he had left enough for her,

\* The subsequent rebellion of "Dacres with the croked bake" (as the Queen of Scots called him in friendly wise), was much favoured by the gentle sex, as Hollinshed declares that among the rebels there were "manie desperat women, that gave the adventure of their lives, and fought right stoutlie." In this post rising, Lord Hunsdon writes:—"I tooke then hys guyddown, with the redd bull, which ys the Lord Dakers badge; *which I trust the law of armes wyll allow me to beare.*"

In the earlier rising, it is declared that Henry Johnson was *abused* [ill advised] by his wife, who was Norton's daughter, and his execution was forborne "for his *simplicity.*"

The mention of badges reminds me to mention that Oswald Wilkinson, gaoler of York, "the most pernicious, railing, and obstinate papist in all the country," before the rebellion *wore the badge of the rebels*, viz:—"A gold crucifix about his neck."

† "When they thought to have broken, and every man to have shifted for himself, she did provoke hym [her husband] and the rest, with vehement perswacion and cryengs." *Northumberland's confession.*

and that "he would never think well of them that were not good to hir." Christopher Neville died in exile in 1571.

To return to the Countess. Henry Rutter deposed that during his absence at Darlington, where he was serving his lord and master, the Earl of Westmerland, he had heard Sir Robert Peirson, curate of Brancepeth, christened his child, by commandment of Lady Westmerland, because "the child was weike and most lyke to dye." This was some two or three weeks after birth, and Rutter seems to have been accused afterwards partly of anabaptism and partly of allowing Romish baptism. A Robert Peirson (probably a relation) at this time was vicar of Sockburn, and, having a ticket in the great lottery of 1567, his posy, or device, sufficiently expresses his devotion to the great house of Neville.

### God save the King of Westmerland.

It was after the rebels had fled that the character of the countess shines in a clearer light. She made great suit to the Earl of Sussex and Sir Ralph Sadler to have license to send a letter to her husband. They perused it, and finding that there was nothing in it but an advice to submit himself, granted leave, for though they thought little fruit would come of it, the messenger would bring them certain intelligence of the Earls whereabouts. She begged him not to forget the care that in conscience, he ought to have of her and his poor children, which were desolate and void of all help, without the merciful clemency and goodness of the Queen, to which, as she had often heard him say, she was naturally given. The letter was conveyed by Sir John Forster, whose servant received a reply headed simply "Wife." He marvels that, knowing his good will to the Queen, to her and his children, she should write in that earnest manner to him, and prays her to advise with Sussex, &c., as to the best way for him to make submission. A tone of harshness in the reply, contrasts singularly with her own affectionate style, but he was aware that it would be scrutinized, and, formal as it is, he concludes with a postscript addressed exclusively to her affections,

"I pray you commend me to *Yotwinkes* and all her little ones."

*Yotwinkes* is a term of affectionate endearment, and occurs in a letter from Scotland, to his sister, Lady Scroope.

"I praye you that [you] wyll sende me some newes out of Englande, and some good wourde, if you can, of my F[our?] graces, and of our oulde frend that roughte the plene and whyte sylver chene, which you sent my *twynkes* [*wife* erased] for a token—I truste, that though your husbände be the Quenes Majesties officer, yeat he wyll shewe some good wyll to me, *hys poure oulde frende* for dyverse respectes which I dare not nowe wryte. Farewell good syster, and I truste to God yeat, for all that, we shal be as merry as wee weare when you were named *Angelica*.

There is much feeling in all this, but Lord Scrope sent this letter to Sussex "for that neither she [his wife] nor I will have any doings with him."

A truly beautiful episode succeeds. Westmoreland had a kinsman, Robert Constable, in pecuniary difficulties, owing to the crown's unjust possession of his family estate, and it may be charitably concluded from

patents in his favour that necessity, rather than will, led him into the service which he declares to be "a trayterous kind of service that I am waded in, to trap them that trust in me,\* as Judas did Christ," and that a price was fixed on the baseness of his conduct, which he does not attempt to palliate, but hopes, if he is successful in his villany, that the Queen would spare the lives of his victims, otherwise his *conscience* would be troubled. This man visited the Earl and others at the Laird of Farnihurst's, where he might, perchance, "worke som feate to betrap some of them." He told the exile Earl of the miseries which had come upon his house and followers, *till the tears overhayled his cheks abundantly*; and the villain professes to have wept also when he saw him so suddenly fall to repentance. He received a little ring to deliver to the countess.

With the sure passport of "missives and tokens from my Lord," he went to Brancepeth, and after many delays from her just suspicion, the countess at last received him. "After I had desired her faithful and honourable promise, to keep secret that I had to say unto her, *for that it touched mine life* [which in an equivocal sense it did], she gave her hand and faith so to do. *I kissed my lord's ring, and gave it to her. She was passing joyful.* She excused her, and not the less asked me forgiveness divers times; and after she had enquired all things of my lord, and that I had told all my messages, she told me that Sir John Constable had been with her from my Lord Lieutenant, and willed her to write to my Lord, her husband, to persuade him to make his humble submission to the Queen's Majesty, &c., as she durst do none other, [she wrote the letter] but delivered it to Sir John unsealed. She desired me to pray my Lord *not to be offended for her so doing, howbeit she thought it best so to do*, both to win again the favour of God, of his native prince, and all his land and goods again, which otherways were utterly lost, without hope of recovery, and that, before God, she thought he could not less do; with such further *enstroktions* by word of mouth, for me to say to my Lord, as is too long for me to write, wherein she hath shewed herself to be the faithful servant of God, a dutiful subject to the Queen's Majesty, an obedient, careful, loving wife to her husband, and for ripeness of wit, readiness of memory, and plain and pithy utterance of her words, *I have talked with many, but never with her like.*"† Yet, notwithstanding this perfect impression of female worth and honour, of courage unshaken, and fidelity ill-required, Constable wiled from the lady every secret of her pure and faithful breast, and transmitted to Sadler, as tokens of his successful treachery, "a little chain, and a ring with a diamond, for the Lord of Fairnyhurst, a tablet to the Lady, and a little ring to my Lord."‡

Lady Westmoreland had hitherto continued to reside at Brancepeth,||

\* In Knight's MSS., under the Constable crest, a ship in full sail, are the lines:—

As to the ship is anchor and cable,  
So to thy friend be thou, Constable.

† The passage is so beautiful, that I do not cloke it in a mist of orthographical puzzle.

‡ Surtees, iv., 154.

|| On the 16th December, she, his "lordship's poor and unfortunate cousin," prayed Sussex, to "have consideration of her desolate and comfortless estate, lackyng both quietness of mynd and helth, neyther beyng able to flie to any place, nor knowyng where to have any refuge," and to restrain the rude soldiers in possession of Brancepeth from plunder, lest "innocent persons be utterly undone, and constrained to beg

which was the stronghold of the Nevilles in war, as Raby was their festive hall in peace. On the 6th Feb. 1569-70, it was generally reported that Christopher Nevill was in or about Branspythe secretly; and that he was endeavouring to procure Sir George Bowes' death, and that there was greater provision made there than was convenient, whereby the people of that country were much *abashed*, and the evil boldened. The Vice-president of the North wished that if Christopher or Cuthbert Neville were in the Bishoprick, that they might be taken, and if my Lady provided more provision than was necessary, she should be prevented, or if possible removed, but if she refused, that force should be used to stop sudden intents in the country. It turned out that the extra provision was made in consequence of a vast number of Neville retainers attending under pretence of waiting upon their fallen mistress on her journey to London, upon which she had determined, but her residence in the North gave great uneasiness to the royal party, until she actually did repair to the metropolis, very shortly after the complaints were made.

On her arrival at *Haward's House*, she humbly craved from Sir Wm. Cecil, an audience of the Queen, pleading her own innocence, although her lord's doings much abashed her. She also wrote to Lord Burghley, referring to Northumberland's disclosures against her, praying that other persons might be examined, and the truth displayed.

"The greatest matter wherewith I am charged, is the accusation of one, who falling by presumption, from the duty of his allegiance, careth not how far, by untrue surmises, he.....to all dishonour. But, seeing of the dead we ought to speak but well, and the ripping up of his unjust and rash dealings can breed me no security in this heavy plight, I will no longer fret this festered sore, but leave him to God's mercy."

She prospered so far as to be allowed £200 for herself and her three daughters, to which £100 more was added in 1577.

Meanwhile her exiled husband entreated pardon in vain. In Sept., 1574, he wrote to his "good wyfe and dearest beloved creature," regretting the slanders promulgated in his native country, and not expecting change till God did so qualify her Majesty's heart, as "I may be admitted to live and die under her protection, in that soil that nature hath so many ways made sweet unto me." In the following month, his countess wrote

or starve for hunger. Thus trusting [she says,] although your Lordship is come to be my Lord's mortal enemy in the field, you will not seek revenge on me and my poor children."

Lord Scrope writes from Carlisle, 9th January, 1569-70. "I have, with great serch fn to Scotland, fownd one Wansforth, a pledge to my L. of Westmerland, who my wyf hath staed here to serve hlr. . . . Postscript. The foresaid Wansforth will not be perswaded to remane with my wyf, *whies* he have spoken with my Ladye Westmerland, his Mrs.; so that with speed I will send him to *Branspythe*."

The Earl himself was strongly suspected to have remained concealed about Brancepeth for some time after the rebellion. It is nowhere stated how he escaped from Scotland, but the tradition is constant that he returned to his own house of Brancepeth and lay some days concealed in a keeper's lodge, and afterwards amongst the Featherstonhaugh's, at Stanhope, and then escaped across Alston Moor (the estate of William Baron Hilton, who was arrayed against him) and Cumberland to the West border. There is mention in a list of dangerous recusants some years after, of "Mr. *Perkinson*, who saved the Erlein the rebellion time." He lived near Darlington, at Beaumont Hill, but was of the same clan as the Featherstones, being descended from *Perkin* Featherston, and wearing the *feathers* in his coat. The Featherstones and Waltons (both Northumberland names) still constitute the main population of the vale of Wear.

again to Lord Burghley, from Fremyngham, thanking him for his careful friendship which sought to bring her husband to better estate, grieving that she had not heard of him (Neville) a long time, and fearing her last letter had not been received. His letter of September, had then either been delayed or intercepted. She also wishes a lease of Brancepeth, which had been granted to her, might be for a term of 20 years, instead of being made only for as long as the Queen might please to retain the forfeited estate in the hands of the Crown, as a grantee might have little consideration for her.

We hear little more of her. She failed in all her endeavours to procure a pardon for her husband, and probably spent the remainder of her days in privacy and retirement. It was befitting. Her father and brother had perished on the scaffold—her husband lingered in misery and hopeless exile.

She died in 1593, and was buried at Kenninghall, on June 30.

No portrait exists of her, but she is represented kneeling at the foot of her father's tomb, in Framlingham church, Suffolk, erected by the Earl of Northampton. Her features are regular, sweet, sensible, but with an air of firmness and a slightly masculine expression. She wears an ermined cloak, a plainish frill, and a small coronet, which merely rests on the top of the head, and seems fastened by bands passing under the back hair. The monument was not erected till 1614, but the effigies were, in all probability, copied from portraits.

The effigy of Surrey's father in the same church exhibits the collar of the Garter with a singular substitution for the ordinary motto, *HONI SOIT, &c.*, in *GRATIA DEI SVM QVOD SVM*.

It has been well said by Henry Howard, Esq., of Corby Castle, in his "Memorials of the Howards," that she was "a lady of great virtue and acquirements, accompanied with such gentle feminine manners, sense, and affectionate love of her family, and her duties, that had her father lavished on her all her praise of the imaginary Geraldine, he could scarce have made her more interesting than what has been written<sup>o</sup> of her by Robert Constable, the vile betrayer of the Earl of Westmoreland." Her conjugal fidelity was most enchanting, but sobered with prudence, and she wisely stayed at home where she might be of use to her husband, rather than join his motley band at Louvaine. It must moreover be remembered that he had tired her full sore with his many amours. In his distress on the borders he was blamed for indiscretion, and exciting the jealousy and suspicions of his host of Fairmyhurst. Even in exile, his failing still broke forth. One Diaper gives a very unfavourable account of his morality, and says that "he kepeth daily company with Sir Timothy Mocket, whose life and behaviour is either as bad, or worse than my lord's. After his Countess's death, in 1600, when his advanced age rendered him unfit for such an enterprize, a spy writes that

"The Earl of Westmoreland beginneth to pursue again his suit for Richardot's daughter, and Richardot (as it is said) standeth upon this—that he procure 200 crowns a month, pension, more than he hath already, which he will have, to be assured of his daughter, which (if he get it) must be had from the King" [of Spain].

The year afterwards he died in obscurity and neglect at Newport. One of his inamoratas is still remembered. An old tower on the brook

in Langley Dale\* is said to have been her residence. Of the beautiful ballad given below, Surtees says :—

“I have only just heard, a few hours ago, the first stanza of this, evidently founded on Plumpton Park : can recover no more of the original than the two lines, which I suppose were the burden. I have filled it up as a kind of cent from such ideas and passages as occur to me at this present writing. I would give ten pounds for the original lament.”

As I down Raby Park did pass,  
I heard a fair maid weep and wail ;  
The chiefest of her song it was,  
Farewell the sweets of Langley Dale !

The bonny mavis cheers her love,  
The thristlecock sings in the glen ;  
But I must never hope to rove  
Within sweet Langley Dale again !

The wild rose blushes in the brae,  
The primrose shows its blossoms pale ;  
But I must bid adieu for aye,  
To all the joys of Langley Dale !

The days of mirth and peace are fled !  
Youth's golden locks to silver turn,  
Each northern floweret droops its head,  
By Marwood Chase and Langley Burn.

False Southrons crop each lovely flower,  
And throw their blossoms on the gale ;  
Our foes have spoilt the sweetest bower—  
Alas ! for bonny Langley Dale.

On the trial of the Countess's brother the Duke of Norfolk, in 1571, it was proved that “forsooth he had an old blind prophecy lying by him : *In exaltatione Lunæ Leo succumbet, et Leo cum Leone conjungetur, et catuli eorum regnabunt* ; which belike is thus to be expounded, *At the exaltation of the Moon* (which was the Rising of the Earl of Northumberland, that giveth the Moon) *the Lion* (which is the Queen's Majesty) *shall be overthrown* ; then shall the Lion be joined with a Lion (which is the Duke of Norfolk with the Scottish Queen, for they both bear Lions in their arms) *and their whelps shall reign* (i.e. their posterity shall have the kingdom).”

It was sworn by one Haveling, that the Duke had sent one Havers to the Earl of Westmoreland with the message, *that if the two Earls should rise he were undone*. The Duke's reply was, “Indeed my brother of Westmoreland sent me his man with recommendations ; and I sent him, by his man, a ring which my sister had sent me before ; and also Havers, with this message, *Commend me to my brother of Westmoreland, and tell him that I am well, mine innocency shall deliver me* : but nothing touching any rising at all. If ever I were privy to that rebellion, then condemn me of all the treasons that you lay against me.” The confessions of Northumberland, however, bear out Haveling's statement.

It was also proved that when the rebels fled “into Scotland, a very bare country,” they were driven to hard shifts, and sued the pope, through

\* A beautiful vale and ancient chase belonging to Raby Castle.

Dr. Morton, for help. His Holiness granted relief, and wrote letters to comfort them, directed "*Thomæ et Carolo Northumbriæ et Westmorlandiæ Comitibus, reliquisque nobilibus Catholicis partium Borealium Regni Angliæ.* Belike so calling them noble in the fulfilling of D. Story's promise, that by their rebellious enterprize they were now of worshipful become honourable." The duke was consulted by the Bishop of Rosse, as to conveying the money to the exiles, but before it could be delivered, they had fled into Flanders, and the duke being still in the secret, it was distributed monthly there. "They lurked in Flanders a while in great necessity, without apparel, and suddenly, with this money, they were waxed gay." The duke denied this.

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### A PROPHEIC DREAM.

THE English genealogical reader will ever study with deep interest the family history of the descendants of that adventurous band, who followed Richard, Earl of Pembroke, to the conquest of Ireland. Chiefly, like their noble leader, young men of birth whose youthful extravagances had given them a wish and motive to improve their fortunes, they shared with him that manly bravery and chivalrous bearing which earned him the name of Strongbow. Even if we acknowledge that their successful invasion was but a very partial conquest of Ireland, and that the dissensions and poverty of their Celtic enemies made that invasion comparatively easy, still there was something in the hostile landing of two or three hundred warriors upon a comparatively unknown coast, to claim dominion over hundreds of thousands of a brave and hot-headed race, which is fully as well entitled to our admiring sympathy as the far less dangerous exploits of their Norman progenitors in England, or the march, planned in a similar spirit, of Pizarro upon Mexico. And when we still see, in spite of forfeitures without end, that Ormonde and Kildare, two of the most ancient Earldoms in these realms, belong to their descendants, among whom also are found such European surnames as De Courcy and De Montmorency; when we remember that one of them, the high born but unfortunate Desmonde, was the last subject who dared to wage a private and personal war with the crown and state of Britain; and another, the illustrious Wellington, the subject to whom, of living men, the crown and state are most indebted for safety and glory, we will readily feel that there is necessarily much to interest us in the private history of the Anglo Norman families of the Pale.

Maurice, the gallant Lord of Prendergast, was in the possession of what in those degenerate days, would have ensured his being a very peaceful and decorous member of society, from whose luxurious mind the thought of exchanging the comforts and security of his castle, proudly frowning at ancient Pembroke, and surrounded by the cheerful village which bore the name of its feudal lord, for the dangers and hardships of a campaign among the unknown barbarians of the opposite coast, would have been of all follies the one farthest off. But Maurice lived, if not in

the year one, about which we have heard so much since we have entered a new half century, still in the year 1169,\* which differed quite as much in manners and ideas from the aforesaid half century just now begun. Besides, he was a kinsman of Strongbow's; and was he, his neighbour and relative, to desert the standard of De Clare, now that it was being unfurled against a foreign foe. No! the thought was smothered as soon as it arose; and Sir Maurice, invoking a blessing upon his journey by granting his advowson and tithes of Prendergast to the commandery of Slebech, of the order of St. John of Jerusalem, formed a little army among his retainers, and set sail for Ireland at the head of ten knights and sixty archers, landing there immediately after the force commanded by Pembroke.

Amid the many small engagements which followed, the Saltier vary on a field gules, which distinguished the banner of the Prendergast, was ever found in the thickest of the fight; and when Strongbow returned to Wales, much of the responsibility of command fell to Sir Maurice. But Dermot, that renegade king of Leinster, whose vices had first opened Ireland to the invading Normans, now assumed an offensive and over-bearing manner to those to whom he owed his return to his betrayed country. The insulted chiefs burned under treatment which respect for the Earl of Pembroke alone induced them to suffer from his father-in-law, as the king now was, but the hot blood of Prendergast caused such vehement altercations between him and Dermot, that the knight at last left the Norman camp at the head of two hundred followers, determined to sail back to the haven of Wales. Dermot using all his exertions to intercept his departure, he threw himself into the camp of Donald Fitzpatrick, Prince of Ossory, intending by his aid to succeed. But he soon found his new ally more dangerous than an open enemy; and only saved himself from the treacherous designs of Fitzpatrick by the courage of his followers, at whose head he finally fought his way back to Pembroke-shire.

When Strongbow returned to Ireland, however, he persuaded his gallant kinsman to accompany him; and upon a subsequent occasion, Sir Maurice was sent from the Norman camp to escort thither his insidious foe, the Prince of Ossory. He pledged himself to the Irish Prince that he would bring him back in safety; and when he found Fitzpatrick's liberty endangered by some cabals among the Normans, he drew his sword and swore to make good his promise at the peril, if necessary, of his own life; and succeeded by his chivalric conduct in bringing Donald back unharmed to the Irish quarters. He again left Ireland in 1175, on royal summons, to oppose the rebellion of Robert, Earl of Essex, and after this nobleman's defeat, he and Robert Fitzstephen brought him a prisoner to the king, who was then in Normandy.

Philip de Prendergast, the only son of Sir Maurice, was a baron of great wealth and power. He married the only child of Robert De Quincy, Constable and Standard-bearer of Leinster, who was killed shortly after his marriage (with, the chroniclers tell us, a daughter of Strongbow's) in a fight with the O'Dempseys of Offaley. With her, Prendergast, obtained the county of Kinsellagh, the towns of Ennis-corthy and Ferns, and the territory of the Duffren, in Wexford, which

\* Regan. Ware says the invasion took place in 1171.



estates came to his second son, whilst the eldest inherited Newcastle and the estates in Cork and Tipperary.

The Wexford branch of the family, seated at the Gurteens, remained powerful and affluent until the forfeitures at the time of the Commonwealth drove them into exile or obscurity; but the elder line yet subsist. Seated even at this early date, at Newcastle in Tipperary, they played an important *role* in that turbulent County Palatine, now siding with the Butlers, now with the Geraldines, and sometimes, like their warrior neighbours, the White Knight, or the Lord de la Poer, waging a minor war to protect some injured vassal, or resist the foray of the O'Carrolls or O'Ryan's. Eventually, however, they became by frequent alliances so connected with the interests of the Butlers, that they almost uniformly followed in war or political troubles the guidance of the Earls of Ormonde.

Thomas Prendergast, of Newcastle, represented one branch of that noble house, his mother being the youngest of the two co-heirs of Thomas Butler, Lord Cahir. Upon the demise of the second Lord Cahir, the title should have descended with the estates to the heirs general, to whom both were specially limited. But such a descent of either was not usual in Ireland in those days, and the cousin of the second baron seized the castles and estates of the family, and was himself advanced anew to the peerage by Queen Elizabeth in 1583. Two years afterwards it was, however, arranged between him and Prendergast, that the latter should grant him a release and surrender of his rights to title and property, which was accordingly done. But though Thomas Prendergast subsequently married another of the Butlers, Eleanor, sister to the eleventh Earl of Ormonde, and continued during life on friendly terms with the lord of Cahir, some jealousies still survived between the two kinsmen and their respective allies. Thomas died in 1626, and his heir, a young man of most estimable character, was killed in the course of the following year by another noble member of the house of Butler, the Lord Dunboyne; and it was in the olden halls of Cahir that this outrage was committed.

On the eleventh of June, 1628, Lord Dunboyne was tried by his peers, the Lord Aungier being Lord High Steward, for the murder of James Prendergast, Esq. The issue of the trial, however, was favourable to him, the Lord Dockwra alone of his judges pronouncing him guilty.

The next generation of this family, came in for more of fortune's smiles, for among the very small number of claims for restoration of confiscated estates which the Cromwellian settlers in Ireland allowed to be adjudicated upon by the Parliamentary Commissioners in 1660, we find that of Thomas Prendergast, who obtained a decree of Innocency, as the legal term was, and recovered his ancient patrimony of Newcastle. It is of one of his sons, Sir Thomas Prendergast, Kt. and Bart., that we are about to relate a singular but well authenticated story.

Early appointed to a regiment of horse, he had already risen to the command of a troop, when the revolution took all chance of promotion away from the Irish Catholics. Ardent and sanguine in temper, he was persuaded to promise adhesion to Lord Aylesbury's conspiracy for the restoration of King James, which was unfortunately altered by some of the inferior leaders into the Assassination Plot. From such a perversion of the original plans his honorable mind recoiled with horror; and it is well

known to readers of English history how, when compelled by religious feeling to place the King upon his guard, he nevertheless withstood with fortitude both promises and threats, even when they came from the mouth of William himself; absolutely refusing to give the names, or assist in convicting any of the conspirators, until that friend at whose solicitations he had become a party to the original plot, gave information against him. For his conduct then, and subsequently, he was warmly praised in both houses; and the King having marked his own sense of it by a grant of one of the forfeited estates, the Parliament when subsequently revoking even the grant to the successful De Ginkell, Earl of Athlone, confirmed that only which was made to Sir Thomas Prendergast.

His subsequent life was a busy one. In love, war, and politics, the three main objects of human ambition, he was alike successful. In love's gay realms, he obtained from that gentle god the fair and well dowered hand of Penelope Cadogan, the only sister of the gallant General Cadogan, whose dashing bravery, worthy of his ancient lineage and descent from Britain's earliest monarchs, subsequently won him the Earldom and high commands which doubly ennobled his later years. In those bloody but glorious fields which owned Mars as presiding deity, and which at that period were to all Europe the only valued school of good breeding, he found himself where early inclination and education led him. He was again placed on active service, and of the many achievements which added glory to the banners of England in Anne's stirring reign, there were but few where his charger was not foremost in the fight. In politics, also, he performed his part. Returned member for Monaghan in 1703, on the interest of Lord Cadogan, he attached himself to the party of that nobleman, the friend of Marlborough, in England—whilst in matters which only concerned Ireland, he voted with his illustrious cousin, the great and unfortunate Duke of Ormonde.

The periods when war and politics left him leisure for calmer enjoyments he spent in the company of Love—now in London mixing in the gay bubble wafting stream of fashion—now in Ireland adorning his new properties with woods and gardens, or resting his busied mind amid the time honored towers and groves of Newcastle. Its proud battlements, the safeguard of his family for five centuries, looked over the broad expanse of the lovely Suir, which after leaving Cahir Castle, the seat of the tragical event in his family, we have already described, here washed the walls of his ancestral residence, on its picturesque way to Clonmell and Waterford—towns which had once looked to the Prendergasts and their kinsmen the De la Poer's, for feudal protection and friendly aid, but where commerce was already beginning to create a class hostile to the rough and proud aristocrats who formerly ruled them. But the Irish towns still contained many a sturdy retainer whose fathers had bled for the old Catholic chieftains in the disastrous wars which may be said to have gone on without ceasing from the time of Elizabeth to that of Anne, and who looked with clanish love and respect upon each son of the house they fought for of old.

James Cranwell was one of these. Born in Clonmell, his father's residence was close to old St. Francis' Abbey; and though the humble brethren who once inhabited the venerable monastery had been banished from its now mouldering walls, yet Catholic devotion still brought many to pray with sighing among its ruins. Here young Cranwell read with interest the time-worn epitaphs on the grey stones which marked the graves of the by-

gone Prendergasts; here he heard his mother recount with pride the many gallant deeds in which his father and his grandfather had been the humble partners of the great lords of Newcastle, whose territories then extended from Cahir to Cappoquin, and from Fethard to Clogheen; mingled with the lands of other powerful Barons, but stoutly defended by the good swords of their owners. In her son's estimation, they were the first family in his native land, the great house of Ormonde, the Lords Palatine of his county, alone excepted; for *they* were almost looked upon as a sovereign race in bold Tipperary. He determined to attach himself to one of a name which thus possessed such strong hereditary claims upon his loyalty, and he soon prevailed upon Sir Thomas to take him into his service.

And never was master more faithfully served. Cranwell lived in an age when the distance between master and servant was kept with less strictness than with us in the nineteenth century; and he belonged to a country where even now a stranger is struck with the almost family interest manifested by dependants in the success or misfortunes of their superiors in "the great house." And he fulfilled his various duties with such zealous honesty, that it was with a heart truly heavy that Sir Thomas, after he had lived many years in his service, received the information that his favorite attendant had been suddenly and dangerously attacked by illness. Every care that money could procure, every attention that affection could prompt, was lavished upon the worthy patient; but all was in vain: Death had marked him as his own, and a few brief days' struggle saw him yield up his honest spirit to the relentless monarch. "How calmly resigned Cranwell is!" exclaimed Sir Thomas, as he paced up and down the dying man's room; "and yet his call has been very sudden." "You and I have risked a more sudden one before now, Sir Thomas," answered the faithful domestic, "when we have rushed together past the cannon's mouth, and yet it is not every soldier who is prepared for death."

Three years passed by—three busy years—distinguished not so much by the war of words and parties at home, as by that of monarchs and armies abroad. The campaigns in Spain, marked alternately by victory and reverse; those in Flanders, where the fight of Ramillies in itself was worth a hundred minor checks, had been brought to a glorious climax by the great battle of Oudenarde, where Cadogan's brigade, to which Prendergast was attached, bore a prominent part in the fight, carrying the post of Heynem after a very brilliant contest. The rest of the campaign, turning mostly upon the slow success of siege operations, Sir Thomas took advantage of some changes of the forces actively employed, to apply for leave to join for a short time his fair consort at her house in London: a permission which her brother, so entreated, and for such a motive, could not refuse. September was already shedding its autumnal lights about the foliage which even then covered the banks of Father Thames, when the returning soldier found himself gliding along from Greenwich to London, as fast as the smartest watermen on the river could make their well trimmed vessel fly.

And now he disembarked at the crowded stairs—and now rushed along the hurried streets—and now was clasped in the loving arms of his expecting wife. An evening of anxious and exciting enquiries, of pleasant anecdotes of the past, and gay hopes of the future, followed. Sir Thomas had to recount the dangers and glories of the unended campaign; Lady Prendergast, the progress of the dear little ones, who enlivened the hours wearied by her lord's absence, with charms and graces of body and mind.

At length dark night compelled the long separated pair to stop, for a few hours, their fond communings about past and future, and to yield to sleep their wearied limbs. Hardly had they retired to rest when the drowsy god plunged them both in the deepest slumber. The lady dreamt of her husband and children, of peace abroad and pleasures at home, of London luxuries, and Irish improvements. She thought her loved spouse should never leave her more, but stay where he could train the mind and curb the spirit of his handsome and only son, then in his sixth year, the age of all others when a child is most charming to its parents.

But Sir Thomas—of what dreamt he? A figure appeared before him which for many years he had not seen. He looked and doubted, and looked again; but could doubt no more. The figure wore the old livery of the Prendergasts; it was James Cranwell. The gallant Baronet, who had never trembled at the battle's loudest roar, felt an unaccountable dread at seeing again this old and faithful servant: and he could hardly muster the words necessary to bid him that welcome which his heart refused him, and to enquire wherefore he came. "It is well to be prepared for death, Sir Thomas Prendergast," was the answer. "You will die upon this day year." The warning delivered, the figure vanished; and when Sir Thomas, shuddering, raised himself in his bed, and looking round, saw the room empty, daylight yet far from the horizon, and the smouldering embers still reddening the grate, he felt it was but a dream—a singular, but still undoubted dream. Nevertheless the circumstance struck him so vividly, that he made a memorandum in his tablets the following morning, stating the warning he had received—a memorandum found among his papers after his death; and in which he professed to "have no faith in such superstitions."

A few months rolled on, and peace was apparently certain to be concluded. Louis XIV. made every concession that could reasonably be asked from a monarch in his position; but the selfishness of those who commanded the allied forces led them to claim such conditions as they knew would drive the iron into the aged monarch's soul, and force him to another struggle. And they succeeded: the humiliated, but still haughty and powerful monarch broke off the negotiations, and both parties prepared anew to water the plains of Flanders with their blood. Prendergast was ordered again to join the division of the allied forces under Cadogan, but this time he was himself given the command of a large detachment with the rank of Brigadier General.

Tournay was taken after a long and gallant defence, and Mons was threatened. The French marched to relieve it, and Marlborough, proceeding to support some of the detached portions of the allied army, suddenly and unexpectedly found himself opposed to the vast body of men whom Louis had still been able to bring into the field. 12,000 men were there before him, unprepared for battle, but formidable from their courage, their numbers, and their great commanders. It was on the ninth of September, and whilst Prendergast was placing his brigade in its proper position, his sceptical mind could not help feeling satisfaction at the imminent battle. From the state of both armies, the contest would doubtless be decided that day; it would probably terminate the campaign; the danger would be over with the fight: and he had that moment remembered that it was on the tenth of the same month in the previous year that he had arrived in London, and consequently on the morning of the eleventh he had received his singular warning. What, therefore, were the feelings which even he could

not smother when it was announced to the army that Marlborough would make no attack that day! Some distrust in his own forces made him postpone the engagement until he received expected reinforcements: and as this delay gave time to the French to cover their position with redoubts, the result was to render Malplaquet the most dearly bought victory ever fought by a British general, the number of killed having doubled that which fell at Waterloo.

The tenth passed with none but partial contests; and all was preparation for the awful trial of strength and courage which was to be decided upon the following day. That the battle would be bloody all knew: and Prendergast at last felt there might be truth in the mysterious warning. Whilst others slept he prepared himself, as best he could, for meeting him who is Lord also of the battle: and when the morning light first appeared, struggling through the surrounding fog, he mounted his favorite charger with the feelings of one who has bid adieu to all that is dear to him. Wife, children, and father all appeared before his mind; the latter, then nearly in his hundredth year. On all he earnestly prayed a blessing; and then and from henceforth thought only of his Queen and his duty.

The fight was long and fierce, the blood of both armies fell in torrents, and many of those on either side most illustrious for command, personal bravery, and noble descent, swelled the immense list of victims to the sanguinary furies of the day. Among the list of the gallant dead drawn up in the British camp that night was found the name of Brigadier General Sir Thomas Prendergast!

Our story is ended. But we will add a brief notice of the Brigadier's children. Sir Thomas, his only son, was a distinguished member of both the Irish and English Parliaments; and Postmaster General in Ireland. He died whilst a patent was drawing out raising him to the Viscounty of Clonmell; leaving no issue by his wife, Anne, only daughter and heiress of Sir Hugh Williams, of Marle, Bart. Of the daughters, Juliana married Chaworth, sixth Earl of Meath; Anne married Samuel Hobson, Esq. and her eventual heiress married Jeffrey Prendergast, Esq., and Elizabeth married, first, Sir John Dixon Hamon, Bart., and secondly Chas. Smyth, Esq., M.P., son of the then Bishop of Limerick. She eventually inherited the Galway estates. But though this branch of the family is extinct in the male line, the elder branch still flourishes; and Colonel Charles O'N. Prendergast of the Scots Fusilier Guards, an officer who proved at Salamanca and Vittoria that he was a worthy scion of this time honored tree, is the possessor of Newcastle, built by his direct ancestor six hundred and sixty years ago.

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SINGULAR TRIALS CONNECTED WITH THE UPPER  
CLASSES OF SOCIETY.

No. VIII.—THE ABDUCTION OF MISTRESS PLEASANT RAWLINS.

ON Wednesday the 18th Nov., 1702, the first year of Queen Anne's reign, the grand jury of Westminster found a bill of indictment against Haagen Swendsen, and others, for the abduction of a young lady of property, one Mistress Pleasant Rawlins; so called, though unmarried, according to the custom of that day; the style Mistress being applied to her name, as a person of condition.

The prisoners were tried at the bar of the Court of Queen's Bench, on the 25th November, 1702. The judges who presided were, the Chief Justice Sir John Holt, and the three puisne judges, Sir John Powell, Sir Littleton Powis, and Sir Henry Gould.

The indictment charged that—

“ On the 6th of November, 1702, one Pleasant Rawlins, gentlewoman and unmarried, grand-daughter and heir of William Rawlins, sen., then deceased, and daughter and heir of William Rawlins, jun., before then also deceased, was above the age of sixteen, and under the age of eighteen, and then had substance and estate in moveables and in lands and tenements, viz., in money, goods and chattels, to the value of £2,000, and in land and tenements to the value of £20 per annum, to her heirs and the heirs of her body.

“ And that the several persons Haagen Swendsen, Sarah Baynton, Hartwell, Spurr, and Thos. Holt, the said 6th day of November, with force and arms, the said Pleasant Rawlins, as aforesaid, being unmarried and heir, and having substance and estate at the parish of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, in this county, for the lucre of such estate and substance of the said Pleasant Rawlins, did unlawfully, feloniously, violently, and against the will of the said Pleasant Rawlins, take, carry, and lead away, with intent to cause and procure the said Pleasant Rawlins, against her will, in matrimony to the said Haagen Swendsen to be joined, and to him to be wedded and married; and that the said Haagen Swendsen, being a man of a dishonest conversation, and of none or very little estate or substance, then, and there, by the help and procurement of the other defendants, did feloniously marry the said Pleasant Rawlins, and was joined to her in matrimony, to the great displeasure of God, against the laws of the Queen, to the disgrace and disparagement of the said Pleasant Rawlins, and to the great grief and disconsolation of all her friends, to the evil example of all others, against the form of the statute, and against the Queen's peace, her crown and dignity. And that the said Thomas Holt, after the said Pleasant Rawlins had been so unlawfully, violently, and feloniously taken, carried, and led away, and to the said Haagen Swendsen married and wedded as aforesaid; well knowing the said Pleasant Rawlins to hav

been so taken and led away against her will, and to the said Haagen Swendsen to be wedded and married, afterwards, viz., the said sixth day of November, in the said first year of the reign of this Queen, at the parish aforesaid, the same Pleasant Rawlins, and also the said Haagen Swensden, did wilfully, knowingly, and feloniously receive, abet, comfort, conceal and assist against the form of the said statute, and against the Queen's peace, her crown and dignity."

The prisoners having pleaded Not Guilty, Haagen Swendsen being a foreigner, was tried first. The jury empanelled for his trial consisted of half foreigners and half natives, and therefore the other prisoners were put aside for a separate trial; but as the facts against all were much mixed up, the jury for the second investigation was directed to stand near, and attend to Swendsen's case.

The Solicitor General (Sir Simon Harcourt, afterwards Lord Chancellor and Baron Harcourt) thus addressed the jury for the Crown—

Sol. Gen.—May it please your lordship, and gentlemen of the jury, I am of counsel for the Queen: it was formerly reckoned a less crime to steal a fortune of £10,000 than to steal 12d. of her money or goods; but in the third year of the reign of King Henry VII., to cure this defect in the law, an act of parliament was made, whereby the taking away a woman, having goods or lands, or being an heir apparent, contrary to her will, and afterwards marrying her is made felony, and upon this law the present indictment is grounded.

Pleasant Rawlins was the daughter of Mr. William Rawlins; he, having left her a considerable estate, appointed George Bright and William Busby to be her guardians. Mr. Bright being dead, the other guardian, Mr. Busby, for the better education of Mrs. Rawlins, placed her under the care of his sister Sabina Busby. Mrs. Busby and Mrs. Rawlins have lodged about three years last at the house of the widow Nightingale. Haagen Swendsen, with Mrs. Baynton, lodged at Mrs. Blake's, in Holborn, and there they first projected and contrived how they might make a prey of this young gentlewoman. The first step they took towards executing this design was to get lodgings at Mrs. Nightingale's house for Mrs. Baynton; for which purpose she was to pass for a country gentlewoman of a plentiful fortune. One Mrs. St. John was sent to Mrs. Nightingale to take lodgings for Mrs. Baynton, commending her to be a very good woman; and that having the misfortune of a lawsuit, and being obliged for that reason to attend in town, it was her greatest care to lodge in so reputable a house as Mrs. Nightingale's was. Under this pretence, lodgings were there taken for her. At her first coming, she was forced to put on a disguise; she seemed to live a virtuous life, that she might ingratiate herself into the favour of the family, as often as she had an opportunity of conversing with any of them. She pretended that she had a brother of a good estate, one of the best men in the world; and she hoped he would shortly come to town, that she might see him. In a little time after came this Swendsen (being nothing related to her), and appeared as her brother, and frequently visited her under pretence of that relation. But Mrs. Baynton was too well known in town to continue long undiscovered; notice was soon given to Mrs. Busby of the vicious life Mrs. Baynton had led, and that she was not fit to be in the same house with her. Mrs. Baynton having discovered this, and finding she had no time to bring about her designs by frauds and wiles, and that no other ways

were left but open force, the prisoner at the bar and she took measures accordingly ; and in order thereto it was agreed that a writ should be taken out against Mrs. Rawlins. Mrs. Baynton contrives to get Mrs. Rawlins and Mrs. Busby into a coach, and at a place appointed a signal was given, and the writ executed, and Mrs. Busby, Mrs. Rawlins, and Mrs. Baynton, were all carried in the coach to the Star and Garter tavern in Drury-lane, where particular care was taken to separate Mrs. Busby and Mrs. Rawlins, because unless they did that, they could not hope to accomplish their designs. Mrs. Busby was by force kept at that tavern, without any process against her, till the marriage was over ; but Mrs. Rawlins was forcibly carried to Hartwell's the bailiff's house. Mrs. Baynton pretended to be much concerned for Mrs. Rawlins, and went in all haste to call some of her friends to be bail for her. Some time after Mrs. Rawlins was got to Hartwell's, in comes Mrs. Baynton, pretending that by mere accident she had discovered her being there, hearing her name as she was passing by the door ; that she had been in search, but could find no help ; and that her last hopes was her dear brother Swendsen, and she doubted not but he would bail her : he by agreement had been placed near the bailiff's and so was soon found, and brought thither, and was very ready to assist her. In order to her discharge, the prisoner, the bailiff, and Mrs. Baynton, carried Mrs. Rawlins to another tavern, where they had a parson ready for the purpose ; and there this young gentlewoman, through divers artifices, of which you shall have a full account, was constrained to marry. These are the principal circumstances, and they shall be plainly proved to you.

Serj. Darnell.—My lord, I think it necessary to open a little the manner of getting this young lady away, and the contrivance of getting her into the coach : for your lordship knows, that if any are taken away without their consent, though they do afterwards consent to be married to such taker, yet he is guilty within this statute. They were resolved to take this woman by force, when they found they could not otherwise accomplish their end. And Mrs. Baynton knowing Mrs. Busby and Mrs. Rawlins were used every Friday morning to go to a chapel, called Oxendon chapel, Mrs. Baynton said, I am going to Golden-square, and if you are going to the chapel, I will set you down, if you please : they glad of such a convenience, thought no harm, but went into the coach. They had gone no farther than Dartmouth-street, but these bailiffs come. Hartwell opens the coach, and goes into it ; they cry out to the people for help ; Hartwell plucked up the glasses, and those bailiffs about the coach cried, " it is an arrest of a cheat that owes money to tradesmen." By this means they carried her to the Star and Garter in Drury-lane. When they had them there, the next thing was to get her away from her friend Busby, for unless that was done, they despaired of getting her to marry Swendsen. Mrs. Baynton pretended to go find out Mrs. Rawlins's friends to bail her ; but that was to meet with Swendsen : as soon as Mrs. Baynton was gone, the bailiffs forced Mrs. Rawlins from Mrs. Busby, and Mrs. Busby was kept there by force till five o'clock, till all was over. The bailiffs as they carried Mrs. Rawlins away, called her jade and slut, and bid her pay her debts ; and said, put on your mask, you jade, for we will have no mob to rescue you ; she put on her mask, and the rest of the bailiffs followed her, and said she was a cheat and was arrested. Then it was time to open the scene. Hartwell carried her to his house, and Mrs. Baynton pretending to be coming by and hearing her name, opened the door, and by an ex-



traordinary manner, burst into the house, and told her, Madam, I went to all your friends, but could find none at home; but I have been with my dear brother Swendsen, who will come with another to bail you, and it will not be long before they come; for they were placed at the Five Bells very near Hartwell's house: upon this she went out again, and brought in Swendsen, and one Holt, who keeps the Mitre tavern in King-street, Westminster. And truly when they were there, and talked of being bail, then they would all go in a coach to the Vine tavern, the place where they designed the marriage; and they had got two proper instruments there for the business, the chaplain and the clerk of the Fleet. When they had her there, my lord, the bailiff asked if she had any bail? Mrs. Baynton said, that Mr. Swendsen and Mr. Holt would be her bail; the bailiff said, I will not take Swendsen's bail, he is a man I know not; but Mr. Holt I know, I will take his. The poor woman begged upon her knees, for Christ's sake let me send for my friends; and they pretended to send for abundance of them, but none came. Then she was threatened with Newgate, for that often came out; If you cannot get bail to Newgate you must go, and there must lie. This was often said by Hartwell. Then Mrs. Baynton cried, (as she could do at command) O how I pity you, Mrs. Rawlins, is there no way in the law to help you? I believe if you were married, that would put an end to the action. Then speaking to the bailiff said, if this gentlewoman were married, would it not put an end to it? The bailiff said I cannot tell but it might, if such a thing were. Well, now her rich brother Swendsen is proposed, she must be married to him; the bailiffs threatening her severely, that to Newgate she must go, if she did not. Immediately they brought in the chaplain and clerk of the Fleet, and read the form of marriage, and after carried her to several places lest they might be followed and prevented, beds being provided for the purpose at those places, as your lordship shall hear. And, my lord, this taking of this woman thus away against her will, is an offence against the act 3 Henry VII., and, my lord, we desire that the statute might be read.

L. C. J. Holt.—It shall be explained.

Mr. Broderick.—My lord, there was a whole night completed before the prisoner was seized.

Then Mr. W. Busby is called for and sworn.

He is asked, Do you know Mrs. Pleasant Rawlins?

Serj. Darnell.—Give an account of her.

Busby.—She is the daughter of William Rawlins, deceased, who left his estate to Dr. Bright and myself, to be sold for payment of his debts and legacies, and left the surplusage to his daughter, which is about £2,000.

Serj. Darnell.—What lands has she?

Busby.—She has £20 a-year.

Serj. Darnell.—What age is she of?

Busby.—She is near eighteen.

Mr. Montague.—Was she ever married, or no?

Busby.—She was unmarried.

Then Mrs. Sabina Busby was called and sworn, as also Mrs. Nightingale.

Swendsen.—My lord, I beg the favour that only one witness be heard at a time.

Sol. Gen.—Mrs. Nightingale, do you know Mrs. Pleasant Rawlins and Mrs. Busby?

Nightingale.—Yes, I do.

Sol. Gen.—Have they lodged at your house ?

Nightingale.—Yes.

Sol. Gen.—How long ?

Nightingale.—Above three years.

Sol. Gen.—Have you any knowledge of Mrs. Baynton ?

Nightingale.—Yes.

Sol. Gen.—How came you acquainted with her ?

Nightingale.—One Mrs. St. John came to me to know whether I took boarders ? I said, I had taken some, but would take no more, unless it were the same ladies again.

L. C. J. Holt.—Who was it came to you ?

Nightingale.—One Mrs. St. John.

Sol. Gen.—Mrs. Nightingale speak out, that my lord may hear you.

L. C. J. Holt.—Did Mrs. Busby lodge with you ?

Nightingale.—Yes, my lord, we were very intimate before ; and since it pleased God to take away her husband, I was pleased with her, and very willing to take her into my house.

Sol. Gen.—Acquaint his lordship how Mrs. St. John came to you.

Nightingale.—Yes, my lord, as near as I can. She came to me and asked me if I took boarders ? I told her no, I would take none, except it were those ladies I had before : she told me that she had an acquaintance that was a widow lady, that came out of Wiltshire, about a suit of law, and would be in a sober family near a church. But, however, I denied her lodgings, and did expect to hear no more of her. But about three weeks or a month after, she came to me again, and asked me whether I had altered my resolution.

L. C. J. Holt.—Go on.

Nightingale.—My lord, Mrs. St. John said, that the lady was come to town on the Saturday night before, very much indisposed in her journey. I asked her whether she knew this Baynton, or no ? Mrs. St. John said yes, she was very intimate in the family, and she said a great deal more of her, which I cannot remember. She said also, that she would have boarded herself and would have been glad of her company, if she had had conveniences for her. Then she asked me whether she should come herself and give her own character ? We thought no harm, she being a woman, and not a man. She further said that Mrs. Baynton had seen a maid, whom I knew, and she believed she would take her. I inquired of another who lived in the Mews, if he knew Mrs. Baynton ; he said yes, and that she came of a good family. At length she came, and made a very modest appearance in her behaviour and garb. She said to me, that I was very curious in taking in boarders, and for that she liked me the better. I consented she should come. She asked me what I would have a week ? I told her 12s. for herself, and 10s. for her maid. She concluded to come on the Wednesday following ; which she did, with her maid—a modest girl, and a neighbour—which gave me the more encouragement. She carried herself very well until Michaelmas-day at night, when we heard of her new brother ; she seemed elevated at the news, and fell into convulsion fits, which I believed were real fits. She said she had a dear brother, a good Christian, and he would come on the morrow. When he came, he brought two gentlewomen with him, very modest, whom I never saw before, nor since. Mrs. Baynton made a pot of coffee,

and sent for a bottle of wine, and she told her brother before me, what good lodgings she had, and said she wished he would come and lodge near them, for she knew he had but a puny stomach, and believed he would like her victuals. He said it was not convenient for him, because his business called him every day to the Change. She said also, that there was a bowling-green near them, where he might divert himself. But all would not do. She asked me what I would have a meal if her brother should come at any time: I said, when I had other ladies, if any of their friends came, I had twelve-pence a meal of them. On Friday he came: I went to church, and left them together at cribbage, as I found them on my return.

L. C. J. Holt.—What day of the week was this?

Nightingale.—The Friday before the sacrament. Mrs. Baynton said to Mr. Swendsen, before Mrs. Busby, you have an extraordinary hand at making punch: so they agreed to make a bowl the Monday following; but Mrs. Rawlins hardly drank any, she not liking any strong liquors. After this she told me her brother was very ill of his journey, being lately come out of the country, though I did not understand he was in it. The Monday before Michaelmas-day, we were at dinner with two more than our family, when Mrs. Baynton said, she had an interest in a Norway ship, and invited us all aboard: but he, viz., Mr. Swendsen, did not come to our house till four days after: but on Friday we concluded to go on Saturday; there were eight of us in company in all—Mrs Rawlins, Mrs. Busby, I and my daughter, and Mr. Ball, another lodger, belonging to the exchequer. We went and had much discourse: after having drank a glass of wine, the cloth was laid, and the master offered a bowl of punch; says Mr. Swendsen, Ladies, I would please you all, and leave you all to your liberties, to drink what you please.

L. C. J. Holt.—Is this person Mrs. Baynton's brother?

Nightingale.—This is he that went for her brother.

L. C. J. Holt.—Whereabouts is your house?

Nightingale.—Near Tuttle-fields.

Sol. Gen.—This Baynton came to you under the character of a country lady on a law-suit; do you understand that she was so?

Nightingale.—My lord, she said she came from the Bath.

Sol. Gen.—You misapprehend the question; do you understand that her pretence was true or not?

Nightingale.—I enquired of several persons, who acquainted me that the Bayntons lived in Wiltshire: but it was not long before we began to suspect her, for there seemed to be an extraordinary love between her and Swendsen, more than is usual between brother and sister. I said, Madam, I wonder you do not marry your brother. She said, she thought that it was not lawful. I said there was such a thing done in Westminster, of a man's marrying two sisters.

Sol. Gen.—Pray call to mind what time it was that you first gave notice to her that she should not continue in your lodgings.

Nightingale.—When I first mistrusted her, I gave notice of it in my family. But we being all women, and fearful of her, thought not fit to give her warning till her month was up. But before that, she came to me, and told me, and said, Mrs. Nightingale, I have received a letter from my sister Baynton in the country, which informs me, that the trustees

will agree, and so I design to return when my month is up, for this town is very chargeable. Very well, said I, for I expect some ladies very shortly. I went down to my family, and expressed my joy to them, and said I was very glad Mrs. Baynton had prevented me; for if she had not given me warning, I would have given her warning, for I resolved she should not stay.

Sol. Gen.—Mrs. Nightingale it seems you had notice of Mrs. Baynton's ill carriage: did you take any notice of it to herself?

Nightingale.—No, I did not, but I gave the maid notice as soon as I suspected any thing.

Sol. Gen.—Do you know whether the maid had told anything to her or not?

Nightingale.—The maid said to her, Madam, do not you see a strangeness in the family? Yes, said she, I can see and bear a great deal; but when I am roused, I'll be like a lion.

Sol. Gen.—How long was this before Mrs. Rawlins was taken away.

Nightingale.—I cannot prefix the time, but it was before she gave me warning.

L. C. J. Holt.—Was she gone from your house before this thing happened?

Nightingale.—No, my lord; she told me on Wednesday, that her time was out; but said, there is a fellow in town that I fear will cheat me, and I am taking out a statute of bankruptcy against him, which I think will cause me to stay in town a week longer; she also told me, she had taken a place in the coach to go on Thursday, but must lose her earnest, for this business would detain her a week longer.

Mr. Raymond.—Did you ever observe they were together in private?

Nightingale.—No, my lord; we never had any suspicion of Mr. Swendsen, but of the woman, for she could put on all manner of disguises.

Mrs. Busby being called, she is sworn.

Sol. Gen.—Pray do you know Mrs. Rawlins?

Busby.—Yes, I do.

Sol. Gen.—How came you first acquainted with her?

Busby.—My brother Busby was one of her guardians, and put her under the care of my husband, while he was living, which was four years ago this Christmas. She came to us by the consent of her guardian.

Sol. Gen.—At what place did you lodge?

Busby.—We lived in Stretton Grounds; but since my husband died, which is three years last July, I left housekeeping, and then we went and lodged at Mrs. Nightingale's.

Sol. Gen.—How long have you continued at Mrs. Nightingale's?

Busby.—We have continued there ever since.

Sol. Gen.—Do you know Mrs. Baynton?

Busby.—Yes, I do; she lodged at Mrs. Nightingale's.

Sol. Gen.—Was there anybody who used to come to her there?

Busby.—None except a change-woman.

Counsel.—Do you know anything of Mr. Swendsen?

Busby.—Sir, the first of his coming to Mrs. Nightingale's, was the day after Michaelmas-day. Mrs. Baynton said that she had a brother that was come to town, which he did the day after, with two gentlewomen, which I never saw either before or since; but Mr. Swendsen after this came several times to her as her brother, her sister's husband; and she

desired that he might dine with her sometimes ; for which she agreed with Mrs. Nightingale at 12d. per meal.

Sol. Gen.—Was this Mrs. Rawlins at any time in private with Swendsen ?

Busby.—Never that I know of in all my life ; we were always in company together when he dined there, and the times that he dined there we computed to be nine or ten ; he was there sometimes when we were not at home.

Sol. Gen.—How did Mrs. Baynton behave herself when she was at Mrs. Nightingale's ?

Busby.—We thought very well of her, till at last we discerned too much freedom between Mr. Swendsen and herself ; we suspected her, and thought she would drink ; and were informed she would swear ; she said she must stay in town about a month or six weeks about a suit of law. Her maid told her of the strangeness of the family ; she said they had best be civil, or else she would stay and plague them. She told Mrs. Nightingale at length, the town was chargeable, and her business done, and that she would return into the country.

Sol. Gen.—What do you know concerning Mrs. Rawlins being taken away ?

Busby ?—Mrs. Baynton knowing it was our custom to go to Oxendon chapel every Friday morning, she came and told us she had occasion to go to Golden-square ; and that being in the way, she invited us to go with her in the coach, and she would set us down at or near the chapel. When we came to Dartmouth-street, somebody bid the coachman stop : I expected she should set us down as she promised. On that side where I sat, there were old buildings, and as I was looking out, I heard Mrs. Baynton cry out to the coachman, drive on ; and all of a sudden I saw a man in the coach, which was Hartwell the bailiff. Mrs. Rawlins and I were in a very great fright, knowing nothing. I said, for God's sake, let's come out, we are not concerned. Hartwell said we were the persons that he came for. I begged of him to let us come out : Hartwell had his arms about Mrs. Rawlins's side, and said, it is this lady and you that I am concerned about. I asked him what it was. Said he, let you and I have two or three words together, and all will be well enough. I said, you do not think I will say anything to you, unless I have my friends by me ; Mrs. Baynton in the coach, said, no, madam, be sure you don't. I could not tell what he would do with us ; and at length he carried us all to the Star and Garter tavern in Drury-lane. I pressed him to let us go to Fleet-street, for I had friends there. Hartwell was very angry, and would hear nothing of it. When we came to Drury-lane, Mrs. Baynton would have had us put on our masks : I said, I had done nothing amiss, and I would not. When we were in the room at the tavern, Mrs. Baynton hastened out of the room as fast as she could, pretending to go for my friends. Mrs. Rawlins and I were in a great consternation, wondering what they would do with us : I took hold of her arm, and told her I would live and die with her. The bailiffs came in, and said she was their prisoner, and took her by violence from me : they told me she must go with them, for they said she was arrested by a writ out of one court, and I by one out of another. When she was going, I put my head out of the window, and cried Murder ! murder ! several times : when I pulled my head in again, Spurr said, what have you got by your bawling ? and

said they were better known there than I. They brought a man to me, who said he had orders to keep me, and that he had only a crown for his pains; but he would not suffer me to send for any body. The gentlewoman of the house came up, and said I had done a diskindness to her house by crying out murder; she said to me, look and see whether your name be spelt right, for it may be a false arrest, &c. Wakeman that went away with Mrs. Rawlins, came back again, and said, the young woman was well, and that he left her eating fowl and bacon; I said, I wish she was well. The gentlewoman of the house bid the bailiff shew me the writ; he said he could not read well; but there was the name of Sabina Busby, at the suit of one Jones: but when he heard my complaints a considerable while, he said he would go to my friends, and would go as cheap as a porter, and as soon. I sent him to Mr. Thornton and Mr. Nash: he pretended to go, but returned no more till night.

Sol. Gen.—You say you cried out murder; how did Mrs. Rawlins behave herself then?

Busby.—It was her great fright and crying that made me endeavour her rescue; when we said we would die together, then it was when they forced her from me; the surprise was so great that made me cry out after the manner that I did: upon which some neighbours came in, but they told them that it was an arrest, and therefore they would not meddle with it.

Sol. Gen.—Mrs. Busby, they kept you till night, you say; did they take or require bail for you before you were discharged?

Busby.—I will tell you, sir, if you please: I did not know what I was arrested for, it might be murder or treason for aught I knew. There was a little boy by, said, Madam, I know Mr. Unkle, your friend in Newmarket, and I will go for him: he went, but when he returned again, he said he was not at home; which I thought was a lie. There was a poor man, a labourer, working in the chimney, he gave me a wink, and said, Madam, I will go for him; but I said to him, Pray do not leave me; I began to be afraid, for I did not know how my life might be concerned. Said the little boy, I will go anywhere for you. I sent him for two gentlemen, who came: the bailiffs said they had an action of £200 against me; the gentlemen told the bailiffs they were come to bail me: the bailiffs were very impudent, but shuffled about awhile, and left me, and took no further notice.

L. C. J. Holt.—Did they take any bail for you?

Busby.—No; they left me with these gentlemen.

Mr. Montague.—When you went out in the morning, did you design to go anywhere else but to chapel?

Busby.—Nowhere else.

Mr. Montague.—Was it your invitation to Mrs. Baynton, or her invitation to you to go in the coach?

Busby.—It was Mrs. Baynton's invitation to me; I had not a very good opinion of Mrs. Baynton, for we suspected her family; but being to go shortly away, I apprehended no harm.

Mr. Montague.—Did Mrs. Rawlins go with you?

Busby.—She did.

Mr. Montague.—Mrs. Busby, do you know the prisoner? Is this the man that came to Mrs. Nightingale's house?

Busby.—Yes, sir.

Judge Powel.—How long was it from the time that you parted after arresting, that you saw Mrs. Rawlins again?

Busby.—The first time after was on Saturday, when they were before the recorder.

L. C. J. Holt.—When did you find her?

Busby.—On Saturday in the afternoon.

L. C. J. Holt.—Were you at the finding?

Busby.—No, my lord.

L. C. J. Holt.—What time was it?

Busby.—About noon, I believe.

Mr. Montague.—When you saw her put into the coach, did you hear her cry out?

Busby.—No, sir; it was I that cried out.

Mr. Montague.—Did Mr. Swendsen make any entertainments or no?

Busby.—But one, as I know of.

(Prisoner speaks to Mrs. Busby, and said, have you done?)

Busby.—I think so.

Prisoner.—If you have, I will ask you a question: did you know of any love between Mrs. Rawlins and me?

L. C. J. Holt.—Did you know anything of love between Mrs. Rawlins and the prisoner, or no?

Busby.—No, my lord.

After some evidence to shew that Mrs. Baynton was not Swendsen's sister, or sister-in-law, and that she was a woman of bad repute, and after proof of the falsity of the writ and the sham arrest, Mistress Rawlins herself was called and sworn.

Sol. Gen.—Give an account to his lordship, after what manner you were arrested, and carried from tavern to tavern.

Rawlins.—My lord, I was arrested with Madam Busby, and carried to the Star and Garter tavern in Drury-lane.

L. C. J. Holt.—How were you carried thither?

Rawlins.—I was in a coach going to Oxendon chapel, when three bailiffs were about the coach.

Sol. Gen.—Where did they carry you?

Rawlins.—They carried us to the Star and Garter in Drury-lane.

Sol. Gen.—Who did they carry with you?

Rawlins.—There was Mrs. Busby, Mrs. Baynton, and I, and Hartwell the bailiff; when we came to the Star and Garter, they forced me up stairs into a back room, but we got into a forward room; but we had not been there long till they parted Mrs. Busby and I; Mrs. Baynton was gone for our friends, as she pretended. I was in a very great fright, but Mrs. Busby saying, we will die together, they took me by force from her; Hartwell swore a great oath, and thrust me down stairs, and forced me out of a back-door into an alley. When he went to put me into a coach, I cried out, murder; then he threatened to put me into Newgate. He carried me to his own house, and nobody came to help me a great while; but Mrs. Baynton said, that as she was going by the door, she heard my name, and came in a mighty fright; she said to me, madam, I pity you, will nobody bail you? She told me, I will send to my brother, who shall be bail for you. She sent for him, he came into the room, and he said, what is the matter with you? I said, enough is the matter when

I am arrested for £200 and owe no man a penny. Said he in a jocose way, what makes you affrighted at that? I have a good mind to arrest you myself. Then they took me thence to the Vine tavern in Holborn, where I was an hour or two before I heard anything of marrying, or any such thing.

Counsel.—What did they do with you all that time?

Rawlins.—They got a dinner ready, and after we had dined, she begged of me to have her brother, and said, that if I did not marry him, I should be ruined. I told her I would do nothing without the advice of my friends. I desired my friends to be sent for, but they would not admit it. She looked on my ring on my finger, and said, let me see your ring from your finger? I said, no, you shall not. She said, I will force it off. I said, I will try that: but she forced it from me.

Prisoner.—Remember you are upon your oath.

Rawlins.—I know I am. When she took my ring away, I asked her what she would do with it; she said she would go and get a wedding ring made by it. I told her I would not marry without the advice of my friends. Away she went and bought a ring, and came up again, and said to her brother, she had a ring. Well, said I, give me my ring, and do what you will with the other. She said, if I did not marry her brother, I should be ruined for ever. There was a minister in the house, whom they said had been there about a quarter of an hour, but I supposed longer; they brought him, with the clerk, up stairs, the parson saying, I hear there is a couple to be married: he asked no questions, but told me if I did not marry this gentleman, I should be sent to Newgate, and ruined for ever.

Counsel.—Give an account of what was done after buying the ring.

Rawlins.—When they brought the ring, they said to me, will you be married or no? I answered, I will not; there are none of my friends here, and I will not marry without the consent of my friends. They said, if I did not, I should be ruined for ever. So with many threats and persuasions, they at last prevailed with me to marry. I was forced to marry him out of fear, not of going to Newgate, but of being murdered.

Counsel.—Where did they carry you?

Rawlins.—To Blake's house in Red Lion-street, Holborn.

L. C. J. Holt.—What time of day was it?

Rawlins.—I cannot give an exact account; but I think it was candle-light.

Prisoner.—It was about twelve o'clock at noon.

L. C. J. Holt.—What time was it that you were married?

Rawlins.—My lord, it was about three o'clock.

L. C. J. Holt.—When you went to Blake's house, who was with you there?

Rawlins.—None but Mr. Swendsen, Mrs. Baynton, and I.

L. C. J. Holt.—Was there any force or threats used when you were at Blake's house?

Rawlins.—Yes, there was, my lord.

L. C. J. Holt.—How came you to be released?

Rawlins.—It was Saturday morning before I was released; there was some of my friends came to the place where I was.

L. C. J. Holt.—Then you were with him all night?



Rawlins.—Yes, my lord.

L. C. J. Holt.—Mr. Swendsen, will you ask her any questions ?

Prisoner.—She must be my chiefest evidence, my lord, when the witnesses come ; she must be the chiefest of them all.

L. C. J. Holt.—You will not ask her any questions now, but when the witnesses are called ?

Prisoner.—My lord, I presume she does not go out of court. [Orders given for her to sit down.]

Sol. Gen.—We have done with our evidence at present.

L. C. J. Holt.—Mr. Swendsen, what do you answer to the evidence ?

Prisoner.—My lord, I am very much unprepared for a trial at present ?

L. C. J. Holt.—Why so ?

Prisoner.—Because I had but little time for preparation, and I am not prepared ; I desire that I may be allowed counsel.

L. C. J. Holt.—No, no, it cannot be allowed you ; and as for the time of your trial, you were told, if you would shew good cause to have it put off yet, the court would have done it.

Prisoner.—Then I hope if I speak anything that may be prejudicial to my cause, that the court will not take advantage from it. The first time I was at Mrs. Nightingale's, I was desired by Mrs. Busby and Mrs. Baynton to make a bowl of punch, which I did ; and we were very merry over it ; then I invited them to go on board a ship, which they all did, and we in a short time became very well acquainted. My lord, I desire my wife may stand by herself, and none of them near her.

L. C. J. Holt.—There is none near her that will hurt her.

Prisoner.—My lord, I beg she may stand by herself, that I may have a fair trial : I pray your lordship to grant me this favour. My lord, will you please to grant it ?

L. C. J. Holt.—Must I grant it only for your humour ?

Prisoner.—It is not a humour, my lord, but of a great consequence to me : will your lordship grant me it ? I beg it my lord, for it is the most material thing I have to ask ; I beg all those people may be removed from her ; it is the greatest and most material thing I have to say.

L. C. J. Holt.—I am sorry for it.

Prisoner.—It is so ; good, my lord, grant me that.

L. C. J. Holt.—There is nobody near her that concerns you at all.

Prisoner.—There are those by her that will do me no kindness. [Then she was ordered to be removed.]

Sol. Gen.—My lord, her standing there is enough to disorder her.

Prisoner.—My lord, she is very well.

L. C. J. Holt.—Remove her a little further.

Counsel.—My lord, he does it on purpose to fright her.

Prisoner.—We went (as I was telling your lordship) aboard a ship, and they invited me to come the week following, to partake of a treat ; accordingly I went, and there was one Mr. Pugh, and he and I made a bowl of punch. Mr. Pugh at that time courted Mrs. Rawlins, and that little time I was acquainted with her, I discerned she had a kindness for me, as I had for her ; and I told her I could not be easy while she suffered Mr. Pugh to address her ; she desired me to be easy, and it should be remedied.

L. C. J. Holt.—Mrs. Rawlins, do you remember any such thing ?

Rawlins.—My lord, I do not remember any such thing, or that any such words ever came out of my mouth.

Prisoner.—Did not you say this, Mrs. Rawlins, Mrs. Swendsen I should say; did not you say, if I would not sit by you, you would not eat a bit or a crumb: when I sat by you, and proffered my place to another, can you say you were not offended?

Rawlins.—No, I was not.

Prisoner.—Are you not upon your oath? Did not you give me some encouragement?

Rawlins.—I do not know how I could shew it you; I know not of any such thing.

L. C. J. Holt.—You ought to speak the truth, because his life depends upon it. Did you, in the first place, ever admit of his courtship, in order to marry you?

Rawlins.—No, my lord, I do not remember any such thing.

L. C. J. Holt.—Did you ever shew any kindness to him upon any such account?

Rawlins.—No, I do not know I shewed him any more kindness than all the rest of the family shewed him.

L. C. J. Holt.—Were you ever in his company alone?

Rawlins.—No, my lord.

Prisoner.—To give me more ease and satisfaction, after dinner we had a bowl and walnuts, Mrs. Swendsen peeled the kernels and gave them to me; she gave them faster than I could eat; she heaped my plate with them; every one at the table took notice of it, and she jogged me with her knee, that I should take them, and gave some to Mrs. Baynton, and bid her take them and give to me.

L. C. J. Holt.—Mrs. Busby, were you there?

Busby.—Yes, my lord.

L. C. J. Holt.—Did you see anything of this kind?

Busby.—No, my lord.

Prisoner.—Will your lordship be pleased to ask her yourself?

L. C. J. Holt.—Mrs. Rawlins, did you ever give peeled walnuts to him, or send them to him in particular?

Rawlins.—No, my lord, I do not know that I was more kind to him than the rest of the company.

The prisoner continued and concluded his defence in the same rambling way, endeavouring, but in vain, to shew that Mrs. Rawlins was in love with him, and had consented to the marriage. After the Solicitor General had replied, and the Chief Justice had summed up, the jury found Swendsen guilty.

The trial of the other prisoners Sarah Baynton, John Hartwell, and John Spurr was then proceeded with. The facts against them were the same as in the former trial. Sarah Baynton was found guilty, and the other two prisoners were acquitted.

On the following 28th November, Haagen Swendsen, and Sarah Baynton were sentenced to death, by Mr. Justice Powel. After sentence, Swendsen said—

My lord, now I am bound to do this woman justice. She hath not been the contriver of it. It was all done by my direction; and for her sake I desire the Queen may know it.

L. C. J.—Well, that will clear up the doubt to some of your countrymen, who did think you were not the contriver of it.

Swendsen.—I desire, my lord, that the matter may be represented to the Queen as favourably as you can.

Sarah Baynton's execution was respited in consequence of her being *enceinte*. She was afterwards reprieved. Swendsen was hanged; he made no speech at the place of execution, but left a paper in which he declared that he had conspired to make Mistress Rawlins his wife, but that she was a consenting party to the marriage.

In conclusion it may be observed, that the statute under which the unhappy man suffered death is now repealed, and the present Act, 9 Geo. IV. c. 31, subjects this offence of abduction to the penalty of transportation or imprisonment.

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## HISTORIC RHYMES.

### No. VI.

#### JOSEPHINE, EMPRESS OF FRANCE.

[These rhymes are founded on two popular traditions which are too well known to need more than this incidental mention.]

LONE is the hour, for the moon's in her pow'r  
 And all is still around;  
 Lone is the spot, for a trace is not  
 Of feet on the bosky ground.  
 In that darksome dell where centipedes dwell,  
 And the red ant ploughs the loam,  
 And no sound is heard save the Whistling Bird,  
 The Obi-Man makes his home.

And who is it dares to venture there,  
 Yet seems of the White-man's race?  
 'Tis young Josephine, and ne'er was seen  
 Ought so bright in that wild place.  
 She threads the lawns 'till a cavern yawns  
 By a deep and gloomy linn;  
 One other step, and her heart beats high!  
 For she now has past within.

\* \* \* \*

The fire was lit, and with drowsy wings  
 Aye fanned it the owl and bat  
 'Till the wizard impatient on it poured  
 The oil of an infant's fat.

It blazed up bright with unholy light  
 As the word of pow'r he said,  
 And in that flame a dwarf-form came,  
 Whose cloak like to blood was red.

The dwarf out-spoke, harsh as raven's croak  
 When he bodes from his hollow tree—  
 "Why seek to know what the future hides  
 When that future still must be?  
 But since I am call'd, then hear thy fate  
 And on thy heart write it down;  
 Twice shall you be a wedded wife,  
 And shall wear, and lose, a crown.

Twice shall you be a wedded wife,  
 Or the stars above must lie;  
 And yet neither widow, wife, nor maid,  
 When your hour has come to die  
 And thrice we shall meet again, be sure,  
 In the day of weal or woe;  
 For whether there's good or ill at hand  
 My presence will aye foreshow."

'Tis deepest night, and Josephine  
 Now sleeps by a Consul's side,  
 When a voice seems to blend with her dreams,  
 And "alumber no more," it cried.  
 She moans, she wakes, and a sudden dread  
 Is on her, she knows not why;  
 But it freezes the blood upon her heart,  
 And it glazes her starting eye.

The moonbeams fall through the windows tall,  
 In a wavering circle spread,  
 And in that pale ring is a dwarfish thing,  
 Whose cloak like to blood was red.  
 He spoke not, but waved a crown of thorns,  
 And each thorn seemed to pierce her brain;  
 With anguish she swooned, or it may be then  
 In slumber relapsed again.

Was it a dream, or a spectral gleam,  
 Mocked Josephine that night?  
 'Twere hard to tell, but I know full well  
 That it harped the truth aright.  
 Soon rang out the bells of Notre Dame  
 And a joyous peal rang they;  
 For the Consul he has changed his robes  
 For an Emperor's crown that day.

By an Emperor's side sleeps Josephine,  
 But wakes at the voice of dread;  
 In the moonlight's glow, the dwarf form, lo!  
 Whose cloak like to blood is red.  
 He spoke not, but waved a bridal wreath,  
 And she stretched her hand to seize,  
 The leaves they all dropt before her touch  
 As they drop from the wintry trees.

Was it a dream, or a spectral gleam,  
 Mocked Josephine that night?  
 'Twere hard to tell, but I know full well  
 That it harped the truth aright.  
 She 's banishèd from her husband's bed,  
 Her own hand the tie has rent;  
 She 's banishèd from her husband's throne,  
 Her own lips must give assent.

She sleeps alone in Malmaison,  
 And her eye with tears is wet,  
 As the dews of night on the eye alight  
 Of the slumbering violet.  
 Chill is the hour, and dark clouds low'r,  
 By the watery south-wind bred;  
 When she wakes at the call of the dwarfish form,  
 Whose cloak like to blood is red.

He stands not now in the moonbeam's glow,  
 For the moon has ceased to shine;  
 A shade is he on the shade of night  
 Which the eye can scarce define.  
 This time he spoke, and his silence broke—  
 "My heet it has been obey'd;  
 For the hour is nigh when you must die,  
 Nor widow, nor wife, nor maid.

"I have warned you twice, I have warned you thrice;  
 You have won, you've lost a throne;  
 And still when weal or woe was nigh  
 My coming has made it known."  
 Was it a dream, or a spectral gleam  
 Mocked Josephine that night?  
 'Twere hard to tell, but I know full well  
 That it harped the truth aright.

She is dead! she is gone!—at Malmaison  
 The voice is heard of woe;  
 They've coffined her well in a leaden shell,  
 And they bear her with paces slow.  
 The tempest raved while they buried her;  
 And some there were who said,  
 They saw in the storm a dwarfish form,  
 Whose cloak like to blood was red.

G. S.

## NAMES AND SURNAMES.—No. III.

And aye I muse and sing thy name.  
BURNS.

IN two previous articles we have endeavoured to trace the origin of Names and Surnames to their sources. A foreigner, not aware of the derivation of our names, and impressed perhaps with a high opinion of the aristocratic feeling of the English, would be greatly surprised, if he learned on his arrival in this country, that the late Lord Mountjoy had been a *gardener*, and Lord Portmore a *collier*; that an Irish bishop was a *porter* at a college, and that several noble lords had been *butlers*; that a late Countess of Shaftesbury had married a *cooper*, and a Countess of Tyrconnel a *carpenter*; that the Duke of Beaufort's children made better *somersets* than the best professional tumblers, and that Lord Harrowby is a better *rider* than many a Jock at Newmarket; that one lord was *grey* before he had reached man's estate, and another died at a green old age, and yet continued *young* to the day of his death!

This play on names has often given rise to ingenuity and amusement; and has even played before now an important part on the great stage of the world. Lord Bacon, to whose comprehensive mind nothing was too grand or exalted, or too lowly or minute, has of course alluded to this. "Cæsar," he says, "as he passed by was saluted as king (Rex); whereupon finding that cry weak and poor, he put it off thus, in a kind of jest, as if they had mistaken his sur-name—'Non Rex sum, sed Cæsar' A speech that if it be searched the life and fulness of it can scarcely be expressed. For first it was a refusal of the name, but yet not serious. Again it did signify an infinite confidence and magnanimity, as if he presumed Cæsar to be the great title, as by his worthiness it is come to pass, even unto this day. But chiefly it was a speech of great attainment towards his own purpose, as if the state did strain with him but for a name, whereof mean families were vested: for Rex was a surname with the Romans as well as with us."

English history abounds in instances of the "lucky hits," by which the clergy of bygone times have often obtained for themselves rich benefices. In the reign of Charles II. on a bishopric falling vacant the king consulted his chaplain, *Dr. Mountain*, as to who should be appointed to fill it. "I could easily name a suitable person," said the Doctor, "if your Majesty had but faith!" "How so?" said the king. "Why in that case you might say to this Mountain, be thou cast into the see!"\*

There are few subjects that supply a topic of more constant and trifling annoyance to the unfortunate victim, than some inuendo or phrase that can be squeezed or tortured out of his name, and afterwards applied

\* It is a strange coincidence that one of our present colonial bishops is a *Dr. Mountain*.

to himself. Many unfortunate, and probably most worthy men, annoyed and hunted by the wits of the court of Charles II., have among all their sorrows, left on record their thanks to God that their name was not capable of being made the subject of an anagram or a pun!

Subjoined are a few examples. The first lines were written on one of the Earls of Kildare :

Who killed Kildare—who dared Kildare to kill?  
Death killed Kildare, who dares kill whom he will.

On Lord Rendlesham's elevation to the peerage, the following lines were written :—

Says Thellusson to Huskisson, you're not a true peer as I am—  
Says Huskisson to Thellusson, you're only Rendle-sham!

The next lines were written by a witty friend on the bankruptcy of a person of the name of Homer :—

That Homer should a bankrupt be,  
Is not so very *Odd-d'ye-see*;  
If it be true, as I'm instructed,  
So *Ill-he-hud* his books conducted.

The distinction between a nickname and a surname is very small; in fact a nickname, hallowed by the sacred touch of the historian's pen, becomes immediately transformed into a lasting surname. A nickname has often fixed the wavering love of a people for their sovereign, or banished from him the last vestige of their affection. A coarse and degrading nickname descriptive of a man's wickedness or folly, will circulate rapidly from mouth to mouth, and soon overwhelm his name with contempt and hatred—

Discit enim citius meminitque libentius illud  
Quod quis deridet, quam quod probat et veneratur.

The common proverb "give a dog a bad name and you hang him," originated in the following manner :—A dog snatched a piece of meat out of a butcher's stall, and ran off with it. The butcher, who was a quaker, said,—“Friend, I will not hurt thee, but I will give thee a bad name.” With that he ran after it, shouting out lustily, “Mad dog—mad dog!” Upon which a number of boys who were at play in the street, pursued the dog and soon destroyed him. And many a man since then, who has not had the courage to strike the blow himself, has procured the destruction of an enemy by raising the cry “Mad dog—mad dog,” in the form of a bitter or satirical nickname.

The nicknames that adhere most tenaciously to the memory of an individual are often derived from his own name slightly altered—in fact from a *pun* upon his own name. Thus Tiberius Nero, who was inordinately fond of wine, was nicknamed *Biberius Nero*; and the fourth Antiochus, surnamed Epiphanes—The Illustrious—was, from his destruction of Jerusalem and cruelty to the Jews, surnamed by them Epimanes—*The Furious!*

The first revolutionists of Holland (like the Sans Culottes of France) were contemptuously called “Les Greux”—the beggars. This name they accepted in defiance, and wore in their hats, instead of brooches,

small wooden platters, similar to those used by the beggars. The Lazaroni of Naples derived their name in the same manner, from the word *Lazar*, which signifies literally "a leprous beggar." So also in our own country, the grim functionaries of the law glory in the name of Jack Ketch, which is by no means a fabulous creation of the mind as some may suppose, but was the execrated name of the executioner who, on the 15th of July, 1685, beheaded on Tower-hill the amiable and popular Duke of Monmouth. And, to go back to ancient times, Diogenes the Cynic adopted the name of dog (*Kynos*), with which his enemies designated him, in consequence of his snarling temper, which name was also adopted by the sect of which he was the founder—the Cynic.

Some names are singularly fortunate in their derivations. Addison, it is well known, signed the papers he wrote in the *Spectator* with some one or other of the four letters that spell the name "Clio," which we have already seen signifies "Glory." The name of the Emperor of France is probably one of the most extraordinary in the whole realms of history. This subject is treated with his usual skill by the present Archbishop of Dublin, in a very extraordinary production entitled "*Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon Buonaparte.*" "Is it not just possible," he says, "that during the rage for Greek derivations the title of 'Napoleon' (*Ναπολεων*), which signifies *Lion of the Forest*, may have been conferred by the popular voice on more than one favourite general, distinguished for irresistible valour? Is it not also possible that BUONA PARTE may have been originally a sort of cant term applied to the *good* (that is bravest or most patriotic) *part* of the French army collectively; and have been afterwards mistaken for the proper name of an individual?"

This double meaning in the name of Buonaparte was on one occasion employed to advantage: When the French were in Italy the following sentence was found written on the wall of one of the public buildings in Rome—"Tutti i Francesi sono ladroui." To which the next morning the following words were affixed—"Non tutti—ma buona parte."

A man once well known in Ireland, was called *Jerusalem Whally*. He was married to the eldest sister of the present Lord Cloncurry. He got this *nom de guerre* from the following circumstance as related by Lord C. in his late memoirs. He won a wager by performing a journey to Jerusalem on foot, except so far as it was necessary to cross the sea, and finished the exploit by playing ball against the walls of that celebrated city. "He was a perfect specimen," says Lord Cloncurry, "of the Irish gentleman of the olden time. Gallant, reckless, and profuse, he made no account of money, life, or limb, when a bet was to be won or a daring deed accomplished. He spent a fine fortune in pursuits not more profitable than his expedition to play ball at Jerusalem; and rendered himself a cripple for life by jumping from the dining-room window of Daly's Coffee-house upon the roof of a hackney coach which was passing."

A more distinguished man than Jerusalem Whally was Manlius Torquatus. He obtained his surname as follows:—In a war between the Romans and the Galls, he accepted the challenge of one of the enemy, whose gigantic stature and ponderous arms had rendered him terrible, almost invincible in the eyes of the Romans. Manlius stripped him of his arms, including a remarkable collar (called *torquis*) the Gall wore round his neck, and from which he was ever afterwards surnamed Torquatus: for he, like Malachi,



Wore the collar of gold,  
Which he won from the proud invader.

Another of the same family, Marcus Manlius, who, alarmed by the cackling of a flock of geese, saved the capitol when it was attacked by the enemy, gained the surname of Capitolinus; but when he was afterwards found guilty of a conspiracy against the state, and thrown down the Tarpeian rock, a decree was passed declaring that none of the family should ever afterwards bear the name of Marcus.

There was rather a classical superstition among the ancient Romans and Greeks. They believed that the shades of the dead would receive pleasure from hearing their names repeated frequently upon the earth; and that their spirits would continue happy and blessed, as long as their names lived among us. For this reason, countries and cities were named after individuals, from a pious regard to their memories, or in expiation of some fault. Thus, Hercules, having unintentionally contributed to the death of Pholus, one of the Centaurs, buried him with care, and called the mountain where his remains were deposited "Pholoe."

Rather a singular circumstance occurs to us in relation to the name of God. A belief in the divinity is not only spread over the whole surface of the earth, but the different names by which he is distinguished, appear to have all emanated from one common root. Thus—Theos, Theo, Deo, Dia, Zeu, Jove, and Jehovah (which in the oriental has but four letters), all originally sprang from the same root.

The Romans, it has already been remarked, attached great weight to the name borne by an individual. Those who possessed favoured names enjoyed many privileges denied probably to more meritorious citizens. Such names were styled by Cicero "*Bona nomina*," and by Tacitus, "*Fausta nomina*;" and even the philosophic Livy so far forgot his philosophy, as to style Atrius UMBER—"abominandi ominis nomen. This feeling was so general, as to give birth to proverbs embodying that idea in probably every country in the world. Thus—

And our own— "*Bonum nomen—bonum omen*;"

"Like name—like nature."

Those who possessed propitious names amongst the Romans, were first called to assist at the sacrifices and the solemnities that accompanied the foundation of a new colony; and, although we may ridicule such superstition in others, yet it is a feeling by which we are, to a certain extent, influenced.

"I appeal to your good sense and candour," said Sterne, "if any motive could have prevailed upon you to consent that your son should have been christened Judas Iscariot; had a Jew made you the offer, with a very large sum of money in case you complied, I am sure you would have turned from the tempter with abhorrence; convinced that the name, accompanying him through life like his shadow, would affect his moral qualities, and make him a miserly, treacherous rascal."

J. P.

## MILDREIADOS:

*(From an old MS.)*

EDITED BY CAMDEN VAVASOUR, LL.D.

IT hath been suggested to me by certain ingenious persons, that, in giving to the world, from the original manuscript, this hitherto unpublished Threnode, I should do well if I appended to the same some few critical indicia and annotations. Deferring to their worthy judgments, I have here set down, after my own poor fashion, a few hasty observations, which, albeit they are not required by the skilful, may yet peradventure be both pleasant and profitable to those less conversant in such matters. I will not deny, that they are slight, or—as it may seem to some—superficial; yet were he but an ill-advised seaman who should endanger the safety of his bark by overloading it: and, to be frank—as is my wont—this Threnode, or poetic lament upon the defunct Lady Mildred, is not calculated to sustain a heavy freightage in the way of criticism or comment. Nathless, it possesseth a reasonable portion of desert, and although the author's Helicon be at times somewhat muddy, showing that he hath drunk of the stream rather in its downward course than at its fountain-head, still hath he a zeal and earnestness in his delivery that may supply the place of other qualities, and even excuse him, though he often indulgeth in that vice of speech which is known by the name of bombast-or fustian.

The heroine of this Threnode was a daughter of Sir Gamaliel Capel, of Rookwood Hall, in Abbess-Rothing, or Roding-Abbess. She married Sir William Luckyn, and brought him two daughters and two sons, the eldest of whom, Sir Capel Luckyn, Bart., married Mary, daughter of Sir Harbottle Grimston, who in his day was Speaker to the House of Commons, and was seated at Messing Hall. Their son, William Luckyn, Esq., M.P. for St. Alban's, inherited the large estates of his uncle, Sir Samuel Grimston, and was created a Peer of Ireland in 1719, under the title of Viscount Grimston. His descendant and representative is the present Earl of Verulam. Any farther particulars in regard to the family descent I pretermit and pass by, as belonging rather to the province of the genealogist, and shall rather shew how and in

what manner the manuscript fell into my hands; and this for the removing of any doubts that might else arise as touching its authenticity.

This document was kindly imparted to the Editor of our Magazine by the Rev. Dr. Mountain,\* of the Heath, Herts, Rector of Blunham, who did himself receive it about thirty years ago, from a maiden maternal aunt, Mrs. Jane Kentish, formerly of Little Bardfield Hall, Essex. The same did come into her possession with other family papers, on the death of her grandmother, Mrs. Wale, who died at the advanced age of ninety-four.

Having thus imparted to the reader all that I have thought worthy of his attention, in connection with the Lady Mildred, I must now commend him to the perusal of the Threnode. C. V.

## Mildreidos.

TO

THE BLESSED MEMORY OF THAT FAYRE MANUSCRIPT OF VIRTUE AND  
UNBLEMISH'D HONOR

MILDRED

LADY LUCKYN,

LATE WIFE OF SIR WILLIAM LUCKYN,  
OF LITTLE WALTHAM IN THE COUNTY OF ESSEX, BART.,  
THE YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF SIR GAMALIEL CAPELL, OF BOKWOODS HALL,  
IN THE SAME COUNTY, KNIGHT;

CONSECRATED

Semper honorand† . . . .

TO

MY HON<sup>BLE</sup> AND DEARE FRIEND

SIR WILLIAM LUCKYN,

BARONET.

S<sup>r</sup>, to whom can these leaves so properly owe themselves as to you, whose the author is, and to whom the blessed life and death of this Saynted Lady hath bin and is, (to my knowledge) a religious and continued Meditation; she was yours, and the tearms whereon you parted with her was no ill Bargayne; having a double interest (and in that a treble blessing) for yeares, how could you expect lesse then to lose the Principall? But Almighty God hath showne himself so gracious a dealer, that we look for extraordinary Penyworths from his bountifull hand. Your wisdom knows practically that our Affections must keepe silence, when his Will's a Speaker. He knew her fitter for Heav'n then earth,

\* Dr. Mountain is the eldest son of the late Dr. Jacob Mountain, Bishop of Quebec, by Elizabeth Mildred Wale Kentish, his wife, co-heiress of Bardfield Hall, Essex.

† The mice have, critic-like, nibbled at this corner of the manuscript, and destroyed it. The lacuna, however, or place which remains to be supplied is not much.—C. V.

and transplanted her : he found her ripe, and therefore gathered her. I present what here is, to you ; wherein you shall receive but the self-same thing by Number and Measure, what before you had by weight. Be pleas'd to accept it from him that makes a Relique of her memory,

and is  
Yo<sup>r</sup> most affectionate friend  
to serve you.\*

## 1

ARE all Quills dead? Or be they buryed deepe  
In blackmouth'd Lethe's bottomlesse Abisse?  
How come our Poets, that were wont to keepe  
Sorrow's sad Vigils strictly, so remisse?  
Are they growne dull, or drowsy? Can soft sleepe  
Charme them at such a needfull time as this?  
Or has dumb Greife found out a newer fashion  
To caracter his thoughts and cloathe his Passion  
Then eye-bedabbling teares, or printed Lamentation?

## 2

Be what it will be, Reader, I must pay  
My vowes to Virtue's Altar ; must be bold  
To scorne Example, and to tread that way  
Which blunt Affection leads, or new or old  
I value not ; I have a word to say  
That all the world must heare ; I can not hold :  
Great Spirit of Truth, if this Threnodian story  
Extend her honor w<sup>th</sup> thy losse of Glory,  
Strike dumb these lipps, strike dead these knees that fall before yee.

## 3

Come, sweet Infuser of diviner Straynes  
From whence the streams of hallow'd Passion flowe,  
Dart thy bright Beames into my ravish't Braynes,  
Enlarge my streightned thoughts that they may showe  
To all the world, from Princes downe to Swaynes  
What heav'nly Pow'rs and warbling Angells knowe,  
Guide thou my hand ; inspyre my quill and me  
With Truth and Art ; Thou know'st those teares y<sup>t</sup> be  
Dropt for the death of Saynts are consecrate to thee.

## 4

Disturb me not, yee loads of Flesh and Blood,  
You nat'rall parents of unnat'rall Passion ;  
Sinck not mine eyes in that tempestuous flood,  
Which hurries faith from her appoynted Station ;  
Hence lumpish Griefe that only serves to brood  
The mungrill whelps of dung-hill Contemplation ;  
Hence all that's earthy : O, my soule, refine  
Thy drossy thoughts, (or be no thoughts of mine)  
And, like our subject, prove no lesse than all divine.

\* The dedicator's name from some cause has been omitted, nor with all my endeavours to that end, have I been able to learn who he was.—C. V.

## 5

Even such was Shee; Her richly furnish't Brest  
 Was a fayre Temple; and her heart a Shrine  
 Guarded with Troopes of Angels, where did rest  
 A glory nine times greater then the Nine:  
 Her Soule was fill'd w<sup>th</sup> heav'n, and full possesset  
 Of heav'nly Raptures: Shee was all divine.  
 Shee was a Harmony where ev'ry part  
 Was sung by Graces so compass'd by Art  
 It rouz'd up every eare, it ravish'd every heart.

## 6

For ever blasted be those narrow eyes  
 That looke a Squint upon this holy Shrine  
 Thrice be those lipps accurs'd that dare disguize  
 The sacred Temple of the glorious Trine;  
 Still may those eares be fed w<sup>th</sup> Jarrs and Lyes  
 That can not relish Musick so divine:  
 Whoere thou be that dare attempt to blott  
 So pure a name, O may it proove thy Lott  
 For ever to be knowne the thing that she was not.

## 7

Gush forth mine Eyes, and when yo<sup>r</sup> floods be spent  
 Borrow new Tides from Passion's Oratorye;  
 Take Streames on trust, untill yo<sup>r</sup> floodgates vent\*  
 The Comon stock and weepe an Allegorye;  
 If hearts turne Stones, make very Stones relent  
 And help to beare the Burthen of thy Storye:  
 O here's a subject that shall force and teare  
 The Portalls of an Adamantine eare;  
 Yet sooner breake a heart, perchance, than brooche a teare.

## 8

Had shee bin only that w<sup>ch</sup> serves to rayse  
 The name of Woman to a comon height;  
 Had shee bin only that w<sup>ch</sup> now a dayes  
 (With some allowance) makes Perfection weight,  
 Shee had deserv'd her Share of comon prayse,  
 Perchance and had been priz'd above her rate;  
 But shee was All: Her substance had no skum;  
 She was a perfect Quintessence, in whom  
 All others' items mett and made a total Summe

## 9

In birth, well-bred and noble; in her life  
 Severely pious; sweet in Conversation;  
 A happy Parent, and a loyall Wife;  
 In Mood, discreet; divine in Contemplation;  
 Slow to admitt, apt to compose a Strife;  
 Secret in Almes, and full of milde Compassion;

\* i.e., pour out and enchant the common stock.—C. V.

Potent and free in Canaans oratorye ;\*  
 In life and death, a rare-selected Storye ;  
 In life, a Saynt in Grace ; in death, a Saynt in Glory.

## 10

Knowledge, that often puffs the spongy Brayne,  
 Gave her the treasure of a lowly Brest ;  
 Wisdome, that once abus'd turns trapp and trayne, †  
 Built in her simple heart the Turtle's Nest ;  
 Riches, that cloathe y<sup>e</sup> Brow in proud Disdayne,  
 Made her appeare far lesser than y<sup>e</sup> least ;  
 Shee had true knowledge, wisdome, wealth, ‡ in which  
 Sh' enjoy'd her God, and glory was her Pitch ; §  
 True knowledge made her wise ; true Wisdome made her rich.

## 11

Ladies, let not yo<sup>r</sup> emulous Stomachs swell  
 To heare Perfection crown'd : There may accrue  
 Some honor to yo<sup>r</sup> names ; If you excell,  
 Jove's Bird has fruitfull wings w<sup>h</sup> daily mue ||  
 More sprightly Quills then ours ; dye you as well,  
 (Heav'n grant yee may !) they'l doe no leasse for you ;  
 Till then expect it not ; know, half your Glory  
 Shines at yo<sup>r</sup> death. But dead, they shall restore ye  
 ffrom yo<sup>r</sup> forgotten dust, and wright yo<sup>r</sup> perfect Storye.

## 12

May this rare Patterne dwell before your eye  
 When Time shall please t' unclasp<sup>e</sup> yo<sup>r</sup> fleshy Cage ;  
 Her holy death will teach yee all to dye,  
 And scorne the malice of Infernall rage ;  
 Shee dyed at half her dayes ; And know yee why ?  
 Shee was a Rule propos'd to Youth, to Age ;  
 Shee was a Light that glorifies our Dayes ;  
 Obscur'd alone in our inferiour prayse ;  
 The virtue of y<sup>e</sup> world was but her Periphrase.

\* Meaning, I apprehend, that her eloquence was sweet and honied—*ellifluentiam verba*—or, as Milton singeth in his Sampson Agonistes, “the bait of honied words.” The allusion here is to Canaan, or more properly, Chanaan, “the land flowing with milk and honey.”—C. V.

† Trapp and Trayne—*i.e.*, a trap and snare.—C. V.

‡ *i.e.*, a wealth by the possession of which she enjoyed God.—C. V.

§ Pitch—*i.e.*, aim.—C. V.

|| More usually written *mew* ; but other examples might be given of this mode of spelling ; as, for instance,—

“Let every man (whate'er he be)  
 Of higher quality or low degree,  
 D'off all they wear (excepting but the same  
 That Nature craves, and that which covers shame) ;  
 Their nakedness with Sackcloth let them hide,  
 And *mue* the Vestments of their silken pride.”

—*Fran. Quarles* “*Feast for Worms*” (sometimes called the History of Jonah)  
 Sect. x. p. 41. d. 12mo. London, 1680.—C. V.

## 13

Now blow thy Trump, and see if Envy durst  
 Presume to snarle, or vent her frothy Gall ;  
 Fame, blow aloud ; Let Envy snarle her worst ;  
 Doe, let her fret, and fume, and foame, and fall  
 Stark mad ; Blow louder, till the Bedlim\* burst  
 And stink, and taynt her nerves—corrupting Hell ;  
 Blow, flame, and spare not ; If some base-bred tongue,  
 That wants a Name to lose, should chance to wronge  
 Thy honor'd Trumpet's breath, then make thy blast most stronge.

## 14

O but this light is out ! What wake-full Eyes  
 Ere marke the Progresse of the Queene of Light  
 Rob'd w<sup>th</sup> full glory, in her Austrian † Skyes,  
 Untill at length, in her young Noone of Night ‡  
 A swarth tempestious Cloud doth rise and rise,  
 And hides her lustre from our darkned sight.  
 Even so too-early death (that hath not eares  
 Open to Suites) in her scarce Noone of yeares  
 Dasht out our Light, and left the Tempest in our Teares.

## 15

Patents of humane lifes § are short ; and drawne  
 Without a Clause, and w<sup>th</sup> a secret date ;  
 Our daye is spent before it scarcely dawne ;  
 Ech Urne 's appoynted, come it soone or late ;  
 The coursegrayn'd Lockram and y<sup>e</sup> white-skin Lawne  
 Are both subjected to the self-same fate ;  
 ffate throws at all ; || death sips of every Blood ;  
 Had she but slayne y<sup>e</sup> Bad and spar'd y<sup>e</sup> Good,  
 Our Quill had spar'd this Ink, and Eyes had spar'd this flood.

## 16

Quickfinger'd Death's impartiall, and letts fly  
 Her ¶ Shafts at all ; but aymes with fouler spite

\* *Bedlime*—i.e., *Beldame*. There be brave words in this stanza, I must allow ; and yet methinks there is some danger that the judicious may censure it bombast or fustian. It remindeth me not a little of Marlow's mighty line ; such, for instance, as the following:—

“ The chieftest God, first moover of that Spheare  
 Enchac'd with thousand ever-shining lamps,  
 Will sooner burne the glorious frame of Heaven  
 Then should it so conspire my overthrow.”—C. V.

† *Austrian*—i.e., *Austrine*, or *southern*, from the Latin, *Austrinus*.—C. V.

‡ *Noone of night*. This beautiful phrase for *midnight* is of frequent occurrence in our old poets. A little lower down we find the same metaphor applied to the middle of life.—C. V.

§ An evident misprint for *life*, which I note here, not venturing to remove the blunder from the text.—C. V.

|| This is a metaphor borrowed from the game of hazard. The *caster*, that is, the gamester who throws the dice, is said to “ throw at all,” when all the stakes are opposed to him.—C. V.

¶ Other writers, though it be not our present use, do also make Death to be of the feminine gender. Thus Francis Quarles in his *FEAST FOR WORMES*, (*Medita* 6) says,

At fayrer Marks ; She now and then shoots by  
 And hits a ffole,\* but levell'd at the white :  
 She often pricks the Eagle in the Eye,  
 And spares the Carkas of the flagging Kite ;  
 Queenes drop away when blue leg'd Maukin† lives ;  
 Drones thrive when Bees are burnt w<sup>th</sup> in their Hives ;  
 And courtly Mildred dyes, when cuntry Jone survives.

## 17

Retract that word, false Quill ; O, let mine Eyes  
 Redeeme that language with a thousand tears :  
 Our Mildred is not dead : How Passion‡ lyed !  
 How ill that sound does relish in these eares !  
 Can she be dead whose conqu'ring Soule defyes  
 The Bands of Death, and worse then death, the feares ?  
 Noe, noe ; she sits enthron'd, and smiles to see  
 Our childish Passions : She tryumphs while we  
 In sorrow blaze§ her death, that's death-and-sorrow free.

## 18

Sweet Soule ! forgive the Progresse of my Pen,  
 Which makes thy State the subject of a Tear ;  
 And w<sup>th</sup> false whineing kills thee once agen.  
 fforgive our folly, or disdayne to heare ;  
 Thou art an Angell ; wee, alas ! but men ;  
 Our words are nonsense in thy purer eare ;  
 We crawl below whilst thou sitt'st crown'd above ;  
 Fill'd with the Peace of heav'n's Tryune Jehove,  
 Yet in our childish teares accept our childish Love.

## 19

Thou sitt'st attended w<sup>th</sup> those heav'nly Bands  
 That bring our Tidings to th' eternall Throne ;  
 Thy blood-washt soule now views and understands  
 That glorious One in Three, that Three in One,

“ Death is a Kalender compos'd by fate  
 Concerning all men, never out of date ;  
 Her dayes Dominicall are writ in blood,  
 She shewes more bad dayes than she sheweth good ;  
 She tells when dayes and monthes, and termes expire,  
 Meas'ring the lives of mortals by her squire.”

That is to say by her *square*, or *rule*. This word is derived, Minshew tells us, from the French, *Esquierre*, which though not admitted into the grand *DICTIONNAIRE DE L' ACADEMIE FRANCAISE* is yet explained by Cotgrave to signify “ a rule or square, an instrument used by masons, carpenters, &c. ; also an instrument with which surveyors measure land. *UN TRAIT D' ESQUIERRE*, a perpendicular line, a measure learned so by workmen. *AL' ESQUIERRE*, justly directly, by line and level. to a haire. *AUX ESQUIERRES DES CLOCHES ET EGLISES*, just over against the steeples and churches, or, as farre as the steeple and churches.—C. V.

\* *Shoots by and hits a ffole*.”—That is, she misses the mark and makes a foul shot, a simple play upon the words in their usual meaning and as they are employed in archery.—C. V.

† This is an allusion to the coarse blue stockings worn by the *Maukins* or *Malkins*—i.e., the country wenches.—C. V.

‡ *Passion*, that is to say, excess of grief, in which sense it was as frequently used by our old writers as for rage, to which meaning it seems now to be confined.—C. V.

§ *Blaze* ; i. e. to blazon, to make known far and wide.—C. V.

ST. JAMES'S MAG., NO. VII.



To th' safe protection of whose sacred hands,  
 Thy gasping lipps conveighe their latest grone ;  
 Thou seest those glorious Persons, whereunto  
 Thy dyeing breath did tender and bestowe  
 The care of thy deare Spouse and Babes, and th' Infant too.

## 20

Undoubted Peace, and sempeternall Joy  
 Reste thy fayre Soule in everlasting Blisse ;  
 Compar'd to them how I contemne this Toy,  
 This Life, and all this silly world calls This !  
 At all adventure may those hands convey  
 My soule (w<sup>h</sup> carryed thine)\* where thy Soule is :  
 Blest heyre† of life, if such a thing could be,  
 That heav'ns pearle-Portals should be clos'd to Thee,  
 What should become of Man ? what should become of Mee ?

## 21

Words call in words ! O, from that fruitfull Theme  
 As from a Spring floods issue forth, and meete  
 And swell into a Sea, Streame joynes with Streame  
 Our weary numbers have regayn'd new ffeete,  
 And bring in Stuff more fit to loade a Reame,  
 Then to be lodgd w<sup>th</sup> in a slender Sheete :  
 The thirsty Soule whose trembling hand does touch  
 The swelling Boule may soone transgresse ; and such  
 As nere can speake enough may easily speake too much.

## 22

Yet one word more ; and then my Quill and I  
 Will woo Apollo and begge leave to play ;  
 Youth, learne to live ; and, deeper Age, to dye ;  
 This Heav'n-fled Saynt hath scor'd ye both y<sup>e</sup> way ;  
 Your Rule 's above ; but y<sup>e</sup> Example 's by ;  
 Heav'n setts nor Earth such Copeys every day  
 Her virtues be your Guide ; they lye before ye ;  
 So shall yee adde more Honour to her Storye,  
 And gayne yo<sup>r</sup> selfe a Crowne, and gayne her Crowne more Glory.

THE END.

## HER EPITAPH.

We bragg no virtues, and we begg no teares ;  
 O reader, if thou hast but eyes and eares,  
 It is enough. But tell me why  
 Thou comst to gaze ? is it to pry  
 Into our cost ? † Or borrow  
 A Copie of our Sorrow ?  
 Or dost thou come

\* Peradventure some readers may fancy this passage rather obscure ; the poet means to say that he hopes the same hand, which conveyed her soul to Heaven, may also convey his own to the same place.—C. V.

† Heyre ; i. e. heir.—C. V.

‡ Cost—i. e., sorrow, a sense in which the word is seldom used now-a-days, except in such phrases as "to your cost," &c.—C. V.

To learne to dye ;  
 Not knowing whome  
 To practice by ?  
 If this be thy desire  
 Remove thee one step nigher ;  
 Here lyes a Pressident ; a rarer  
 Earth never show'd, nor heav'n a fayrer :  
 She was—but roome\* forbids to tell thee what ;  
 Summe all Perfection up, and she was That.

Lyes interr'd at Abesse-Rooding† in ye County of Essex ; over the Ept<sup>ph</sup> is a beautifull Mon<sup>t</sup> of y<sup>e</sup> s<sup>d</sup> M. C. ‡

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## A FORGOTTEN ENGLISH PEERAGE.

DE SOUSA—DE MACEDO. LORD MULLINGAR.

AN accomplished English writer, whose pen flings a grace upon whatever subject it touches, even to the investing authentic story with the charm of romance, has aptly described GENEALOGY as “ a useful torch in the hand of history, as serving to throw light upon much that is obscure in the political combinations of past times,” and, independently of this, there is, to certain minds, something attractive and touching in the chronicles of the great names of olden days—the chivalrous origin—the deeds of knightly race—the meridian splendour of the baronial house—the suicidal civil contention—the fierce overthrow and extinction, or the more painful and too frequent spectacle of mouldering cadence and fall.

An autumn or two ago, a valetudinarian in search of health made Lisbon a halting-place, bound on a Mediterranean trip, and sought repose in the beautiful capital of Lusitania, and in quiet saunterings amongst the vineyards, and through the olive and the orange groves that nestle round this most lovely of the cities of the west. There is very much of attraction in Portugal for Englishmen—in its annals teeming with romantic vicissitudes—in its episodes of olden story where Englishmen have borne, and nobly borne, a part—in the struggles of the crescent and the cross—in the Spanish border feuds—in the fierce invasions and vassalage to Spain—

\* *Roome*—i.e., want of space.—C. V.

† *Abesse-rooding* is *Abess-Rothing*, or *Abess-Boding*, or as it is sometimes written—*Roding-Abess*. It lies in the hundred of Ongar, and derives its name from the paramount manor and church having belonged to the Abbess of Barking. In 1599 this manor was granted to Richard Glascock by Queen Elizabeth; and he sold it in a few days after to the Gamaliel Capel, Esq., of Rookwood Hall. The successors for three generations all bore the Christian name of Gamaliel.—C. V.

‡ Over the epitaph is a beautiful monument of the said M. C., which initials refer to the maiden name of the lady, Mildred Capel.—C. V.

in the heroic struggles for independence—and the gallant feats of arms, from the foughten field of ALJUBAROTA, where the Auxiliary English chivalry earned no mean fame, until those of recent date—in the great war waged against the French in our own days.

The awful earthquake of 1755 that paled Europe with alarm, nearly overwhelmed old Lisbon; portions, however, of its ancient walls, and some few too of historic edifices, and chapelries of remote era, escaped the general wreck; the castle of Saint George, too, towering upon one of fair Lisbon's seven hills, sustained but partial injury, while (joy to the Portuguese) the

#### “GATE OF MARTIM MONIZ,”

remains as intact, as when the hero of their bards and ballad perished in his last but victor-fight against the Moor. Sites and relics exist as well in crumbling arch, in shattered cross, in mouldering shrine, that from associations, and so long as one stone remains, will be remembered by poet and by peasant, and pointed to as haunted ground.

To the bookworm then, and to the dreamer, in a locale so congenial as this, time, in his fatal march, passes unperceived; as in the present instance, where what was originally contemplated as a halt or route further south, imperceptibly wiled away into a protracted stay.

One bright and pleasant day, under the inspiration of the invigorating weather of a delicious climate, an invitation that had more than once been mooted, and earnestly pressed, was accepted for a course of antiquarian exploration, to visit spots inside and around the olden sites that tradition had consecrated, and whatever of attraction was to be hunted out and seen in the capital of the Portuguese. An able Cicerone, and kind friend, an old priest, of an old regime, became the volunteer guide and associate in the enterprise, and the aim and desire of this paper will be to carry with us the English reader amongst the nooks and corners penetrated in these our long and sunny saunterings.

Breakfast over then, and off by way of the Praga da Figueira, the Covent Garden of Lisbon. We threaded and squeezed our way through its tempting stores of fruits and of flowers, jostling, and being jostled, by the bustling merry throng, the noisy intrusive Gallego with his *cesta*, a queer looking wicker contrivance, pressing upon and shouting at us at every turn. The Gallego, or Spanish Gallicians, are the porters of the city, the hewers of wood and the drawers of water, to their inert and more indolent neighbour the Portuguese; nearly every species of ambulatory traffic, or where any thing like exertion is required, is willingly conceded to them; they fetch the water from the fountains, cry it about the streets, supply every house, ply at street corner, and market, run of errands, carry messages, while even the domestic servants, in all families, strangers as well as natives, are nearly exclusively confined to this laborious, but too greedy and money-getting race: it is but fair to add, that if much cannot be said of their cleanliness, it may at least be testified of their honesty, for a case of betraying trust, and amongst a body numbering upwards of fifteen thousand, is almost an unheard of event. Many rise to the possession of great wealth, while much of the minor commerce is carried on by them, and the ownership of the numerous vendas or wine-shops is almost exclusively in their hands.

This, our first ramble, was on Tuesday, a day of more than usual bustle, groups of people were making their way in every direction for the Campo da Sancta Anna, for it is the weekly fair day, the Feira da Ladra, held in that wide campo, or open space. Feira da Ladra truly interpreted, bearing the ominous meaning of the "Fair of Stolen Goods," and is a favourite rendezvous of idlers, and a lounge for all classes. It may be described as a sort of open air curiosity-shop, occupying some two or three acres of uneven ground, planted with alleys of trees, and dotted all over with booths, where everything almost in the world that has a name, and is *useless* in character, is being bartered and sold. Cracked earthenware, broken glass, damaged china, old iron, dilapidated tin-ware, decrepid furniture, horrible mouldy rags, bundles of flock and of horse-hair, second-hand clothing in a very last stage indeed, incomplete saddlery, legless chairs, toothless saws, odd and handleless everythings, tattered prints, old pictures, stalls of worm-eaten books, in partial sets or odd volumes, rare however, and valuable upon occasions, and mutilated wrecks of rich MSS., the evident spoils of godless revolution from plundered public library, or pillaged conventual treasure; cooking going busily on in every direction; fried fish and queer-looking dishes attracting the hungry; wine-shops thronged with boisterous, convivial groups, mingling with huckstering traffic; and the picture of the Feira da Ladra is pretty well sketched out. This campo of Sancta Anna is generally visited by strangers, for the narrow streets and odd-looking thoroughfares with which it is surrounded, is to Lisbon what the Triana is to Seville; it is the faubourg or stronghold of the swarthy sons of Ind—the Bohemian, Ziegunier, Cigano, or Gipsey, as in the several countries they are called. In Lisbon there are some thousands of them, of that wild and mysterious race whose origin and European advent have defied the curious, and been an unapproachable puzzle to the learned for ages, who in all lands live the same singular life, practise the same arts, bear the same impress, ever restless in the towns, and flying to the way side, who

In sheltry nooks and hollow ways,  
Cheerily pass their summer days.

Ever the same,—few countries that they have not overran, but Portugal, and more especially Spain, may be considered the great rendezvous of the race. Upon these Tuesdays they are to be seen in the camps of Sancta Anna, in full glory, gaudily decked out, the men and lads in the fantastic Spanish hat, and wrapped up in the many and lively coloured manta; the women and the girls bedizened with taudry finery, and glowing in the blaze of beads and copper jewels; for the wreck of what was, upon a time, a regular horse fair, is still held on the Tuesday, although now in the universal ruin that has involved everything Portugese, the consequence of miserable civil wars and mock revolutions, the traffic in this line is of a most meagre description—a spavined horse or two, a few wretched mules, and a sprinkling of donkeys, is all the attraction; but it collects a crowd, affords the cigano an opportunity for juggle, their women an occasional job of fortune telling, and they are supremely happy. The exquisite beauty of their children is universally remarked, while lax in all that is otherwise moral, the *honour* of the women is singularly beyond reproach.

A few vintems or pence laid out in an old book or two, and we left the

fair; and almost immediately, by passing under a tottering archway, came in front of a long two story pile of building, having a handsome, though quaintly sculptured, chapel in the centre. We were before the Pago da Rainha, "Palace of the Queen," the retreat and residence, until her death, of poor Catherine of Bragança, the widowed queen of the second Charles of England. Over the principal doorway, deeply cut in stone, are the royal arms of England, impaling Bragança, while the stately lion and the unicorn seem to keep watch and ward, and to mourn the desolation and ruin that has fallen on the regal edifice since the spoils of 1834.

The building is fast going to decay; it serves now for quarters for a company or so of soldiers, who seem to delight, unchecked, in a wanton spirit of profitless devastation—such is Portugal now. In the immediate neighbourhood, and close to the Sacavem Gate, is a handsome convent, although somewhat in ruins; it was founded also by Queen Catherine, and yet retains its purpose as a convent, although its revenues have been seized by the state, and confiscated. Here, too, over the porch, are the English royal arms.

Gossiping over these and similar matters, the conversation happened to turn upon a somewhat rare and curious book we had picked up in the fair, at the price of a few pence, "the Nobiliarchia Portugueza," of Villasboas, in fact an old Portuguese Peerage. "Yes," said the old priest, "you'll find something to interest you there, for not a few of our noblest houses have their origin from England, the Durmonts, the Almadás, Paims, Brandaons, and Lencastres, for instance; and besides which, we have an English peerage or two vested in Portuguese families, that perhaps you have never heard of; and," said he, "we shall be passing the palace of one of these very nobles in the course of another few minutes or so;" and entering a large open space at the angle of a cross street (the Rua dos Anjos), my attention was directed to what had more the appearance of a high mud wall than anything else, and seemingly the boundary of a garden or vineyard, but on coming closer might be seen a large gateway, but filled up, covered with escutcheons and blazonry, and the remains of a tower, giving evidence of what had been, and like

Ivy'd arch, or pillar lone,  
Pleaded haughtily for glories gone.

"This wreck," said the Priest, "is not at least the result of modern vandalism, a splendid pile stood here, but was destroyed by the earthquake, it was the palace of the potent family of the Sousas-Macedo, Viscounts of Mesquitella, and Barons of Mullingar, in your English Peerage; the work in your hand will tell you something of the family, and should you be credulous, and you seem to be, upon the point, I will give you the history of the English Peerage, how it came to be conferred, and in whom it is now vested."

It is to information derived from the erudite and antiquarian Padre, that the readers of the "*St. James's Magazine*," have now to learn the origin, the descent, and in whom invested this

FORGOTTEN ENGLISH PEERAGE.

Dom John, the fourth King of Portugal, was one of the most faithful

allies of our unfortunate monarch, Charles the First, and in his time was accredited to the English court as ambassador.

DOM ANTONIO DE SOUSA DE MACEDO, representative of one of the noblest houses of Portugal, and who remained at his post long after the breaking out of the great civil war, accompanying the king through many of the changes of the war, and during this period rendering important services to the royal cause, so much so that the personal security of the ambassador was risked, and his life endangered upon more than one occasion. Eventually Dom Antonio returned to Portugal, and was elevated by Alphonso the Sixth, King John the Fourth's son and successor, to the post of Minister, Secretary of State to the Kingdom, which important post he filled for several years with highest honour and distinction. Dom Antonio was also a *Commendador da Ordem de Christo*, or Commander of the Order of CHRIST, in those times a decoration of highest distinction. Upon the death of Dom Antonio he was succeeded in his vast hereditary possessions, by his eldest son DOM LUIZ GONÇALO DE SOUSA DE MACEDO, also a commander of the order of CHRIST. By King Alphonso he was elevated to the Peerage by the title of *Barão da Ilha Grande de Joannes*, in the Kingdom of Brazil, and in his day became one of the most powerful Lords of the Court of Portugal. Upon the restoration in England, Charles the Second, desirous of marking in a most special manner the estimation in which the services of the father to the martyred Charles the First were esteemed, passed a patent under the Great Seal, creating the son, DOM LUIZ GONÇALO an English Peer, by the style and title of *BARON OF MULLINGAR*, the original of which patent is still guarded in the archives of the House of Mesquitella. The patent runs as follows, AND IS COPIED VERBATIM from the original parchment.

Carolus Dei gratiâ Magnæ Britanniæ Franciæ et Hiberniæ Rex Fidei Defensor &c. Omnibus et singulis ad quos præsentis Literæ pervenerint salutem. Cum Antonius de Souza Nobilis Lusitanus Serenissimi ac Potentissimi Principis Joannis quarti Portugalliæ Regis in Anglia Residentis, multis abhinc unis (cum maximè flagrarent insani et præcipites Regnorum Nostrorum motus) Patri Nostro beatissimæ memoriæ utilissimam gratissimamque operam navaret et difficillimis illis temporibus Regum Nomen inter Rebelles (etiam non sine summo capitis periculo) fortiter asserere et vindicare auderet; tam singularia officia constantiæ et affectûs erga Coronam Britannicam præstita sine aliquo honoris et gratitudinis indicio ex parte Nostrâ præterire noluimus, sed paterna merita saltem in personâ filii ejus agnoscere, et honestâ aliquâ benignitatis Nostræ tesserâ condecorare æquum duximus: Sciatis igitur quod Nos pro Regiâ Nostrâ potestate, ex mero motu, certâ scientiâ, et gratiâ Nostrâ speciali; Ludovicum Gonzalum de Souza prædicti Antonii filium creavimus constituimus et fecimus ac per præsentis Literas creamus, constituimus et facimus Baronem de Molingariâ ipsumque et hæredes masculos ab ipso legitime progenitos titulo Baronis de Molingaria in perpetuum gaudere volumus, unâ cum omnibus juribus, privilegiis et præminentis ad dictum Baronis honorem gradumque pertinentibus, ita pleno amplo et absoluto modo ut ulli alii Barones gaudent vel gavisî sunt. In cujus rei testimonium præsentibus hiisce Literis Sigillum Nostrum apponi fecimus. Dat' é Palatio Nostro Westmonast, vicesimo octavo die Junii anno Domini Millesimo sexcentesimo sexagesimo primo et Regni Nostri decimotertio.—Carolus R.—L. S.

To Dom Luis Gongalo, Lord Mullingar, succeeded his eldest son,  
DOM ANTONIO DE SOUSA DE MACEDO—also a commander of the order of

CHRIST, Barao da Ilha Grande de Joannes, who in his turn was succeeded by his eldest son,

DOM LUIZ DE SOUSA DE MACEDO, as third Baron, commander of the order of CHRIST, a Lieut.-General in the Royal Armies, Barao da Ilha Grande de Joannes, but who was further elevated in the peerage by King Joseph in the year 1754, being created Visconde de Mesquitella. This nobleman died without MALE issue, the English barony consequently of MULLINGAR became vested in the male representative of Dom Luis Gongalo, the first peer, while, according to the law regulating peerage succession in Portugal, the Portuguese honours of the house devolved upon the eldest daughter of the deceased peer.

DONA MARIA JOZE DE SOUSA DE MACEDO, Viscondessa de Mesquitella and Baroneza da Ilha Grande de Joannes who married, DOM JOZE, Francisco da Costa, Sousa, e Albuquerque, a distinguished officer of the royal household (official-Mor), Commander of the order of Aviz, Governor and Captain-General of the Kingdom of Algarve; and, dying, was succeeded by her eldest son,

DOM LUIZ DA COSTA E SOUSA DE MACEDO E ALBUQUERQUE, raised by King John VI., in 1818, to the title of Conde, and is the present Count of Mesquitella. The Count is official Mor da Coroa, Commander of the order of Aviz, and comptroller of the household of her Royal Highness the Infanta Dona Isabel Maria, formerly regent of the kingdom, and eldest sister of his Majesty Dom Miguel, Primeiro. This nobleman, true to the traditions of his race, and emulous of the unswerving loyalty of his ancient line, sided in the late civil contest, and was firm to the last in his allegiance to the Ex-King DOM MIGUEL; and his name is one of the foremost on the list of peers and gentlemen, who, in that unhappy struggle, sacrificed all for loyalty and duty, and preserved untarnished the honour of a loftily descended house.

We were at the city gates, a more rural saunter invited, and we bent our way in the direction of Bella Vista, literally cleaving a way through corn-fields, and vines, and flowers, until a snugly-ensconced little venda or wine-house, with its bough swinging at the door, and its promise of rustic cheer made us resolve on testing the "bush" and an hour's repose. Our peerage story told, our day's gossiping ended. But should our first walk then have sufficient attraction to the reader, we may, in another number, take a different route, and tell how we sped in our hunt after historic sites, and what we saw of RUINS and of

"Ivied tower and fane."

G. C. H.

## HIGH SHERIFFS OF ENGLAND. 1850.

At first the government of counties was directly exercised by the earl or count under whose jurisdiction they were placed; but in process of time the dignity and the duty became separated, till the attendance of the earl at court rendered it necessary to impose the executive functions of the office upon a deputy permanently residing within the county. This deputy is the *vice-comes*, sheriff, shrieve, or shire-recve. The civil administration of the county has long devolved upon this officer, but he soon became independent of the *comes* or earl; and though still in Latin styled *vice-comes*, he receives the charge of the county under letters patent direct from the Sovereign. The shrievalty is held only for a year, nor can any man who has served the office be appointed a second time within three years. Anciently the freeholders chose the sheriff in those counties where the office was not hereditary. The city of London nominates the sheriffs of Middlesex; two individuals are appointed by the city, as Sheriffs of London and Middlesex: yet they constitute but one officer, and if either should die, the other cannot act without a colleague. In his judicial capacity the Sheriff presides at the county court, and by him all county meetings are summoned; the elections of the county members and of the coroners are conducted by him, and he makes a return of those duly elected. He is unable, however, to try any criminal offence, and cannot act as an ordinary justice of the peace during his tenure of office. As a keeper of the queen's peace, he is strictly the first man in the county, and superior to every noble within the shire. In the preservation of the peace he is armed with ample powers, and for his assistance he may command all the people of his county to attend him; these form the *posse comitatus* or power of the county. In his ministerial capacity he executes all writs and other process directed to him from the courts; he summons and returns the jury for all trials, and is responsible for the due execution of the judgment of all courts, civil or criminal, from the exaction of farthing damages to the execution of capital punishment. As the queen's bailiff, the rights of the Crown are in his especial custody; he must seize all lands devolving on the Crown by attainer or escheat, levy all fines, take charge of all waifs, strays, &c.—*Dodd on Dignities.*

**BEDFORDSHIRE.**—**RICHARD THOMAS GILPIN**, Esq., of Hockliffe Grange, a Magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant of the counties of Bedford and Bucks, and Lieutenant Colonel of the Bedfordshire Militia. The family of Gilpin, of Hockliffe Grange, claims to be a branch of the ancient house of Gilpin, of Westmoreland, of which was the famous Bernard Gilpin, rector of Houghton-le-Spring, one of the most learned divines and Church Reformers of his time. The grandfather of the present Lieutenant Colonel Gilpin, Thomas Gilpin, Esq., was High Sheriff in 1752. Col. Gilpin married in 1831 Louisa, dau. of Gen. Gore Browne, of Weymouth.

*Arms.* Or. a boar passant sa.

*Crest.* Three spears, one in pale and two in saltire or. headed arg. tied with a scroll bearing for

*Motto.* Une foy mes me.

**BERKSHIRE.**—**ROBERT ALLFREY**, Esq., of Wokefield Park. This gentleman, a county Magistrate, eldest son of the late Edward Allfrey, Esq., of Salehurst, in Sussex, and Banstead, in Surrey, by Margaret, his wife, dau. of Robert Shedden, Esq., of Gowerstreet, descends from an ancient family long settled in the county of Sussex as shewn by the Heraldry Visitations. Mr. Allfrey was born 10th Oct., 1809, and is married to Caroline, dau. of William Hobson, Esq.

*Arms.* Per fesse sa. and erm., a pale counterchanged, three ostrich's heads erased arg. gorged with crowns and lines or.

*Crest.* An ostrich's head and neck, gorged with a crown as in the arms, between two ostrich feathers arg.

**BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.**—**WILLIAM SELBY LOWNDES**, Esq., of Whaddon Hall,



The family of Lowndes, one of great influence and extensive landed property, is separated into three leading branches—the first represented by WILLIAM SELBY LOWNDES, Esq., of Whaddon and Winslow; the second, by WILLIAM FRANCIS LOWNDES STONE, Esq., of Brightwell Park, co. Oxford; and the third, by WILLIAM LOWNDES, Esq., of Chesham, who served as High Sheriff in 1848. The founder of the House in Buckinghamshire was William Lowndes, a scion of the ancient family of Lowndes of Leigh Hall, in Cheshire. He purchased Winslow early in the 16th century, and there settled. His great grandson was the celebrated WILLIAM LOWNDES, Esq., Secretary to the Treasury, and Chairman of Ways and Means; to whom the nation is indebted for having originated the Funding System. In requital of his public services, Queen Anne conferred upon him the office of Auditor of the Land Revenue, with an augmentation to his arms. The present High Sheriff of Bucks has inherited the high honor of quartering the Royal Arms of Plantagenet.

*Arms.* Arg. fretty az. the interlacings each charged with a bezant on a canton gu. a leopard's head erased at the neck or.

*Crest.* A leopard's head, as in the arms, gorged with a laurel branch ppr.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE and HUNTINGDONSHIRE.—JOHN VIPAN, Esq., of Sutton.

CHESHIRE.—SIR ARTHUR INGRAM ASTON, G.C.B., of Aston. The Astons of Aston, were an eminent knightly family, for a long series of generations one of the first consideration in the palatinate of Chester, allied by marriages with heiresses to the Duttons of Halton, the Massys of Horton, the Harewells of Shotery, &c. The representative, temp. Charles I., Sir Thomas Aston of Aston, was a gallant cavalier commander, and obtained a baronetcy from his royal Master. The eventual heiress, Catherine Aston, wife of the Hon. and Rev. John Hervey, D.D., fourth son of John, first Earl of Bristol, succeeded to the estates at the decease of her brother, Sir Thomas Aston, Bart., M.P. for Liverpool, and they are now enjoyed by her descendant

and representative, SIR ARTHUR INGRAM ASTON, G.C.B., the present High Sheriff of Cheshire, formerly so well known as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Spain.

*Arms.* Per chev. sa. and arg.

*Crest.* An ass's head, ppr.

*Motto.* Prêt d'accomplir.

CUMBERLAND.—THOMAS SALKELD, Esq., of Holm Hill. The Salkelds, formerly seated at Little Salkeld, Corby, and Whitehall, co. Cumberland, and Ross. gill. in Westmoreland, are of very ancient lineage and high county consideration. George Salkeld, who sold the ancient family residence in the time of the civil war, is supposed to have been the last of the elder branch.

*Arms.* Vert, fretty arg.

DERBYSHIRE.—ROBT. ARKWRIGHT, Esq., of Sutton, second son of the late Richard Arkwright, Esq., of Willersley Castle, co. Derby, who served as High Sheriff in 1801, and grandson of Sir Richard Arkwright, to whom we owe the Spinning Frame. Sir Richard was Sheriff in 1787. The present Robert Arkwright, Esq., of Sutton, born in 1783, married Frances Crawford, daughter of Stephen George Kemble, Esq., of Durham, and has issue.

*Arms.* On a mount vert, a cotton tree fructed ppr. on a chief az. betw. two bezants an inescutcheon of the field, charged with a bee volant ppr.

*Crest.* An eagle rising or. in its beak an inescutcheon pendant by a ribbon, gules, thereon a hank of cotton or.

DEVONSHIRE.—WILLIAM ARUNDELL YEO, Esq., of Fremington. The family of Yeo, anciently seated at Heanton Sachville, Hatherleigh, Huish, &c., co. Devon, is stated to have been previously settled at Tre Yeo, in the parish of Launcelles, Cornwall. The heiress of the senior line married Henry Rolle, Esq., and is now represented by Lord Clinton. A younger branch still exists, and its head is the present High Sheriff, WILLIAM ARUNDELL YEO, Esq., of Fremington, whose mother was heiress of Arundell of Trevelver in Cornwall, descended from a scion of the noble family of the name. To the estate of

Fremington, Mr. Arundell Yeo succeeded in 1839, at the decease of his cousin, Mr. Acland Barbor.

*Arms.* Quarterly, 1st and 4th, arg. a chev. between three mallards sa. for. YEO; 2nd and 3rd, sa. six martlets arg. 3, 2, and 1. for. ARUNDELL.

*Crest.* A peacock ppr.

DORSETSHIRE.—HENRY RALPH WILLETT, Esq., of Merly House, Wimborne Minster.

DURHAM.—ROBERT HILDYARD, Esq., of Horsley.

ESSEX.—THOMAS BURCH WESTERN, Esq., of Felix Hall, co. Essex, and Tattingstone Place, Suffolk, a Magistrate for both counties, and a Deputy Lieutenant of the latter. Of the family of Western, sprung from I We Sterne, who came from Holland, and settled in England, in the fifteenth century, were three brothers, Samuel, Thomas, and Maximilian, of whom the eldest is represented, in the female line, by Lord Bateman; the second was great grandfather of the late Charles Callis Western, Lord Western; and the third was great great grandfather of the present Thomas Burch Western, Esq., the High Sheriff of Essex, who is married to Margaret Lætitia, daughter of William Bushby, Esq., of Kirkmichael, county Dumfries, and has issue.

*Arms.* Quarterly, first and fourth, sa. a chev. between two crescents, and a trefoil slipped in base or. for WESTERN. Second and third, quarterly arg. and az. on a bend gu. three martlets or. for LA GAOS.

*Crest.* A demi lion rampant or. holding in his paw a trefoil slipped vert.

*Mottoes.* Nec temere nec timide; and above the crest, Principiis obsta.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—THOMAS GAMBIER PARRY, Esq., of Highnam Court, only son of the late Richard Parry, Esq., Governor of Bencoolen, by Mary Gambier, his wife, neice of Lord Gambier, and grandson of Thomas Parry, Esq., of Banstead Manor House, Surrey. Highnam Court, which Mr. Gambier Parry now possesses, was formerly the fine old seat of the Guise family. Mr. Parry was born 22d Feb. 1816, and married 3th of August, 1839, Anna Maria

Isabella, second dau. of Henry Fynes Clinton, Esq., of Welwyn, Herts, a lineal descendant of the second Earl of Lincoln.

*Arms.* Arg. a fesse between three lozenges sa.

*Crest.* Three battle axes erect ppr.

*Motto.* Tu ne cede malis

HEREFORDSHIRE.—JAMES CHEESE, Esq., of Huntington, a county Magistrate. The family is of respectability in Herefordshire. The present High Sheriff is the only surviving son of the late Edmund Cheese, Esq., of Ridgebourne, Kington, by Mary, his wife, dau. and heir of James Watkins, Esq., of Clifford, co. Hereford, descended from the Watkins' of Breconshire. He was born 2d Oct., 1798, and married 31st Oct., 1821, Anne Bisse, dau. of John Cowper, Esq., son of Launcelot Cowper, an eminent Merchant of the city of Bristol.

*Arms.* Az. a lion rampant or. quarterly with WATKINS, viz., gu. a chev. betw. three spears' heads embued arg.

*Crest.* A lion's head erased or.

HERTS.—FULKE SOUTHWELL GREVILLE, Esq., of North Mymms Place, second son of Algernon Greville, Esq., by Caroline, his wife, dau. of the late Sir Bellingham Graham, Bart., and great-great-grandson of Fulke Greville, Esq., of Wilbury, Wilts, author of "Maxims and Characters;" whose father, the Hon. Algernon Greville, was second son of Fulke, fifth Lord Brooke. The House of Greville was founded by William Greville, a wealthy citizen of London, temp. Richard II. described in his epitaph as "the flower of Woolstaplers," but its greatness and distinction may be dated from the marriage, temp. Henry VIII., of Sir Fulke Greville, Knt. of Milcote, with Elizabeth Willoughby, the richest heiress then in England, granddau. of the Lord Brooke. Of this union, Sir Fulke Greville, the accomplished scholar, and courtier of the days of Elizabeth and James I., was the grandson. To him the latter monarch gave Warwick Castle, with its dependencies, and subsequently the Barony of Brooke. His Lordship lies buried in his own vault in the great Church of Warwick under a monument he had

erected for himself, with this remarkable inscription :—

FULKE GREVILLE,  
SERVANT TO QUEEN ELIZABETH,  
COUNCELLOR TO KING JAMES,  
AND FRIEND TO SIR PHILIP SIDNEY,  
TROPHÆUM PECCATI.

The present Mr. Fulke Southwell Greville is married to the Lady Rosa Nugent, only child of the Marquess of Westmeath.

*Arms.* Sa. on a cross engr. or. five pellets, all within a bordure engr. of the second.

*Crest.* Out of a ducal coronet gu. a swan, wings expanded arg. beaked of the first.

*Motto.* Vix ea nostra voco.

KENT.—MATTHEW BELL, Esq., of Bourne House, near Canterbury, son of the late John Bell, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, the well-known Queen's Counsel—the friend and contemporary of Sir Samuel Romilly, and all the eminent lawyers of his day. His native county was Westmoreland. The present High Sheriff is married to Fanny, daughter of Thomas Bigge, Esq., of the ancient family of Bigge, of Linden, in Northumberland.

*Arms.* Sa. on a chev. between three church bells arg. as many lions' heads coupéd gu.

*Crest.* A lion's head erased.

*Motto.* Lege et labore.

LANCASHIRE.—CLEMENT ROYDS, Esq., of Mount Falinge, Rochdale, a Deputy Lieutenant for the county, and a Banker at Rochdale, eldest son of the late James Royds, Esq., of Mount Falinge. He married Jane, daughter of — Watson, Esq., of Yorkshire, and has issue.

*Arms.* Erm. on a cross engr. gu. between four lions rampant, a spear in pale ppr. between four bezants.

*Crest.* A leopard sejant ppr. bezanté, resting his fore paw on a pheon.

*Motto.* Semper paratus.

LEICESTERSHIRE.—THOS. STOKES, Esq., of New Parks.

LINCOLNSHIRE.—HENRY FANE, Esq., of Fulbeck Hall.

*Arms.* Az. three dexter gauntlets, backs affronté, or.

*Crest.* Out of a ducal coronet or. a bull's head arg. pied sa. armed of the first, charged on the neck with a rose gu. barbed and seeded ppr.

*Motto.* Ne vile fano.

MONMOUTHSHIRE.—CRAWSHAY BAILLIE, Esq., of Lanthewy Court, a County Magistrate, and Deputy Lieutenant, brother of Joseph Baillie, Esq., of Glanusk Park, co. Brecon, M.P. The families of Baillie and Crawshay, from which Mr. Crawshay Baillie descends paternally and maternally, owe their immense wealth to the iron works of Cyfartha and Nant y Glo.

*Arms.* Arg. a fesse between three martlets gu. charged with as many bezants.

*Crest.* A griffin sejant erm., wings and fore legs or.

*Motto.* Libertas.

NORTHUMBERLAND.—SIR WALTER CALVERLEY TREVELYAN, Bart., of Wallington. This gentleman whose family possessed the Lordship of Tre Villion, in Cornwall, at a period antecedent to the Norman Conquest, resides generally at his Somersetshire seat of Nettlecombe. The Northumberland property comes to him through his great-grandmother Julia, only daughter of Sir Walter Calverley, Bt., of Calverley, and sister and heir of Sir Walter Calverley Blackett, Bart. The mansion of Wallington is one of the finest residences in the north. The old Tower owed its erection to the Strothers; the stone house adjoining was added by the Fenwicks, and the present edifice arose in the time of the first Sir William Blackett. In border song, this noble residence frequently occurs: and is invariably given precedence of its neighbours:—

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

*Arms.* Gu. a demi horse, ar. hooped and maned, or. issuing out of water in base, ppr.

*Crest.* Two arms counter-embowed, ppr. habited az., holding in the hands a bezant.

*Supporters.* Two Dolphins.

*Motto.* Tirre Trieth Troth.

**NORFOLK**—**EDWARD ROGER PRATT**, Esq., of Ryston, the representative of an old county family, which possessed, in the reign of Henry VIII., the estate and manor of Carles in Hockwold, and shortly after obtained Ryston, by marriage with the heiress of Walter Gylour, Esq., of that place. Sir Roger Pratt, who was knighted by King Charles II., for his exertions after the great fire of 1666, in rebuilding the city of London, in concert with Sir Christopher Wren, was a scion of the Ryston family. The present High Sheriff is grandson of the late Edward Pratt, Esq., of Ryston, by Blanche, his wife, daughter of Sir Jacob Astley, Bart., and great-grandson of Roger Pratt, Esq., of Ryston, by Henrietta, his wife, daughter of Sir Robert Davers, Bart., and Mary, his wife, one of the coheirs of Thomas, last Lord Jermyn.

*Arms.* Ar. on a chev. sa. between two ogresses, each charged with a martlet of the first in chief, and an ogress in base, charged with a t'refoil slipped ar. three mascles or quartering GYLOUR, viz. sa. on a chev. ar. between three pewitts' heads erased erm. beaked gu. as many annulets of the field.

*Crest.* Between a branch of oak, and another of pine, each fructed or. a wolf's head, per pale ar. and sa. gorged with a collar, charged with three roundels, all counterchanged, langued and erased gu.

*Motto.* Rident florentia prata.

**NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.**—**WILLIAM BRUCE STOPFORD**, Esq., of Drayton House, fourth son of the late Hon. and Rev. Richard Bruce Stopford, Canon of Windsor, who was brother of the late, and uncle of the present Earl of Courtown. The estate of Drayton, Mr. Stopford possesses in right of his wife, Caroline Harriet, daughter and heir of the Hon George Germain, which lady succeeded to it on the death of her uncle, Charles, last Duke of Dorset.

*Arms.* Az. three lozenges or. between nine cross crosslets of the last. AN ESCUTCHEON OF PRETENCE for SACKVILLE and GERMAIN quarterly.

*Crest.* A wivern vert.

*Motto.* Patriæ infelici fidelis.

**NOTTS.**—**THE RIGHT HON. EDWARD STRUTT**, of Kingston Hall, son of the late William Strutt, Esq., of St. Helen's House, Derby, F.R.S., by Barbara, his wife, dau. of Thomas Evans, Esq. and

grandson of Jedidiah Strutt, Esq., who joined Sir Richard Arkwright in the great speculations and inventions which raised both to wealth, and have proved a source of national power. The Right Hon. E. Strutt, long M.P. for Derby, was appointed Chief Commissioner of Railways in 1846, and made a Privy Councillor. He was born in 1801, and married, in 1837, Emily, youngest daughter of Dr. Otter, Bishop of Chichester.

*Arms.* Sa. a chev. erminois, betw. three cross crosslets fitchée, or.

*Crest.* A dexter arm erect, couped at the elbow, habited sa. cuff erminois, charged on the sleeve with a cross crosslet fitchée or., holding in the hand ppr. a roll of parchment of the last.

*Motto.* Propositi tenax.

**OXFORDSHIRE.**—**HENRY HALL**, Esq. of Barton.

**RUTLANDSHIRE.**—**THE HON. WILLIAM MIDDLETON NOEL**, of Ketton, fifth son of the late Baroness Barham, and brother of the present Earl of Gainsborough. In 1838, he was elected M.P. for Rutlandshire, at the decease of his father, Sir Gerard Noel, Bart., but resigned his seat in 1840. In 1839, he was appointed to the command of the Rutland militia. The Noels have for ages been of eminence. In the time of Elizabeth, Sir Andrew Noel, of Dalby, the father of the first Lord Campden, lived in such magnificence as to vie with noblemen of the largest fortunes. He stood high in the favour of his royal mistress, by whom he was knighted; but the expenses he became involved in, occasioned the sale of his fine manor of Dalby, and the following distich, which the Queen made on the occasion:—

"The word of denial, and letter of fifty,  
Is that gentleman's name who will never be  
thrifty."

*Arms.* Or. fretty gu. a canton erm.

*Crest.* A buck at gaze, arg. attired or.

*Motto.* Tout bien ou rien.

**SHROPSHIRE.**—**RALPH MERRICK LEEKE**, Esq., of Longford. The Leekees have been of importance in the county of Salop for several centuries, and their pedigree can be authentically traced from Ralph Leeke, of Ludlow, living in 1334, whose seal exhibits the same arms as are still borne by the

family. Mr. R. M. Leeke's grandfather, Ralph Leeke, Esq., served as High Sheriff of Shropshire in 1796.

*Arms.* Ar. on a chief gu., a fleur-de-lis or., over all a bend. engr. az.

*Crest.* A leg couped at the thigh ar. charged with two fleur-de-lis.

*Motto.* Agendo gnaviter.

SOMERSETSHIRE.—LANGLEY ST. ALBYN, Esq., of Alfoxton. This gentleman, whose patronymic is Gravenor, succeeded to the estates in Somerset and Devon, of his paternal great uncle, the Revd. Lancelot St. Albyn, M.A., and assumed, by royal licence, the surname and arms of St. Albyn only. The family, from which he derives, and of which he is now the representative, became established at Alfoxton on the marriage in 1439 of John St. Albyn, Esq., of Paracombe (a descendant of the Norman, St. Albine), with Joan, dau. and heir of Richard Popham, Esq., of that place. Mr. Langley St. Albyn was born 13th Aug. 1785, and married 10th. Feb. 1810, Frances, only surviving dau. of the Rev. L. H. Luxton, of Ash Priors, co. Somerset.

*Arms.* Erm. on a bend sa. three bezants.

*Crest.* A wolf sejant erm. collar, ring, and line reflexed over the back or.

*Motto.* Deus meus dux meus.

SOUTHAMPTON, Co.—JOSEPH MARTINEAU, Esq., of Basing Park, eldest son of the late John Martineau, Esq. of Stamford Hill, Middlesex, and a near relative of Miss Martineau, the distinguished writer. He purchased Basing Park from Sir Thos. B. Lethbridge, Bart. in 1835.

*Arms.* Paly of six, or. and gu.; on a fesse of the last three roses ar.

*Crest.* A martin ppr.

STAFFORDSHIRE.—JOSIAH SPODE, Esq., of Armitage Park.

SUFFOLK.—SIR THOMAS ROKEWODE GAGE, Bart of Hengrave Hall. The Gages of Hengrave are a branch of the noble House of Gage of Firle, springing from Sir Edward Gage (3rd son of Sir John Gage, Bt., of Firle), who inherited from his mother Lady Penelope D'Arcy, dau. and co-heir of Thomas Earl Rivers, the estate of Hengrave. The present High

Sheriff, who is 8th Baronet of his family, was born in 1810, and assumed the additional surname and arms of Rokewode, by sign manual, in 1843, under the will of his uncle, John Gage Rokewode, Esq., of Coldham Hall, Suffolk.

*Arms.* Gironny of four az. and arg. a saltire gu.

*Crest.* A ram passant arg. armed or.

SURREY.—JAMES WILLIAM FRESHFIELD, Esq., of Moor Place, Betchworth. This gentleman, who was formerly head of the eminent legal firm which bears his name, and has been so long connected with the Bank of England, claims to be a descendant of the ancient baronial family of Frescheville.

*Arms.* Az. a bend. between six escallops ar.

*Crest.* A demi-angel issuing from a wreath, ppr. Crined and winged or. on the head a cross formée of the last, vested in pale, and the arms in armour, ppr., holding in both hands an arrow in bend or., feathered and headed ar.

SUSSEX.—GEORGE CAMPION COURTHOPE, Esq., of Willigh. The Courthopes are an old Sussex family, and gave a Sheriff to the county, 3rd William and Mary, when George Courthope was appointed.

*Arms.* Arg. a fesse az. between three estoiles of six points sa.

*Crest.* A demi stag salient gu. attired and charged with three estoiles or.

WARWICKSHIRE.—DARWIN GALTON, Esq., of Edstone, eldest son of the late Samuel Tertius Galton, Esq., of Duddeston House, co. Warwick, by Frances Anne Violetta, eldest dau. of Erasmus Darwin M.D., the poet. He possesses Edstone in right of his wife, Mary Elizabeth, eldest dau. and co-heir of John Phillips, Esq., of that place.

*Arms.* Erm. on a fesse engr. gu. betw. six fleur-de-lis of the second, an eagle's head erased, arg. between two bezants.

*Crest.* On a mount vert, an eagle erm. looking up at the sun or. its claw resting on a fleur-de-lis gu.

*Motto.* Gaudet luce

WILTSHIRE.—HENRY GAISFORD GIBBS LUDLOW, Esq., of Heywood House. The family of Ludlow, of Heywood, traces its descent from the same source as the famous Republican.

General, Edmund Ludlow, Governor General of Ireland, who died at Vevay, in Switzerland, in 1693. The present High Sheriff is the only son of the late Abraham Ludlow, Esq., and Susanna, his wife, only child and heir of Gaisford Gibbs, Esq., of Heywood House. He was born 11th Aug., 1809, and married 27th Aug., 1833, Fanny, dau. of the late Robert Clerk, Esq., of Padworth House, Berks.

*Arms.* Arg. a chev. sa. between three bears' heads eased ppr.

*Crest.* First a lion ramp., and second a dexter arm embowed in armour, holding in the hand a battle-axe ppr.

*Motto.* Nec temere nec timide.

WORCESTERSHIRE.—JOHN GREGORY WATKINS, Esq., of Woodfield, the representative of a highly respectable family which came originally from Brecknockshire, and settled in Worcestershire about the year 1630. His father, the late John Watkins, Esq., of Woodfield, succeeded in 1789 to the estates of his kinsman, Gregory Watkins, Esq., of Hagley, and died in 1837. Mr. Watkins, who is a County Magistrate, was born 4th June, 1803, and married 9th Sept., 1834, Eliz. Randle, only dau. of John Parker, Esq., of Balsall Heath.

*Arms.* Az. on a chev. between three escallops arg. as many leopards' faces jessant de lis, gu.

*Crest.* A talbot's head arg. erased and gorged with a collar of cinquefoils gu.

*Motto.* Ffyddlawn Beunydd.

YORKSHIRE.—WILLIAM RUTSON, Esq., of Newby Wiske, and Nunnington, co. York, a Magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant of the North Riding. The family of Rutson, was resident at Kendal, co. Westmoreland, during the 17th century, of which town, Robert Rutson son of William Rutson and Agnes Osliff, his wife, served as Mayor in 1752. His son, William Rutson, Esq., also filled the same office, in 1773: he died 4th April, 1793, leaving by Elizabeth Calton, his wife, a son and successor, William Calton Rutson, Esq., an eminent merchant of Liverpool, who m. 16th Dec., 1790, Frances, only child of Simon Wrather, Esq., and Margaret Beckwith, his wife, and died 26th March, 1817, leaving surviving issue, a dau., Fanny, wife of Wm. James, Esq., of Barrock Park, Cumberland, and a son, the present WILLIAM RUTSON, Esq., of Newby Wiske, and Nunnington, who married 17th February, 1825, Charlotte Mary, dau. of William Ewart, Esq., and has three surviving sons, John, Henry, and Albert Osliff, and two daus., Charlotte Fanny, and Jane Margaret.

*Arms.* Arg. three bulls' heads coupéd sa.

*Crest.* A bull's head, sa.

*Motto.* Spectemur agendo.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

*To the Editor of the St. James's Magazine.*

DEAR SIR,—Amongst your numerous admirers and correspondents, do you think I am likely to obtain any information respecting the *further and ancestors* of Andrew Carmichael, residing in Dublin in 1693, then about 18 years of age. In 1702 or 1703, he was at the Glasgow University, and had before that married a Miss Montgomery, of Killelegh, co. Down, Ireland. Your insertion of this in your next number will much oblige,

Your obedient Servant,

LOYAL TO THE LAST

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*To the Editor of the St. James's Magazine.*

SIR,—Several typographical mistakes occur in the notice inserted in the January No. of the *St. James's Magazine*, relative to the De Maris family. In the first place, the name should have been printed "D'Alneto," not *D'Alveto*, as rendered; and in the few names given, the names are "Pensford," (not *Persford*) "Belluton," (not *Bellaton*;) "Exton, (not *Eyton*.) Can you. Mr. Editor, or any of your antiquarian friends, give particulars relative to the *family or descendants* of "Robert de Mareys," or "Mareis," who, in conjunction with the Abbot of Winchcombe, William Pinchpole, held the Manor of Winrush, Edward II., anno 1315, "Nom Villar."—(See *Fosbrooke's Gloucestershire*.)

Richard de Maris, or De Marisco, the Chancellor, during the reigns of John and Henry III. (afterwards Bishop of Durham), though cotemporary historians assign him to have been brother to Sir Geoffrey de Maris, the Irish Justiciary, yet he is inserted in the English College as bearing the royal arms, with a bendlet sinister, denoting royal illegitimacy. Can you, or any of your correspondents say who his royal father was, and give the Christian name of his mother?

Clifton, Bristol, January 16, 1850.

M.

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*To the Editor of the St. James's Magazine.*

SIR,—As many of your subscribers have obtained genealogical information by correspondence, through the medium of the *St. James's Magazine*, I am induced to request that you will insert in one of your next numbers, an inquiry whether any of your readers could tell me anything about the family of Miller, of Dorsetshire, prior to the year 1530 or thereabouts. For nearly two centuries after that period they were seated at Winterbourne Carne and Little Bridy, in that county, and bore for arms "Azure four mascles, one, two, one, or.," which are set down to that name at the Herald's College, in a roll of arms compiled from several old ones, but chiefly one drawn up about the time of Edward IV. From this I infer that the family belonged to the class of gentry before the sixteenth century, and more especially as the arms themselves offer by their simplicity a striking contrast to those granted in the time of the Tudors.

I should also mention that the name Meller occurs in some copies of the Roll of Battle Abbey, Being a lineal descendant of the family, I am very

curious to ascertain their origin, and should be extremely obliged for the slightest information on the subject.

Hoping that you will do me, as a Subscriber, the favour of inserting this inquiry,

Believe me, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

F. M.

— — —  
*To the Editor of the St. James's Magazine.*

SIR,—Although your Journal seems to be more particularly devoted to the past, I do not suppose you can be altogether indifferent to the present and the future. At first sight it may appear that the good people of this country cannot have much to do with a Halifax and Quebec Railway, the subject upon which I wish to address yourself and your numerous readers. But have a little patience—I do not desire to draw too largely upon that exchequer—and I think you will find that both England and Ireland are as much concerned in the question, as if the intended railway were meant to extend from Liverpool to the Land's End.

It is well known to all who trouble themselves about such matters, that Ireland labours under a want of capital, want of food, want of industry, and, in short, every want under the sun, saving and excepting the want of men and women. In this sort of stock they have enough, and more than enough, the genus "homo," being as abundant there, as poppies in a corn-field. Now it so happens that co-existent with this want, and as if expressly made to remedy it, the people of Quebec and Halifax want a railway between Quebec and Halifax, a distance of 650 miles, to accomplish which, would occupy some scores of Irish labourers' and artisans' employment for many years to come. Indeed a hundred thousand might emigrate annually, with the full certainty of finding sufficient occupation to employ them.

The first person who ever called the public attention to such a scheme was Captain Henchy. He addressed a letter to the secretary of the Dublin Agitating Society, called the Irish Alliance, and having explained his plans, requested their friendly co-operation. One would have supposed that a scheme which offered bread and employment to thousands of the starving Irish, would have met with both sympathy and support from a band of patriots, whose professed object was the relief of their poor countrymen. But no; they had determined that the only panacea for the misfortunes of Ireland was a repeal of the Union. Without entering for a moment into this very difficult and long disputed question, we can see no reason why the poor Irish should not take this opportunity of a profitable emigration, while the panacea of Repeal is being brewed for them. Supposing that the present fermentation should ever subside into the desired beverage, and it should turn out as wholesome as it is expected to be, still it must take so long in the preparing, that half the existing generation may have died of cholera or starvation before it is ready.

Supposing that the Irish labourers emigrate annually, to the amount of one hundred thousand, it is calculated, as we have already said, that the entire body may be supported and employed for six or seven years at least. During this period they will not only live in comfort, but if they are prudent as well as industrious, they may put by money and return, if they are so pleased, to Ireland. The best testimony on this subject, is that of Mr. Urquhart as given before a Committee of the House of Commons.

"That five families came out to him from Waterford, about five years before, that on their arrival they had not between them four shillings, that he got them some land from the farmer, on which he helped them to build five log houses; that for the first



year he gave them some herrings, and procured them occasional labour; that on his coming over to this country, they gave him fifty pounds to send out some of their relations, and that he was directed by them to tell their former Landlords they would not change condition with them."

What will the Irish Alliance say to this? they may tell them stay at home, help us to agitate, and you may for all the interest we take in you (except to make you the subject of a grievance), die in a ditch or on the highway; so much for the Irish Agitation feeling for their unfortunate dupes.

It may now be necessary to say a few words, and only a few words, upon the stupendous undertaking which may incontestably be made the means of so much good to Ireland. The whole ground has been surveyed, and the expense required to complete the plan is in round numbers five millions sterling. This sum, the Company proposes to raise in the Colonies, Great Britain, and Ireland by one million shares of £5 each, payable in eight calls of 12s. 6d., the first to be divided into a deposit of 2s. 6d. and a further lodgment of 10s. so soon as the Charter shall be granted; the other calls will be at long intervals; the liability of each Shareholder will by the Charter not extend beyond the absolute amount of his Shares.

The next question is as to the probable returns. But these enter into so many and such minute details that I must refer your readers to the able report of the Surveyors given in the published PROSPECTUS OF THE HALIFAX AND QUEBEC LAND AND RAILWAY COMPANY.

Your obedient Servant,

HIBERNICUS.

*To the Editor of the St. James's Magazine.*

SIR,—Permit me to send you, by way of pendant to the amusing paper on the Bandon River, in your number for the present month, one or two additional particulars of the first Earl of Cork, who is evidently no favourite with the writer. His lordship, in a letter to the Earl of Warwick, dated 25th February, 1642, writes as follows:—

"Before this rebellion, my revenue, besides my houses, demesnes, parks, and other royalties, did yield me £50 a day, rent. I do vow unto your Lordship that I have not now fifty pence a week coming in unto me." (Quoted in Smith's CORK, ii., 131.)

Fifty pounds a day, eighteen thousand a year! despoiled from the Irish proprietors by a single adventurer! And this enormous revenue was, his lordship says, exclusive of his houses, parks, demesnes, and other royalties. Such a fact goes a great way towards illustrating the causes of the Irish insurrection in 1641.

Smith quotes from Lord Cork's will, the naïf bequest to his daughter, Lady Barrymore, of the revenues of a whole monastery, "*to buy pins and gloves.*" How the founder's hair would have bristled if he could have foreseen this diversion of the funds originally given for pious and charitable uses, to supply the finical extravagance of a fine lady's toilette.

Lord Cork could travel with winged speed upon occasion. Smith, quoting from his lordship's original manuscript (vol. ii p. 87) tells us, that when plain Richard Boyle he quitted Cork on a Monday morning in 1601, and supped with Sir Robert Cicil at the Strand on the very next day. Could steam beat this?

I am, Mr. Editor, your obedient servant,

SENIX.

Feb. 10, 1850.

PS.—In the writer's notice of Inishannon, he might have mentioned that the Thomas Adderley, Esq., by whom the village was so much improved, was the colleague of William Conner, Esq., of Connerville, in the representation of Bandon, in the Irish Parliament, in 1765.

THE  
ST. JAMES'S MAGAZINE  
AND  
HERALDIC AND HISTORICAL REGISTER.

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HEROINES OF THE PEERAGE.

I.—CHARLOTTE DE TREMOUILLE, COUNTESS OF DERBY.

“Fancy may be fairly indulged in the illustration, but not in the perversion of facts.”—*Letter from Mr. John Christian to Sir Walter Scott.*

ALTHOUGH it must be a very inveterate admirer indeed of antiquity, who could wish to see the entire restoration of feudal times, yet still there are some customs of those days which are worth preserving, and which we are not sorry to see again coming into fashion. A Gothic style of building for instance is no bad thing, so long as it is restricted to churches and cathedrals, though somewhat out of place in a drawing-room or a theatre. And still more are we inclined to admire that old chivalrous spirit which paid so much homage to female excellence. It does not indeed shew itself amongst us by wearing the colours of some chosen one in our caps, and fighting *à l'outrance* with all and singular who may choose to think their own doxies the only *orthodoxies*, as the witty divine said in the matter of religion; but there is a general disposition to find or make heroines, and elevate them to a niche in the temple of historic fame. Many female Plutarchs have successfully entered the lists of authorship, armed with pen, and mailed in bodice, and have earned a reputation for themselves in exalting the character of their sex, so that in some sort they seem to have appropriated to themselves this branch of literature, thereby realizing Dr. Johnson's well-known parody—

“Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat.”

Or, as more suited to our present purpose,—

“Who writes of ladies, should a lady be.”

Nevertheless we shall for once encroach upon the sacred territory, and try what justice we can do our female worthies, although not entitled to plead the privilege of petticoat.

The English peerage can unquestionably boast of some of the most illustrious women to be found in European history. In a few instances the dames so distinguished have been the natives of other countries, who have been naturalized upon their intermarrying with the higher branches of our aristocracy, but, like Charlotte Tremouille, the subject of our present notice, they have with very few exception belonged to the noblest foreign families.

Charlotte de la Tremouille, or Tremoille, was the youngest daughter of Claude, duke of Thouars—a peer of France, and Prince of Talmond\* and Tarento—her mother being Charlotte Brabantine, daughter of William, the first Prince of Orange, and of his third wife, Charlotte of Bourbon, of the royal house of Montpensier. She could therefore boast of being allied, and that in no remote degree, to the Kings of France, yet she cannot be said to have derogated from this high descent by her intermarriage with James, Lord Strange, the son and heir apparent of William, the sixth Earl of Derby, and King of the Isle of Man. This nobleman first saw her at the Hague, while he was on a continental tour, and married her, then very young, upon his return home, though, so scanty are the records of her life, that the date of their union cannot be fixed with exactness. All that can be said with certainty is, that it must have taken place in, or before, 1626, since we find frequent mention of her about that period in Bassompierre, who, in his usual mode of blundering with English names and titles, transforms Lady Strange into Madame d'Estranges. In the same year she was naturalized, as we learn from Rymer, who has preserved her letters of naturalization,† bearing date the 22nd September, 1626. The same obscurity hangs over the time of her birth, to which we can only make an approximation from other circumstances. Claude de la Tremouille died in October 1604, at the age of thirty-eight, and as the Countess herself died in 1663, she must at least have been sixty, and probably more, at the time of her decease. This would be placing her birth somewhere about 1600, which in all likelihood is not far from the truth, although it cannot pretend absolute correctness.

From a few scattered notices in Bassompierre's account of his embassy to England, we may infer that Lord Strange and his bride entered freely into the court gaieties. Their house, he tells us, was open to distinguished foreigners, and he often mentions the lady's name as one who with the queen took a frequent part in the masques and other diversions of the palace. This way of life, however, did not last much above four years. At the end of that time we find Lord Strange, without any apparent cause, abandoning the court, and leading a retired, or at least rural, life upon his immense hereditary estates; and from this seclusion, he was not to be again drawn

\* Lodge, in his "Portraits of Illustrious Personages," calls her the *third daughter*. This, however, could not be the case, for Claude de la Tremouille had but two daughters—Elizabeth, who died young, and Charlotte, the Countess of Derby. He is no less clearly in error when he styles Claude, Prince de *Palmont*, unless indeed it be merely a typographical blunder: for there is no place of that name in France, and consequently there could be no such title. The best French writers give the name precisely as I have done, although some English biographers of the period, in their usual loose style of orthography, write it *Talmond*.

† It may be right, however, to warn the reader against a mistake in the index to Rymer, where this document is styled, "a grant to the Duchess of Tremouille." The lady in question was Charlotte de la Tremouille; her mother was the Duchess de la Tremouille.

out even by the ominous event of Stafford's trial and condemnation, or the troubles that followed close upon it—the prologue to the great civil war.

With the exception of these brief details a profound obscurity hangs over all the early period of their union, from which circumstance, as they certainly possessed the means of happiness, it may perhaps be inferred that their life passed away too smoothly to leave behind it any traces. It is the storm that is long remembered by the wrecks and weeds it flings upon the shore; the calm tide ebbs and flows without an impress upon the light sands to tell of its quiet movements.

The great revolution, however, was at hand, which was destined to shake the kingdom to its centre, and which even in the present day is imperfectly understood because so few are able to divest themselves sufficiently of their party prejudices to consider it as it ought to be considered. The reproach applies with equal force to those in the opposite extremes of politics. Neither our aristocrats nor our liberals have much in common with the cavalier or the roundhead, and yet in discussing this momentous question they are always too ready to identify themselves with their political predecessors, and to judge of them by existing circumstances. Nothing could well lead them into falser conclusions. Charles the First and his nobles were the legitimate heirs of arbitrary power, handed down to them from a long line of ancestors, and confirmed to them by all the prejudices of custom and education; can we then wonder if they considered any attack upon their privileges as a crime of the deepest dye, and contended for them to the last gasp? The people had increased in wealth and intelligence; they had caught the spirit of social freedom from the example of religious reformation; ought we then to make it a matter of reproach to them if they demanded new rights and an exemption from that arbitrary disposal of their goods and lives, which even when not oppressively exercised they still felt to be oppression? It is indeed lamentable that such questions can only be decided by the sword; but it is idle to judge of either party in a party spirit, or with reference to any other times than those in which the several actors lived and contended for their opinions.

During the early days of the contention between Charles and the Commons, Lord Strange still persisted in his retirement, and seems to have been regarded with no friendly eye by the court in general. When, however, in 1642, the King retreated to York,\* with the full determination of appealing to the sword, Lord Strange, who soon afterwards became Earl of Derby by the decease of his father, at once flung off his real or apparent apathy, and joined the monarch in that city, bringing with him a body of troops, raised, clothed, and armed, at his own expense. He arrived at a critical moment. The cabinet of Charles was much divided as to the most convenient place for erecting the royal standard, opinions being variously advanced in favour of York, Shrewsbury, Chester, Nottingham, and Oxford. The Earl maintained that some place in Lancashire would be much more convenient, urging that it was peculiarly eligible as affording a centre of union to the loyalists of those parts, who at present were numerous and well disposed to the King's service, as well as personally attached to himself. For the moment his advice prevailed, and Warring-

\* Lodge in his "Illustrations" says, at Shrewsbury; but I know not upon what authority. All the accounts I have seen, place this first meeting at York. The interview at Shrewsbury was of a later date.

ton was chosen as the fittest spot for commencing that fatal movement which after years of misery and bloodshed was to end in the death of Charles upon a scaffold. In the meanwhile the Earl set out for Lancashire to raise the county as he had promised; but the more successful were his exertions to this purpose, the more he awakened the jealousies of the court, if not of the King himself. It now began to be whispered that his nearness of blood to the crown, the habitual treachery of his family, and his personal ambition, as well as restlessness of temper, made him too dangerous a subject to be entrusted with power of so much magnitude. Even the religion of his Countess, who was a Huguenot, educated in the tenets of the Dutch Reformers, was cited as affording a sufficient ground for suspecting him of leaning to a cause, one of the chief ingredients in which was dissent from the Church of England. In consequence he was deprived of the lieutenantancy of Cheshire and North Wales, Lord Rivers was joined in commission with him for the county of Lancaster, and the royal standard in opposition to his advice was raised at Nottingham. The impolicy of these measures soon became apparent, and the King addressed a letter to him with his own hand, requesting him to raise what forces he could, and come to the place of general rendezvous. His prompt compliance with these commands was followed by the same results as before. He was a second time dismissed into Lancashire, the command of his own levies having been taken from him; when he again raised fresh forces, and, sometimes successful, sometimes baffled, yet always carrying on the war with indomitable energy, he contrived to do good service to the King in Lancashire, and might perhaps at this early period have effectually turned the scales, had he not been interrupted by the old jealousies. Notwithstanding his unquestionable zeal in the royal behalf, the King sent him an express, which, while it thanked him for his exertions, earnestly besought him to set off without delay for the Isle of Man, said to be in danger from a secret conspiracy amongst the inhabitants. Upon the receipt of these letters, he said to the Countess with more than ordinary quickness, "My heart, my enemies have now their will, having prevailed with his Majesty to order me to the Isle of Man, as a softer banishment from his presence and their malice."

It is difficult, however, to reconcile these complaints of the King's disfavour with the actual state of the Isle of Man, as detailed by the Earl himself in a letter to his son Charles. In that we are told how he "had received letters from the Isle of Man, intimating the great danger of a revolt there; for that many people following the example of England, began by murmuring against the government, and from some seditious and wicked spirits had learned the same lesson with the Londoners to come to court in a tumultuous manner, demanding new laws and a change of the old, that they would have no bishops, pay no tithes to the clergy, despised authority, and rescued some who had been committed by the governor for insolence, and contempt, &c. It was also reported that a ship of war, which I had there for defence of the island, was taken by the Parliament ships, which proved true, and that it was judged by her Majesty and those with her (as Lord Goring, Lord Digby, Lord Jermin, Sir Edward Deering, and many more), that I should forthwith go to the island to prevent the impending mischief in time, as well for his Majesty's service as the preservation of my own inheritance."

This matter, already more than enough embroiled, becomes even less

intelligible when we find the Earl's enemies taxing his departure for the Isle of Man as a desertion of the royal cause to attend to his own private interests. All that can be said with certainty is, that he did at this juncture return to his Lilliputian kingdom, leaving his abode of Lathom House to be defended by his heroic Countess, a measure eminently needful for the King's service at a time when nearly all the rest of Lancashire had fallen into the hands of the Parliamentarians. Amidst the many chivalrous and remarkable events to which the Civil War gave rise, there are none more remarkable than this heroine's maintenance of her stronghold against a numerous, and, as it would have seemed, overwhelming army, under the command of Sir Thomas Fairfax. To do full justice, either to herself or her companions, would require the graphic pen and fine imagination of Froissart; but even in the comparatively weak and barren phraseology of our own days, the tale will scarcely be read without interest.

Lathom, or Latham House, stood, according to the old biographer, upon marshy ground, and seemed in other respects as if nature had intended it for a place of strength.

"Before the house," as he tells us, "to the south and south-west, is a rising ground so near it as to overlook the top of it, from which it falls so quick that nothing planted against it on those sides can track it further than the front wall; and on the north and east sides there is another rising ground even to the edge of the mote, and then falls away so quick that you can scarce, at the distance of a carbine shot, see the house over that height, so that all batteries placed there are so far below it as to be of little service against it (of which more hereafter), only let us observe, by the way, that the uncommon situation of it may be compared to the palm of a man's hand, flat in the middle, and covered with a rising round about it, and so near to it that the enemy in two year's siege were never able to raise a battery against it, so as to make a breach in the wall practicable to enter the house by way of storm."

The mansion thus protected by nature was surrounded by a strong wall, six feet in thickness, having upon it nine towers that flanked each other, and each tower had six pieces of cannon, three of which played in one direction, and three in the opposite. The moat beyond the wall was eight yards wide and two yards deep, and upon the inner side of it—that is, between the graff and the wall—there ran a stout palisade. In addition to these defences there was in the centre of the house a building called, from its superior height, the Eagle Tower, for it rose considerably above all the rest, while two other towers less elevated, but equally strong, stood at either side of the gate-house. Upon the tops of these, in the entrance to the first court, were placed the choicest marksmen of the defenders, selected from the keepers and others, who usually attended the Earl in his field-sports, men that from long habit were peculiarly dexterous in the use of their weapons, as was soon to be seen in the havoc they made amongst the Parliamentary leaders. They were armed with long fowling pieces, and with what the old writer terms "*scruded guns*," meaning, most probably, a rude sort of rifle.

Before his sudden departure for the Isle of Man, the Earl had hastily got together what men and arms he could procure at the moment for the defence of Lathom House. These, however, were manifestly inadequate

to the purpose intended, and the Countess now set about supplying the deficiency with equal energy and prudence, making as little noise as possible with her preparations, and doing nothing that might induce the enemy to hurry on the attack, which she well knew was meditated. Every day of respite thus gained was sure to be of incalculable advantage to the defence, since it gave time for the better disciplining of her men, for the most part altogether unused to war, and whom it was of the last importance to gradually familiarize with its terrors. For their better management she divided them into six bands, each under its respective captain, the whole being subordinate to Captain Farmer, a Scotch officer who had served with much credit in the Low Countries, and who being reputed a man of skill and courage, was now advanced to the temporary rank of Major. Having completed her preparations so far as the circumstances of the time admitted, the Countess abided with an undaunted heart the approach of the enemy, her only fear being lest when it came to the point, her adherents might not be animated with equal resolution. Her quick eye no doubt detected many an anxious face amongst them, and one can hardly help imagining the doubtful smile into which those haughty, yet beautiful lips must have relaxed when declaring that she did not desire them to venture upon any peril in which she was not the first and foremost.

At length, on the 28th of March, 1644, the storm so long expected began to roll its near thunders. The enemy had advanced to Ormskirk, about two miles from Lathom when Sir Thomas Fairfax sent an officer with a trumpet to desire a conference, in order if possible to come to an amicable understanding. To this the Countess assented; but at the same time, to prevent a surprise, and still more to impose upon the visitors by the appearance of greater strength than was really there, she lined the whole way with soldiers from the main guard in the first court down to the great hall where Sir Thomas was to have his audience, while the rest of her men were disposed in open sight upon the walls and tops of the different towers, so as to make it appear she was quite ready to meet any assault they might choose to give.

The Parliamentary general now arrived with a select party of officers, and after the usual interchange of civilities, informed the Countess that they had been ordered to reduce Lathom House to their obedience; but were at the same time commissioned to allow her to remove in all honour and safety with her children, servants, and goods of every description—arms and cannon alone excepted—to the Earl's house at Knowsley. There she would be permitted to enjoy one moiety of his English estates for the support of herself and family.

To this offer, which it is probable intimated rather the aristocratic bias of the general himself than the feelings of his employers, the Countess craftily replied in the hope of gaining farther time, "that she was there left under double trust—one of loyalty and faith to her husband, the other of allegiance and duty to her sovereign: that till she had obtained their consent, she could not give up that house without manifest disloyalty and breach of trust to them both; therefore, desired only one month's time to know their pleasure therein, and then if she obtained their consent, she would quietly yield up the house; if not, she hoped they would excuse her if she endeavoured to preserve her honour and obedience, though to her own ruin."

Little disposed as Fairfax evidently was to adopt harsh measures, he

did not dare to comply with such a request as this, but answered, and no doubt with perfect truth, that it exceeded their commission to allow her any farther respite for consideration than that one day. Less than this Fairfax could hardly have said without betraying his military trust, and exposing himself to reproach, if not to something worse, and so far it was plain he was unprepared to go, whatever might be his secret inclinations. His conduct, however, though a brave as well as honest man, was marked by a feebleness of purpose that we do not find for a single moment in his high-spirited and sagacious opponent, and his indecision was yet farther increased by a very simple artifice. The countess's chaplain, Mr. Rutter, afterwards Bishop Rutter, purposely threw himself in the way of one of the general's followers, to whom, as being an old friend, he communicated in well-affected confidence the great secret that Lathom House was abundantly stored with men and arms, and therefore not to be attacked without much danger to the assailants, but that being short of provisions they might be easily starved into submission. The deluded enquirer lost no time in carrying the intelligence to Fairfax, who, too much inclined to half measures before, was then convinced that the safest plan would be the best plan. Let us, however, charitably hope that a humane anxiety to save all unnecessary bloodshed had a share in this decision. If the fortress could be reduced by the dread of famine, why should he waste the lives of his people, or the lives of the besieged, merely to gain possession of it a few hours earlier than might otherwise be the case? Instead, therefore, of carrying Lathom House by storm, as he full surely might have done had he set about the work at once, he quietly sat himself down with his troops before the mansion in daily expectation of receiving proposals of surrender from the famished inmates. On her part, the Countess employed the time in a very different way; and, indeed, it seemed as if they had mutually exchanged their respective weapons of the distaff and the truncheon, the general amusing himself with the former, while the lady wielded the staff of command, and wielded it to good purpose. In excuse, however, for Fairfax, it should be remembered that until the appearance of Cromwell upon the scene, though blows were given and taken with right good will, yet the war on the side of the Republicans moved after a very slow and ponderous fashion; there was much courage, but little enterprize in it; when once brought into the field, the Roundheads fought stubbornly enough, but they seldom seemed to be in a hurry to get there, not from want of courage—for in that quality they were by no means deficient—but from lack of that active spirit of daring which makes men of ardent temper seem to love peril for its own sake. In fact their conduct in the early period of the civil war reminds us not a little of Beaulieu and his sluggish Austrians, who were quite shocked at the irregularities of their little Corsican opponent, flying about, as he did, from place to place like some wild meteor—now in their front, now in their rear, and now again upon their flanks—never where he ought to be according to every legitimate calculation, but always beating them in a most unorthodox fashion. Not a single rule of fence did he observe, but aimed his most deadly blows with the left hand, when a man of any science would have used his right. Strange enough that at a later period Napoleon himself should have brought the very same sort of complaint against the English, reproaching them with much bitterness for their insular stupidity in not knowing when they were beaten. To return to Lathom House.



• At the end of fourteen days, when, according to the chaplain's deceitful promises, the garrison should have been tamed by hunger into submission, Fairfax sent them a summons to surrender. The Countess, who had employed the interval in perfecting her defences, and in disciplining her men, as well as accustoming them to stand fire by making occasional sallies, returned for answer, "that as she had not lost her regard for the Church of England, nor her allegiance to her prince, nor her faith to her lord, she could not, therefore, as yet, give up that house; that they must never hope to gain it till she had either lost all these, or her life, in defence of them."

This sarcastic reply opened the general's eyes, though somewhat of the latest, to the deception practised upon him. He now clearly saw that the place, if taken at all, must be taken by the strong hand; but just at this crisis he was called away by express orders from the Parliament, either because they really thought his presence more essential to their interests in another quarter, or because they doubted his good will to the task he had in hand. However this might be, he yielded a ready obedience to their commands, and left the farther prosecution of the siege to Colonel Egerton, assisted by Colonel Rigby and Major Morgan, who was reputed to have some skill in engineering.

The affair was now to be carried on in a more earnest fashion, and it is not a little amusing to see how indignant the old biographer of the house of Stanley becomes at this change in the besieger's mode of proceeding. "Colonel Egerton," he exclaims, "pushed on by the inveterate malice and spite of Colonel Rigby, gave orders for drawing a line of circumvallation round about the house," as if they had not been there for the express purpose of doing their best to possess themselves of the mansion. The Countess, however, and her associates, looked at the affair in a much more soldierly point of view. Fully aware of the peril to be apprehended from such near approaches, they resolved to interrupt them by a vigorous sally, and so successfully was it conducted, that with the loss of only two men on their part, they killed about sixty of the besiegers, and made prisoners of as many more. Thereupon the Roundheads, abandoning their intended ground as too dangerous, drew fresh lines about the house at a safer distance, and though often unpleasantly interrupted in their work by sallies from the besieged, they managed to complete it by the end of five weeks, being assisted by the country people around, whom they had pressed into the service. They then made a deep trench near the moat, and erected a strong battery, upon which they placed a mortar, sent to them from London for the purpose. From this new species of artillery—new, that is, to the raw levies of the garrison, who had probably never seen such an engine in their lives before—they discharged huge stones and shells, to the infinite wonder and dismay of the besieged. One of these so dreaded missiles exploded in the room where the Countess and her children sat at dinner with her officers; but though it destroyed every thing around, yet, by an accident as wonderful as it was fortunate, not a single individual was hurt by it.

It will easily be supposed that while the terrible mortar was playing so principal a part in this military concert, the cannons were not silent, and though they caused less alarm, as being things of custom, it would seem that in reality they did much more mischief. On one occasion, the Countess herself had a narrow escape, a heavy bullet passing through the

window of her bed-chamber. The siege, at last, ill conducted as it was, grew so hot that it became a matter of serious consideration with the royalist leaders how long the courage of their men might hold out against the pelting of the pitiless storm, which it was clear their feeble batteries were totally unable to keep under. In consequence, a council of war was held, and though councils of war are not usually noted for recommending the most vigorous expedients, yet upon this occasion the spirit of their leader communicated itself to those around her, and it was unanimously agreed to make a vigorous sally, and endeavour to destroy the batteries, which otherwise seemed likely to destroy them. At break of day, the Countess, no less pious than heroic, held a solemn prayer in her own chapel, those soldiers and officers attending who had been selected to bear a part in the approaching conflict, and who were thus animated by every feeling that is most powerful over the human mind—the zeal of religion, the spirit of loyalty, and that devotion of man to woman, which originated in chivalry, and was a distinguishing characteristic of the Cavaliers. If ever men felt the threefold inspiration, so simply, yet energetically described by the old romancer, it must have been felt by this little band of heroes :—

“ A Dieu mon ame,  
Ma vie au roi;  
Mon cœur aux dames;  
L'honneur pour moi !”

Prayers being over, the gallant troop filed rapidly through the gates, and made a sudden dash at their enemy, the Countess marching with them up to the very trenches, by her voice, look, and action, breathing courage into the faint-hearted, if any such could be supposed amongst them. The onset was tremendous. All the fanaticism of the Roundheads could not enable them to sustain so fierce a contest for more than half an hour, when they broke and fled, and the victors lost no time in nailing up their cannon, or rolling them into the moat. The mortar itself, the grand source of annoyance to the besieged, was dragged off in triumph to Lathom House, destined henceforth, like some deserter, to play the same part against its old friends that it had so recently played for them.

During the whole day the Cavaliers remained masters of the works and trenches they had so bravely taken, and which they now no less bravely busied themselves in demolishing, so far as the time allowed. By night-fall the Roundhead leaders had rallied their broken forces, whereupon their opponents deemed it the most prudent plan to retire again within their citadel, and they had thus an opportunity of repairing their damaged works. For five weeks did they labour incessantly at this task, but not without frequent and dangerous interruptions. Fired by their recent success, the besieged made several desperate sallies, and though always in the end compelled to retreat, it was seldom before they had done considerable mischief.

The energetic spirit of Colonel Rigby rebelled against these tedious and unsatisfactory proceedings of his superior. He complained to the parliament, accused Colonel Egerton of indolence and incapacity, and succeeded in getting a commission from them to supersede one, who, in their own phrase, was doing the work of the Lord so negligently. If the new commander did not evince more skill than his predecessor, he at least carried on the war with a more unflinching zeal, not to call his conduct ferocity, to

which it seems to have had a good title. "He denied a pass to three sick gentlemen to go out of the House, and would not suffer a midwife to go into the House to a gentlewoman in travail, nor a little milk for the support of young infants, but was every where severe and rude beyond the barbarity of a Turkish general." In short, the pious colonel evidently considered that every thing was lawful which could in any way add to the sufferings of the besieged, and thereby hasten a surrender.

For nearly a fortnight this "Turkish general" was allowed to do as he pleased without much interruption on the part of the garrison, from their want of gunpowder; but then they were lucky enough by a bold and well directed sally to get an abundant supply, and the war re-commented as vigorously as ever; the loss of the besieged in these frequent encounters bearing not the slightest proportion to that inflicted upon their enemies. Still, at the end of about four months it became manifest, that unless relieved by the royalists, the house must speedily surrender. To hasten an event so desirable every way to the Republicans, Colonel Rigby despatched a letter to the Countess, conceived in a tone very different from the speeches and messages of Fairfax. Instead of assuming a delicacy, which it was not in his nature to feel, he wrote to say, "that he required and expected the lady would forthwith deliver up the house to the service of the Parliament; that there was no hope of any relief from the King's forces which were then in a low and desperate condition; and that if she refused to deliver it up upon that summons, she must hereafter expect the utmost severity of war."

The Countess, who had for so many months turned a deaf ear to the report of guns and mortars, was not likely to be scared by a few big words. Refusing to send any written answer, she replied by the trumpet who had brought the message, "tell that insolent rebel, Rigby, that if he presumes to send any other summons, I will hang up the messenger at the gates."

The boldness of this reply would probably have cost our heroine dearly, for there was little chance of the place being able to hold out much longer, but that the Earl himself, hearing of her distress, hastened to King Charles, and obtained his consent that Prince Rupert, who was about to march to York, should in his way thither relieve Lathom House. The tables were thus completely turned. Rigby, seeing himself threatened by the approach of such superior numbers, raised the siege of Lathom House, and sought refuge with all his troops in Bolton, where he, who had so lately been the besieger, was now in his turn the besieged. He wanted however the skill, or the courage, or the good fortune of his late opponent, for Bolton was taken by assault, though he himself escaped.

Shortly after these events, the Earl finding his presence again requisite in the Isle of Man, took with him the Countess and their children, for he well knew that upon the least reverse in the king's affairs Lathom House would be laid siege to a second time. And so indeed it fell out. The victory over the Royalists at Marston Moor left the Roundheads at liberty to attack and storm it, when, having the place in their possession, they utterly demolished it that it might not serve another time as a stronghold to their enemies.

We have no record of the manner in which the Countess passed this period of her life, while residing in the Isle of Man. The heroic defender of Lathom House appears on the sudden, most unaccountably, to have dropt out of the political hemisphere; and yet it might have been expected

that even the repose of such a spirit would have attracted some kind of notice either from friends or enemies. Neither has any particular account come down to us of the affairs of the Island during the same interval, except that it was defended by the Earl against the Parliament, and in defiance of a very general spirit of discontent amongst the Manxmen, who were burning to achieve new rights while their feudal superior was equally intent upon maintaining old privileges. The popular party could hardly avoid being excited by what was passing so near to them in England, and being more or less infected by the general fever of revolt; the princely Derby could as little be expected to forget that for ages the Lords of Man had worn the crown of gold, and, though they had long since abandoned the regal title, had never resigned their regal privileges. "They have still,"—says an author who writes in 1784—"they have still power of life and death; to banish or condemn to perpetual imprisonment; to raise men and money; to place or displace any officer in the Island at their own pleasure; and all fines and forfeitures in cases of treason, felony, and *felo de se*, do belong to them. The greatest difference betwixt a king and lord of Man is, that the kings were crowned, whereas the lords now are only proclaimed and installed. The king created barons, made knights and esquires; but the lords never confer any titles of honour. The kings of Man in old times, according to the Manx tradition, claimed the whole Island and all the revenues thereof, as belonging to the crown. The inhabitants had no right to any inheritance in the Island, but were only tenants at will, and held their lands of the king for the performance of certain duties and services. And this tenure they called *the holding by the straw*, which was first changed into leases for three lives during the late civil wars, thereby to augment the lord's revenues, the tenants being then obliged to pay yearly a quit-rent, and a fine at renewing. The kings of this Island have at different times been tributary, both to the kings of England, Scotland, and Norway, and were obliged, in token of their subjection to these states, to pay a certain homage at the coronation of any of the princes of these kingdoms. They have made many wars in attempts to enlarge their dominions beyond the confines of this little Island."

But with all these extensive rights and privileges, it happened to the Earl of Derby, as it has to many sovereign princes both before and since his time, that he was much distressed for want of money, and we find him sending his children to England to solicit the Parliament for some allowance out of his sequestered English estates for their support and education. This was a bold step, considering that he was still in arms against the new government; but he probably looked upon the Lord of Man as a distinct person from the English noble, just as in later times George III. would fain have been at peace with the French, in his character of Elector of Hanover, while he urged a bitter and uncompromising war with them as King of England. If, however, such a distinction was to be admitted, his petition was reasonable enough, for a short time previously the Parliament had made an ordinance by which delinquents, as they called them, were allowed to compound for their estates with a committee appointed for that purpose. Taking advantage, then, of this return to a more generous policy, and having obtained a passport from Fairfax, the Earl despatched his eldest son, Lord Strange, and his younger children to Liverpool, with a petition which ran thus:—

*"To the Right Honourable the Committee of the Lords and Commons for Sequestration.*

"The humble petition of Charles Lord Strange, Edward and William, and of the ladies Henrietta Maria, Catherine, and Amelia, six sons and daughters of James Earl of Derby,

"SHEWETH,—That the petitioners, by reason of the sequestration of their father's estate, are wholly deprived of all means of support for their livelihood and education, and so have been for many years past; that by the honourable favour of both Houses of Parliament an allowance is declared to be given his wife and children, of which that the petitioners may have the benefit, is the humble suit of the petitioners.

"And they shall ever pray,

"HENRIETTA MARIA STANLEY."

The Committee of Sequestration, then sitting at Manchester, acceded readily to the prayer of the petitioners, and granted them a fifth part of the family estates for their maintenance, at the same time enjoining their agents "to take special care that no timber be cut down and felled upon the said lord's lands." Knowsley, also, was assigned to them for their residence, a degree of lenity which, with every wish to do justice to the Republicans, we fear must rather be imputed to a politic than a generous spirit. It was an object with them to possess the Isle of Man, and it seems more than probable that they hoped by such indulgence to persuade the Earl, if not to abandon his party, at least to give up his stronghold. In this expectation, supposing them ever to have entertained it, they were grievously disappointed. The Earl would listen to nothing of the kind, and at the end of a twelvemonth, their patience being exhausted, Colonel Birch, the governor of Liverpool, was ordered by President Bradshaw to arrest and confine the children. Complaints of such severity being made to Fairfax, he sent a letter to the Earl, importing, that if he would deliver up the island, his children should not only be set at liberty, but should enjoy a moiety of all his estates. But the Earl had the firmness to reject this offer, which indeed evinced no particular magnanimity in those who made it. The consequence was, that the poor children languished in severe confinement at Liverpool for eighteen months, when Charles, being upon his march to Lancashire, summoned the island king to join him, and Colonel Birch then found it prudent to remove the prisoners to Chester.

It belongs not to our present purpose to discuss the events of this second act of the great civil war, which ended in the fatal battle of Worcester. The Earl, compelled to fly in the general rout, was unfortunately taken prisoner, and having been brought to a court-martial in the city of Chester, was condemned to lose his head. But we gladly draw a veil over the execution that followed quickly upon this sentence. To every right-thinking mind there can be as little pleasure in reading as in witnessing these displays of human suffering, though the gaping multitude ever delights to revel in blood and saw-dust. Passing over, then, this last scene of the tragedy, we shall give the letter of the Earl to his Countess, written the day before his death, not only for its intrinsic merit, but as forming the best comment upon her tender, though exalted character.

"MY DEAR HEART,—I have heretofore sent you comfortable lines, but alas ! I have now no word of comfort, saving to our last and best refuge, which is Almighty God, to whose will we must submit ; and when we consider how he hath disposed of these nations and the government thereof, we have no more to do but to lay our hands upon our mouths, judging ourselves and acknowledging our sins, joined with others, to have been the cause of these miseries, and to call on Him with tears for mercy.

"The governor of this place, Colonel Duckenfield, is general of the forces, which are now going against the Isle of Man ; and, however you might do for the present, in time it would be a grievous and troublesome thing to resist, especially those that at this hour command the three nations ; wherefore my advice, notwithstanding my great affection to that place is, that you would make conditions for yourself, and children, and servants, and people there, and such as came over with me, to the end you may get to some place of rest, where you may not be concerned in war, and taking thought of your poor children, you may in some sort provide for them ; then prepare yourself to come to your friends above, in that blessed place where bliss is, and no mingling of opinions.

"I conjure you, my dearest heart, by all those graces that God hath given you, that you exercise your patience in this great and strange trial. If harm come to you, then I am dead indeed ; and until then, I shall live in you, who art truly the best part of myself. When there is no such as I in being, then look upon yourself and my poor children ; then take comfort, and God will bless you. I acknowledge the great goodness of God to have given me such a wife as you—so great an honour to my family—so excellent a companion to me—so pious—so much of all that can be said of good—I must confess it—impossible to say enough thereof. I ask God pardon, with all my soul, that I have not been enough thankful for so great a benefit ; and where I have done anything, at any time, that might justly offend you, with joined hands I also ask your pardon. I have no more to say to you at this time, than my prayers for the Almighty's blessing to you, my dear Moll, and Ned, and Billy. Amen, sweet Jesus !"

It is easy to imagine how the high minded yet affectionate Countess would receive such a letter, coming from one of the noblest and brightest intellects of the day. The heart that had throbbled so truly and so tenderly for her was now at rest ; the hand which had traced these lines would trace no more ; it was the last communication that could take place between their spirits, and in it appeared to be summed up as it were and condensed into a few moments the love and history of their lives. Yet even at this trying crisis the Countess remained true to herself. Whatever might be her feelings, and who can doubt they were most acute, she disdained to give way to any idle show of sorrow, and prepared to defend her little kingdom as she had before defended Lathom House, though all England might now be said to be in array against her. The Manxmen, however, were in general but little inclined to sympathize with these feelings. They saw no temptation to risk their lives, and that was all they had to risk, when victory if gained would only serve to rivet more tightly about their necks the feudal chains, from which they had so recently been struggling to get themselves free. The late Earl, as we have seen, had not marched with the times in which he lived. Instead of endeavouring to conciliate the changed and still changing spirit of the age by prudent concessions, he had set himself in resolute opposition to it ; but though by the mingled wisdom and firmness of his measures, he succeeded in putting it down for the moment, it was just as far as ever

from being extinguished. The very means indeed that he had taken to accomplish his purpose had increased the dislike of the people to all feudal sway, and had left behind in their bosoms a rankling determination to shake it off, if ever they should find an opportunity. And that opportunity had now come.

The command of Rushen Castle had been entrusted to Sir Thomas Armstrong, and that of Peele Castle to his brother, while the command of the general forces of the Island had been confided to Captain William Christian, at the express desire, as we are told, of the late Earl a short time before his execution. But if this be truth, it is quite clear that the account of the Isle of Man, so positively attributed to the Earl, must have been written by some one else, for in that very paper he complains bitterly of Christian as one who was greedy of favours, and who when refused, proved "an ill servant." This remark he clenches with the pithy observation, that "when a prince hath given all, and the favourite can well desire no more, then both grow weary of one another." How then could he have recommended his lady to put unlimited trust in a man whom he had long before pronounced a discontented subject? However this may be, and though Christian had upon more than one occasion openly shewn himself a staunch friend to the people in their endeavours to obtain what they now deemed their rights, unbounded power was placed in his hands at this juncture; and if we may believe his enemies, he employed it to betray the Countess into the hands of the Republicans. Colonel Duckenfield appearing before the island with ten ships, Christian so wrought, it is said, upon the soldiers and inhabitants, that they suffered the enemy to land at night without opposition, themselves seized the Countess and her children, with the governors of both the castles, and the next morning brought their prisoners before Duckenfield. When the Countess was informed by him that Christian had surrendered the island upon conditions, she desired to see them, and having read them through attentively, she observed, "that the Isle of Man was only yielded up, and that the islands about it were not included; upon which she requested of Colonel Duckenfield and Birch, but especially of Christian, who had formed and acquiesced to those articles, that she and her children might have leave to retire to Peele Castle, situate in an island separated from the main island by the sea; from whence she proposed she might in some little time get over to her friends in France or Holland, or some other place of rest and refuge."

It would only have been generous, and not at all likely to have done harm, had they complied with this request, yet no one can feel surprise that it was denied by men who had been hardened into inveterate malice by a series of personal insults from the late Earl, and by the determined scorn and hatred expressed at all times by the whole family towards the Republicans. Little to the credit of their generosity, the Roundhead leaders imprisoned the Countess and her children in Castle Rushen, where they passed nine dreary years, till the restoration of Charles set them once more at liberty.

The wheel of fortune had thus again turned round, placing power in the hands of those who had every inducement to abuse it that could possibly influence the heart of man. A deep and bloody tragedy was the consequence, in which the celebrated minstrel of the north—Sir Walter Scott—has made the Countess a chief actor; the charms of his narrative fling-

ing a false splendour around a deed of vengeance, as barbarous as it was impolitic and unjust. Let us hope, however, that in so doing he has only used the fair license of his art, and that as the affair took place in the name of her son, Charles, who had now succeeded to his father's estates and honours, she herself had no part in the transaction.\* By his mandate William Christian was proceeded against for all his illegal actions in, or before, 1651, and the *Keys*—the judges of the island—were cajoled or threatened into pronouncing a sentence of condemnation, notwithstanding the act of indemnity which had been solemnly declared by Charles II. The unhappy man was accordingly brought out from his prison, and shot to death. What was thought of this proceeding by the King and his Ministers is evident from the heavy fines they inflicted upon the parties concerned in it, and the royal order that full restitution should be made to Christian's heirs of all his estates, real and personal, and that Deemster, Edward Christian, should be restored by the Earl of Derby to the office from which he had ejected him. Amongst the people themselves, who loved the memory of Christian, and looked upon him as a martyr to their cause, there arose a yet stronger manifestation of feeling. They loudly declared that he had been "condemned without trial, and murdered without remorse;" and the memory of William Dhone, or the *fair-haired* William, still lives in the rude ballads of the Manxmen.

How far the stormy life the Countess had led for many years, with this mournful close to it, may have affected her proud and unbending spirit we have no longer the means of estimating; but she survived the Restoration little more than two years, dying March the 21st, 1663, at Knowsley Hall, in Lancashire, whither she had retired upon the accession of her son, Charles, to his broken estates. She was buried in the family vault of the Stanleys at Ormskirk, in the same county.

\* Lodge at least affirms that he regained possession of them. Seacombe tells a very different story. He expressly says that King Charles refused his royal assent to the act which had been passed by Parliament for that purpose. According to him, the new Earl succeeded only to such parts of the family inheritance as had not been sold by the sequestrators; and this appears likely enough, for if the bill had really passed into an act, it would have appeared amongst the other acts of the period, and I can no where find it.



## CAN HERALDRY BE MADE MORE POPULAR?

THAT heraldry is capable of far greater popularity than it now enjoys is a belief very generally entertained by those who know something of its merits; but those who are unacquainted with its worth (among whom alone such an extension of its influence can take place) are often impressed with a belief in its difficulty, its dryness, its "overloading the memory without improving the understanding," and a thousand similar impediments which have sprung partly from prejudging the whole question, partly from an erroneous mode of studying heraldry. And this evil reputation for dryness is injurious in more ways than one. Southey gives expression to a very popular idea, when he describes the author of a certain dull book as "a gentleman profoundly learned in the most worthless of all literature; and *for whom that literature seems to have been quite good enough.*"\* Like subject, like man, is a doctrine received without difficulty. Unknown men are measured by a rough and preconceived estimate of the subjects on which they write, just as, on the other hand, the productions of known authors bask in the sunshine of an established character for wit, learning, or imagination. The reader seems to find it necessary to start with some prejudice or other in his head, and it does not seem a very irrational conclusion, that the author of a dull book upon a dull subject must be a dull fellow. A subject having once been voted stupid or uninteresting is supposed to be surrendered to the sole guardianship of kindred spirits; its very name becomes sufficient to neutralize any tendency to animation, any hope of buoyancy, till a conviction that no amount of literary merit will suffice to redeem its platitudes, or enlighten its obscurity, re-acts in truth upon all its fortunes, and by deterring most men of reputation from contact with an atmosphere so tainted, thus sometimes accomplishes the ruin which had perhaps previously been little more than a passing slander.

This undeserved fate oppresses many subjects with different persons. Each one has his dull corner. The mathematician may think history "an old almanac," the poet votes mathematics "a bore," the painter sees no charm in law, the merchant undervalues classical learning, or the lawyer is deaf to the claims of physical science; yet of course every one is ready to declare that *ignorance* must be the parent of each of these prejudices; but it is ignorance in a peculiar direction—not ignorance of the subject undervalued or despised, but ignorance rather of the proper mode of studying subjects which are not the special profession of the student. There is a real and well founded difficulty, common, it is true, to all other subjects as well as heraldry, but especially injurious to a precise and pedantic science like this. Its source will be found amongst the professional books in each department of knowledge. The books which have built up this reputation for dryness, have been consulted without due

\* The Doctor, chapter 188.

preparation. They proved so rigid, so learned, so technical, that though eminently valuable to the advanced student and the professed herald, they do not meet the wants or wishes of those more ambitious readers who are willing to spend a little time in the hope of acquiring no little knowledge.

These usurious students, whose time perhaps is their capital, and who expect more than cent. per cent. upon its outlay, have found heraldry dry, because, being babes, they have seized at the food of strong men. The whole subject has been deemed indigestible and repulsive from inappropriate cookery, and from being presented to the public palate without the right condiments or not in due season. Men have, therefore, been ready enough to say, "Heraldry is as abstruse as it is absurd—an incoherent bundle of Gothic puerilities, apparently invented to shew to after ages that our ancestors had long memories as well as long ears. 'Tis nought but a mass of bad French, and worse English, relating to a matter scarcely as important as the controversy between Lilliput and Blefuscu; the 'big-endians' and the 'little-endians' were men of some grasp of intellect compared to those who draw refined distinctions between *un lion leoparde et un leopard lione*. The only glimmering of sense which heralds betray is in knowing *or.* from *argent*." Such are the terms in which Heraldry may be repudiated by that large section of the world who themselves know scarcely more than the difference between "gold and silver," and who conceive that the true metallic jingle is the best letter of recommendation.

One or two fundamental errors in the mode of popularizing each particular branch of knowledge are the sources of these prejudiced views. In performing the grand ceremony of introduction—making the reader known to Heraldry, and Heraldry known to the reader—the unwise course is often followed of prefacing their acquaintance with an account of the "birth, parentage, and education," enjoyed by the science. A tender regard for both parties ought to have dictated a different course. It is far from judicious to peril the prospects of their future friendship by exciting jealousy at the outset—for our friend, the reader, *may* be a *parvenu*; and until the companionable qualities of his new acquaintance are better known, a long pedigree is a dangerous experiment. Moreover, "'tis good to be merry and wise," but if we prove that Heraldry is such a hoary-headed old gentleman, it will seem scarcely decent to laugh in his face. Yet laugh we sometimes must. He ought, therefore, to be made to keep his pedigree in his pocket for awhile—though not precisely after the same literal fashion as the Cornish apothecary, who, hearing his master praised for having had "a diploma in his pocket," procured a similar document from Leyden, and carried it about night and day, in a great tin box, to the manifest disarrangement of his apparel, and the sad discomfort of his steed. The grey hairs of Heraldry ought to be concealed under a wig; the weighty influence of his ancient descent, and the dignity attendant upon age may be resumed with far greater effect when the reader knows something about his personal good qualities.

But the most important error of all committed in the study of Heraldry is overlooking his double nature. He is not exactly like Cerberus—but like the Siamese twins—"two single gentlemen rolled into one." This construction, which in our humble apprehension has never before been sufficiently demonstrated, explains his reserved and repulsive behaviour

to those who ignorantly seek his acquaintance ; they think him to be " a simple body," and he is offended at their want of penetration, for he is really what chemists would call a " binary compound ;" perhaps moralists would describe him as a *double* dealer, but, literally speaking, he must be characterized as consisting of two parts, the *Science* of Heraldry and the *Art* of Heraldry. If you seek to know the art without a thorough knowledge of the science, they will both repudiate you. The Science is a frank, open-hearted, accessible, easy-tempered chap, whose acquaintance is readily made ; the Art is stiff, formal, pedantic, long-winded, and wordy, but yet a sound good fellow at heart, gracious to all his brother's friends, and giving himself up liberally to those who come properly introduced ; but to know *him* thoroughly is impossible ; he does not know himself from one day to another.

How absurd then to confound the two ! Yet this is an every day occurrence—not confined to Heraldry, but contributing to render many departments of knowledge dry and uninteresting. Thus more than half the world will tell you that a Botanist is a man who knows the name of almost every plant " that sips the morning dew ;" that the whole object of his science is nomenclature ; that he is nothing more than an animated dictionary of botanical names, a sort of vegetable Court Guide, to tell the name of every plant and where he lodges.

The large portion of mankind who entertain this opinion will be astonished to hear it asserted, that a man may climb the heights and explore the depths of Botany without learning the names of a hundred plants ; that he may be a Botanist of the first water, with a mere smattering of nomenclature. The whole misconception arises from confounding the *Art* of Botany with its philosophy and its science ; from overlooking the vast wonders of vegetable anatomy and physiology, the subtle agencies which control and sustain vegetable existence, the digestion, respiration, secretion, and multiplication of plants, the curiosities of botanical geography, the strange results of colour, odour, irritability, and metamorphosis in the world of vegetables, confounding these liberal and philosophical investigations with the literal and individual pedantry of names. We might just as rationally expect the professor who can descant on the anatomical structure of the human body, and the functional relations of every organ in the frame, to know by intuition, Jones from Smith, and Brown from Robinson.

Upon the same principle many thoughtless persons have imagined that Heraldry is a collection—almost heterogeneous—of the arms, crests, and mottoes peculiar to the ancient families of England, and that a man professing to be acquainted with Heraldry can furnish *extempore* the armorial ensigns peculiar to his friends, Tomkins or Jenkins, and can discover the owner of every carriage from a passing glimpse at its decorated panels. This is confounding the *Art* of Heraldry with its *Science* ; but any person that chooses may practise with certainty and success the former accomplishment, if he will only condescend to become acquainted with the Science in the first instance ; memory and observation will add daily to his knowledge of the Art, and an acquaintance with the Science will give him skill to wield it, will save him from all heraldic absurdities, will teach him those leading general principles which govern despotically the world of arms, and enable him to enlarge his knowledge of the Art at any time to any extent, or in any proportion which time or inclination may dictate.

Of the latter "a little knowledge is *not* a dangerous thing;" of the former alone are we entitled to say "Drink deep, or taste not the *heraldic* spring."

This injunction, however, is quite relative in its importance; for the whole of the Science of Heraldry lies within a small compass, and may be gulped entire with great facility. The Philosophy of Heraldry is not metaphysical, the Science is not indurated, rigid mathematics; but both are eminently fitted to be pressed early upon the impatient attention of the tyro. Its direct bearing upon historical investigations he can understand and appreciate, its use in establishing identity, or in assisting the authenticity of individual signatures is practical and intelligible; while those merits which may be termed collateral—those charms of association and comparison which refine and elevate the study of all accomplishments in their mutual relations, are especially calculated to expand and dignify this ancient department of knowledge. Thus to the man of enlarged observation and reflection, it must prove interesting to trace the exquisite adjustment of colours in the *heraldry of nature* where *or*, and *azure*, *gules* and *argent*, vie with every shade of living *vert* in combinations matchless for their harmonious beauty. Nor can he fail to see that from this source, as well as from the kingdom of animated nature, have been drawn the chief charges of his favoured science. Chevrons and fesses and cheques there are, doubtless, which may have had a meaner and more mechanical origin; but natural objects, animal and vegetable, furnish forth some of the most ancient cognizances in the land. If the erratic taste of a bygone age has occasionally produced such a fantastic figure as the heraldic tiger, it cannot be forgotten that the griffin, the harpy, the centaur, the Medusa, and most other armorial monsters have as genuine an existence, at least in the ancient literature of nature, as those less romantic animals which are really rampant, couchant, or passant in our fields. They revive in the minds of most observers associations quite as pleasurable and elevating, as if they had been actually fattened on the prosaic elements of beans and oil-cake.

Architectural taste, too, if it partake in the smallest degree of a Gothic or Elizabethan bias, will be doubled in its pleasures when Heraldry is understood. A dull, sober, practical man, contemplating

"The vaulted dome

Where the tall shafts that mount in massy pride  
Their mingling branches shoot from side to side,"

may, it is true, estimate their strength, wonder at their mathematical truth of proportions, admire the polish of their surface, or their colour, or their material; but when he comes to the wild embroidery of a fretted ceiling, or the bright and gorgeous hues of an ancient window, his pleasures are circumscribed within the narrow limits of an untutored eye. No deeds of high emprise, no acts of noble generosity, no mirror of exalted courtesy, no heroic suffering, no patriotism, no religion, are associated in his mind with the symbols which tinge that holy light. He walks about unmoved by those ensigns, which, to the initiated, speak volumes of hope and gratitude, of modesty, courage, and endurance; and those standards, which in times not long departed, have rallied round them whatever the world possessed of great or honourable qualities, of learning, of grace, of

power, of majesty, speak to him with no more impressiveness than the bright hues of silks or satins in a haberdasher's window.

The lover of ancient paintings, especially if his taste leads him to study the representations of the human figure, and those triumphs of the portrait painter

"By whose expressive art  
Her perfect image Nature sees,  
In union with the Graces start,  
And sweeter by reflection please,"

will find the authenticity of many of his favoured pieces confirmed or overthrown, if he can read that coat of arms which so often occupies one corner of the canvas.

The dealer in political gossip, the diligent reader even of newspapers in the nineteenth century, can scarcely understand those speeches in which he luxuriates, if he remains long in a state of Heraldic ignorance. He may manage to guess well enough that John Bull is quizzed as the British Lion, and Russia denounced as the double-headed Eagle, but he will be wholly unable to comprehend Mr. Osborne's allusion on the first of March last, when he said that "the members of the House of Commons had a particular fancy for the honours of the bloody hand." Visions of red-fisted murder, and of "dying on the floor of the House," will, perhaps, be substituted by the unlearned reader for this harmless symbol of the Baronet's rank.

And so we might go on through other tastes and occupations. The soldier ought to be made to feel an interest in this solitary remnant of ancient chivalry, the lawyer to look kindly on it, when his every day labours lead him amongst dusty records; and the divine to patronize it, surrounded as he is with its lasting memorials in the scene of his ministerial labours—

But these and similar objects can only be effected when we are able to answer affirmatively to the question

CAN HERALDRY BE MADE MORE POPULAR?

R. P. D.



## GATHERINGS FOR A GARLAND OF BISHOPRICK BLOSSOMS.

By WM. HYLTON LONGSTAFFE, Esq.

"Full of wise saws and modern instances."—*As you like it.*

### THE FERRYHILL TRAGEDY.

In the church-yard of Merrington in 1794, were two altar tombs connected with sanguinary deaths. The first read and still reads:—

"Here lyes William, the third son of John Howe \* of Ferry-hill, *who was the last of five sons that dyed by excessive bleeding*, in the 17th year of his age. Interred August 25th 1708,"

And the second used to read:—

"Here lies the bodies of John, Jane, and Elizabeth, children of John and Margeret Brass, who were murdered by their father's servant, Jan, 25th, 1682-3.

"Reader, remember, sleeping we were slain,  
And here we sleep till we must rise again.

"*Whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed. Thou shalt do no murder.*"

But this inscription was modernized, and the murder stated to have been perpetrated "by Andrew Mills, their father's servant; for which he was executed and hung in chains," and with such alterations the stone was "restored by subscription in 1787."†

An adjoining altar tomb inscribed:—

"1708. MARGARET BRASS, WIFE OF JOHN BRASS. IN PEACE THEREFORE

\* John Howe's slab gives him the character of having "been a person of probity sagacity, and industry, who, after an active life, left to his family a fair reputation, and a handsome estate." He died in 1721. Both epitaphs are to the point. One speaks of blighted hopes, and unveils all the parent's grief. The other, with an "accumulation of attributes, gives the very *belle idee* of a hard, thriving, and money-making yeoman;" and his ruling passion was not forgotten in his epitaph. His grandson, Mr. John Howe Harle, was "the fountain spouting through the *heir*;" for Mr. David Kennedy, Head Bailiff to the Sheriff of Durham, suffered Mr. Howe Harle to escape, when in custody on two executions, and had to pay the debt.

† This was merely an effusion of modesty. George Wood, senior proctor of the Consistory Court of Durham, who died in 1799, and was of a Merrington family, in reality restored the Brass tomb. He was, it is believed, the last of a family who ascend to the earliest date of the register, and who had for several descents, very creditably supported the almost forgotten cast and character of yeomanly gentry. He died universally respected for his integrity, and benevolence, and, with many more estimable qualities, had a very proper reverence for the ancient legends and local antiquities of his native soil. He gave the old Parish Register a gallant new cover of Russia, wisely considering that a good coat sometimes saved an honest man from neglect. The tomb of the murdered infants is a huge altar tomb of stone painted slate colour, on the south side of the church under the first chancel window. It is in a very dilapidated state; the sides bulge out, and the earth having fallen away from them, one may see that four or five fine coped Norman grave covers, with the beautiful tile pattern on them, are sunk in the ground to support the ugly superstructure. The churchyard is full of these fine grave covers.

LIE DOWNE WILL I, TAKEING MY REST AND SLEEP; FOR THOU ONLY WILT ME,  
O LORD, ALONE IN SAFETY KEEP. DUN \* BY MR. A. KAY.

"HERE LIETH THE BODY OF JOHN BRASS OF FERRY-HILL, WHO DEPARTED  
THIS LIFE JAN. 22ND DAY, 1722." †

was also restored "with a difference," for A. Kay's exulting declaration, and his doggerel has disappeared; and the verse, Psalms iv. 8, as it appears in the Prayer-book, substituted; "I will lay me down in peace, and take my rest; for it is thou, Lord, only, that makest me dwell in safety." The *dramatis personæ* are now before the reader.

The strange tragedy seems, says Surtees—our indefatigable and oft referred to historian—

"To have originated neither in revenge nor avarice, nor in any of the common springs of human passion, but was probably acted under the unresisted influence of a sudden insane impulse. According to constant tradition, Mills, previous to the fact, was esteemed a quiet unoffending lad, yet, it is generally added, of somewhat deranged or deficient intellect; and it is said that he had shown particular attachment to the youngest victim of his mad paroxysm. The master and mistress of the house were absent on a Christmas visit, and Mills was left at home with the young family. According to the murderer's own confession‡ (and on this point no other evidence could be had), neither provocation nor cause of quarrel had arisen; and he persisted to the last in stating that he had acted on an immediate suggestion of the *Enemy* (who, according to some accounts, appeared to him *bodily*). The eldest girl struggled with him for some time, and he did not murder her till after he had broken her arm, which she had placed as a bolt to secure the door of the inner chamber, where the younger children were sleeping. He then entered the inner room, murdered the younger girl|| with a blow of an axe as she slept, and was, it seems, leaving the house, when a voice or impulse fell on him, bidding him 'return and spare none.'§ He went back, dragged the youngest child from beneath the bed, and completed his bloody business. He made no attempt to escape, but remained amongst his bleeding victims, and awaited the return of the miserable parents."¶

Another account states that he ran to Ferryhill—rushed into a public-house where a party was playing at cards, and announced that the family

\* The psalmody is certainly rather re-DUN-dant.

† On the same stone was a memorial of Elizabeth Buston, there interred, in 1758, aged 86. The relationship, if any, has not occurred to me.

‡ He persisted that he acted on the immediate suggestion of the devil who bid him *kill all! kill all!*

|| This is an error, there were only two girls murdered, and one was the youngest child. The boy is meant.

§ Tradition adds that the wretch's intention as to the youngest child was half frustrated by her entreaties and promises of bread, butter, and sugar, and some toys, but that in going out of the room he met in the passage a hideous creature like a fierce wolf with red fiery eyes, its two legs were like those of a stag, its body resembled an eagle, and was supplied with two enormous wings; this apparition addressed Mills with a most unchristian creak, in the words

Go back, thou hateful wretch, resume thy cursed knife,  
I long to drink more blood, spare not the young one's life.

¶ It is said that the old Brasses on their way home heard the most dreadful howlings of dogs and screechings of owls; the horse bolted continually, and at last, at the place where *Andrew Mills's* *stob* afterwards stood, would not move one peg farther. Andrew sprung from a thicket, and on enquiry told his horrid deed. The mother fell to the ground in a swoon, and a company of troopers who were passing at the time from Darlington to Durham, helped to secure the murderer. Mrs. Brass was conveyed to a place of safety; Dobbing again went on, and the hapless father arrived at his bloody home.

were murdered. The landlady seeing blood on his person, sprang upon him, crying "Oh, Andrew, thou's the man!"

Jacob Bee, a citizen of Durham, who flourished at this period, and kept a diary (reprinted by the late Sir Cuthbert Sharp, about thirty years ago\*), made the following record of the event:—

"Jan. 25, 1683-4.—A sad crnell murther, comitted by a boy about eighteen or nineteen years of age, nere Ferryhill, nere Durham, being Thursday at night. The manner is by report :—When the parents was out of doores, a young man, being sone to the house, and two daughters, was kil'd by this boy with an axe, [who] having knockt ym in ye head, afterwards cut their throats; one of ym being asleep in ye bed, about ten or eleven yeares of age; the other daughter was to be married at Candlemas. After he had kil'd the sone and the eldest daughter, being above twenty yeares of age, a little lass her sister, about ye age of eleven yeares, being in bed alone, he drag'd her out in bed, and killed her alsoe. The same Andrew Millns, alias Miles, was hang'd in irons, upon a gybett nere Ferryhill, upon the 15th day of August, being Wednesday, this yeare, 1683."

Andrew's victims were aged respectively 21, 17, 10,† and Surtees suggests that "*jealousy* may have had some share in producing the horrible catastrophe." He was alone with the eldest girl, who "was to be married at Candlemas;" and "during this nocturnal conference might not his sleeping passions have been roused into madness by some rejection or disappointment?"

The murderer was executed on what was then a common by the roadside, about a mile to the north of Ferryhill, in full view of the scene of his crime, (*Brass's house* standing a few fields to the north of the lane from Merrington to Ferryhill, on the northern brow of the hill).‡ The story current with our foremothers represents the gibbeting to have taken place while the convict was alive; that a loaf of bread was suspended before him, guarded by an iron spike, which pierced his neck whenever he attempted to allay the cravings of hunger; and that his cries were heard in the night-time for miles round the gibbet, insomuch that the people of

\* This diary was in the possession of poor old Woodness, a petty shopkeeper in Durham, a very shrewd person, and of much local knowledge, who losing all his savings by the failure of a bank, passed the latter years of his life, and died in Sherburn hospital. He had an annual holiday at Mainsforth, the seat of classic fame. On his first visit he was requested to state what he would eat, but not one word would he say, till he had ascertained the nature of the contents of every dish upon the table. "What's i'th' pie, ma'am?" said he to Mrs. Surtees. On learning that it was a partridge pie, indecision was ended, and his preference manifestly indicated. This amused Surtees extremely, and long after Woodness ceased to visit Mainsforth, there was regularly sent to him at Sherburne hospital, a brace of partridges twice or thrice a year. As a specimen of the humour which recommended him to Surtees, it may be mentioned, that when the Dean and Chapter of Durham, about 1794, by the advice of the learned Dr. Burgess, had restricted the very free admission to their library (which had been shamefully abused), Woodness was highly indignant, and put into the key-hole of the library door a slip of paper, inscribed "Burgess's Lock upon the Human Understanding." These restrictions, imposed on the first feeling of alarm, have, by "the most learned chapter under the most learned bishop in England," been most liberally relaxed, and the librarian, the Rev. James Raine, has learning, anecdote, and wit enough to satisfy old Robert Hegge himself.

† "Jane, daughter of John Brass of Ferrihill, bapt. Feb. 22, 1662. John, ye sone, &c. Aug. 29, 1665. Elizabeth, daughter, &c. 1672." (*Merrington Register*.)

‡ "The house," says Surtees, "a substantial farmhold, may seem to be exactly in the same state as in 1683."



Ferryhill and the adjacent hamlets actually deserted their dwellings till life had departed from the poor wretch. A beautiful tradition connects his long struggle with his certain fate, to the tenderness of a peasant girl beloved by him in happier hours, who brought him milk every day, and fed him by means of a pole through the bars of the dread cage of iron in which his tortured limbs were enclosed.\*

I am the more minute in the very constant and distinct traditions still floating in the minds of the peasantry and the yeomanry, around whose Christmas fireside many a young heart is thrilled by this terrible tale, because it is now the fashion to doubt them on account of their very horror, and to state that Andrew was simply hung in the usual manner and gibbeted in chains after death for an example.† I merely tell the tragedy as it was told to me by the son‡ of an nonagenarian lady who had it from her aunt, "a very ancient woman," who flourished in the age immediately following the transaction; and the old lady used in the most ordinary manner to conclude the story by the expression, that "after that *very few* people were hung alive." There were therefore *some*, doubtless in her own time, who were suspended in life and vigour in chains. My grand-aunt talked of a wretch being so gibbeted and starved on Gilesgate moor, Durham, and gave a similar narration of his screams being so dreadful that no person durst come near the locality of the gallows. I have no means of deciding so curious a question, yet it is clear from Harrison's description of "sundrie punishments appoynted for malefactors," in 1577, that such a torture was the usual one contrived for wilful murderers, and no proof has occurred to me that it ceased before Mills's time.||

"In triall of cases co'cerning treason, felonie,§ or any other greevous cryme, the partie accused doth yelde yf he be a noble man to be tryed by his peeres: if a gentleman, by gentlemen: and *an inferiour by God¶ and by the countrie*: and being condemned of felonie, manslaughter, &c. he is eftsoones hanged by the necke til he be dead, and then cut downe and buried. *But yf he be convicted of wilful murder, he is eyther* HANGED ALIVE IN CHAYNES NEERE THE

\* Another version gives the postman as the feeder of the murderer.

† Even this barbarity is revolting enough, and when, in 1832, it was revived, public feeling rebelled and the gibbet was hewn down. I am out of the way of records here, and have not seen the sentence, which I should imagine will be somewhere in the clerk of the peace's custody.

‡ Mr. John Ord, of Newtown, near Darlington. His mother Mary (Trotter, sister of the late John Trotter, barrister at law, Inner Temple) died in 1848, aged 90. Mr. Ord is quite a Nestor in tradition.

|| Andrew Mills was not the only Andrew executed on the road from Darlington to Durham. "In 1602, Andrew Tate, for murder and robbery, "pro murdero et roberia quorundam apud Burnehall, was hung on a gallows by the highway *where the two roads separate.*" (*Mickleton.*) The junction of the Ankland and Darlington roads near Sunderland by-the-bridge is indicated.

§ Among the crimes included in this word, Harrison enumerates "hunting by nyght wyth painted faces and visours, (1 Hen. 7); carying of horses or mares into Scotland (23 Hen. 8); stealing of hawkes egges (31 Hen. 8); co'turing, sorceria, witchcraft and digging up of crosses (33 Hen. 8.), and "prophecying upo' armes, cognisances, names and badges (33 Hen. 8.)"

¶ A curious limitation of the Almighty's jurisdiction indeed. Harrison evidently considered him neither a peer nor a gentleman.

PLACE WHERE THE FACTE WAS COMMYTTED\* (or else first strangled with a rope) and so CONTINUETH TILL HIS BONES CONSUME TO NOTHING."†

It is observable that Bee says not a word consonant with the modern opinion that Mills was executed at Durham and his dead body hung at Ferry Hill. His language implies the very contrary fact.‡

The gibbet long remained, and was called *Andrew Mills's stob*, but the value attached to any portion of a murderer's gibbet in incantations being well known, it declined, piecemeal, under the effects of a belief in its efficacy as a charm against ague and toothache! A portion remained within the memory of elders, but the spot is now ploughed and enclosed, yet the story is still vivid and the saying common to this day,

Kill all as Andrew Mills did.

#### SPANISH BOWES.

Surtees mentions a portrait at Gibside, three quarters length; stern countenance, pale, dark complexion, and brown bushy beard, black velvet cap, ruff, and dark dress: the hand on the pommel of the sword. Arms of Bowes, anno 1572, ætat. 45.|| There is another three quarters length, apparently of the same personage, with the *order of the Fleece*; black upper vest, slashed and adorned with fringe and tassels, light vest, and sleeves of a sort of grey or slate colour, a ruff, and black hat; the right hand on the sword hilt. This personage is generally called *Spanish Bowes*.

It is perhaps to this misty warrior that a family tradition alludes. Some "gallant Bowes" in pursuit of a Spanish galleon, after a smart action, when the foreign vessel was sinking, leapt overboard to save a drowning Spaniard. The event is depicted on an ancient cup bearing the arms of Bowes, in the possession of the Chaytor family, of Croft.

#### ROBERT BOWES.

1596. Nov. 16th. "The worshipful Mr. Robert Bowes, thesaurer and Ambassador" (whose wife lies at Easby), was buried at Berwick,

\* The Tyburn of Durham was at the head of Framwell-gate, near the first toll-bar on the Newcastle road. In making the New North road many bones were found just at the junction of the old and new roads about sixty or eighty yards below the present toll-bar, which doubtless belonged to the prisoners whose bodies were buried immediately under the gallows tree.

† As in the case in question.

‡ I must complete my chamber of horrors. "Such as kill by poysen are eyther skalded to death in lead or seething water. Such fellows as stand mute and speke not at their arraynement are pressed to death by huge weightes, and these commonly holde theyr peace thereby to saue their goodes unto their wyues and children, which yf they were condemned shoulde be confiscated to the prince."

In 1597, Anthony Arrowsmith, gent. was "*prest to death*" according to the *Ing. p. m.* and by this act of desperate endurance saved his estates of Coatham-Amundeville, to his son. Miersflatt (afterwards the residence of a family of Surtees, whose heritable blood flowed into Hilton of Darlington,) and the fitting possession of *le Deade-meadowes* were among them. "Antonie Arrowsmith, a prisoner, bur. 7 July, 1597." (*Reg. St. Mary-le-Bow, Durham.*)

"Thomas Rowland prest to death on the Palace-greens; bur. 7 Aug. 1578." *Reg. (St. Nicholas, Durham.)*

§ Surtees, under Streatlam, states that there is no portrait known of Sir George the Knight Marshall, but Sir C. Sharp, in his *Memoriais of the Rebellion*, gives "Sir George Bowes, Knight Marshall, Anno Dom. 1572, Ætatis, 45." at Streatlam, and engraves his bust, which agrees with Surtees's description of the picture at his time at Gibside. Sir George died in 1580.

having broken his estate in the royal service of Elizabeth. He was brother of the great Marshal, and among the Bowes MSS. at Streatlam is a contemporary epitaph, ringing the changes on his name.

So longe, alas ! so longe the noble BOWES lay bent,  
 In service of his peere-lesse Prince and countrie's peace,  
 That now (O woefull now ! ) tis broke : layment, layment,  
 O England ! and beweyle that dolorous decease !  
 Th' unmatched *Bowes*, whylome thy cheifest strength, are broke,  
 Which often tymes have made thy conqueringe troupes returne  
 Victorious of thy proudest foes, and lay the yoke  
 On their stout necks which durst against thy Princes spurne.  
 Happie, thrice happie England, was thou then esteem'd,  
 When those brave *Bowes* did in thy blessed realme abounde ;  
 Butt as unhappie now thou may be justly deem'd,  
 For fewe alas, suche *Bowes* can in thy selfe be founde.  
 O spitefull Deathe, which drewe so deepe the *Bowes* so weake,  
 Envyng England's blysse that jewell to enjoye,  
 But, maugre all thy spite, the *Bowes* which thou didst breake,  
 Once re-united, shall possesse heaven's endlesse joye.

E. H.

#### THE EARLDOM OF DURHAM.

In 1828 Mr. John George Lambton, was raised to the peerage as Baron Durham of the City of Durham. His original intention was to take the title of Lord Darcy of Hedworth, as one of the co-heirs of that ancient family. Objections were made to this by the Duke of Leeds (representative of Conyers, Lord Darcy), then Lord of the Household, and though they were subsequently withdrawn, Mr. Lambton disdained to be under any obligation to his grace, and would have taken the title of Lord Hedworth ; but, having been persuaded by his friends to set down the title of Lord Durham at the foot of some others offered to his Majesty's approbation, King George IV. graciously commanded it might be Lord Durham, provided it were "of the City of Durham." In 1833 Baron Durham retired from the administration, and was raised to the dignity of Earl. The title of Earl of Durham had never previously been bestowed, as such a dignity was considered appurtenant to the palatinate jurisdiction of the Bishop. He died in 1840 after a conspicuous and well known political life.

#### THE LOST M.P.

He's above six feet in height,  
 Would he walk but upright ;  
 But he stoops in his shoulders,  
 To the grief of beholders.  
 His complexion is good,  
 It shows sound flesh and blood,  
 A well furnished head  
 And his lips coral red.  
 His mouth and nose small  
 But pretty withal.  
 His eyes grey as a cat  
 But no matter for that.  
 His teeth white as milk,  
 His hands soft as silk,  
 Handsome legs,—*autre chose*—  
 And his name is—GEORGE BOWES.

This character of George Bowes who died 1760, was drawn by the mother of his first wife (Eleanor Verney,) Eleanor daughter of the Lord Leigh. She was possessed of an abundant fund of good humour, fertile wit, and playful fancy, and this character was written to Mr. Dawson, and entitled an "*Enquiry after a Northern M.P. supposed to be lost or mislaid at the last Masquerade.*" Eleanor Verney was deeply lamented by Bowes, and he remained a widower for 19 years afterwards. By his second wife Mary Gilbert he had a sole daughter and heiress Eleanor Mary (so named in *compliment* to his mother in law, and in affection to his second wife), now the wife of W. Stutt, Esq.

#### BRAY BOWES, THE PRENTICE LADY.

George Bowes, of Biddic Waterville, Esq., married Magdalen, daughter of Sir Edward Bray, next heir male to John, Lord Bray, and received from the crown, in 1604, £200, towards his charges "for the discovery of gold mines in Scotland." In his "very genuine and artless" will, dated 1603, he states the commandment he had received for employment in the Royal Mines in Crawford Moor, and directs that his daughter, Bray, shall be "a prentysse in London." This appears a strange destination for a young lady. On a further examination of the will, however, it stands thus:—"my son—to be a prentysse." The expected son proved a daughter,—"*son*" was erased, and "*daughter Bray*" inserted, but the words, "*to be a prentysse,*" remained unaltered.

#### BOWES v. BOWES.

Lord Crewe, our *spiritual* Lord-Lieutenant, presented a list of gentlemen to the King and Council, whom he thought fit to be employed as Deputy-Lieutenants. "In perusing the list," said the King, "my Lord, I don't like that name of Frank Bowes." "Sire," said the Bishop, "the name is a good name if you will put *William* instead of Frank." Sir Francis was of Thornton Hall, and his family claimed some unproven but acknowledged consanguinity with Sir William of Streatlam. The latter raised a troop of horse in 1688, which was reviewed by the Bishop, Lord-Lieutenant, Crewe, on the Palace Green at Durham.

#### SINGULAR SEAL.

In 1841, Mr. Halliwell presented to the Society of Antiquarians, from Mr. John Bell, of Gateshead, an impression from a seal, discovered near Durham, which he conjectured to have belonged to some bishop. It displayed the following curious legend :

"Mortis vel vite brevis est vox, 'Ite,' 'venite,'  
Dicetur reprobis, 'Ite,' 'venite,' probis."

## THE DAYS THAT ARE GONE.

BY T. D. JONES, ESQ.,

(AUTHOR OF "MONODY ON THE DEATH OF L. R. L.")

"Pictur'd in memory's mellowing glass 'tis sweet  
Our youthful days, our youthful joys to greet;  
'Tis sweet when all the evil shuns the gaze  
To view the unclouded skies of other days."

*H. K. White.*

In the summer of youth, when sweet hope is entwining  
A garland of pleasure to festoon the brow,  
When the beautiful spirit of promise is shining  
With all the indulgence of liberty's glow,  
There are calm stilly moments of delicate sadness  
Which tinge the young heart with despondency's tone,  
When the juvenile spirit will turn with gladness  
To gaze on the light of "The days that are gone."

When the fleet wing of time wafts us over youth's morning,  
And life's misty scenes are revealed to our view,  
When the world, with its heartless reflecting and scorning,  
Unshrouded appears in reality's hue;  
Even then, when the soft eye of memory gazes  
On scenes that have faded away one by one,  
It is sweet to look back through time's vapoury mazes,  
And revel in thought on "The days that are gone."

When the tremour of age, and the countenance dreary  
Bespeak the damp mildew of drooping decay,  
When the cold heart is sad—when the spirit is weary—  
And joy's lucid tints are departing away,  
When the beautiful spirit of Faith looks to heaven  
And Hope is relying on mercy alone,  
Ere the last links that bind to existence be riven  
'Tis sweet to reflect on "The days that are gone."

\* \* \* \* \*

The pilgrim afflicted with anguish and sorrow,  
Whom cold persecution or bigotry tries,  
For whom even peace is reluctant to borrow  
The nectar of mercy to blend with his sighs;  
Though the ills and the wrongs of this world oppress him  
And hopes that once bloomed in his bosom are flown,  
Fond memory will soften the pangs that distress him  
While pondering in thought on "The days that are gone."

The kind hearted Bard who serenely reposes  
 In halcyon rest in the bower of Fame,  
 Where the loveliest garlands of lilies and roses  
 Are strewed o'er his ever conspicuous name,  
 Though the light of renown shines resplendently o'er him,  
 And rivals the power of his genius own,  
 How oft will he turn from the brilliance before him  
 To muse for awhile on "The days that are gone."

The warrior, who marches thro' gore-tainted danger  
 His sword the fell passport wherever he goes,  
 His beacon of conquest the foeman—the stranger—  
 Who struggles and dies if he dares to oppose,  
 When his feats are recorded in chivalry's story  
 And the gaudiest flowers of his prowess are blown,  
 With a sigh, will look back in the height of his glory  
 And think on the deeds of "The days that are gone."

While the proud-hearted statesman whom eloquence arms  
 With every endowment to render him great,  
 When he glides o'er the surges of faction's alarms  
 And shines 'mid the noblest Peers of the state ;  
 When the planet of glory is beaming around him,  
 And triumph exults o'er the democrat's groan,  
 How gladly he'll turn from the charms that surround him  
 To think for a while on "The days that are gone."

Nay, even the Monarch, whose sovereign power  
 Extends o'er the earth, like the Sun's lucid ray,  
 Who is courted and flattered from hour to hour,  
 With roses of joy that can scarcely decay ;  
 Though the incense of loyal devotion may burn  
 In fervour and truth round prosperity's throne,  
 In the mazes of thought will unconsciously turn  
 To fix one fond look on "The days that are gone."

\* \* \* \* \*

There are moments of grief, there are moments of sorrow,  
 When thought loves to wander through memory's sky,  
 When the shadows of Fate seem to darken the morrow,  
 And Hope wafts to heaven its prayer on a sigh ;  
 But 'tis then, when young Sentiment's loveliest flowers  
 In Sympathy's arbour have tenderly grown,  
 That the soul will exert its most exquisite powers  
 To gather the sweets of "The days that are gone."

And, 'though even despair may sink deep in the bosom,  
 And prospect's horizon looks dismal and drear,  
 Though the flow'rets of Hope be unwilling to blossom,  
 Or Misery weeps o'er some friend's early bier,  
 Though the sensitive heart may be silently breaking,  
 And the spirit feel gloomy, dejected, and lone,  
 Still, still will the soul, from its sorrows awaking,  
 Look back for a smile from "The days that are gone."

If we silently roam, when the moonlight is sleeping  
 In tranquil repose o'er some cool stilly glade,  
 While the night-bird its musical vigil is keeping  
 O'er some favoured rosebud that droops in the shade ;  
 Even then, when the eye of reflection is stealing  
 O'er scenes where our warmest affections were sown,  
 We find that the fondest impulses of feeling  
 Are drawing their light from "The days that are gone."

In the noon-day of life, though the feelings we cherish  
 Exert o'er the heart the serenest control,  
 And enchant us when livelier images perish,  
 As they burn with a steadier flame in the soul ;  
 Still we feel not that exquisite fervour that warmed us  
 When beauty first bound us in "Love's thrilling zone,"  
 Nor can even the heart feel the rapture that charmed us  
 When near "the beloved" of "The days that are gone."

Though the evening of life may be cheered by affection,  
 And Sympathy's flow'rets embellish decay,  
 Though the ardour of Friendship "may soften dejection,"  
 And charm the vapours of sadness away,  
 Still feelings like those are like violets blasted,  
 Or mistletoe growing round pillars of stone ;  
 For they lose their electrical spell, if contrasted  
 With those we have felt in—"The days that are gone."

And tho' even the days that are gone had their hours,  
 Of sweetest felicity chequered with care,  
 Like the dappling tints of those beautiful flowers  
 That vary the scene of the smiling parterre.  
 Still, though life be teeming with pleasure or sadness,  
 Can one so devoid of emotion be shewn  
 Who would not, with the soul-stirring impulse of gladness,  
 Live over again all "The days that are gone?"

Oh, "the days that are gone!"—can they never return  
 To render the future luxuriantly bright?  
 Can the smouldering ashes in Sentiment's urn  
 Ne'er kindle again with one gleam of delight?  
 Has each joy—each affection—each kindly emotion,  
 That bless'd us in life's young and promising day,  
 Like the tremulous waves of some fathomless ocean,  
 In Time's deep abyss, sunk for ever away?

Oh, yes, they are gone! and can never return  
 To cheer us again with felicity's ray ;  
 But the flame that was lit as they parted, will burn  
 'Till the very last embers of feeling decay,  
 And when thought through the vista of sweet retrospection  
 Recals the past scenes in review, one by one,  
 In the mirror of fancy, the eye of reflection,  
 Will fix its last gaze on "The days that are gone."

Feb. 5, 1850.

## RAMBLINGS IN MANY COUNTIES.

## NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

THE name of Nottinghamshire will probably suggest few romantic or political fancies to the minds of most of our readers, except it be in connection with Sherwood Forest, and the celebrated outlaw, Robin Hood. This indifference has proceeded, I should imagine, from the county having found but one historian, Thoroton, and he the dryest of the dry; his work, in three quarto volumes, is little better than a dusty record of names, for the most part without note and without interest, and never brightened by a single ray of imagination. Yet there is many a spot in this neglected county upon which a man of the least fancy would have dwelt with delight, and many a popular tradition that he might have caught up from the peasants, and leavened with it his heavy mass till it became lighter and more palatable. As it is, "Thoroton's Nottinghamshire" is a heavy cake, and requires a good digestion to make anything of it.

So little interest had I taken in this county from previous report or reading, that it was more by accident than design, I found myself on a fine summer's day strolling very leisurely, and much to my satisfaction, on Clifton Grove,—

"In which were okes great, streight as a line,  
Under the which the grasse so fresh of hew  
Was newly sprong, and an eight foot or nine  
Every tree well fro his fellow grew,  
With branches brode, laden with leves new,  
That sprongen out ayen the sunne shene,  
Some very red, and some a glad light grene.

"Which as me thought was right a pleasant sight,  
And eke the briddes' songe for to here  
Would have rejoiced any earthly wight."

At some distance in front of me rose up the Ruddington Hills, while farther to the eastward lay the lovely valley of the Trent—the Silver Trent, as it has been often called, and not without its having just claims to such a title. Passing over a stile to the left, a narrow foot-path led me to the straggling village of Clifton, a place not particularly remarkable in itself, but which has to a certain degree become famous from the old legend attached to it. Many a hero has obtained less notice in his grave than the Fair Maid of Clifton. In 1636, William Samson made her the subject of a tragedy, called the "*Vow Breaker*;" Dr. Booker has given a prose sketch of her story; Kirke White has celebrated her in a pretty, though somewhat maudlin poem; and an old ballad on the same topic is still extant among peasants of the county. Nor can there be any doubt that her legend is in the main a true one; for are we not shewn the very spot where Margaret used to play when a child—



the room in which the wedding revelry was held, the grave of the unfortunate lover, and the deep ravine in the cliffs where—but I must not anticipate the catastrophe of my story, and will only remark that a man must have more than Jewish stubbornness who can resist such convincing proofs as these.

The Maid of Clifton, like most heroines of tragedy or romance, is remarkable for beauty. In the words of the ballad writer,

“ she was a comely maid who never knew compeer,  
Her cheeks were like the crimson rose.”

As a matter of course, a maiden of so much beauty, and who to her other merits added that of having a rich father, was at no loss for wooers. Not a youth that wrestled most successfully on the green, or danced most lightly at fair time or other holiday, but what was anxious to gain that fickle thing, her heart; for Margaret was very like the summer butterfly, which we see roving from flower to flower, and never resting upon any one so long that you could pronounce it to be a favourite. At length “a proper youth, young Bateman called by name,” had the good fortune to win her affections :

“ Such love and liking there was found,  
That he from all the rest  
Soon stole away this maiden’s heart,  
And she did like him best.”

According to a common custom of those days, in the remoter parts of the country where old habits had not as yet been altogether superseded by new fashions, the lovers plighted a mutual oath that nothing but death should separate them. In confirmation of this, Margaret broke a piece of gold in two, and giving one half of it to Bateman, while she retained the other half herself, she exclaimed, “May I never prosper so long as I live, if I break the faith I have just plighted.”

For three whole months—a long time in the calendar of so determined a coquette—the Fair Maid of Clifton remained constant to her troth; but then the vane of her affection suddenly turned round to another quarter, and under circumstances, which, I am sorry to say, take away all that could possibly qualify such fickleness. Had he been younger, or handsomer, or distinguished by a gallant reputation, there might have been some excuse; but he was old, and a widower, and, so far as the tale goes, had nothing to recommend him but his wealth. Indignant at this falseness, Bateman enclosed his half of the broken gold in a letter, protesting at the same time that, alive or dead, he would never abandon his claim to her, and that when he was laid in the grave, she would have good cause to repent of her inconstancy. No answer being returned to this letter, he on the night of the wedding, stole into a closet adjoining the bridal chamber, and hanged himself. There he was found the next morning, with this distich on his breast :—

“ False woman, of thy vows and oaths have dread,  
For thou art mine by them, alive or dead.”

In fulfilment of the threat expressed in this last dying speech, he made his appearance night after night, as she lay in her husband’s arms, moaning heavily and exclaiming :—

"Oh thou art she that I must have,  
And will not be denied."

It happened, however, fortunately for Margaret, that she was *enceinte*, and it seems that for the sake of the unborn babe she was for the present shielded from the power of her deceased lover, who had taken upon himself all the attributes of a demon, probably on account of his having committed suicide. For some months therefore, Margaret continued undisturbed, except by the occasional fits of terror that would come over her when she thought of what might possibly be her fate when this safeguard was removed. But the time of respite passed, she was safely delivered of a child, and now being more seriously alarmed than ever, she entreated her friends to watch for one night by her bed-side, for it was only while they waked that their presence would be effectual in keeping off the dreaded visitant. Her friends readily assented to this request, so much in character with the superstitious feelings of the time. When however midnight drew near, sleep irresistibly fell upon them, and a troop of demons appeared, who bore her over the meads to the top of a wooded hill, where she clung so firmly to one of the elm-trees that they were obliged to beat her head violently against it before they could get her away. They then flung her down a deep chasm in the rock, which chasm still exists; the very spot being moreover distinctly marked out by a break in the avenue of elms and firs.

Leaving Clifton I proceeded by the road so graphically described by Drunken Barnaby:—

"Thence to Gottam, where, sure am I,  
Though not all fooles, I saw many;  
Here a she-gull found I prancing,  
And in moonshine nimbly dancing;  
There another wanton madling  
Who her hog was set a sadling."

Gotham, anciently Gatham, stands upon a gentle rise, the basis of which is gypsum or alabaster, the approach to it from Clifton being over a level country, which extends to the wolds and the vale of Belvoir. It is the centre of many villages, yet so completely isolated that the nearest of them is about two miles distant. Some tourists have described it as "not being *very* picturesque." I cannot say that it so appeared to me, though after all this disagreement may be only in the less or greater meaning we attach to the term, *very*—as the adagio of one man is often the andante of another, just according to their ideas of musical expression.

My road lay over a large meadow, in some parts rather marshy, where I met numbers of women and children driving before them their donkeys, that were loaded with water-casks. The water, it seems, in or near the village not being fit for many purposes they are obliged to fetch it from an eminence called Cuckoo-Bush.

And who has not heard tell of the *wise men of Gotham*? What Bæotia was to Greece, Abdera to the Thracians, Phrygia to the Asiatics, Bremen to Germany, or Bologna to Italy, such is Gotham to the rest of England—the unlucky spot, that is, which by common consent is to wear the fool's cap, and carry off the palm of dullness from its neighbours, whether

justly or not is another question. To relate only one half of the jokes that have been fastened upon the poor Gothamites would fill a volume, though in strict justice it should at the same time be remembered that many of these stories are not confined to Gotham, but with slight variations have been told also of other places, both at home and abroad. The Cuckoo-Bush, of which I have already made mention, is said amongst the people to have owed its name to a story of this kind—"On a time the men of Gotham fain would have pinned in the cuckoo that she might sing all the year; and in the midst of the town they had a hedge made round in compass, and got a cuckoo and put her into it, and said, sing here, and thou shalt lack neither meat nor drink all the year. The cuckoo, when she found herself encompassed by the hedge, flew away. A vengeance on her, said these wise men; we did not make our hedge high enough."

According to others the Cuckoo-Bush was planted to commemorate a trick the Gothamites played upon king John, which is thus narrated:—"King John passing through this place towards Nottingham, intending to go over the meadow just described, was prevented by the villagers, they apprehending that the ground over which a king passed was ever after to become a public road. The king incensed at their proceedings sent from his court, soon after, some of his servants to enquire of them the reason of their incivility and ill-treatment, that he might punish them by way of fine, or some other way he might judge most proper. The villagers, hearing of the approach of the king's servants, thought of an expedient to turn away his Majesty's displeasure from them. When the messengers arrived at Gotham they found some of the inhabitants engaged in endeavouring to drown an eel in a pool of water; some were employed in dragging carts upon a large barn to shade the wood from the sun; others were tumbling their cheeses down a hill that they might find the way to Nottingham for sale; and some were employed in hedging in a cuckoo, which had perched upon an old bush, which stood where the present one now stands; in short, they were all employed in some foolish way or other, which convinced the king's servants that it was a village of fools. Whence arose the old adage, *the wise men of Gotham*; or, the fools of Gotham.'

These, and many similar jests were collected by Dr. Borde, under the title of "The Merry Tales of the Mad Men of Gotham," and printed in London during the time of King Henry VIII., in whose reign, and for long afterwards, "it was accounted a book full of wit and mirth by scholars and gentlemen." Some recent authors have thought proper to term Borde "an itinerant quack doctor," but in so doing they have only shewn how utterly ignorant they were of the subject upon which they were writing; had they read only a few of his numerous writings, they must have come to a very different conclusion.

Wood, in his "Athenæ Oxonienses," tells us, that "Borde was esteemed a noted poet, a witty and ingenious person, and an excellent physician of his time." Hearne goes yet farther; he says, "the great skill Dr. Borde had in physick, induced divers princes to apply to him for his advice. Even King Henry VIII. is reported to have employed him on that score, as Mr. Wood hath justly noted. And yet Dr. Borde could not approve of the measures taken by that prince, both with respect to his virtuous Queen Catherine, and to the destruction of the religious houses. But the Doctor's skill in his profession was a powerful motive to engage

the king to have recourse to him, and to constitute him his physician, well knowing that he was an honest man, and that men of religious principles are more to be relied upon than libertines." So much for the quack-doctor. That Borde was a humourist is no doubt true; and equally true is it that he was of a restless and roving disposition, for, if we may believe his own account, he "travelled through most parts of Europe (through and roundabout Christendom, and out of Christendom), and into some parts of Asia." As a proof of his oddities, he chose "to drink water three days in a week, to wear constantly a shirt of hair, and every night to hang his shroud and socking, or burial-sheet, at his bed's feet." But this may possibly have arisen from his early habits, for at one time of his life he had been a Carthusian monk. He was also a vehement proteater against the lawfulness of priests marrying, which drew down upon him torrents of abuse from all sides, and more particularly from John Ponet, Bishop of Winchester, who had embraced the opposite opinion, and who in foulness of language was only to be equalled—surpassed he could not be—by Bale himself. It is very possible that the numerous enemies which Borde stirred up by these ante-matrimonial and unpopular doctrines, may hence have taken occasion to stigmatize him as a quack; and indeed this would have been only a mild reproach, considering the sort of language in which the polemics of those days usually indulged.

There can, I apprehend, be little doubt that the tales which have given rise to these somewhat discursive remarks originated in certain manorial and feudal customs—"the jocular customs of manors," as Blount calls them, and which at one time were so common in this country, that the account of them under his hands, and those of his editor, Beckwith, have swelled into a decent quarto. But enough of Gotham and its wisdom, or its folly. And now—

"to Nottingham, where rovers,  
High-way riders, Sherwood drovers,  
Like old Robin Hood and Scarlet,  
Or like Little John, his varlet;  
Here and there they show them doughty,  
Cells and woods to get their booty."

But oh, Barnaby!—Drunken Barnaby! and therein well epitheted—is this all you could say of the quaint and curious old town of Nottingham, which, from the beauty of its site, and the peculiarity of its construction, is as well worth seeing as any other town in broad England? It stands almost in the centre of the kingdom, upon a hill of soft stone, covered with a sandy soil, and presents to the eye the appearance of three tiers of streets rising above each other. From this elevation it looks down upon the vale of Belvoir, and a range of meadows watered by the river Trent. At the south it is open; upon the three other sides it is screened from the weather by still higher eminences. But a yet more interesting—no, that is hardly the word; a yet more curious—feature of this town is the immense caverns that have been hollowed out of the rock, at what period, or for what purpose, it baffles all reasonable conjecture to say. Many have gone so far as to declare we are not even yet acquainted with the full extent of these excavations, and think it highly probable that all the

building on the surface would not be sufficient to fill up the undiscovered vaults below them. Enough however of them have been laid open to supply the inhabitants with ample store-houses for their goods, and cellars for their ale, in the brewing of which they are so celebrated. the gypseous nature of the soil imparting a peculiar virtue to the water considered highly favourable to brewing. In many instances these cellars of the lower houses actually run underneath the vaults of those above, which thus form as it were a second tier of caverns.

I shall say nothing of the castle, though it is well worth seeing ; nor of Mortimer's Hole—which has given rise to so many bitter feuds amongst the antiquaries, and occasioned the shedding of so much innocent ink ; nor of the Popish, or Papists' Holes—though they have the singular appearance of a Church hewn out of the solid rock, in imitation no doubt of similar excavations at Bethlehem and other places in the Holy Land ; neither will I dilate upon the Standard Hill, or the river Lene—but

“Tramp, tramp along the land we speed ;  
Splash, splash along the sea——”

—*River* it should be ; but, as Pompey says, when he blunders in his epithet, “ 'tis a little fault”—and here we are in Sherwood Forest, or rather in the remains of what was once Sherwood Forest ; for the miles upon miles of oak, elm, beech, and chesnut tree, intermingled with the densest shrubs, and which were once sufficient to shelter Robin Hood and his merry outlaws against all that the sheriff could do, with the royal forces to back him, exist no longer. Instead thereof, we have scattered tracts of woodland, extending, it is true, over an immense space of country, but in small patches only, interrupted by dark heaths and green pastures, and not unfrequently by enclosed spots in a high state of cultivation. In a picturesque point of view, the Forest has gained much by being thus ruthlessly desolated. The heaths, in particular, now covered with fern and furze, now presenting a surface of yellow gravel through which the weeds and wild flowers are thinly peeping, and now again ending in thick wood, impart much variety and interest to the forest scenery.

If I could have borrowed some friendly enchanter's wand for the nonce, and moulded the weather to my own fancy, the evening would have been stormy, with the sun declining in sullen grandeur, amidst a mass of clouds blown together by the north wind. Without for a moment disputing the taste which finds nature more beautiful under other aspects, it must be allowed that she is never half so sublime as in the lurid light of a coming tempest. There is something in the very silence, which, I must confess, has always affected me strangely, as if earth and skies were preparing for some tremendous struggle, and were collecting themselves for the encounter. Then too, “the browner horror breathing o'er the wood,” the peculiar blackness of the heath and forest streams, so different from the darkness they wear in the night-time, the gorgeous gathering of deep red clouds about the sun as it descends, all combine to invest the scene with unusual sublimity. But the evening, on this occasion, was provokingly fine. There was not a cloud in the blue sky, and the silence around was the clear, soft silence of repose, a very different thing from the calm which precedes a tempest. It was just the sort of weather, in which Robin Hood and his outlaws, who have made the forest so famous,

would have delighted ; indeed, it has always been a sore puzzle to me where these merry men abided in the winter season ; like the summer birds, when the snow is upon the ground, and the leaf is off the bare tree, they must have retreated to some as yet undiscovered recesses, and perhaps slept away the time, the best thing they could do. But when the buds began to sprout again, and the birds to sing, and the sun to shew himself so young, and bright, and glorious, like a new-trimmed bridegroom—

“ Uprouse ye, then, my merry merry men ;”

and forth sallied Robin Hood, “ the proud outlaw,” with Scarlet and little John, and Much the miller,

“ Then he spake hym Lytell Johan,  
All unto Robin Hode,  
Mayster, yf ye wolde dine betyme,  
It wolde do you much good.”

But Robin had no idea of meat before work ; dinner must be earned 'ere it was eaten ;

“ Then bespake good Robin,  
' To dyne I have no lust,  
Tyll I have some bolde baron  
Or some unketh gest  
That may paye for the best.”

He had also a custom, being a very pious thief,

“ Every daye, or he woulde dyne,  
Thre messes wolde he here ;

“ The one in the worshyp of the fader,  
The other of the holy goaste,  
The thyrd was of our dere ladye  
That he loved of all other moste.”

Of this custom he now took occasion to remind his hungry adherents, who had the same good will to masses at such a time, as schoolboys in general evince to long graces before dinner.

“ Do ye hear that, ye cormorants ?” exclaimed a burly looking man, whose short black hair betrayed the tonsure. “ But heed them not, good Robin, I will forthwith indue me in my canonicals, and do what is needful to ease your pious scruples.”

It was Friar Tuck,—who has not heard of Friar Tuck ?—and straightway donning his frock and cowl, he intoned a mass, to the infinite edification of the foresters. No sooner was it over, than up they started with lightened consciences and with the full conviction that Providence would now bless them in their pious task of “ betyng and bynding byshoppes and archbyshoppes,” not forgetting their ancient enemy, the “ hye sheryfe of Nottynghame.” And now,—

“ Take thy good bowe in thy hande, said Robyn,  
Let Moche wende with the,  
And so shall Wylliam Scathelocke,  
And no man abyde with me.

“ And walke up to the sayles,  
 And so to Watlynge strete,  
 And wayte after some unketh gest  
 Up chaunce ye mowe them mete.”

Right willing and obedient subjects were the outlaws, especially when ordered upon a marauding expedition, the thing of all others most peculiarly to their taste. Nor was it long before their diligence was rewarded by their falling in with a gentle knight. And certainly, if the old times deserved to be called the *good old times* in one respect more than another, it must have been on the score of the courteous and kindly bearing of their forest thieves, for, instead of knocking the knight's brains out before robbing him, according to the modern practice, Little John—so called from his being six feet high and stout in proportion—knelt down at his stirrup, and invited him to dine with Robin Hood. The knight seeing no reason why he should refuse the offer of a good meal at so seasonable an hour, assented at once, and they all returned to the bold outlaw, who welcomed his guest full cordially to a dinner which might have satisfied an alderman.

“ Brede and wyne they had ynough,  
 And numbles of the dere.

“ Swannes and fesauntes they had full good,  
 And foules of the revere ;  
 There fayled never so lytell a byrde  
 That ever was bred on brere.”

So well was the knight pleased with this sumptuous repast, that when he rose to take his leave he assured his host if he ever came that way again he would not fail to requite him with as good a dinner.

“ Gramercy !” quoth Robin, “ when I have just had my dinner, I was never so greedy as to crave another. But pay before you go, for it were not fitting that a yeoman should be at charges for a knight.”

“ Granted,” said the knight ; “ but I have only ten shillings in the world, and good sooth I am ashamed to offer you such a trifle.”

“ Indeed !” answered Robin. “ Then do you, Little John, search the knight's mail, and if there be only as much as he says, I will not touch a penny ; on the contrary, if he needs more, I will lend it to him.”

So Little John, like a gentle and dexterous thief as he was, proceeded to rifle the knight's mail, and found therein just ten shillings, neither more nor less. When informed of this, Robin was much surprised, and began questioning the knight, in a very grave and paternal fashion, as to what had reduced him to such a pass.

“ I trowe thou were made a knyght of forse,  
 Or else of yemanry.

“ Or elles thou hast ben a sory housband,  
 And leved in stroke and stryfe,  
 An okerer, or elles a lechoure, sayd Robyn,  
 With wronge hast thou lede thy lyfe.”

The knight denied any and all of these imputations. He had pledged

his estate, he said, to the Abbot of St. Mary's for four hundred pounds, that he might raise a sufficient sum to redeem the life of his son, forfeited to the law for slaying a squire and a certain knight of Lancashire. Moved hereat, Robin offered to lend the required sum, provided he could find friends to be his borowes. The knight, who, in the usual way of the world, had no friends now that he had fallen into distress and poverty, repiied by offering for his securities "Peter, Poule, and Johan," and divers other saints of high repute. But Robin had no faith in either Peter, Poule, or Johan, and exclaimed, with little respect for their pledges,

"Fynde me a better borowe."

The poor knight was at his wits' end, when he luckily bethought himself of proposing "our dere lady," an offer which the outlaw willingly accepted, declaring at the same time that

"To seche all England thorowe,  
Yet founde I never to my pay  
A much better borowe."

The money was lent accordingly, for Robin appears to have driven a thriving if not an honest trade, and never to have wanted either gold in his purse, or meat upon his table. Then Little John, his prime counsellor, and a very open-handed fellow, suggested that the knight's raiment was marvellously "thynne," and that it would be well if he were put into somewhat better case—"for you know, Robin," quoth he, "that you possess good store of scarlet, and greene, and many a ryche aray beside."

"You say well," replied Robin, "and even so shall it be. Let him have three yards of each colour, and take care that you give him good measure."

"That will I blythely do," said Little John; and immediately set about meting the cloth with his bow, contriving, moreover, to give two yards for one, greatly to the amusement of Scarlet, and the no less indignation of Much the Miller. The truth was, that Much could not forget the habits of his old trade; and every one has heard the adage of the miller's thumb, and how he contrives to give his customers short measure by placing his thumb in the dish that holds their meal.

"And of every handfull that he met,  
He lept over fotes thre;  
What devilkyns draper, sayd litell Much,  
Thynkyst thou to be?"

"Scathelocke stooede full stylly and lough,  
And sayd, by God allmyght,  
Johan may gyve hym the better mesure,  
By God, it cost him but lyght."

In the same liberal disposition, Johan next proposed to his "mayster," that he should bestow a horse upon the knight, to carry home all these presents, which also being granted, together with "a sadell newe,"



Moch and Scathelocke seem to have been suddenly seized with a like furor of giving.

“ And a goode palfraye, said lytell Moch,  
To mayntayne hym in his ryght ;  
And a payre of botes, sayd Scathelocke,  
For he is a gentyll knyght.

“ What shalt thou give hym, Lytel Johan ? sayd Robyn—  
Syr, a payre of gylte spores clene.”

The knight, astonished at meeting with such courtesy and generosity from thieves—for it must be confessed our foresters were little better—then demanded when his day should be ; and Robin made answer, “ it shall be this day twelvemonth, under this same tree where we are now sitting.”

While matters were passing thus pleasantly in Sherwood Forest, the Abbot of St. Mary’s was revelling with his brethren, and told them with much glee how he had lent four hundred pounds upon bond to a certain knight, whose day was then come, and that if he did not soon make his appearance he would forfeit all his lands to their convent. The prior, who was a kind-hearted man, objected that the day was not yet gone, but his superior only laughed at his scruples and replied that there was little chance of the knight’s coming in time as he was far beyond the sea.

“ It were great pity,” said the prior, “ to take his land from the good knight ; you do him much wrong by such light conveyance.”

“ By St. Richard,” retorted the abbot, “ thou art ever in my beard ; methinks the weal of our convent should more concern thee than ought which may befall one of these unhallowed laymen.”

“ By him that bought me dear,” said a fat-headed monk, who held the office of high-cellarer, “ he is drowned, I trust, or hanged, it matters little which, so that he come not back to trouble us ; but dead he is, of that I will hear no doubt, and we have four hundred pounds a year to spend—*laus Deo.*”

With such a temptation before them, it is not at all surprising that there should be only one honest man found in the whole convent. The prior was silenced by the unanimous voices of his brethren, and the monks demanded of “ the high justyce of Englonde,” that he should pronounce sentence by default against their absent debtor. As he was on the point of giving judgment to their wishes, the knight came to the convent gate, with a party of friends, disguised “ in the simple wedes they brought fro the se,” and having obtained admission he knelt before the abbot—

“ Do gladly, syr abbot, sayd the knyght,  
I am come to holde my day.  
The fyrst word the abbot spake,  
Hast thou brought my pay ?

“ Not one peny, sayd the knyght,  
By God that maked me.  
Thou art a shrewd dettour, sayd the abbot,  
Syr justyce, drynke to me.

“What doost thou here, sayd the abbot,  
But thou haddest brought thy pay?  
For God, then sayd the knyght,  
To pray of a longer day.”

But to this prayer for a longer day the abbot would not listen; he must either have his money or the land, and, as he greatly preferred the latter, he would not allow an hour's respite. The knight then turned to the judge, and besought his favour; but the judge answered, with more frankness than honesty, “you need not dream of such a thing; I am holde with the abbot bothe with clothe and fee.”

“And you, sir sheriff,” said the knight, “will you not stand my friend in this so great need?”

“Nay,” replied the sheriff bluntly.

In utter despair, as it seemed, the knight made a last appeal to the abbot, praying of him that he would grant some little respite, retaining, however, possession of the lands till the money was repaid. The abbot not only gave a flat refusal, but to be quite sure of keeping his word, he clenched it with an oath, that was big enough for the mouth of any layman. Hereat the knight waxed wroth, and began to swear in his turn, protesting that it should cost them all dear if they did not let him have his land again. So far from being moved by this menace,

“The abbot lothely on hym gan loke,  
And vylayneſly hym gan call;  
Out, he sayd, thou false knyght,  
Spede the out of my hall.”

The reproach of falseness was too much for any knight of those days to endure, and as it would have been contrary to etiquette to challenge a father abbot, he relieved himself from the burthen of his wrath by loudly giving him the lie. The holy man retorted in a way that was any thing but holy; he swore more outrageously than ever, and the justice, finding that matters were likely to take a serious turn, counselled his friend, for the sake of peace and quiet, to advance two hundred pounds more, for which he was sure the knight would grant a full release. The knight, in reply, was sure he would do nothing of the kind, and while so saying, to the great surprise of the monks, he “shoke out of a bagge even four hundred pounde.” Their dolour on this occasion was all the greater, that the “justyce” refused to return the bribe he had taken from the abbot to pronounce sentence in their favour by anticipation,—that is, without waiting for the evening, before which time the land could not legally become forfeit.

While the sheriff of Nottingham was busy enjoying the good things of the holy father's table, and witnessing his subsequent defeat, he little imagined that something as bad, if not worse, was impending over himself. Yet so it was. Robin Hood and his foresters had a taste in them of the knights of old; they must be ever engaged in some mad enterprize, the nearer to the gallows the better; and thus it happened that Little John, under the name of Greenlefe, took service with the sheriff, in the hope of finding an occasion to play him a trick he would not forget in a hurry. Now the devil, it is well known, never fails to lend his best assistance to all such hopeful undertakings, unless indeed we ought rather to attribute

their success to Dame Fortune. By the contrivance of one or the other of these evil-disposed personages, it so fell out that the pretended Greenlefe was left at home while his new master disported himself in the forest. The consequence was, that, although noon had passed, there were no symptoms whatever of dinner, much to the annoyance of Greenlefe, whose appetite was remarkable for its punctuality.

"This will never do for me," said he to the steward and the butler; "Greenlefe has not been used to fast so long, and it goes against his stomach."

Reasonable as was this complaint, it failed to move either the steward, or his fast ally, the butler. They were obstinate not to allow of any eating or drinking while the sheriff was away, whereupon Greenlefe, who saw no other mode of getting what he wanted, incontinently cracked both their crowns, and by this very simple expedient obtained meat and drink to his heart's content. The cook then thought proper to interfere: why he did not do so before is a mystery, for he was a tall fellow of his hands. Drawing his sword, he fell with right good will upon Greenlefe, who gave him back blow for blow, and thrust for thrust, so that "they fought two myle away and more." Luckily, neither of them got hurt in this terrible encounter, and each having thus practically convinced himself of the other's courage—*O gran bontà, dei cavalieri antichi!*—they became the best friends imaginable. Indeed, all friendship in those days required like iron to be welded by much beating, and the more stoutly folks belaboured each other in the first instance, the more likely were they to hold together for the time to come. As one result of their newly cemented brotherhood, they agreed to join Robin that very night, but, as a very proper preliminary for men of their occupation,—

"They dede them to the tresure hous,  
As fast as they myght gone;  
The lockes that were of good stele,  
They brake them everychone.

"They toke away the sylver vessell,  
And all that they myght get;  
Peces, masseres, and spones,  
Wolde they non forgete.

"Also they toke the good pence,  
Three hundred pounds and three;  
And dyde them strayt to Robin Hode,  
Under the grenewode tre."

As veracious historians, we could not do otherwise than mention this little fact, though it hardly agrees with the notions one would wish to entertain of Robin Hood and his foresters. To bind bishops and archbishops, and beat proud sheriffs, is all very well; killing the king's deer also and thereafter converting them into venison pasties to be eaten under the greenwood tree, is assuredly no offence against romance, whatever it may be against law; nay, the easing a fat prelate of his gold and jewels, when he chanced to be riding in Watling Street

more like a proud baron than a humble monk, may be reckoned an orthodox pursuit, and one as natural to a forester as drawing the long-bow; but picking locks, abstracting spoons, and stealing the good pence, are operations that carry with them a petty larceny sound, not at all beseeeming a stout yeoman, who, if he be hanged at all, should at least be hanged in good company, and for the gentlemanly peccadillos of murder or high treason. But let it pass, since so it is, and cannot now be altered.

So well was Little John received by his "mayster," and so much praise did he gain for having plundered their old enemy, that he was forthwith stimulated to play him another trick, even worse than the one he had just accomplished. With this view, he sought out the sheriff where he was hunting, and having been lucky enough to fall in with him, made up such a story of a wonderful hart to be seen in the near thicket, that the poor man was well nigh beside himself for curiosity.

"I have be in this forest,  
A fayre syght can I se;  
It was one of the fayrest syghtes,  
That ever yet sawe I me.

"Yonder I se a ryght fayre hart,  
His coloure is of grene;  
Seven score of dere upon an herde,  
Be with hym all bedene.

"His tynde are so sharp, mayster,  
Of sixty and well mo;  
That I durst not shote for drede,  
Lest they wolde me sloo."

Dazzled by this account, which, it must be owned, was fully equal to any of those ingenious displays we see painted on the outside of a travelling show, the sheriff followed his faithless guide till they came afore Robin.—"Lo, here is the mayster harte," quothed Little John.

A sorry man was the sheriff at this sight, and bitterly did he rebuke his betrayer, but the supposed Greenlefe with much *naivete* protested that the fault was all his own, "for," said he, "I was myserved of my dynere when I was with you at hame"—a most sufficing argument, no doubt.

Then Robin, who never failed playing the bounteous host to those he plundered, most courteously invited the sheriff to supper; but when the poor man recognised his own plate in "the sylver white" before him, "for sorowe he myght not ete," notwithstanding the constant exhortations of the outlaw that he should make good cheer. The meal being over, Robin commanded Little John to draw off the sheriff's "hosen and his shone, his kyrtell, and his cote a pye, that was furred well fyne," and, having reduced him to "his breche and sherte," wrap him in a green mantel, the usual night-costume of the outlaws. All the while, Robin kept exhorting him, as he had done at supper, to make glad cheer, "for," quothed he, "this is our order, I wys, under the grenewode tre."

"It is harder order," replied the woful sheriff, "than any anker (anchorite), or frere. I wolde not dwell here long for all the golde in merry England."

"You shall dwell with me all these twelve monethes," replied Robin; "I shall teach you to be an outlaw."

The sheriff declared that he much preferred, if Robin had no objection, to have his head smitten off at once; and, after some discussion, they came to a compromise, by which the sheriff was henceforth to be the friend of Robin and his foresters. Hereupon he was allowed to depart.

The sun had not yet gone to rest, and, though we have just before seen the outlaws at supper, Little John began to think it was high time they should go to dinner. To this Robin objected, on the plea that he doubted our Lady must be angry with him, inasmuch as she had not sent him the pay for which she had become security.

"But take your bow in your hand," said he, "and with Much and Scarlet, look out, and spy if any one is coming on her behalf."

They had not been long on the watch, before they saw two "black monkes," escorted by a strong party of men coming from Bernysdale, and, nothing doubting that they must have been especially sent by our Lady, Little John stopt them on the highway, and gave them an invitation to dine with his master, in terms much more pressing than courteous.

"'Abyde, chorle monke,' sayd Lyttell Johan,  
'No ferther that thou gone;  
If thou doost, by dere worthy god,  
Thy deth is in my honde.

"'And evyll thryfte on thy hede,' sayd Lyttell Johan,  
Ryght under thy hattes bonde;  
For thou hast made our mayster wroth,  
He is fastynge so longe.'"

The monk, who does not seem to have been particularly taken aback by this novel mode of invitation, demanded his master's name, and upon learning that it was Robin Hood, objected at once to dining with such a host. "He is a strong thefe," said the monk; "of hym herd I never good."

Such an imputation was too much to be endured by so loyal a forester as Little John. As in duty bound, he first gave the discourteous monk the lie, then knocked him down, and finally, having routed his attendants, compelled him to follow and dine with Robin. Like the sheriff, he had little pleasure in the meal, but still less satisfaction did he find in the ceremonial that followed hard upon it, for, no sooner was it over, than Robin began:—

"'Where is your abbaye when ye are at home?'  
'Saynt Mary Abbay,' said the monke,  
'Though I be symple here;  
'In what offyce?' said Robyn,  
'Syr, the hye sellerer.'"

"Ho! ho! then," exclaimed the outlaw; "our Lady, I see, has sent me my pay. She was a borowe between a knyght and me, of a little silver that I lent him here under the greenwood tree, so I pray you, holy father, unbuckle your mail and let us see what you have brought."

It was in vain the monk protested he had no more than twenty marks with him. Little John, who by the way had an especial aptitude for rifling bags and coffers, was despatched to see what he could find, and his nimble fingers speedily brought eight hundred pounds to light. Then

"Grete well your abbot, sayd Robyn,  
And your pryour I you pray,  
And byd hym send me such a monke  
To dyner every day."

But though no one can deny that Robin was a "stronge thefe," still he was honest after a fashion. When the knight came to return his loan, not a penny would he take, and even insisted upon presenting him with the four hundred pounds which "our lady dere" had sent over and above the sum borrowed. Of a truth there be many honest men who would not have shewn themselves half so nice, and yet have they been much respected while living, and had handsome epitaphs when dead.

When we last left the sheriff of Nottingham he was full of fair promises of good behaviour in the time to come. We shall presently see how far it was his intention to keep them.

"Lyth and lysten, gentil men,  
And herken what I shall say  
How the proud sheryfe of Notyngham  
Dyde crye a full fayre play.

"That all the best archeres of the North  
Sholde come upon a day,  
And they that shoteth alder best  
The game shall here away."

No sooner had tidings of this "full fayre play" reached our outlaw under his trysting tree, than he forthwith determined that himself and a party of his foresters would take a share in it. As however he did not altogether trust to the sheriff's oaths, he would not allow more than six of his men to shoot at the butts while the rest stood "with good bowes bent" in case of any treachery being meditated. The precaution turned out to be no more than was needed. Scarcely had the prize been delivered to Robin, for as a matter of course he proved the best marksman, than the sheriff and his men fell upon the foresters, and a sharp fight ensued in which considerable damage was done on both sides, though the latter inflicted much more loss than they incurred. Little John was wounded by an arrow in the knee so that he could neither go nor ride, and in this extremity begged of Robin Hood that in requital for all his past services he would "take out his browne swerde and smyte all of his hede." Robin would not listen to this proposal, and the miller taking him up on his back they all retreated till they came to a castle, which fortunately for them, hard pressed as they were, belonged to "Syr Rychard at the Lee," the very knight whom Robin had so generously relieved but a

short time before. Here they were hospitably relieved, and sheltered against the attacks of the sheriff, who thereupon posted to London, and laid his complaints before the king.

“ I will be at Notyngham, sayd the kyng,  
 Within this fourtynyght,  
 And take I wyll Robyn Hode,  
 And so I wyll that knyght.”

But by this time Little John had recovered of his wound, and Robin Hood with his people had returned to his old haunts in the forest, nor could the sheriff, do what he would, lay hands upon him. With the knight he was more successful. Him he caught one day as “ he went on haukyng by the ryver syde,” and incontinently flung him into Nottingham jail preparatory to his being hung, whereat Sir Richard’s wife sought out the foresters to pray their aid. On hearing her tale, Robin, as may be supposed, instantly set out for Nottingham to deliver his friend at any hazard. He was just in time. The prisoner was being marched to the gallows in solemn state when Robin met the procession, smote off the sheriff’s head as a man with whom it was impossible to live at peace, sundered the knight’s bonds, and made good his retreat with him into the forest. But now came the king himself, who to his previous causes for wrath against the culprits found that they had killed half his deer—

“ The kyng was wonder wroth with all,  
 And swore by the trynyte,  
 I wolde I had Robyn Hode,  
 With eyen I myght hym se.

“ And he that wolde smyte of the knyghtes hede  
 And bryngs it to me,  
 He shall have the knyghtes londes,  
 Syr Rychard at the Le.”

But a wily old knight strongly advised the king against holding out such perilous temptations to his lieges, for, said he,

“ There is no man in this countre  
 May have the knyghtes londes  
 Whyle Robyn Hode may ryde or gone,  
 And bere a bow in his hondes.

“ That he ne shall lese his hede  
 That is the best ball in his hode ;  
 Gyve it no man, my lorde the kyng,  
 That ye wyll any good.”

For half a year, and more, the king abided in Nottingham, but all to no purpose, when a forester one day advised him to disguise himself and five of his best knights as monks, under colour of which he would guide him to where Robin Hood would full surely be found. The king consented. Having assumed the monastic garb he and his friends plunged into the recesses of the forest, and were not long before they fell in with the outlaw, who, taking them for churchmen, as usual demanded their gold and jewels.

To this the disguised king answered that he had no more than forty pounds, having spent the rest of his wealth in attending the royal court at Nottingham, but that if he had possessed a hundred pounds Robin should have been right welcome to them. This courteous reply awoke a similar feeling of liberality in the outlaw. He divided the forty pounds into two equal portions, the one half of which he gave to his merry men, the other half he returned to the pretended monk, who then said, "King Edward greets you by me, and byddeth you com to Notyngnam both to mete and mele."

Full glad was Robin Hood upon the receipt of this message, for if not a very dutiful, he was a very attached subject, and loved the king though he made no scruple of killing his deer or plundering his lieges, and in token of his high satisfaction he insisted that the royal messenger, as he supposed him to be, should dine with him. The king, who wished to know more of the outlaws' ways, readily consented, and thereupon they all sate down to a handsome dinner, of which, we may besure the principal dishes were supplied by the venison from his own forest. What yet more surprised the monarch was the great observance paid to Robin. In his heart he could not help thinking with some slight touch of royal jealousy, "hys men are more at hys byddyng than my men be at myn."

The dinner being ended, Robin, who wished to shew all respect to the court-messenger, then said, "now shall you see our sports that you may be able to tell our good King Edward what sort of life we lead here in the forest."

At a sign from Robin marks were set up for the archers to shoot at, but at so unusual a distance that Edward could not help exclaiming, they were too far off by fifty paces at least.

"So far from that," replied Robin, "that whoever fails the garland shall forfeit his tackle, and moreover receive on his bare head as good a buffet as I can deal him. If I miss the wand, you may do as much for me, and gramercy for your pains."

And now began such a display of archery as the king had never seen before. Many times did the good bowmen cleave the wand, but, as may be supposed, they often missed it too; and so at last it chanced to Robin himself, who after having hit the mark twice, the third time "fayled of the garlonde thre fynghers and more." Hereupon Gilbert with the white hand desired his master to stand forth and take his pay.

"If it be so, sayd Robyn,  
That may no better be;  
Syr abbot, I delyver the myn arowe,  
I pray the, syr, serve thou me."

The king at first declined the office, buffetting stout yeomen, as he very properly observed, being any thing but a holy occupation; at length however he was prevailed upon, and gave Robin such a blow that he reeled again and was scarcely able to keep his legs. The effects of the cuff were truly marvellous. It at once opened Robin's eyes to the real character of the pretended abbot, and having thus recognised the king by the weight of his hand he fell upon his knees before him, and entreated the royal pardon for himself and his men, which was granted upon condition of his abandoning the greenwood and going with him to court. To this Robin gladly



agreed, but with a somewhat dangerous frankness protested that if he did not find his new service to his taste he should not scruple returning to the forest. Luckily the king was in high good humour, and took no offence at this uncourtly declaration, Indeed he had been so much amused with all he had seen and heard, and was so well disposed to carry on the jest, that he begged Robin to supply him and his knights with suits of Lincoln green to make sport with the sheriff of Nottingham, who no doubt would be mightily alarmed at the appearance of so many outlaws in his city. To beguile their way thither they "shote plucke buffet;" that is, they shot for buffets to be given and taken in case of missing the mark—

" And many a buffet our kinge wan  
Of Robyn Hode that day;  
And nothyng spared good Robyn  
Our kynge in his pay."

Infinite was the alarm of the sheriff and the people of Nottingham when they saw "nothing but mantels of grene that covered all the felde." To be sure we were not long since told that the sheriff's head had been smitten off, but these are trifles with our old minstrels whose imaginations were at all times much too fervid to be bound down by the vulgar laws of probability. Maugre therefore the slight accident of decapitation, the sheriff was now alive, though not merry, and fully convinced that Robin Hood having slain the king, was come with his merry men to kill himself and all the townsmen, who certainly had not deserved much favour at his hands. The good man therefore took to his heels, and so did "both yemen and knaves; and olde wyves that myght evyll goo, they hypped on theyr staves," greatly to the amusement of the king, who recalled them from their fright by discovering himself, and in conclusion gave Sir Richard his lands again.

For twelve months and three did Robin sojourn in the king's court, by the end of which time he had spent his gold, got weary of a town life, and found himself deserted by all his men except Scarlet and Little John.

" Alas! then sayd good Robyn,  
Alas, and well a woo!  
Yf I dwele longer with the kynge  
Sorowe wyll me sloo."

So he knelt down before the king, and prayed him of his grace that he might be allowed, were it only for seven nights, to visit a chapel he had long since built in Barnsdale, and dedicated to Mary Magdalene. Such a request was of too pious a nature to be denied, and forthwith Robin bounded off to the greenwood, as though he had been a wild buck just released from confinement.

" When he came to grene wode  
In a mery mornyng,  
There he herde the notes small  
Of byrdes mery syngyng.

" It is ferre gone, sayed Robin,  
That I was last here;  
Me lyste a lytell for to shote  
At the donne dere.

“ Robin slewe a fall grete harte,  
His horne then gan he blow  
That all the outlws of that forest  
That horne coud they knowe.

“ And gadred them togyder  
In a littell throwe ;  
Seven score of wight yonge men  
Came redy on a rowe.

“ And fayre dyde of theyr hodes,  
And set them on their kne ;  
Welcome, they sayd, our mayster  
Under this grene wode tre.

“ Robyn dwelled in grene wode  
Twenty yere and two ;  
For all drede of Edward our kynge  
Agayne he wolde not goo.”

It is the peculiar advantage of all romancers that they can part from their hero in his zenith, or, if they choose to go a little farther, may bury him in an honourable grave before the infirmities of age have come upon him. But we who profess to deal in true history have no such license allowed us. Having conducted Robin thus far, we must now record how he grew old and sick, and betook himself to his relation, the prioress of Kirkley, in Yorkshire, for like most religious women she was supposed to have considerable skill in leechcraft. Unfortunately, the pious dame had an ancient grudge against him, both general and special—general, on account of Robin's propensity to plundering fat monks ; special, because by his robberies he had rendered the road to her convent unsafe for travellers, who would otherwise have visited there and enriched the shrine with gifts and offerings. As if this were not enough, the prioress had a friend—the scandalous chronicler calls him something more—hight Sir Roger of Doncaster, who, for some previous offence done to him by the outlaw, now urged her to revenge both their quarrels, by destroying Robin. Accordingly,—

“ She blooded him in the vein of the arm,  
And locked him up in the room ;  
There did he bleed all the live-long day  
Until the next day at noon.”

By that time Robin, who strangely enough had not thought of such a thing before, began to think he had been bled quite enough, and that it might be as well to escape, if he could contrive to do so. But the window was far from the ground, and he was much too weak either to climb or leap. What wasto be done in such a dilemma ?

“ He then bethought himself of his bugle-horn,  
Which hung low down to his knee ;  
He set his horn unto his mouth,  
And blew out weak blasts three.”

Weak as the blasts were, Little John heard them and hastened at the sound to Kirkley. When he found how matters stood, being greatly exasperated against the perfidious prioress, he besought his master, as an especial boon, to allow him to burn down the nunnery; but Robin possessed in an eminent degree one of the best ingredients of chivalry, though he can hardly be said to have lived in a chivalrous age—

“I never hurt fair maid in all my time,  
Nor at my end shall it be;  
But give me my bent bow in my hand,  
And a broad arrow I'll let flee;  
And where this arrow is taken up,  
There shall my grave digg'd be.”

But the prioress having played the leech's part, was now determined to take upon herself the sexton's office, and caused him (says the *Grafton Chronicle*) “to be buried by the highway side, where he had used to rob and spoyle those that passed that way. And upon his grave the sayd prioresse did lay a very fayre stone, wherein the names of Robert Hood, William of Goldesborough, and others were graven. And the cause why she buryed him there was, for that the common passengers and travaillers knowyng and seeyng him there buryed might more safely and without feare take their jorneyes that way, which they durst not do in the life of the sayd outlawes. And at eyther ende of the sayd tombe was erected a crosse of stone.”

And so endeth the history of Robin Hood, the visiting of whose haunts, real or supposed, detained me in the forest till night was upon her starry way, and there was a deep stillness, interrupted only by that sweet and solemn music produced by the gush of distant waters. In all nature there is no sound like it, when heard at such an hour.

But my allotted space is full to overflowing, and the printer's devil, as inexorable as Rhadamanthus or any other of the tribe diabolic, will allow of no more *wanderings*. Farewell, then, to Nottingham, and farewell to its hundred and one curiosities that I am thus compelled to leave unnoticed.

## THE STATION AND PRECEDENCE OF THE DIFFERENT CLASSES OF SOCIETY; AND WHO BELONG TO EACH OF THEM.

UNDER this head it is our intention to enter into an elaborate view of the various classes of society, and to give as accurate an account as possible of what persons, with their rank or position, each class embraces. Indeed it is somewhat singular, that in a country so peculiarly sensitive as England is about station and precedence, so little has already been written on this interesting subject. Questions relative to it daily occur, the solving of which comes home to a great many, and yet the only information that can now be resorted to lies here and there in some of the law books, which are frequently unintelligible to the general reader; or in a few essays which, being chiefly the respective writers' own particular views, can be but of little weight. Our object in this treatise is to remedy the deficiency by collecting and collating from all the real authorities that bear upon the subject; and placing the substance of what they say before the reader in a clear, concise, and accurate form. The task is an agreeable one: it has much of important and stirring matter in it; and we do trust that it may prove acceptable. Order, with all its honorable pride and even honorable prejudice, reigns paramount in England. To aspire ambitiously may be wrong, yet the sin is venial when it leads men to do right—when it induces each individual to maintain a dignified standing in the class in which Providence has placed him; or to rise nobly to those ranks above him, by such exertions as must prove beneficial to the community at large. Moreover, to render unto Cæsar is an injunction of the divine law; and there can be nothing mean or servile in a due knowledge of rank, privilege, and precedence; and in a due respect of those who enjoy eminence, either through their own abilities and virtue, or through that ancestral merit which has been sustained from generation to generation with untarnished repute.

The subject at its commencement may be divided into three great divisions or orders, viz:—1. ROYALTY; 2. NOBILITY; 3. THE ORDER OF ALL THOSE WHO ARE BELOW NOBILITY. These three orders embrace the whole body of English society; and this treatise must necessarily consist in a complete view of the state and condition of each of them. We begin with that which has, and ought to have, precedence every where, the order of

### 1.—ROYALTY.

This order consists of THE SOVEREIGN and THE SOVEREIGN'S FAMILY. THE SOVEREIGN.—The supreme executive power of these kingdoms is vested by our laws in a single person, the King or Queen: for it matters not

to which sex the crown descends ; but the person entitled to it, whether male or female, is immediately invested with all the ensigns, rights, and prerogatives of sovereign power.

The grand fundamental maxim upon which the right of succession to the throne of these kingdoms, depends, is this : that the crown is, by common law and constitutional custom, hereditary, but that the right of inheritance may from time to time be changed or limited by act of parliament.

First, it is in general *hereditary*, or descendible to the next heir, on the death or demise of the last proprietor. Like estates, the crown will descend lineally to the issue of the reigning monarch. As in common descents, the preference of males to females, and the rights of primogeniture among the males, are strictly adhered to. Like lands or tenements, the crown, on failure of the male line, descends to the issue female. But, among the females, the crown descends by right of primogeniture to the eldest daughter only and her issue ; and not as in common inheritance, to all the daughters at once ; the evident necessity of a sole succession to the throne having occasioned the royal law of descents to depart from the common law in this respect : and therefore Queen Mary on the death of her brother succeeded to the crown alone, and not in partnership with her sister Elizabeth.

However the crown may be limited or transferred, it still retains its descendible quality, and becomes hereditary in the wearer of it. And hence in our law the Sovereign is said never to die, in a political sense, though subject to mortality in common with other human beings ; because, immediately upon the natural death of Henry, William, or Edward, the Sovereign survives in the successor.

The law ascribes to the Queen Regnant the attribute of *sovereignty* or pre-eminence : she being the supreme head of the realm in matters both civil and ecclesiastical, and of consequence inferior to none upon earth, dependent upon none, accountable to none. Hence it is, that no suit or action can be brought against the Queen, even in civil matters, because no court can have jurisdiction over her. Hence it is, likewise, that by law the person of the Queen is sacred.

The Queen is the fountain of honour, of office, and of privilege : and this in a different sense from that wherein she is styled the fountain of justice ; for here she is really the parent of them. And therefore all degrees of nobility, of knighthood, and other titles and honors, are received by immediate grant from the crown ; either expressed in writing, by writs or letters patent, as in the creations of peers and baronets ; or by corporeal investiture, as in creation of a simple knight. The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland's creation of a knight is no contradiction to this position, because that high dignitary is a Vice-roy, and stands in the actual place of royalty itself.

From the same principles also arises the prerogative of erecting and disposing of offices : for honours and offices are in their nature convertible and synonymous. For the same reason therefore that honours are in the disposal of the Queen, offices ought to be so likewise, and as the Queen may create new titles, so may she create new offices : but with this restriction, that she cannot create new offices with new fees annexed to them, nor annex new fees to old offices ; for this would be a tax upon the subject, which cannot be imposed but by act of parliament.

Upon the same, or a like reason, the Queen has also the prerogative of

conferring privileges upon private persons: such as granting place or precedence to any of her subjects, or such as converting aliens, or persons born out of the king's dominions, into denizens; whereby some very considerable privileges of natural-born subjects are conferred upon them. Aliens, however, have now the power of obtaining naturalization through a Secretary-of-State, pursuant to a recent statute, of which we shall speak more fully when we come to the subject of foreigners.

The Sovereign is considered in the next place as the first in military command within the kingdom.

In this capacity, therefore, the Sovereign has the sole power of raising and regulating fleets and armies.

**THE SOVEREIGN'S FAMILY.**—The family of the Sovereign, as at present existing, consists of the Prince Consort, the Royal issue, and the Uncles, Aunts, and Cousins, of her Majesty.

**THE PRINCE CONSORT.**—His Royal Highness, Prince Albert, as Consort of Her Majesty, ranks as the first of her subjects. By the statutes 3 and 4 Vic., cap. 1, 2, Prince Albert is naturalized, without any restriction whatever, and is consequently in just the same position as a natural born subject of this realm. The only preliminary ceremony required of him was the taking of the oaths of allegiance and supremacy. Pursuant to the 3 and 4 Vic., cap. 3, he receives an annuity of £30,000 per annum, which commenced on the day of his marriage, and which is for his life. According to the same statute, Prince Albert is not to acquire any estate or interest in any property to which Her Majesty may be entitled. By the 3 and 4 Vic., cap. 52, if, at the demise of the Queen (whom God preserve), there shall be issue of Her Majesty, who shall become King or Queen, under eighteen years of age, Prince Albert is to be guardian of such issue, and is empowered to exercise royal authority under the title of "Regent of the United Kingdom," until such issue shall attain the age of eighteen years. Such King or Queen is not to marry under the age of eighteen, without consent of the Regent, and assent of Parliament; to aid such a marriage without such consent and assent, would be high treason. Should Prince Albert marry a Catholic, his powers under the Act are to determine. Although Prince Albert as the husband of the Queen-Regnant, seems to be within the meaning of the 25 Edward III., st. 5 (the Statute of Treasons), yet as such husband is not expressly mentioned, it would not be high treason to compass or imagine his death. In the reign of Queen Mary, an Act was expressly passed to make it treason to compass the death of her Consort, King Philip.

**THE PRINCE OF WALES,** or heir apparent to the crown, is peculiarly regarded by the laws. For, by the statute 25 Edward III., to compass or conspire his death is as much high treason as to conspire the death of the Queen. The heir apparent to the crown is usually made Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester, by special creation and investiture; but being the Queen's eldest son, he is by inheritance Duke of Cornwall, without any new creation. The Prince of Wales ranks in the scale of precedence next to Prince Albert. The eldest daughter of the Queen, the **PRINCESS ROYAL**, ranks, at present, in female precedence, immediately after the Queen.

The rest of the ROYAL FAMILY may be considered in two different lights according to the different senses in which the term *royal family* is used. The larger sense includes all those, who are by any possibility inheritable to the crown. Such, before the Revolution, were all the descendants of William the Conqueror; who had branched into an amazing extent, by intermarriages with the ancient nobility. Since the Revolution and act of settlement, it means the Protestant issues of the Princess Sophia; now comparatively few in number, but which in process of time may possibly be as largely diffused. The more confined sense includes only those, who are within a certain degree of propinquity to the reigning prince, and to whom therefore the law pays an extraordinary regard and respect; but, after that degree is past, they fall into the rank of ordinary subjects, and are seldom considered any farther, unless called to the succession upon failure of the nearer lines. For, though collateral consanguinity is regarded indefinitely, with respect to inheritance or succession, yet it is, and can only be regarded within some certain limits in any other respect, by the natural constitution of things, and the dictates of positive law.

THE YOUNGER SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF THE QUEEN, and other branches of the royal family, who are not in the immediate line of succession, were therefore little farther regarded by the ancient law, than to give them to a certain degree precedence before all peers and public officers, as well ecclesiastical as temporal. This is done by the statute 31 Hen. VIII. c. 10, which enacts, that no person, except the king's children, shall presume to sit or have place at the side of the cloth of estate in the parliament chamber; and that certain great officers therein named shall have precedence above all dukes, except only such as shall happen to be the king's son, brother, uncle, nephew (which Sir Edward Coke explains to signify grandson or *nepos*), or brother's or sister's son. Therefore, after these degrees are past, peers or others of the *blood royal* are entitled to no place or precedence except what belongs to them by their personal rank or dignity. Which made Sir Edward Walker complain, that by the hasty creation of Prince Rupert to be Duke of Cumberland, and of the Earl of Lennox to be duke of that name, previous to the creation of King Charles's second son, James, to be Duke of York, it might happen that their grandsons would have precedence of the grandsons of the Duke of York.

Indeed, under the description of the sovereign's *children* the *grandsons* are held to be included, and therefore when King George II. created his grandson Edward, the second son of Frederick Prince of Wales, deceased, Duke of York, and referred it to the House of Lords to settle his place and precedence, they certified that he ought to have place next to the late Duke of Cumberland, the then king's youngest son; and that he might have a seat on the left hand of the cloth of estate. But when, on the accession of George II., those royal persons ceased to take place as the *children*, and ranked only as the *brother* and *uncle*, of the king, they also left their seats on the side of the cloth of estate: so that when the Duke of Gloucester, his majesty's second brother, took his seat in the house of peers, he was placed on the upper end of the earl's bench (on which the dukes usually sit) next to the Duke of York. And in 1718, upon a question referred to all the judges by King Geo. I., it was resolved by the opinion of ten against the other

two, that the education and care of all the king's grandchildren while minors, did belong of right to his majesty as king of this realm, even during their father's life. But they all agreed, that the care and approbation of their marriages, when grown up, belonged to the king, their grandfather. And the judges have more recently concurred in the opinion that this care and approbation extend also to the presumptive heir of the crown; though to what other branches of the royal family the same did extend, they did not find precisely determined. The most frequent instances of the crown's interposition go no farther than nephews and nieces; but examples are not wanting of its reaching to more distant collaterals. And the statute 6 Henry VI. which prohibits the marriage of a queen dowager without the consent of the king assigns this reason for it; "because the disparagement of the queen shall give greater comfort and example to other ladies of estate, who are of the *blood royal*, more lightly to disparage themselves." And now, by statute 12 Geo. III. c. 11, no descendant of the body of King George II. (other than the issue of princesses married into foreign families) is capable of contracting matrimony, without the previous consent of the king signified under the great seal; and any marriage contracted without such consent is void. Provided, that such of the said descendants as are above the age of twenty-five, may after a twelvemonth's notice, given to the king's privy councils contract and solemnize marriage without the consent of the crown; unless both houses of parliament shall, before the expiration of the said year, expressly declare their disapprobation of such intended marriage. And all persons solemnizing, assisting, or being present at any such prohibited marriage, shall incur the penalties of the statute of *præmunire*.

The DUCHESS OF KENT, as the mother of Her Majesty, derives no peculiar rank or precedence on that account, but holds the usual position on the scale allotted to the widow of a King's younger son.

With regard to the Royal family, a question might arise as to what tribunal should try any one of them, not a Peer of the realm, who might be accused of treason or felony. We are of opinion that the tribunal should be that of the Peers, because, according to Blackstone, the privilege of being tried there depends upon nobility of blood, rather than an actual seat in the House of Lords, and because such members of the Royal family are clearly more the *pares* or peers of those who sit in that house, than of any persons subject to an inferior jurisdiction.

So far as regards the present Sovereign and her family. It may not, however, be uninteresting to conclude this portion of the subject with a summary of what the lawyers say respecting a QUEEN CONSORT and a QUEEN DOWAGER. The QUEEN CONSORT is the wife of the reigning king; and she, by virtue of her marriage, is participant of divers prerogatives above other women.

And, first, she is a public person, exempt, and distinct from the king; and not, like other married women, so closely connected as to have lost all legal or separate existence so long as the marriage continues. For the Queen Consort is of ability to purchase lands, and to convey them, to make leases, to grant copyholds, and do other acts of ownership, without the concurrence of her lord; which no other married woman can do; a privilege as old as the Saxon era. The Queen Consort of England has separate courts and officers distinct from the king's, not only in matters of ceremony, but even of law; and her attorney and so-



licitor-general are entitled to a place within the bar of the superior courts, together with the king's counsel. She may likewise sue and be sued alone, without joining her husband. She may also have a separate property in goods as well as lands, and has a right to dispose of them by will. In short, she is in all legal proceedings looked upon as a feme sole, and not as a feme covert; as a single, not as a married woman. For which the reason given by Sir Edward Coke is this: because the wisdom of the common law would not have the king (whose continual care and study are for the public, and *circum ardua regni*) to be troubled and disquieted on account of his wife's domestic affairs; and therefore it vests in the queen a power of transacting her own concerns, without the intervention of the king, as if she was an unmarried woman.

The Queen Consort hath so many exemptions, and minute prerogatives. For instance: she pays no toll; nor is she liable to any amercement in any court. But in general, unless where the law has expressly declared her exempted, she is upon the same footing with other subjects; being to all intents and purposes the king's subject, and not his equal.

The Queen Consort hath also some pecuniary advantages, which form for her a distinct revenue.

But farther: though the Queen Consort is in all respects a subject, yet, in the point of the security of her life and person, she is put upon the same footing with the king. It is equally treason (by the statute 25 Edw. III.) to compass or imagine the death of our lady the king's companion, as of the king himself.

A QUEEN DOWAGER is the widow of the king, and as such enjoys most of the privileges belonging to her as Queen Consort. But it is not high treason to conspire her death. No man can marry a Queen Dowager without special licence from the king, on pain of forfeiting all his lands and goods. This, Sir Edward Coke tells us was enacted in parliament in 6 Hen. VI., though the statute be not in print. But she, though an alien born, shall still be entitled to dower after the king's demise, which no other alien is. A Queen Dowager, when married again to a subject, does not lose her regal dignity, as peeresses dowager do their peerage when they marry commoners. For Catherine, Queen Dowager of Henry V., though she married a private gentleman, Owen ap Meredith ap Theodore, commonly called Owen Tudor; yet, by the name of Catherine Queen of England, maintained an action against the Bishop of Carlisle. And so the Queen Dowager of Navarre marrying with Edmund Earl of Lancaster, brother to the King Edward the First, maintained an action of dower (after the death of her second husband) by the name of Queen of Navarre.

(To be continued.)

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## TRACES OF THE SAXON.

BY JOHN HAY.

THE conquest of England by the Normans was the most entire and perfect conquest recorded in history. It was not simply a change of dynasty by which a monarch may be removed while a government is preserved; it was not the mere overwhelming of the fierce tide of war which, when it recedes, leaves a hideous wreck indeed, but still some *debris* from which a state may be remoulded. No—it was truly a conquest: the main lights of the land—the King and Nobles—slain; the Hierarchy of the Church rudely cast down; the wealth of the people given to the victors; the law of the freest state in Europe swept away by the mere word of the Conqueror; the very mother tongue of the people forbidden to their eager lips. Never was captivity more complete; never was subjugation more supreme! Never (I may add as regards the people) was desolation so near despair.

It is astonishing how common the error is, even at this day, that England was lost and won in 1066 at Hastings; the extraordinary manner in which the subtle Norman managed his march on London and his subsequent coronation at Westminster, laid some foundation for this false view; but many weary years passed over, and many sanguinary fields were fought, and many long days of misery were endured before the Norman bastard felt that he reigned in the island he had invaded. His first march was only across the southern portion of the land, and even the rumour of his descent had then scarcely reached the north. When he left England to visit his Norman domain, in 1067, leaving his half-brother, Odo, as Regent, many native outbreaks took place. The Kentish men made a bold and well-arranged, though unsuccessful attempt, at resistance. In the west, Edric, the Forester, with some British (or, as we must now say, Welsh) allies held Hereford and the surrounding country, from which he had driven the Norman captains. In Shropshire, in Nottinghamshire, and elsewhere, gallant efforts were, at the same time, made; but the irreparable loss of an acknowledged head, that should unite these separate limbs of a great body, was almost immediately felt, and William, urged by his friends in England, brought from Normandy a sufficient force to subdue a part, and awe the remainder of the struggling natives.

Again, in 1068, the Devonians, aided by Cornish allies, appeared in arms against the Conqueror, and the mother of the slain King Harold inspired with her presence the citizens of Exeter, and they made a most courageous stand. A siege of eighteen days severely tried and punished

the Norman army, and only treachery at last accomplished what open force had failed to complete. In that same year, Edwin, Earl of Mercia, and his brother Morcar, shewed a gallant front beyond the Humber, with York for their head-quarters. Fighting his way northward, foot by foot, William advanced upon his foes; that he was a daring soldier and consummate general no one can deny, and at the junction of the Ouse and Humber a battle was fought, equal in fierceness to that of Hastings, and with a similar result. But a new year brought new struggles, and Saxon energy was re-awakened; the predatory forces of the natives were pushed up to the very walls of York, then the great northern citadel of the Norman, and the presence of the King himself was again required to check the swelling tide. Durham, apparently possessed in peace by Normans, witnessed a terrible festival of Saxon vengeance; and Edgar Ætheling, supported by the Scottish monarch, Malcolm Canmore, not only maintained for a while some semblance of Saxon sway, but even succeeded in negotiating an alliance with the Danish king, and in obtaining aid from that kindred country. York was again subjected to a more dreadful siege, and was won again to the Saxon by an assault more fierce and fatal than it had before endured. It is said that three thousand Normans fell in its defence; and again the King hasted himself to the field, York was again besieged, and retaken, and once more Norman force and Norman fraud shivered the Saxon shield.

The year of Christ, 1070, witnessed one of the latest and bravest efforts of the English. Hereward, of Brunn, "England's Darling," defied the Conqueror from the fens of Lincolnshire, and Cambridge, and the "Camp of Refuge," in the Isle of Ely, won for itself an imperishable name. For nearly three years, all that Norman skill could design and Norman strength could execute was foiled by the gallant company that thronged to the banner of Hereward, and the occupation given to the foreigners in Lincolnshire offered more opportunity for York and Durham to wake the war anew.

Enough to shew that England was not lightly won; it was not until 1074—fully seven years after the invasion—that William conquered his last Saxon foes in the North, and could be said, indeed, to extend his sway over the whole of England, and this sway was only maintained by a tyranny so fierce and ruthless—by a constant persecution so bitter and relentless, that it seemed for a while as if the still untamed Saxon was left without a home, without a name, without a God! Let me try to picture—though the sketch must be a miniature—the condition of the conquered race.

By the time I speak of (1074) almost all the land in England was in the hands of Normans, and land was then the only real source of wealth. The cultivators of these lands under Saxon rule had been divided into three classes—the first were the Freemen, or independent persons, who not being of the rank of proprietors, yet possessed of a little wealth, rented for fixed periods portions of the cultivated lands of the Thanes and Earls, and paid either in money or kind, or both. The second were the Ceorls of the Anglo-Saxons—the Villani of the Latins—the Villeins of the Normans. These men owed all some regular service to the lord of the soil, and though masters of themselves for many purposes, had yet no means of separating themselves from the soil on which they were born: but their burden had corresponding privilege; if they could not

be loosed from the soil, no man could take the soil from their possession. Their service, whatever it might be—and it was occasionally sufficiently severe and odious—being rendered to the lord, their land and all it produced was indeed their own, and was preserved to them unfailingly. The third class of Saxon people were verily slaves—Theow and Esue the Saxon called them; they were the Servii of the Romans, and, by transition, the serfs of the Normans. But even this class had their privileges, and apart from what must needs be felt at the idea of human slavery, they were actually, after all, better off as a general rule than many of the Ceorls or even Freemen. When the Norman victors took possession of the broad lands of the slain or hunted Saxon, the condition of all these classes was miserably depreciated. The Freeman was only free at the will of his tyrant, and many by the gross exactions imposed upon them sunk into the class of Ceorls or Esue. Others, who in addition to their tillage, followed some handicraft, withdrew themselves to cities or burghs where still some semblance of civic government was kept up; others contrived to render themselves valuable to their Norman task-master; and the smith, the armourer, the bowyer, the fletcher of many a noble house, bore still the undisguised Christian name that sufficiently evidenced their origin, and too frequently subjected them to the fate of the conquered.

It was in the cities and burghs that the Saxon people made their last faint stand. From the golden days of the glorious Alfred, self-government was better understood by the Anglo-Saxons than by any nation on earth; the whole kingdom was but a series of enlarging circles of rule, each of which was complete in itself. The ten families who formed the tything had their own Reeve or Executive, and their own Motte or Deliberative. Ten tythings formed a hundred, governed as the tything, but an appeal was held from each tything to the Hundred Court—and so upward to the Shire Mote or County Court—and afterwards to the King's own Court for judicial matters, and to the Witeugemotes, or meeting of wise men for deliberative and legislative functions. Guided by this important council—the germ, though imperfectly developed, of our present parliament—several of the Anglo-Saxon Kings had put forth a complete series of laws worthy indeed of the name of code, as embracing every variety of public and private duties, and all these laws recognised in the fullest sense the perfect liberty of the subject and perfect sanctity of the dwelling. But I am recurring to the old and glorious Saxon state, when I should be picturing their wretchedness under the grinding inflictions of the Norman.

The English race must be considered as entirely driven from the property of the land. It is true that in some counties was to be found, here and there, an Englishman holding *in capite*, and some, who had been proprietors, continued to hold some portion of their territory as mesne tenants of the greater Norman feudatories; but the sufferings of this superior class in itself was as nothing compared to the complicated ills that fell upon their connexions, dependants, and followers. Old ties were ruthlessly rent asunder; land-marks, which time had rendered sacred among men as among fields, were swept totally away; and all society appeared to resolve itself into two frightful classes—the oppressors and the oppressed. Of the immediate misery consequent upon this state of things, that extraordinary record, the Domesday-Book, furnishes

appalling evidence; but I must confine myself on this occasion to one solitary instance, viz.,—the condition of the town of Shrewsbury, twenty years after the Norman conquest.

In the days of King Edward the Confessor, Shrewsbury boasted of two hundred and fifty-two houses held by Freemen, who paid their "geld" or contribution to the King direct, being collected by the bailiff or burgh reeve: when the doomsday survey was made, only sixty-nine Saxon Freemen were in possession of their burgage tenements, and these sixty-nine had to make up the whole amount of royal tax formerly levied on two hundred and fifty-two. Fifty-one of the Saxon homesteads had been seized and demolished by the Norman count to make a site for his castle. Thirty-nine more were given by the same just and pious Count to his newly founded abbey. Forty-three had been siezed, under the sanction of the greater tyrant, by Norman followers, who occupied them, but refused to pay geld or rent—and, last and most melancholy feature of the picture, fifty houses were lying waste. Where, then, were the hundred and eighty-three families which had been dispossessed? Where were the outraged Saxons who had been driven from their hearths to make way for the strong walls which even to this day evidence the power of the victor? Where were the hapless families whose fifty roof trees lay desolate and low? Slaughter and slavery might find us the miserable reply. But while the haughty bastard of France was thus, in imagination, blotting out every vestige of English freedom, he was making one mighty mistake. He was estimating the English people by his own, and forgot, or never knew, that since the days of the Great Alfred, THE SAXON RACE HAD BEEN EDUCATED! In this respect they stood alone in Europe—aye, in the world! Other nations had their great schools, and excelled our little island in the education of great scholars; but England had to some extent educated its people, and though but feebly, as it would appear to our improved mental optics, yet wonderfully for the æra.

So the new sovereign in his arrogance omitted to consider that before he could teach his new victims to be quiet slaves, he must first unlearn them their long prized lessons of freedom; and before he could sweep that glorious language from the tablet of nations, he must crawl into every English hut, however lowly, and erase the early impressions from the cherished memories of his victims. This, thank God! was an impossible work; the germs of liberty and refinement were sown—the soil was arid and the sunshine scarce; but the seeds had an enduring vitality which oppression might defer, but could not destroy.

The first apparent glance of day-dawn to the subjugated Saxons was in the year 1088. The Red King was at variance with his brothers, Robert and Henry, and a considerable number of Norman chiefs sided with the malcontents. Wisely advised, Rufus determined to avail himself of the aid of his English subjects. He called together such of the Saxon race as possessed influence in burgh or vill—few as they were—and he promised to restore the coveted laws of the sainted Edward the Confessor; to abolish the odious and peculiar taxes that burdened the Saxons, and to restore, in all respects, the true and proper influence of the English race. Look at the splendid result! Above 30,000 Englishmen swelled the Red King's army, to enable him to conquer his Norman foes, and when they *were* conquered, to enable him to redouble

his gross tyranny upon his deceived victims—his too easily betrayed Saxon friends.

Again, in A.D. 1100, another bright streak shot across the eastern sky of the Saxon sphere. The accession of Henry Beauclerc, on the sudden death of the Red King, gave some glimpse of sympathy, for Henry was English by birth, and had, when it suited his purpose, made publicly known that he felt for the Anglo-Saxon race. He made profuse promises to his people on his somewhat violent accession, some of which were really fulfilled; but that which cheered every pulse of the warm Saxon heart, namely, that he would restore the laws of the Confessor—was shamefully put aside and scornfully denied. Another year passed in a hollow and deceptive peace, and then so many of the Norman barons took the part of Robert, Henry's elder brother, that once more the King threw out lures for his English subjects, and once more succeeded, by his treacherous promises, in winning such an army to his side as completely foiled the views of his adversaries. His enemies thus overcome, the Saxons were again left to mourn over a King's broken faith, and their own confirmed subjugation.

The fate of the Saxon to the death of Henry was to *endure*—and endurance has been the distinguishing mark of the race even from that day. When Stephen assumed the throne on the death of Henry, he again promised largely, and especially vowed to give to England the much desired laws of Edward the Confessor. Perhaps, Stephen meant fairly: in spite of his troublous reign and some doubtful acts, one might, without difficulty, suppose that under more favourable circumstances, Stephen would have been a just and honest sovereign. But however good his intentions were to his native English subjects, he more than frustrated them by granting permission to all his great feudatories to build themselves fortified dwellings on their domains. These proved, ultimately, as fatal to the Norman sovereigns as they did, previously, to the Saxon subjects.

For seventy years following this period, the progress of the English was so slow and imperceptible as to escape all contemporary notice. But towns improved their condition, and the children of those who had endured the burning fiery furnace of French tyranny, were gradually, but securely, making for themselves "a local habitation and a name." In the least oppressed towns, the Saxon municipal rule had been quietly re-established; even the Frenchmen who came to compete with the natives, found that the self-government of the mercantile community had its advantages, and were glad to enrol themselves both in the correlative body and the separate trade guild.

On these early specimens of self-rule I should like to dilate, but my limit forbids me; suffice it to say, that the principle of these associations was that each was answerable for all, and all for each. The consequence was, that while the strong hand ruled the upper classes, and men took when they had the power, and kept when they could, the shopkeepers who were silently and securely laying the foundation of a kingdom, set up a better and more efficient standard of right than mere might.

The stranger from York who came to Canterbury to buy or sell, brought with him the evidence of his belonging to a guild or brotherhood, and this was not only an introduction to him, but men dealt securely

because they knew that he was guaranteed not by an individual, but a recognised body. In modern phrase, the Canterbury guild accepted the draft of their York commercial brethren, and the merchant found purchasers for his wares, or wares for his purchase, on the faith of his position:

I must not entirely overlook in this hasty sketch the dogged perseverance with which the oppressed Saxons themselves kept up the separation of races. Whatever of scorn and contumely was heaped upon them by the foreign foe was returned fully in their own fashion. Even where attempts at friendship were made by the Norman, they were received with a cold and half-sullen contempt by the Saxon. The costume, the habits, the speech of their fathers, were jealously held to by the majority of the people; the maiden who was stolen or inveigled from her Saxon home by a Norman lover, was almost ever fearfully avenged. But she who voluntarily shared a Norman hearth or a Norman couch, was held "niddering," or worthless, and her name was blotted out from her own home book.

Patient almost to meanness—silent even to sullenness—but resolved even to obstinacy, the Englishman appeared to feel in the night of his despair some deep foreboding of the magnificent destiny that awaited his progeny. He was a slave in suffering, but his aspirations were those of the free. He was but a hewer of wood and drawer of water, yet he preserved all his national characteristics as if he still ruled in the land of his fathers. He received his orders in a language which was not his, while, in his secret chamber, he taught his children to pray for the rebuilding of the Temple of Liberty,—aye, and to pray with hope, too—in the tongue of Alfred the Great.

But though so many were enslaved—though so many submitted to bide their time—though so many wore with apparent reconcilement the yoke of their foreign masters—even from the very first there were a few fierce and fiery spirits who defied their victors, and preserved their freedom untarnished in the wild forests, which then covered much of the island. "Under the Green Wood Tree" lodged many a gallant heart, that could not, and would not, bear the outward constraint of his fellows,—sometimes wandering alone—springing like a wild beast upon his foe for the spoil, and then silently flying to his lair—and sometimes banded in such numbers as to defy even Norman Barons and their men-at-arms—scoffing at regal mandates—evading or overpowering pursuers,—these brave outlaws still could boast, that in their native land they paid no allegiance to an alien tyrant: and it was not till fairer usage was found for Saxon men, and brighter hours dawned on Saxon prospects, that the freebooters gave up their woodland home, and became peaceable and submissive subjects.

But it was in the Church of Christ that the Saxon influence had been most firmly fixed, and in spite of unexampled oppression, it was in that Church it was most securely preserved. The English was an eminently pious race. I speak with the broad views of philosophy, and refer not to sects or schisms, the English was an eminently pious race. A comparatively small proprietor of land thought it necessary to build and endow a Church, and from the Kings, down to the least Thanes, the custom of founding religious houses obtained universally. The provision for education, made by our glorious Alfred, had thrown the doors of the monasteries open to the poorest of his subjects. The intelligent son of the Freeman, if he

sought the quiet of the cloister, received such teaching as neither the Earl nor the Thane could boast of : and these men when ordained to the priestly office, had all their sympathies awakened for that great class to which they themselves belonged. The Abbot of the wealthy monastery was chosen by his fellows for his learning or his ability, and thus the hierarchy of the Saxon Church were truly *of* and *for* the people. The tyranny of the Conqueror, vicious as it was, could not sweep those valuable institutions from the face of the land. It did all it possibly could do, it placed the best appointments in the hands of Frenchmen, who too often had no other recommendation than being the satellites of a Norman Baron, but the cells were still filled with Saxons, and to a great extent still renewed their tenants from the subjugated family. There is plenty of contemporary evidence to prove the fact, that these priests of God laboured painfully among their neighbours ; and even when owning the sway of a French Abbot, were bestowing all their heart's best feelings on their English fellows. The lessons of Christianity—patient endurance of wrong—unresisting submission to authority—with unblenching faith and unclouded hope—were lessons peculiarly acceptable to the Saxon temperament. The tonsured monk who brought to the miserable cabin of the sick or dying the free alms of his monastery, brought also a greater and loftier bond—the lesson of mercy and the promises of hope, in the language held more dear, because it was under the ban of authority.

Nor was this all—the English student in his cell exercised his faculties in recording the events of his day—in translating the holy lessons of the Christian fathers, or in perpetuating his own original thoughts by inscribing the vellum with the dear words of his mother tongue, and thus formed that connecting link—faint but distinct—between the literatures of severed ages. As successive years rolled by, the English monk gradually recovered his lost inheritance. Learning and wisdom, even under the Saxon frock, resumed their proper position, not only in the cloister, but in the church, until at last, a century after the battle of Hastings, a Saxon priest became again the head of the hierarchy of the English church.

The splendid history of Thomas Becket would furnish a theme for a longer page than I have allotted to my larger subject, and must, therefore, be summarily dismissed ; but I cannot pass the mention of his name without stating my own feeling, that, spite of some weakness, and perhaps some wickedness, that belonged more to his age than to himself, the Saxon St. Thomas was not only a martyr but a hero.

It is impossible in a mere sketch to deal in details : I would fain illustrate my subject by specimens of Saxon laws, of Saxon customs, of Saxon feelings, and of Saxon language, which endured through the dismal period to which my history refers, and which, like the native plants of our own northern climate, preserved life and energy under the most violent of storms, and the most prolonged period of intense cold. A thousand winds sweep over the pines of the Alpine regions, and the heavy snow-drift hides them even from the light of Heaven through the long and dreary winter, but the earliest and faintest sunbeam that displays their eternal verdure, develops also the innate and permanent principle of vitality that natural circumstances check, but nothing ever quells.

One important portion of my proposed subject slips absolutely from my grasp. The language which I wished to trace from its genuine Teutonic



simplicity to its present versatile capabilities must remain without illustration from me until some other favourable opportunity occurs. One remarkable fact is, that while our present English tongue owes much in the way of embellishment to the French, and is generally attributed to the Normans, yet the earliest known specimens of English since the conquest have no trace whatever of Norman engraftings: all those words which we now use and which boast a Norman-French origin, were adopted at a much later period, and it would seem that the English of the 11th and 12th centuries hated every trace of the Norman tongue as zealously as they hated their Norman tyrants.

It was reserved to the days of King John to complete the re-assertion of Saxon influence. That insane monarch's quarrels with his barons loosened many links that bound the Normans to England, and the subsequent loss of his French territory compelled many of his chiefs to choose between their island and continental possessions, and abandon one or the other. From that period to this day the history is written in words of light, and is easy to trace; but the period to which my imperfect sketch refers, requires more elucidation, and though the history of the time is but a barren soil, the products are so important and so valuable that I trust that some true-hearted Saxons will put their hands to the plough, and work with more skill and zeal than I possess the long neglected fallow—

#### FOR THE RESULT IS TRULY GLORIOUS!

We have looked upon the little cloud that arose from the sea, no bigger than a man's hand; turn we now to the heavens, and we perceive the fertilizing influence spread from the zenith to the horizon. God has given to the Saxon the world in perpetuity. The little island which Rome in its greatness failed to civilize, and which Rome in its decline cowardly abandoned, now holds a sceptre to which all refined Europe bows. Across the wide and strange Atlantic stretches from the hyperborean regions to the equator a monster continent that speaks but the Anglo-Saxon tongue, that uses but the Anglo-Saxon customs, and that carries even to excess the Anglo-Saxon notions of freedom and self-government. In rich and refined Asia the Anglo-Saxon rules half the wide space between the confluent seas. In Africa, neither the arid desert nor the tangled jungle bars the progress of Anglo-Saxon colonization. And in that new and paradoxical world which is our antipodes, there glows a nucleus from which must necessarily diverge a superb radiation of Anglo-Saxon refinement and prosperity.

The Norman language, as far as it was distinguished from its parent French, has passed away from the face of the globe. Norman feudalism has left but a few egregious exceptions to the rapid advance of society, and Norman laws have scarcely a memorial to mark the spot of their sepulture. While Saxon energy and Saxon self-government, and Saxon laws and Saxon customs have grafted upon themselves all that was best and brightest of Norman chivalry and Norman honour, and Norman devotedness, and have spread their records, their history, their philosophy, and their passion, in their own rich and gushing Saxon phraseology, wherever the winds of heaven blow, or wherever God's sun shines.

## THE OPENING OF THE OPERA.

THE opening of Her Majesty's Theatre, next to that of Parliament, is the most important event of the commencing London fashionable season. The higher, and indeed all the more civilized classes of the community take the liveliest interest in the opera, which stands its ground despite of the troubles and turmoils of state affairs. Its cosmopolite reputation and popularity seem to have suffered nothing from the political convulsions that so recently shook the different countries of Europe. Music still exercises its charms over all, and the representation of the lyric drama has continued its course peacefully amid the clash of arms and the uproar of multitudes revolting. Unshaken therefore and untarnished abroad, the opera comes with its usual fascinations to our tranquil shores. Her Majesty's Theatre has never opened under better auspices. Jenny Lind, it is true, is away, yet for the interests of the general performances of the lyric stage, her temporary absence may not altogether be without its utility. During her brilliant engagements, her attraction was supreme. All interest was centered in her—all attention was fixed upon her. Vain was it for other performers to exhibit their respective excellence—vain were the charms of scenic display—vain almost the efforts of the orchestra. The opera was Jenny Lind, and Jenny Lind alone. As with the sun, no other luminary could shine within her influence. Her secession for a time, therefore, gives opportunity and latitude to the fine vocal and histrionic ability of others. The opera now opens with quite a galaxy of talent. In every department of this great theatre, there are powers and efforts displayed which must carry success with all who own the charm of the musical drama. In mentioning the present performers, due precedence must be given to Signora Parodi, the pupil and successor of Pasta. Upon her, Pasta's mantle has most gracefully fallen. Signora Parodi is steadily and surely advancing to absolute supremacy as a prima donna. As actress she is already unrivalled, and in her vocal powers there is so marked an improvement this season, as to give promise also of perfection there. Signora Parodi has, since the opening of the opera, appeared as Medea, that splendid character of Pasta's, and, as the warlike heroine in "Nino," and the loving bride of the doomed Ernani. In each of these varied impersonations her acting and her singing were delightful. She so won upon the public, that her performances, just prior to Easter, became complete ovations. To the interests of the opera, this, in every sense, is most satisfactory, for while Jenny Lind and Sontag come now and then to enchant the world with their peculiar excellence, it is absolutely necessary that some artists should be permanently engaged, able at all times to impersonate with full power and dignity the gorgeous heroines of the musical stage.

Sims Reeves, one of the first tenors in Europe, has here made a debut

full of promise in Ernani. His reception was most flattering, and his success most evident and unequivocal. Signor Lorenzo is a fine baritone singer, and an actor of much spirit and vigour. Calzolari and Belletti are already acknowledged and deserving favourites: suffice it to say that their merit is unabated. With such a dramatic company, and with the addition of Sontag, who is to arrive after Easter, Her Majesty's Theatre may be truly held to be as mighty as ever.

THE BALLET, which suffered so much by the intense attraction of Jenny Lind, is strong in hope of a restoration of its former fascination. Carlotta Grisi and Marie Taglioni, and a Mlle. Ferraris, a splendid artiste, are the chief danseuses. The ballet already produced is called "Les Metamorphoses," and is a very brilliant affair. We borrow its plot and description from a contemporary report.

"This ballet is founded upon one of those old Teutonic legends that seem a natural growth of the picturesque 'Fatherland,' and of the peculiar mystic and dreamy spirit of its inhabitants. Karl, a student and an enthusiast, has made himself an abode amongst the ruins of the Castle of Heidelberg. He divides his time between love and study—his betrothed, Ida, and learning—each with him is equally a passion. Not satisfied with literature, sacred and profane, he has passed the bounds of hallowed knowledge, and has endeavoured to dive into the mysteries of the shadowless beings of perdition. One of those good-humoured elfs, or sprites, who mix invisible in the haunts of men and laugh at their follies, discovers the peculiar tendency of Karl's mind, and determines to disgust him of the dangerous pursuit by a practical exemplification of the evils of magic power. Assuming every shape in turn, he makes the student fall in love with him in the form of a lady; he renders him furious from jealousy by making love to his betrothed in the shape of a handsome and gallant officer, &c.; and thus, thanks to a little wholesome mischief, Karl is corrected, and becomes wise and happy at last."

In this work there is a great deal of originality and character. The sprite who voluntarily undergoes the several metamorphoses is Mademoiselle Carlotta Grisi, the most poetical of *danseuses*, and the variety of personages she has to assume calls out to an extraordinary degree her talent for histrionic dancing. As a rustic coquette, in which shape she first attacks the student (M. Paul Taglioni), she displays so much *abandon* as to render a very simple *pas* one of the most *piquant* exhibitions imaginable. Nor is the ballet confined to the display of a single dancer. A very effective use is made of the *coryphees* and the *corps*, and the groups and dances in which they appear are new and striking. In the first *tableau*, representing the student's study, there are several clever contrivances to represent spiritual exits and entrances, and the sudden appearance of a party of goblins from various articles of furniture is most ingeniously managed. The other *tableau* representing a *bal masque* in the open air, is most brilliantly lit up with gas, and the costumes introduced are as fantastic as any of Gavarni's reminiscences. A whole party of juveniles dressed in front as rustics, and at the back as courtiers, produced much mirth by their Janus-like evolutions, though this mode of dressing has been adopted on former occasions. Taking it as a whole, this ballet is just one of those things which seem to suit the taste of the day, being neither quite a *ballet* nor quite a *divertissement*.

Such are the opening attractions of Her Majesty's Theatre, and no doubt they will increase after Easter, when this magazine will return with interest to the subject. In general we are disinclined to theatrical matters, but we readily make exceptions with regard to the Opera and to the French Theatre of late so excellent and so fashionable; we do so for the simple reason, that these places of amusement are so connected with the habits and tastes of those with whom this journal mainly finds favour, that we could not well avoid giving now and then notices of them. Would that the English stage could rise to the same perfection and the same repute as these foreign theatres! But, alas! the finer attractions of our drama are little cared for, and those performers who could give life and soul to the effusions of ancient and actual genius, are neglected and disheartened. It is indeed a pity to see such artists as the classic Vandenhoff, and that modern Miss O'Neil, Laura Addison, vainly endeavouring to awaken the public to a sense of their merit. But enough, the subject is a painful one, and we do not wish to criticise severely. We would only view the sunny side, and therefore must we confine our report at present to the great success of the foreign stage lyric and dramatic.

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LINES SUGGESTED UPON VISITING OLIVER  
GOLDSMITH'S TOMB IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

As Erin's daughter, here my wand'ring eyes,  
 Would seek where Auburn's simple poet lies,  
 He who first taught my heart then warm and young,  
 To seek a charm for care in Poet's song;  
 For care even then was mine, but classic page  
 Could blunt its stings, and e'en its wounds assuage;  
 Full oft I blest the hour, when first I sought,  
 So sweet a spell against intrusive thought;  
 And blest the Poet too, whose varying art,  
 Informed the mind, while it enlarged the heart;  
 Who wrote of nature, England, Greece, and Rome,  
 But charmed us most describing scenes at home;  
 For who could envy Kings their regal pride,  
 When seated by his Vicar's fireside;  
 While every feeling but delight was still,  
 When seated by his brook and busy mill.  
 Bard of my youth, I sorrow that thy tomb,  
 In stranger land should find its narrow room!  
 Yet boastful Erin claims her meed of pride,  
 She gave him birth—with Britain's sons he died!

MRS. SOMERS.

## SINGULAR TRIALS CONNECTED WITH THE UPPER CLASSES OF SOCIETY.

### No. IX.—THE JEALOUSY OF ROGER LOWEN.

This gentleman, whose strange and unmeaning jealousy brought him to the scaffold, was a person of some official rank in the reigns of William III. and Queen Anne. He was a native of Hanover, where he was born about the year 1667, and educated in the principles of the Lutherean religion. His father being huntsman to the Duke of Zell, that prince sent young Lowen into France, to obtain the qualifications of a gentleman, and on his return from his travels, he became one of the pages under the duke's master of the horse.

Lowen coming over to England when he was between twenty and thirty years of age, the duke of Shrewsbury (the same duke about whom more will be said in the trial that follows this) patronized him, and procured him a place. Having thus a settlement, he married a young English woman, with whom he lived in an affectionate manner for a considerable time, and in the year 1697, on his going abroad to attend King William at the treaty of Ryswick, he left Mrs Lowen with her cousin, who was married to Mr. Richard Lloyd, of Turnham Green.

When Lowen returned from Holland, he became, without apparently the slightest reason, extremely jealous of his wife, and he pretended to have received incontestible proof of her guilt with her cousin's husband, Mr. Lloyd.

This led to the fatal catastrophe which formed the subject of the following trial. Roger Lowen was arraigned at the Old Bailey, the 20th Sept., 1706, for the murder of Mr. Richard Lloyd, of Acton. He pleaded not guilty, and being a foreigner, was allowed a party-jury, and the privilege of speaking to the jury through an interpreter.

The following evidence was adduced :—

Mrs. Lloyd, the wife of the deceased, deposed, that Mrs. Lowen, the prisoner's wife, was her cousin, and had sent to her the night before the murder was committed, desiring to speak with her ; that accordingly, about seven o'clock the next morning she went, and about an hour after, her husband (the deceased), as he was riding to Acton about some business, called upon her at Mr. Lowen's house ; upon which Mr. Lowen invited her husband to dine with him ; her husband said he must first go to Acton. then home, put up his horse, and then walk back thither : that, in his absence, Mr. Lowen expressed himself with much uneasiness for fear her husband should not come ; upon which she told him he would certainly come according to his promise, if it did not rain much. Accordingly, soon after twelve o'clock, her husband came and was introduced in the

parlour by Mr. Lowen, with the greatest seeming civility, where her husband set down his sword and cane in the corner of the room; and dinner not being ready, he gave them an invitation to walk into the garden, to see his plants: that, having walked about half an hour, they went back into the house, and Mr. Lowen spoke to his wife concerning dinner. When the prisoner, deceased, and herself, went into the parlour, Mr. Lowen took her husband's sword, and drew it out a little way, and praised it, and asked who was his cutler, by which she imagined he wanted to buy a new one; that her husband not suspecting any thing, there not being the least sign of anger in the prisoner, nor ever any difference between them, stood looking up the causey with his hands behind, when Mr. Lowen, on a sudden, drew the sword quite out of the scabbard, and stamping with his foot, ran the sword into her husband's body, just upon the right pap. She immediately cried out murder, caught hold of the sword to disengage it from her husband's body, and, struggling with Mr. Lowen, got it out; but he drew it through her hands, cutting her finger to the bone, and gave her husband another stab in the arm: that her husband, casting up his eyes went towards the door, to lean upon a rail; she following him, crying out Murder, saying speak to me, my dear; he only held up his hands, but could not speak; she, with some help, got him into the house, where, having fetched two groans, he immediately expired: that, in the interim, Justice Hawly accidentally coming by, she informed him of the fact, saying, that a villain had murdered her husband.

Justice Hawly and other evidences deposed, that the prisoner being examined owned the fact, and that he designed to have done it before, and that all the concern he then had was, that he was afraid he had not killed him. The reason he gave for it was, that the deceased had been too friendly with his wife, and had often trod upon his corns, giving him no other satisfaction than begging pardon for it; that he had been informed, that, in his absence, his wife lived in great splendor, kept a great equipage, coach, chariot, and footman, which was deposed to be all false.

The prisoner in his defence said, that when he went from England, which was about nine years before, he had solicited his wife to go with him, which she refused, and that he came to fetch her; that Mr. Lloyd had called him several names (but could not tell what they were), and had often trod upon his corns. He produced some persons who endeavoured to excuse the fact, by saying, that distraction had been incident to his family, and that they had often observed him to be much discontented. But the jury disregarding these allegations, found him **GUILTY OF WILFUL MURDER**; and he received sentence of death accordingly.

After his conviction, Lowen readily confessed his crime; he had, for long time before, designed to kill Mr. Lloyd; but, before his trial, and even some time after it, he seemed to doubt very much of that gentleman's death, saying, it was impossible he should have died of the wounds he gave him. But when he was at last convinced that the gentleman was really dead, he then appeared sensible he had committed a base and heinous murder, and expressed great sorrow for it.

After his condemnation, he seemed to apply himself earnestly to his devotion, in which he was directed by two clergymen.

At the place of execution, he delivered a paper to a friend, containing his last speech to the world, in German; the translation of which was as follows:—

“ It is already known to the world for what reason I am now brought to this place, and am to suffer this shameful death, viz., for my having shed innocent blood. I acknowledge the fact, and confess my fault, and rest satisfied in the just sentence passed upon me, it being agreeable to the laws of the land, and the command of God, ‘ That whoever sheddeth man’s blood, by man shall his blood be shed ; for God made man after his own image.’ I was born of honest parents, my father was an Englishman, and my mother a native of Germany. I was educated from my youth in the Protestant religion. I declare before God and man, that I always had an aversion to actions of this kind, and have taken great care in all the course of my life, to avoid them ; and though I often had the opportunity of taking away the life of my adversaries in ungodly duels and quarrels, yet I take God to witness, as a dying man, I never was guilty of any murder before this, for which I justly suffer. I am therefore the more grieved now, that I have been moved to so great a passion, as to study revenge, by the instigation of the devil and sinful jealousy, which made me think (as I was persuaded by Mr. Crusas) that my wife was married in my absence with the deceased. This is the unhappy thing that brought me to the commission of this horrid sin, which I heartily bewail with tears, and I do submit to my just punishment. I am deeply sensible how greatly I have offended Almighty God, and therefore humbly implore his pardon and forgiveness, and that my sinful soul may be washed from my sins in the precious blood shed by my Redeemer, which speaks better things than the blood of Abel ; and having the promises from the word of God, and his own oath, that, whenever a sinner truly repents, and turns to him, he is willing to receive and forgive him, herein is the only hope and comfort of my departing. I likewise most humbly beg the pardon of her most gracious Majesty, Queen Anne ; (whom God bless), and I publicly ask pardon of the widow of the deceased Mr. Lloyd, as I have done already, by a letter which I have left unsealed with Mr. Rup, minister of the Savoy, &c., to send it to her, hoping she will, as a Christian, forgive me, as we all hope for mercy and forgiveness from God, through the blood of Christ. In like manner, I ask pardon of my dear wife, who has been many ways injured by this sad occasion ; and I sincerely declare, that I am fully satisfied of her innocence, and that I was jealous without a cause ; and I do not in any respect ascribe to her the cause of my misfortune. I truly love her, and assure the world, that I have never been married to any other woman ; and I pray heartily for her prosperity and happiness, both of soul and body. Lastly, I desire all good people, for God’s sake, earnestly to pray for the salvation of my poor soul ; and I exhort all to take warning by my sad misfortunes, that they would not give way to jealousy, anger, revenge, or such like passions ; but resist the temptations of the devil, the world, and the flesh, with constant and devout prayers to God, and forgive their enemies, and pray for them. All which I heartily and sincerely do, as I hope God will forgive me for Christ’s sake.”

After Mr. Lowen had written this, he had the consolation to receive an answer to the letter he mentioned, in which, Mrs. Lloyd said ‘ That she forgave him, and prayed that God would forgive him also, and have mercy upon his soul.’

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## NO. X.—THE MARQUIS PALEOTTI'S CRIME.

Ferdinando, Marquis di Paleotti, in Bologna, was the representative of a very ancient and eminent Italian family. He was also connected by birth and alliance with two noble English houses. Through his mother he descended from Sir Robert Dudley, son of the famous Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, the favourite of Queen Elizabeth. His sister was the wife of the celebrated statesman, Charles Talbot, twelfth Earl and only Duke of Shrewsbury. The Duke after he had left the Church of Rome, and joined the whig party, and had risen to high honours under William III., went, in consequence of ill health, to travel abroad in 1700. While at Rome, in the course of his tour, he was a frequent guest at the house of the Princess Carpigni, and he there met and fell in love with Adelhida, daughter of the Marquis di Paleotti, and then the widow of a Swedish count. This lady, the sister of the unfortunate subject of this trial, was married to the Duke at Augsburg, in Germany, where she made an abjuration of the Catholic faith, and whither she had followed her noble lover that the nuptials might be celebrated in a Protestant country. After the marriage, the Duke and Duchess came to reside in England. Her brother, the Marquis di Paleotti, at the peace of Utrecht, resigned his Colonelcy in the Imperial army, and came to this country to visit his sister. Here he unfortunately entered into a course of extravagance and dissipation; he was attached to gaming, and he soon ran in debt for considerable sums. His sister paid his debts for some time, till she found it a burthensome and endless task. Though she at last declined to assist him he continued his former life till he was imprisoned for debt; but his sister privately procured his liberty, and he was discharged without knowing who had conferred the favour on him.

After his enlargement, he continued his vicious habits, and being one day walking in the street, he directed his servant, an Italian, to go and borrow some money. The servant having met with frequent denials, declined going; on which the Marquis drew his sword, and killed him on the spot. This happened about a month after the death of the Marquis's brother-in-law, the Duke. Paleotti being instantly apprehended was committed to Newgate.

He was tried on the 11th of Feb. 1718, at the Old Bailey for the murder of his servant John Niccolo, otherwise John the Italian. The main evidence was as follows:—

John Johnson deposed, that being at his master's (Mr. Bellasis) door in Lisle-street, between nine and ten o'clock at night, he saw the marquis and the deceased pass by, and heard Niccolo say, *tous le jours*, and having passed him, he perceived the prisoner pursue the deceased with something in his hand held up, and heard Niccolo cry out, *garde, garde, garde*, near ten times, and then he took hold of a post, and the marquis walked on with something under his arm, but whether stick or sword he could not say positively, but he believed it to be a sword; and the marquis being gone past him, Niccolo never spoke more, but fell to the ground: then that the marquis took to his heels and made up Gerrard-street, upon which



he and Thomas Corbridge, who came upon the outcry, examined the street, and were positive that there was no person in the street at that time but the marquis and Niccolo, and himself knocking at his master's door; and that there being some lights reflecting, and himself in the dark, he had so perfect a view of the marquis's face, that he was sure he was the very same person, and swore positively to it. He added likewise, that as well as he could then distinguish, he had on a red coat.

The next evidence was Thomas Corbridge, who deposed, that as he was knocking at a door in Leicester-street, he heard an outcry, which he took to be murder; and running to Lisle-street, he saw a person of the same stature of the marquis pass by him, but he could not swear to his face, but by the stature and make of his body (which was pretty remarkable, he being a tall man), he did verily believe it was the marquis; that seeing the man dead, they looked and saw no person in the street at that time but the marquis, the deceased, and themselves.

Benjamin Forster deposed, that he hearing an outcry as he was at home in Lisle-street, ran out, and that there was no person to be seen in the street, but a gentleman who came down the street, keeping the coach-way who had either a sword or stick under his left arm, and his right hand upon it, and was in red clothes; and that as he passed along hastily he turned back several times, looking behind him as it were, to see if any person followed him, and turned up Gerrard-street; that by his stature and shape he verily believed the marquis to be the person; that then he and another stepping to the deceased found him dead, and opened him to find his wounds; and examining his pockets they found some papers, by which they discovered he belonged to the Marquis Paleotti.

William Spicer deposed, that he living at St. James's kept a cutler's shop, and that the marquis had for some time been his lodger, and that he was always wont to come home pretty late, and have a supper and much attendance, his room illuminated, and a fire in it; but that night he did not see him come in; but was told by the maid, who went up stairs between ten and eleven o'clock, that the marquis was in bed, though no person in the house knew he was at home.

Mr. Spicer deposed, that the next morning the marquis got out of bed, and knocking he went up, and when he came, he asked him for his man Niccolo? to which he replied, he did not come in that night; and that just about that time, one Mr. Belin came and told the marquis that Niccolo was found murdered; upon which in a sort of a hurry of mind, he went to dress him, and called for his grey clothes, which he fetched him; then he dressed himself and went out; and, as it appeared, went to the Bishop of Salisbury's, (very probably thinking to find sanctuary in the bishop's house, as in a church or cloister in some Catholic countries) where it is reported he behaved himself so rudely, making a sort of riot, that his sword was taken from him, and sent to Justice Gore's; which sword was produced in court by John Martin, the constable, who had received it of Justice Gore.

The marquis when he came to make his defence, having an interpreter allowed him (sworn for that purpose), declared his total innocence as to the murder of John Niccolo, saying, he had no ill-will against him, nor had any cause; and, if he had, he had another way of punishing him, which was by martial law, he being his servant, and a soldier of his own troop. He then owned they did go out together, in the morning; that

they went away to the other side of the water, and coming back in the evening, went to a tavern near Lincoln's-inn-fields, and supped about eight o'clock ; that they went away together, and Niccolo went along with him as far as his house, and asked him at the door to let him step somewhere, and he would return presently ; so he went to bed without Niccolo's putting him to bed, and had never seen him since.

His defence being contradictory, the Jury brought him in guilty of wilful murder, on the Coroner's inquest, and statute of stabbing ; and he received sentence of death. After his condemnation he behaved in a refractory manner to several persons that came to him, and even to a priest of his own persuasion, who was sent to him to prepare him for death.

He was conveyed from Newgate to Tyburn in a mourning coach, betwixt six and seven o'clock in the morning, March 17, 1718, where he suffered the sentence of the law.

The wretched marquis while preparing for his doom, gave a singular instance of the haughtiness of his disposition. Some other culprits were to have been executed with him, but he petitioned the Sheriffs that he might be allowed to die before them and alone, as he could not bear to be defiled by coming in contact on the gibbet with criminals of the vulgar class. The officers of justice granted his extraordinary request.

## POPULAR RHYMES, SAYINGS, PROVERBS, PROPHECIES, &c., PECULIAR TO THE NORTHERN COUNTIES.

### CASTLE BANKS.

In the Castle Banks lies a Bull's hide of Gold,  
But there it shall lie unseen—untold,  
Until nine sons, and their widowed mother,  
The charm shall break, and the gold discover.

The above doggrell, is said to be one of the many prophecies attributed to Old Mother Shipton the Yorkshire witch, and applies to a hill called Castle Banks, near Haltwhistle. On the south side of this eminence, and near its summit, is a spring in a hollow, which converts about twenty feet in diameter into a bog or morass ; here according to tradition, a bull's hide filled with gold lies buried, which can only be raised by a widow with nine sons.

“I cannot tell what the truth may be,  
Isay the tale as't was said to me.”

If they come, they come not :  
If they come not, they come.

The cattle of the people living on the Border turned into the common pasture, did by custom use to return to their home at night, unless intercepted by the free-booters of the Scottish Border. If therefore these Borderers came, *their cattle came not*: if they came not, *their cattle surely returned*.

In reality this is a border riddle.

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There will be three great battles:  
One at Northumberland Bridge,  
One at Cumberland Bridge,  
And the other south side of Trent.

*Extracted from Nixon's Cheshire Prophecies*

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#### ELISHAW AND BLAKELAW.

The lang gaunts o' Elishaw,  
Were heard in't loans o' Blakelaw.

*Note.* The two places are many miles apart, and I believe that this saying will have reference to the sighings of lovers *in general*.

*Gaunts.* Sighs or yawns.

*Loans.* The place where cows are milked in a common pasture, is so called in the northern parts of England, and the south of Scotland.

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#### ROTHBURY. THE CHEVIOTS, &c.

Rothbury for Goat's Milk,  
And the Cheviots for mutton ;  
Cheswick for its Cheese and Bread,  
And Tynemouth for a Glutton.

Rothbury is bounded on the east by a lofty ridge of steep and rugged rocks, which extend a distance of four miles ; among those craggy cliffs a number of goats are grazed, to supply the valetudinarians who resort thither during the summer season with goat's milk and whey ; which, in conjunction with the salubrious air of the place, often produces wonderful effects in bracing the relaxed tone of the nervous system.

The Cheviot Hills occupy an area of nearly 95,000 acres. On the Chevio from which all other hills in that extensive range take their name, is a large Lough which is often frozen at Midsummer. In Kidland Lordship, the Cheviot breed of sheep are found in the greatest perfection ; the sweet herbage on which they depasture being peculiarly favourable for feeding and breeding these useful animals. Here they are never visited with the *rot*, or subject to any other disease, except what is termed *pinning* ; and of this they can easily be cured by removing for a few weeks, those which are affected, to a soil incumbent on freestone, which abounds in the neighbourhood.

The ancient celebrity of Cheswick for its *cheese* is previously verified. See note on saying relating to Rimside Moor, ante. Note, also the peculiar Northern-ism in this line, the word *Cheese* preceding that of *Bread*.

In the year 1195, William Pigun who wore the habit of a monk, yet still was not one, but like Lucifer among the angels, or Judas among the Apostles, was a most wicked hypocrite among religious men. This villain, observing that the common seal of his monastery St. Alban's, was not watched as it ought to have been, found an opportunity to steal it, and committing a forgery with it, was banished from that house to the cell of Thinemue, there to do perpetual penance for his crime. Being implacable, he often bitterly cursed the abbot who sent him to Tynemouth; but all his curses fell upon his own head; for falling asleep in the privy after eating and drinking to excess, he never waked again; and the monks who were in the cloister and dorture, distinctly heard a voice crying in the most vehement manner, "Take him, Satan! Take him, Satan!"  
*Brand.*

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NORTHUMBERLAND.

"IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT, LEAVE IT."

A saying which scarcely requires either explanation or illustration. Suffice it to say, that a noble spirit of independence is innate in almost every native of the county, from the proudest peer down to the poorest pleb.

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NORHAM.

Proditor ut pereat, pereat cui proditor hostis,  
 Invicta in fatiis arx habet ista suis.

The Rev. Robert Lambe, in his excellent notes on the ballad of Flodden Field, gives the above epigram, by Sir Thomas Moore, on the surrender of Norham Castle, a few days previous to the above battle, in which King James IV. of Scotland, is charged of getting possession of the castle through treachery. The two last lines of this epigram, which are given above, appear to have puzzled Mr. Lambe; he says,—“I take this to be the meaning of these two last verses, which are most difficult:— ‘It was fated to this invincible castle, that the betrayer of it should perish, and likewise the enemy by whom this traitor was executed.’”

The change of a single letter explains the riddle. For *proditor*, read, *meo periculo, proditur*,” and the meaning is at once evident. Thus, in English:—

“It is fated to this invincible castle that the betrayer of it should perish, and likewise the enemy to whom it is betrayed.”—*Stephen Oliver, the Younger's, Rambles in Northumberland*, p. 263.

“So when the Scots the war had won,  
 And rifled every nook and place,  
 The traitor came to the King anon,  
 But for reward met with disgrace.

Therefore for this thy traitorous trick,  
 Thou shalt be tried in a trice;  
 ‘Hangman, therefore,’ quoth he, ‘be quick,  
 The groom shall have no better place.’”

## MORPETH.

## 1.—“HE'S DRIVING HIS SWINE TO MORPETH MARKET.”

Spoken of a person who is not only enjoying a nap, but a hearty good snore to boot.

## 2.—“THE MORPETH BUTCHER'S WELCOME.”

There is a story told of a batch of these worthies who, after dining on beef-steaks almost to repletion, invited a by-stander to sit down to the residue, saying,—“*You 're vary welcome, sar, eat your full—there 's mair nor we can eat.*”

## HARNHAM, BRADFORD, &amp;c. &amp;c.

HARNHAM WAS HEADLESS, BRADFORD BREADLESS,  
AND SHAFTOE PICKED AT THE CRAW;  
CAPHEATON WAS A WEE BONNY PLACE,  
BUT WALLINGTON BANG'D THEM A'.

Harnham in Bolam parish, ten miles and a half W. S. W. of Morpeth, is situated upon the summit of a lofty crag. On the black day of November (2nd), 1652, the House of Commons resolved that the name of Thomas Winkle, of Harnham, be inserted in the bill for the sale of estates forfeited to the Commonwealth for treason, a resolution which probably involved himself and family in difficulties, and wrenched the property out of their hands; for, in 1663, his son, under the description of Thomas Wrinkles, or Winkles, of Ford, gentleman, covenanted to levy a fine to cut off the entail upon the place, and afterwards sold the house and lands.”—*Hodgson's Hist. North*, vol. 1., pt. ii., p. 345.

Bradford is in the same parish, two miles and a half S. W. of Bolam.

Shaftoe, E. and W., are situate in the parish of Hartburn. The former was for many generations in possession of the family to which it gave name. The *craw* in line too apparently alludes to the Crasters, anciently *Craucestre*, who were rapidly getting the estates of the Shaftoe family into their possession.

Capheaton is in the parish of Kirk-Whelpington. It has been for many generations in possession of the family of Swinburn.

Wallington is in the parish of Hartburn. At an early period the manor and township of Wallington came into the possession of Sir John Fenwick, of Fenwick Tower, in whose family it remained through a long succession. In the latter part of the xvii. cent. it was sold by Sir John Fenwick, Bart., who, for the crime of high treason was condemned and beheaded, on Tower-hill, London, xxviii January, 1696.

Brockett, in his valuable *Glossary of North Country Words*, 3 ed. vol. i., p. 24, quotes the above rhyme as a fragment of an old Northumbrian ballad, of which I can glean no other tidings.

## WALLINGTON.

THE WINE OF WALLINGTON OLD SONGSTER'S FRAISE,  
THE PHENIX FROM HER ASHES BLACKETTS RAISE.

Wallington, as just noted, was possessed by the Fenwicks through a long succession. In the xvii. cent. it was purchased by the second

Sir William Blackett, whose father, an alderman of Newcastle, was created a baronet 1673, and died 1680.

Wallington, it would appear, has from an early period been proverbial for its hospitality; and none of its magnificence was found to abate on the charge of ownership. The immense kindness shewn to strangers by the Fenwicks, forms a favourite subject of local songs. "Show us the way to Wallington," is an old and favourite air in the neighbourhood.

The phoenix named in second line, clearly alludes to the Fenwick crest. Yet it is but a bad pun upon the surname.

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HARTLEY, HALLOWELL, &c., &c.

HARTLEY AN' HALLOWELL, A' YA' BONNIE LASSIE,  
FAIR SEATON, DELAVAL, A' YA':  
EARS DON STANDS ON A HILL, A' YA',  
NEAR TO BILLY-MILL, A' YA'.

Hartley, a township and considerable village, is situated near the sea five and a half miles north of North Shields.

Hallowell, or Holywell, a township and small village five and a half miles N. N. W. of North Shields. It derives its name from S. Mary's Well, the waters of which are medicinal, and become of a pure colour with an infusion of nut-galls.

Seaton Delaval, a township six and a half miles N. W. of North Shields, near to which are the ruins of Seaton Delaval Hall, which, previous to its total destruction by fire, the 3rd of January, 1822, was one of the most noble mansions in the North. This ruined and deserted seat is the property of Sir Jacob Astley, bart.

Earsdon, a pleasant and well-built village, is seated upon a rocky eminence, two and a half miles west of the sea, three and a half miles from North Shields, and eight miles from Newcastle.

Billy Mill is in the parish of Tynemouth. "*A' ya' bonnie lassie.*" Brockett, in his *Glossary of North Country words*, under article "*a you a, hinny,*" says that the expression is used by Northern nurses as a lullaby.

"There's Sandgate for old rags,  
A you a, hinny burd;  
And Gallowgate for Trollybags,  
A you a,"

(Old Newcastle song.)

Vide *Brand's Pop. Antiq.*, vol. i., p. 21., 8 vo., 1810. The song here referred to, will be found in Bell's *Rhymes of Northern Bards*, p. 296. It is said to be of import similar with the ancient mode of saluting Eastern monarchs. "Live for ever." *A, aa, and aaa*, in Anglo Saxon, signifies *for ever*." (See Benson's Vocabulary.)

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MEADOW BANK, CHEESEBURN, &c., &c.

THE MEADOW BANK, GROWS CLOVER BANK,  
AND CHEESEBURN GRANGE GROWS TANSEY;  
BUT GO, I WILL, TO THE STOB-HILL,  
AND COURT MY BONNIE NANCY.

Cheeseburn Grange a township in the parish of Stamfordham. Near to Stamfordham is a farm-steading of the name of Mainsbank,—probably the Meadow Bank of the rhymes. Stob-Hill, is the name of another farmstead in the same township; which, in days of yore, was, it would appear, celebrated as being the residence of bonny lasses. May such be the case at the present moment!

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#### HOUSESTEADS.

#### THE TADMOR OF BRITAIN.

In the parish of Haltwhistle is *Borcovicus*, now Housesteads, the most perfect and interesting of any Roman station in England. Dr. Stuckeley styles it the *Tadmor of Britain*, and Horsley informs us that its "vast ruins are truly wonderful." It stands on the brink of a rocky eminence, the western declivity of which is formed into flights of broad terraces. The fort is about seven chains in length, and five in breadth. Its area, on the north side, is nearly level, but its southern part is covered with confused heaps of ruins, broken columns, pilasters, mouldings, figures of gods, and warriors. The suburbs, divided into streets and squares, extend over several acres, and tracings of buildings are discernable on the south-west, to the distance of two and a half miles. The whole of this ancient city is now (1849) an entire mass of ruins; its ramparts, its gates, its streets and suburbs, are all still traceable; but silence now reigns, where for centuries, the hum of human voices, the tread of many wayfarers, and the clang of arms resounded in this once opulent, and extensive city

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#### HOT-FOOT OR HOT-TROD.

A term now peculiar to the English and Scottish Borders. It implies that the delinquent party or parties were pursued immediately after the offence was committed. Barbour, in describing the Battle of Bannockburn, uses the term in this sense. Chaucer and other early English writers use the word.

"The pursuit of Border marauders was followed by the injured party and his friends, with blood hounds and bugle-horn, and was called the *hot-trod*."

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

#### CURIOSITIES OF GENEALOGY.

*To the Editor of the St. James's Magazine.*

Windsor, 20th March, 1850.

SIR,—On a former occasion, I recalled a few instances of the decadence of our Royal Plantagenets, and of the mournful decay of many a Peerage family that "had been glorious in another day." This natural decline is the inevitable destiny—sooner or later—of all things human. In the ranks, too, of the un-

ennobled aristocracy, Time has effected wondrous changes. The most stately and gorgeous houses have crumbled under its withering touch. Let us cast our eye on what county we please of England, and the same view will present itself. Few, very few of those old historic names, that once held paramount sway, and adorned by their brilliancy a particular locality, still exist in a *male* descendant. It has been asserted, I know not exactly with what truth, that in Herefordshire, a county peculiarly rich in ancient families, there are but two or three county gentlemen who can shew a male descent from the proprietors recorded in the Visitations. In the North, these genealogical vicissitudes have been hastened by the influence of manufacturers' gold, which has done so much to uproot the old proprietary of the soil, that we marvel how in Lancashire and the West Riding of Yorkshire such families as Townley, Gerard, Blackburne, Blundell, Trafford, Fairfax, Foljambe, Hamerton, and Wentworth, "have stood against the waves and weathers of time." Others, of no less fame and fortune, in their day, have passed altogether away, and others have dwindled from their proud estate to beggary and want.

The story of the Gargraves is a melancholy chapter in the romance of real life. For full two centuries, or more, scarcely a family in Yorkshire enjoyed a higher position. Its chiefs earned distinction in peace and in war; one died in France, Master of the Ordnance to King Henry V.; another, a soldier too, fell with Salisbury, at the siege of Orleans; and a third filled the Speaker's chair of the House of Commons. What an awful contrast to this fair picture does the sequel offer! Thomas Gargrave, the Speaker's eldest son, was hung at York, for murder; and his half-brother, Sir Richard, endured a fate only less miserable. The splendid estate he inherited he wasted by the most wanton extravagance, and at length reduced himself to abject want. "His excesses," says Mr. Hunter, in his History of Doncaster, "are still, at the expiration of two centuries, the subject of village tradition, and his attachment to gaming is commemorated in an old painting, long preserved in the neighbouring mansion of Badsworth, in which he is represented playing at the old game of Put, the right hand against the left, for the stake of a cup of ale."

The close of Sir Richard's story is as lamentable as its course. An utter bankrupt in means and reputation, he is stated to have been reduced to travel with the pack-horses to London, and was at last found dead in an old hostelry! He had married Catherine, sister of Lord Danvers, and by her left three daughters. Of the descendants of his brothers, few particulars can be ascertained. Not many years since, a Mr. Gargrave, believed to be one of them, filled the mean employment of parish clerk of Kippax.

Numerous similar narratives might be added, but I will instance only one more memorial of the transitory glory of this world. Sir Francis O'Neill, the sixth Baronet of Claneboys, a scion of Ireland's ancient dynasty, lived, a very poor man, on the estate of the late Lord Netterville, at Douth, near Drogheda, where he rented a small farm from his Lordship, at one fourth its value; unable however to pay that, he was ejected. This unfortunate descendant of Royalty had the patent of Baronetcy in his possession. One of his sons was employed, about thirty-five years ago, at a small inn near Duleck, in the capacity of "Boots and Ostler!"

Your well-wisher,

HERALDICUS.

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#### THE ORDER OF BARONETS.

*To the Editor of the St. James's Magazine.*

SIR,—You will probably fancy from the tenor of this letter that I must be a baronet, or at least akin to one, though it were only in the seventh degree, seeing I take so much to heart the wrong done to the Order through the assumption



of its name and honours by those who have no more title to them than they have to the crown of England. If such be your suspicions they do me more grace than I deserve. As Berenger says of himself, "Je suis vilain et tres vilain."

But then I have an especial antipathy to all false pretences come in what garb they may; and secondly, I have an equally decided bias in favour of every thing purely English, and that as I need scarce remind you, is most peculiarly the case with the title of baronet. It exists in no country except our own, being, if I remember right, little more than two centuries old. You will correct me if I am wrong, for I do not pretend to be an antiquarian or an heraldist.

The claims of any individual to be considered a peer of England or of the United Kingdom are at once proved by his being admitted as a member into the House of Lords, and by his exercise of the privileges inherent in that body; if a seat there be denied him, no one will think of conceding to him the title, or allowing him its advantages. The catchpole will not hold him exempt from the usual process of John Doe and Richard Roe, those shadowy personages who are always running up and down somebody's bailiwick; and the judge, should he chance to come in hostile contact with him, will try him by a jury of unwashed artificers at the Old Bailey, instead of a gentlemanly suspension of the outward man by the verdict of his fellow nobles. There would be just as little doubt upon the matter if any one should without just claim assume to be a peer of Scotland or Ireland; he would not be allowed to vote at the election of representative peers, and this would at once strip his borrowed plumage in the eyes of the public, and make it impossible for them to be deceived. In either case the privileges belonging to the title are so valuable that they are guarded—and very properly guarded—with the utmost jealousy. Now the very reverse of all this obtains in regard to the baronets; they have no peculiar privileges, the want or possession of which may be the Ithuriel's spear to show the false from the real, nor have they any court where the legitimacy of their claims can be tested and made apparent. The consequence is, that many call themselves baronets without any better sanction than their own, and the lustre of the order has been thereby more effectually dimmed than even by the too frequent admission of civic authorities into its ranks, though this last has been a more particular ground of complaint with many friends of the institution. Possibly it may be an evil, and one of considerable magnitude. I do not enter into the question, but all must allow that the value of a coin is in all cases deteriorated by the facility with which it can be counterfeited. Gold itself would be of no worth if it could be imitated beyond the power of detection. And in regard to the baronetage there are, it is to be feared, many counterfeits abroad; and I much doubt if some have not been admitted to court, who have never established their claims to the title, and who would be not a little puzzled if called upon to do so.

It is of little use for a leech to point out the existencè and secret causes of a disease, unless, at the same time, he can suggest something that promises to be its cure; no patient would feel particularly grateful for being told that he had the gout in his stomach, unless he were informed, at the same time, how he was likely to get relief. Having, therefore, shewn the evil, I will now propose a remedy. The best mode of all would assuredly be, a Court, held under the sanction of government, for the express purpose of investigating the claims of all who assert their right to be held and considered baronets; but as such a consummation does not seem very probable, why should not the baronets take the affair into their own hands, and establish a society, or club, if you like the name better, upon the same principle as the Law Society? No one should be admitted into this society, who could not substantiate his claims to be a baronet to the satisfaction of this tribunal, and thus the very circumstance of belonging to it would be a guarantee to the public, in the same way, *parva componere magnis*, that a seat in the House of Lords proves the individual possessing it to be a peer. As the very object of such an union would be the maintenance and dignifying to the order, there is little fear that any genuine baronet would

refuse to lend it his countenance. Why should he do so? The pretender, indeed, might affect to condemn it, as the only mode of concealing that he was ineligible to its honours, but none would be deceived by him.

You, Mr. Editor, as a distinguished heraldist, will scarcely think that in making these remarks I set too much value on our baronetage, nor do I fear that many of your readers will entertain such an opinion, but in case there should be any false or lukewarm brethren amongst them, let me mention a few only of the illustrious names adorning it, for many will be convinced by names, who might not be accessible to argument. In doing this I will make no attempt at classification, either as respects chronology or desert, for neither are essential to the present purpose. Take them, therefore, as they chance to present themselves to my recollection: Sir Robert Peel, Sir George Grey, Sir Benjamin Brodie, Sir Harry Smith, Herschel, Shelley, Houghton, Clifton, Trelawny, Graham, Musgrave, Boynton, Shuckburgh, Throckmorton, Bedingfeld, Swinburne, Colquhoun, Cuninghame, Riddell, Bruce, Pringle, Esmonde, Barnewall, O'Brien, Bellew, and St. George,—*cum multis aliis quos nunc præscribere longum est.*

SCRUTATOR.

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THE DE BERGHAM PEDIGREE.

*To the Editor of the St. James's Magazine.*

SIR,—On glancing over Chatterton's well known fictitious pedigree of the imaginary family of De Bergham, said by him to have for its founder Simon de Leynete Lyze, I happened accidentally to see the name of an ancestor of mine, Sir Richard de Hamerton, Knt. included in that extraordinary list. This excited my curiosity, and I soon discovered that what I had before regarded as the fruit of a prolific imagination, contained the entire pedigree of Ashton, of Ashton-under-Line, a fact to which I have never seen the slightest allusion. The arms given in that genealogy are probably the invention of Chatterton, such, for instance, are those of my ancestor, "Vert three garbs or;" whereas the bearings of his father as well as his own insignia sculptured on the family tomb at Long Preston, are "Arg. three hammers sa.

I had before observed the name of Sir Richard, but as I took no particular interest in the document in which it occurred, I merely considered it an accidental insertion. When, however, I perceived that he was mentioned as the husband of Elizabeth widow of Sir Ralph Harrington, and fourth daughter of Sir John Assheton, the coincidence was so extraordinary as to leave no room to doubt his identity. The sisters, also, of Lady Hamerton are married agreeably to the pedigree in Baines' Lancashire, with the exception of Lucia, to whom, however, both genealogies ascribe three husbands, viz., Sir Richard Byron, Sir Bertin Entwisle, and Sir Ralph Shirley, although they differ in the order in which they are placed.

In the treatise on "honour" appended to an old edition of Guillim's "Display of Heraldry," it is asserted that Bannerets were entitled to supporters. Could you inform me what were those of Sir Stephen de Hamerton on whom that honour was conferred by Richard Duke of Gloucester in Scotland, temp. 20 Edward IV.?

If you should imagine that this communication would possess any interest for your readers you are at liberty to make use of it.

PHILIP G. HAMERTON.

March 22nd.

## GOLD MAKING.

*To the Editor of the St. James's Magazine.*

SIR,—It is usual for very wise people to laugh at the dreams of the alchemists in respect to the translation of the baser metals into gold; but dreams do sometimes turn out true, and why not this amongst the rest? A hundred years ago—nay, not so much as a hundred—those who believed in the fall of stones from the air were laughed at as credulous simpletons; now the fact is generally admitted, and grave philosophers cudgel their brains and each other in discussing the nature of these aerolites, and where they could possibly have come from. For myself, I neither avouch belief nor disbelief in the matter; *that*, as Dousterswivel says to the Antiquary, “is my little secret,” and I don’t intend communicating it to any one except for a consideration.

Now, all this you will readily imagine is the preface or prologue to an apocryphal tale of some kind. Even so. The other day in reading Captain Kinneir’s *Journey through Asia Minor, &c.*, I was much struck by the following anecdote, which I think will hardly fail to amuse those who may not happen to have fallen in with it before. *Valeat quantum valet.*

“A few days before my arrival at Bassora, in August, 1814, Mr Colquhoun, the acting resident of that place, received a message from an Arabian philosopher requesting a private interview in order to communicate a most important secret. Mr. C. consented; and next morning the mysterious stranger was introduced to him; embracing the knees of the resident, he said, he was come to supplicate the protection of the English from the cruel and continued persecutions of his countrymen, who, having understood that he had the power of transmuting the basest metals into gold, daily put him to the torture to wring his secret from him. He added that he had just made his escape from where he had long been starved and imprisoned by the Sheck, and that he would divulge everything that he knew to Mr. Colquhoun provided he was permitted to reside in the factory. My friend agreed to receive him, and in return he faithfully promised to afford a convincing proof of his skill. He accordingly retired, and soon afterwards returned with a small crucible and chafing dish of coals, and when the former had become hot he took four small papers, containing whitish powder from his pocket, and asked Mr. C. to fetch him a piece of lead. The latter went into his study, and taking four bullets, weighed them unknown to the alchemist; these, with the powder, he put into the crucible, and the whole was immediately in a state of fusion. After the lapse of about twenty minutes the Arabian desired Mr. C. to take the crucible from the fire and put it into the air to cool; the contents were then removed by Mr. C. and proved to be a piece of pure gold, of the same weight as the bullets. The gold was subsequently valued at ninety piastres in the bazaar. It is not easy to imagine how a deception could have been accomplished, since the crucible remained untouched by the Arab after it had been put upon the fire; while it is, at the same time, difficult to conceive what inducement a poor Arab could have had to make an English gentleman a present of ninety piastres. Mr. C. ordered him to return the next day, which he promised to do, but in the middle of the night he was carried off by the Sheck of Grane, who, with a body of armed men, broke into his house and put him on board a boat, which was out of sight long before daybreak. Whether this unhappy man possessed, like St. Leon, the secret of making gold, we are not called upon to determine; but the suspicion that he did so was amply sufficient to account for the unrelenting manner in which he would seem to have been persecuted by his countrymen.”

I leave the reader to exercise his ingenuity upon this strange tale, and in the meanwhile, borrowing a name for the nonce from the renowned alchemist, beg to subscribe myself

PARACELSU’S.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN; MUSIC, &c.

The Royal Italian Opera commenced the season on Saturday, 16th March, with great eclat. Her Majesty and Prince Albert, accompanied by the Prince of Wales and one of the Royal Princesses honoured the theatre with their presence, besides whom, a distinguished and brilliant audience attended to witness the first production on the Italian stage of this country, of Weber's grand opera of *Der Freischutz*, under the title of "*Il franco Arciero*." From the overture which was unanimously encoed to the conclusion, it was a signal and brilliant success. Three debutants, at least to this stage, Madlle. Vera as Annetta, Formes as Gasparo (Caspar), and Signor Masalti as Giulio, were all greatly successful, especially Madlle. Vera, who exhibited almost incredible progress and improvement since her appearance at Her Majesty's theatre two seasons ago, and Herr Formes who had the fullest scope for the display of his fine voice and dramatic fervour in the role of Gasparo. Madlle. Vera shared the honour of applause with, if she did not in some degree eclipse, Madame Castellan (Agatha), who likewise evinces much improvement of voice since she last was here. Signor Maesol too, proved himself a true artist in undertaking the trifling part of William, and was warmly applauded in the laughing chorus in the first act. The scenery, especially the Wolf's Glen, where the incantation takes place, was most beautiful, and adds to the laurels of Messrs. Grieve and Telbin; the choruses were all well executed, and the greatest attention seems to have been bestowed on the minutest details. The opera is splendidly mounted, and the whole resulted in a uniform and decided success. It was repeated on the three nights in the following week with continued approbation.

**CONCERTS.**—Of the Concerts of the month, and they have been very numerous, beyond recording the great success of Miss Louisa Pyne, and Mlle. Charton, at the Concerts of the Philharmonic Society, of which two have already taken place, and the continued prosperity which attends the Wednesday Concerts, consequent on the fidelity with which Mr. Stammers, the Director, fulfils the promises held out at the commencement of the series, and on the general excellence of the arrangements, and attractions of the programmes—we can but particularize two, Madame Verdavainne's, at the Beethoven Rooms, Harley Street, on Friday, 15th March, both from the judicious selection and attractive nature of the programme, and the excellence of the performance—and Miss Farmer's Concert at the Marylebone Literary Institution, on Friday, 22nd March, where M. Lisabe, a flautist of more than ordinary ability, made his debut.

**MADAME VERDAVAINNE'S** concert at the Beethoven Rooms, was attended by a numerous and highly distinguished audience, and went off with great eclat. Ernst, besides two solos, took part in a grand trio of Beethoven's with Madame Verdavainne on the piano, and Piatti on the violincello. Sims Reeves sung Beethoven's "Adelaide," which so admirably suits his style and voice, with his usual pathos and expression, and a ballad of Brinley Richards. Madame Verdavainne, besides the trio, performed on the piano forte, Chopin's "Invitation pour la Valse," Thalberg's "Tarentelle," and a grand fantasia on

Russian airs, also by Thalberg, and in these several compositions displayed a brilliancy and rapidity of execution and delicacy of fingering which ranks her high as a pianist; she also exhibited her versatility and accomplished proficiency as a guitarist in two solos on the guitar including most difficult and elaborate variations, in which the effects frequently approximated to the harp. M. Camus executed on the flute a new concerto and a duet, with Madame Verdavainne on the piano—both his own compositions—and exhibited all the facility of execution and command of the instrument for which he is remarkable; his brilliancy and correctness of intonation further demonstrates the superiority of the Boehm flute as improved and simplified by Prowse, one of which the Professor used on the occasion. The vocalists were Miss Van Millengen, Miss Eliza Birch, the Misses Williams, and Mr. Drayton.

MISS FARMER'S CONCERT, at the Marylebone Literary Institution, on Friday, 22nd March, was well attended, and is specially worthy of note for the *debut* of M. Lisabe, who is likely to take a leading position as a flautist. He performed Nicholson's variations on the air, "Nannie wilt thou gang wi' me," with an expression and feeling in the adagio of the air rarely attained—and a brilliancy of tone, neatness and rapidity of execution in the variations, together with a finish of style which stamps him as a perfect master of the instrument, and might be no unworthy successor to the late Mr. Nicholson, whose tone and style M. Lisabe approaches nearer than any other flautist. M. Lisabe is, we believe, new to this country, at least he is to the metropolis; but we anticipate that he will immediately take a leading position. Like M. Camus, M. Lisabe now uses the improved Bœlum flute, having adopted it and attained his present proficiency in the short space of six or eight months, though he had for years previously used the old Nicholson flute—a fact which testifies greatly to the advantage and simplicity of the improved Boehm instrument. We perceive M. Lisabe is announced to make his second appearance at a concert at Kennington, on Monday, the 8th April.

THE  
ST. JAMES'S MAGAZINE  
AND  
HERALDIC AND HISTORICAL REGISTER.

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A NEGLECTED BIOGRAPHY.

(Concluded from No. iii.)

CHAPTER III.

ON the approach of spring the settlers dividing themselves into parties set about repairing James Town, cutting down trees, clearing the land, and in attending to other necessary occupations, when at last the Phoenix arrived and brought them a seasonable supply of stores. It was next proposed that Smith should visit the country of the Monacans; but a serious quarrel with the Indians detained him at James Town till the ship was about to return to England, chiefly loaded with cedar at his desire, but not without a quantity also of the supposed gold-dust. Martin who was both sick and desirous of enjoying the credit of his gold mine embarked aboard this vessel, and Smith with a party in the open barge kept her company till they reached Cape Henry, when he crossed the bay to the eastern shore leaving the Phoenix to pursue her homeward voyage. Here he was kindly received by a chief called Accomack, who amongst other things told them "of a strange accident lately happened to him; and it was two children being dead, some extreme passions, or dreaming visions, phantasies, or affection moved their parents againe to revisit their dead carkasses, whose benumbed bodies reflected to the eyes of the beholders such delightfull countenances as though they had regained their vitall spirits. This as a miracle drew many to behold them, all which, being a great part of his people, not long after dyed, and but few escaped."

Leaving these friendly savages they coasted along the shore till they fell in with a multitude of uninhabited islands, amongst which they were forced to remain some time, and "for the extremitie of gusts, thunder, rain, storms and ill-wethir they called *Limbo*." On one occasion their barge had been well nigh swamped; but when the weather moderated, they again made for the mainland, where as they lay a short distance from the beach the savages saluted them with flights of arrows, which luckily however fell short of the intended mark. As this warfare proved ineffectual, the Indians next day endeavoured by friendly signs to tempt them

to come ashore. The reply to this treacherous invitation was a volley of muskets, that set them all scampering, and betrayed their companions who had been lying in ambuscade in the woods.

Resuming their voyage, they collected a few furs, and lighted upon some coloured earths which the Indians use for paint, and particularly a reddish earth resembling ochre. Such discoveries were not calculated to reconcile the adventurers to the perils of their voyage, and even those who at starting had only been afraid lest Smith should make too much haste home, now became exceedingly anxious to return; but to all their importunities the captain resolutely replied, "there is as much danger to returne as to proceede. Regaine therefore your old spirits, for returne I will not (if God please) till I have seene the Massawomeks, and found Patawomek, or the heade of this water you conceit to be endlesse."

In due time they found the Patawomek, and fell in with a strong party of savages, amounting to some thousands, "so strangely paynted, grimed, and disguised, shouting, yelling, and crying, as if so many spirits from hell could not have shewed more terrible." But a few balls that were made to graze the water, sufficed to convert these noisy assailants into friends. Many similar adventures they met with, interspersed with tales of fishing with the sword, and stories of stingrays, one of which nearly killed the valiant captain, and devices by which they imposed upon the Indians, till they got back to their settlement, where as usual they found everything in the worst state possible. Thereupon he with the general consent deposed the president and took the government upon himself, employing however his friend, Scrivener, for a deputy in his absence upon another excursion for the general benefit, with twelve men in an open barge.

In little more than three weeks he had ranged the bay of Chesapeak as far northward as the falls of Susquehannah, finding the natives sometimes well disposed, and at others filled with a vague idea of the strangers having come from beneath the world to rob them of their country. To obtain corn for the settlers, our politic captain, who was probably as equitable as necessity would allow him to be, had always recourse to gentle means in the first instance; but if these failed, he never scrupled to use threats, or even violence, if he could not otherwise persuade them into an amicable traffic with him.

In the meanwhile, Newport had returned for a third time to the colony, and his presence gave renewed spirits to the discontented. According to the tenor of the commission under which they acted, the real power was lodged in a majority of the council, and this majority was anything but favourable to Smith, who was thus often forced to adopt measures in opposition to his better judgment. The consequences of this blunder in the original formation of the colony began now to shew themselves more dangerously than ever.

The Virginia Company in London had been persuaded by Newport and his party into a foolish notion that gold mines existed in this country, and that the South Sea might be discovered from the mountains at the head of James River. The journey, said the council, who knew nothing of the matter, might be performed in eight or ten days. Full of so notable a scheme, they sent on board Newport's ship a barge, capable of being put together and taken to pieces again with little trouble. In this they proposed the voyagers should make their way to the river's head, then carry

it in pieces across the mountains, and so descend the rivers which they supposed ran westward to the South Sea. But to execute their plan it was first necessary to obtain the consent of Powhatan, through whose country they had to pass, and with that object in view they had brought over with them a splendid present, which they expected would fully conciliate his favour. It consisted of a basin and ewer, a bed and furniture, a chair of state, and a suit of scarlet clothes, a mantle, and a crown. Smith, who knew the Indians well, and appears to have had all the sagacity for which the Yankees of our own days are notorious, objected both to the scheme itself, and the way in which it was to be carried out. According to his view of the matter, a few beads and a little copper would have kept Powhatan in good humour, whereas a profusion of gifts would only make him insolent and overbearing. Then again the idea of travelling over unknown mountains, in a burning climate, with men already worn out by fatigue and sickness, and in the midst of savages, who might so easily cut off their retreat, appeared even to his adventurous spirit to be little short of madness. When however he found his remonstrances unavailing, he consented to lend them all the assistance in his power.

Smith now proposed with only four men to go first, and give notice to Powhatan of the intended present, inviting him at the same time to come over to James Town, that he might receive it there. This proposition the council readily adopted. Accordingly, he travelled twelve miles by land to Werocomoko, upon the Pamounkee (York) river, where he expected to meet the Indian chief; but not finding him there, a messenger was despatched to him, and in the meanwhile Pocahontas entertained the English with a native dance, of a kind so singular as to merit a brief description.

The colonists were directed to seat themselves about a fire made for the occasion in an open spot bordered by a forest. Suddenly a noise was heard, so uncouth and wild, that they started to their arms in terror, and seized two or three of the oldest Indians as hostages for their own safety. All was now confusion, and a dangerous fray might have been the consequence, but that the young princess running up to Smith embraced him passionately, and staked her own life upon the absence of anything like treason. The sounds, she said, which so alarmed them, had been made by a bevy of young Indian girls as a part of the intended ceremony, and satisfied in some measure by these assurances they waited to see what would come next. Hereupon the girls appeared from the wood with no other dress than a girdle of leaves, their skins being painted, and each one of a different colour. Their leader wore a pair of buck's horns upon her head, an otter's skin on her arm, and another about her waist, while at her back she had a quiver, and in one hand a bow and arrow. The rest of them in like manner carried buck's horns on their heads, but in their hands brandished a wooden sword or staff. Thus armed they danced in a circle about the fire for nearly an hour, with all sorts of antic gestures, when they proceeded to a grand feast, at which the savage nymphs ministered assiduously to their guests, and were not a little lavish of their caresses.

The next day Powhatan arrived, when Smith delivered the message from his father, Newport, as he always called him. "His father," he said, "had brought a royal present for him from the king of England, and invited him to James Town to receive it, after which the English



would assist him in his war with the Monacans, and even penetrate to the sea beyond the mountains." To this the savage, who was as subtle as he was haughty, replied, "If your king has sent me a present, I also am a king and am upon my own land. Your father-then must come to me, and here I will wait for him during eight days, for I will neither go to him, nor to his fort. As for the Monacans, I am able to revenge myself; and as regards the salt water beyond the mountains, if my people have told you of such a thing, they have deceived you."

In proof of his last assertion Powhatan drew a plan of the country with a stick upon the ground, and the conference ended with professions at least of good will on either side. He had however carried his point. The settlers thought it prudent to send the intended presents up the Pamounkee in boats, while Newport with fifty men took the nearest road by land, met the boats at a spot agreed upon, and crossed the river on his farther way to meet the Indians. The grand ceremony then took place. The presents having been brought from the boats, the basin and ewer were first deposited with much state; next the bed and chair were set up; and then the cloak and scarlet suit were presented. But here arose the first difficulty; Powhatan had a vague notion that the new habiliments might in some way harm him, and he was only appeased by the assurances of Namontac, an Indian youth whom Newport had taken with him to England, and brought back again.

They had still more trouble in persuading him to receive the crown, while as to kneeling or bowing his head, *that* for a time he absolutely refused to do. At length these obstacles were got over, though in an awkward way, and a signal being given the men in the boat fired a salute, greatly to the terror of the newly-crowned monarch, who could hardly believe that it was not intended to destroy him. When his fears on this head had subsided, he graciously desired Newport, in return for the gifts he had just received, to present King James in his name with his old fur mantle and deer-skin shoes; but he would not allow them guides for the discovery of the Indian country, nor give his sanction in any way to their proposed visit.

Foiled in this scheme, the party on their return to James Town resolved to proceed without his assistance. Smith however refused to join them in what he considered an useless enterprise, and remained behind to reload the ship, while Newport with all the council and more than a hundred of the ablest and healthiest men set out upon their journey of discovery. But in truth, however idle the scheme might be, Newport and his council only acted in the spirit of the original projectors at home, who, in their double scheme of discovering the South Sea and establishing manufactures in their colony, had sent over workmen from Poland and Germany to make glass and potash as well as pitch and tar. It hardly needed the quick eye of Smith to detect the fallacy of a plan which went to establish manufactures in a land where the only inhabitants were a few savages, and where consequently there could be no market. He however determined to do the best he could to meet the wishes of his employers, though by no means participating in their illusions; and upon the return of Newport from his fruitless attempt to find the South Sea, he left the manufacturers under the care of the council to carry on their works, while he took upon himself those matters that he knew to be indispensable. Selecting thirty of

the most active young colonists, he went about five miles down the river to cut timber and make *clapboards*, by which expression the captain might mean either staves for casks, or thin boards for roofing their cabins and houses. Amongst these it appears were several young gentlemen, whose delicate hands, unused to such labour, were blistered by the axes, and who in consequence swore as lustily as Uncle Toby's troops in Flanders. To cure them of this propensity Smith ordered that the number of each man's oaths during the day should be duly registered, and when night came just so many cans of cold water were poured down the offender's sleeve. This singular and somewhat doubtful remedy is said to have greatly lessened the amount of swearing per diem, and, what may seem yet more strange, it actually restored them to good humour.

Upon his return to the fort he found everything as usual was going wrong. Business had been neglected and so much provision consumed in waste, that he held it necessary to undertake another expedition for corn. But this time he found the Indians in no humour for trading, whereupon he told them that he had not come so much for corn as to revenge his own imprisonment and the murder of two of his men a short time before. Seeing the colonists about, as they supposed, to fire upon them, the savages fled, and shortly afterwards sent messengers to treat of peace, which he would only grant upon condition of their giving him a hundred bushels of corn, with a quantity of fish and fowls, a seasonable supply that saved the colonists from starving, and enabled them to leave untouched the ship's stores for her voyage to England. At her departure she carried samples of tar, pitch, turpentine, soap-ashes and clapboards; and at Point Comfort met with Scrivener, who had been up the Pamounee for more corn, and had procured a quantity of *pocones*, a red root used in dyeing.

Captain Newport had now returned to England for the third time, when the colonists had once again to contend with all the horrors of a deficient harvest both amongst themselves and the Indians. Nothing but the talent and perseverance of Smith throughout the winter could have saved them from absolute starvation, for he still contrived to obtain supplies from the natives, though not, it is to be feared, without the exercise both of fraud and violence. It was now the severe season of the year, and the party were frequently obliged upon these excursions to lodge in the woods when the ground was frozen and covered with snow. Their mode at such times was to clear away the snow and make a fire. When the earth was sufficiently dried and warmed they would remove the fire to one side, spread some of their mats upon the warm spot for beds, and with others make a screen against the wind. As soon as the ground had grown cold they again shifted the fire; and by thus continually changing their position they managed to keep themselves warm through many a bitter night. Strange to say, those who went on this service continued in robust health, while those who staid at home were always infirm and sickly.

The supplies obtained by this forced, or voluntary, trading, as it might happen, proving insufficient, Smith resolved to venture upon the somewhat doubtful expedient of attempting to surprise Powhatan, and carry off all his provisions. Powhatan had formed a similar plot against the larder of the English, and with this view had invited the captain to his abode, promising if he would build him a house after the English fashion, and

give him some guns, swords, coppers, and beads, he would load his boat with corn. Smith agreed, and sent him three Dutch carpenters, but these men having betrayed his plans to the Indian chief, the wily savage laid a counter-plot for his destruction. On the arrival of Smith he was received with much appearance of kindness by Powhatan, who throughout the day endeavoured to persuade Smith to lay aside his arms, as being in perfect safety while with him, but to this the latter could by no means be brought to assent. The Indian changing his tactics then resolved to surprise him at supper, and would most probably have succeeded had it not been for the vigilant interposition of the affectionate Pocahontas. At the risk of her own life, the poor girl stole from her father's side in the dark, and passing through the woods to Smith's encampment, informed him of the plot for his destruction, and then as cautiously returned to her own people. Thus forewarned, when the Indians brought in supper he compelled them to taste of every thing, and kept himself and his people so well prepared in every respect, that though divers messengers came to him in the night for the purpose of espial, they found that nothing could be effected against him.

Another instance of the treachery of these savages may be given as justifying—so far as anything can justify—the falsehood which Smith did not hesitate to practise towards them whenever it suited his purpose. When on a visit to a chief called Opechankanough, the latter received him with all the semblance of friendship, while at the same time a party of his men were lying in ambush with the intention of surprising him. Fortunately one of the captain's companions discovered the plot and communicated it to him, upon which he resolutely seized the Indian by the hair, and holding a pistol to his breast led him trembling to the ambushade, and obliged him not only to order his people to lay aside their weapons but to supply him also with provisions.

Many similar attempts were made by different parties of savages, their vengeance being chiefly directed against Smith, whom they soon discovered to be the most dangerous of their opponents. They tried to murder him in his sleep, and that scheme failing they would have poisoned him, but in that also they were defeated. Upon one occasion, the chief of Paspika meeting him alone in the woods attempted to shoot him, but he closed with the savage, when in the struggle that ensued both fell into a near river. Smith was well nigh drowned, but by good fortune, managed to gripe his adversary by the throat, and having thus got the upper-hand, was about to kill him; the cries however and entreaties of the poor savage moved him to compassion, and he contented himself with leading him a prisoner to James Town. By frequent adventures of this kind, the Indians at length were so intimidated that they began to believe what he had often so craftily endeavoured to impress upon them;—"His God," he said, "would protect him against all their power, so long as he kept his promise, which was to do no harm to them while they themselves refrained from hostilities and supplied him sufficiently with corn." An incident, which occurred about the same time, went yet farther to confirm them in this opinion so favourable to the colonists. A native having stolen a pistol from James Town, two others, who were known to be his companions, were immediately seized upon; of these one was detained as a hostage for the return of the other, who was then dismissed to find and bring back the pistol, with an assurance that if he failed in doing so within twelve hours the prisoner should be hanged.

As the weather was cold, a charcoal fire was made in the Indian's place of confinement, the vapour of which had such an effect upon him, that by the time his brother returned with the pistol he was taken out to all appearance dead. The latter then began to make the most piteous moans, when Smith, who easily guessed how matters stood, resolved to turn this accident to his own advantage, and assured the savage that, if he would steal no more, his brother should be restored to life. On the application of spirits of vinegar the prisoner was soon resuscitated, but seemed to have grown delirious under the shock, an event which grieved his brother almost as much as his supposed death had done. But for this also Smith undertook to find a remedy, as much moved thereto by compassion, as from a wish to confirm his own influence over the savages by raising in them a belief of his supernatural powers. The delirium being only the effect of the spirits he had swallowed, naturally enough went off after a few hours sleep, and Smith then dismissed them with a present of some copper, fully impressed with the idea that he was able to bring the dead to life.

Our indefatigable captain, who seemed framed by nature to command men, was equally severe and resolute with his own people. Finding many of them inclined to be idle, and that this idleness was in a great measure the cause of the diseases prevailing amongst them, he issued an order that "he who would not work should not eat, unless he were disabled by sickness; and that every one who did not gather as much food in a day as he did himself should be banished." A recent attempt having been made to run away with the boats, he proclaimed to the whole colony, that the next offender in this way should most assuredly be hanged. As might be expected there was much murmuring amongst the lazy and ill-disposed at this wholesome severity. But Smith was firm. In his own person he set them an excellent example, labouring diligently for the general good, and distributing to the sick his whole share of European provisions and refreshments, so that the discontented were silenced, if not satisfied, and the result was so healthy a state of the whole body of settlers, that out of two hundred persons there died no more than seven during the winter and the ensuing spring. In the course of three months they had made a quantity of tar, pitch, and potashes, had produced sundry specimens of glass, dug a well in the fort, built twenty new houses, provided nets and wires for fishing, erected a block-house on the isthmus of James Town, another on Hog Island, and had commenced a new fortress upon a commanding eminence. What was of yet more importance, as the season advanced, they had cleared between thirty and forty acres for planting, and, though with less success, had despatched a party to seek for the long-lost colony established by Sir Walter Raleigh.

Such was the state of affairs in Virginia when Captain Samuel Argal arrived on a trading voyage, bringing with him letters from the Company in England, wherein they expressed how bitterly they had been disappointed, and attributing the whole blame of it to Smith. The truth is, they had listened to the evil reports of those who had returned home from Virginia, and who from envy or hatred represented the captain as being cruel to the savages, despotic with the colonists, and always disposed to thwart them in their efforts to grow rich. Perhaps, too, they were in some measure misled by what had happened in South America, where the Spaniards had exercised the greatest cruelty towards the Indians, and had amassed much treasure. The English Company being more humane, but

equally eager for gold, wished by presents and kindness to persuade the natives into revealing the site of their supposed gold mines, and had framed their orders upon this twofold principle. But experience had long since taught a man of Smith's sagacity that such hopes were not likely to be realized, and that although great advantage might be derived from the country, it must be by a very different manner of proceeding. He had fairly represented his ideas on the subject, and all things considered, had a right to expect more attention from them than they seemed disposed to give him. He had spent three years in their service, had from his observations drawn up a map of the country, which he sent to them, had reduced to order a discontented, mutinous, set of men, who were half maddened by dreams of wealth without the necessity of labour, and had maintained his ground on a strange land with the most inadequate means in defiance of the Indians however formidable by their numbers, their knowledge of the country, their craft and skill in irregular warfare, and their determined jealousy of all interlopers. To court the natives by presents was, he said,—and said truly—to acknowledge their superiority, and thereby increase their insolence and render them more dangerous.

Unmindful, or ignorant of these facts, the Virginia Company distrusted the man who had shewn himself most able and willing to serve them. They obtained a new patent, in virtue of which they appointed Lord Thomas De la Warre, general; Sir Thomas Gates, lieutenant-general; Sir George Somers, admiral; Sir Thomas Dale, marshal; Sir Ferdinando Wainman, general of horse; and Captain Newport, the only one of them who had ever seen the country, was made vice-admiral. The means too, that they brought to bear upon the enterprize were considerably extended. Nine ships were now fitted out on which they embarked five hundred persons, men, women, and children; and Gates, Somers, and Newport, had each a commission, investing him who should first arrive with power to supersede the old one. In May, 1609, this fleet sailed from England, when with the same total want of foresight, and even common sense, that characterized the whole concern, the three commanders were embarked aboard the same ship, which however, being separated from the others in a storm was wrecked upon the island of Bermuda; a second foundered at sea; and when the remaining seven arrived at Virginia, shattered by their voyage, much of their provisions spoiled, and many of the people sick, the leaders found themselves destitute of authority, though some of them, if they had possessed the power, were well disposed to supersede Smith, against whom they had been strongly prejudiced. Hence arose a new source of disunion with all its attendant evils. The new comers would not obey Smith because they chose to consider his commission as being virtually cancelled, the season was unfavourable to the recovery of the sick, and the colony seemed on the very verge of ruin. Smith would have gladly withdrawn from this scene of confusion, and returned to England; but he felt that his honour was concerned in maintaining his authority till he should have brought the rebellious to submission, while his spirit would not allow him to be trampled upon by those whom he despised. Having once come to this conclusion he proceeded to act with his usual vigour. The most violent "he laid by the heels," at once without farther ceremony; the more moderate he admitted so far into his confidence as to hold council with them upon what was best to be done in this exigence. All agreed that a separation would be the only efficient re-

medy, and as it had before been in contemplation to extend the settlements, were induced to go up to the Falls, others to Nansemond, and others again to Point Comfort. Having accomplished these matters, and his year of presidency being almost expired, he offered to resign to Martin, who had been one of the old council; but Martin refused the command, and our captain therefore continued in office, keeping up the form, and, so far as he could, the power of government, till an accident, which nearly proved fatal to his life, obliged him to go home to England.

On his return from the new plantation at the Falls, he was sleeping one night in his boat when a bag of gunpowder took fire, and burnt him severely. Awaking at the shock and finding himself in flames, he jumped into the water and was almost drowned before his companions could get him out again. In this deplorable state he was conveyed to James Town, when, taking advantage of his condition, Ratcliffe and Archer conspired to murder him in his bed; but the assassin whom they employed had not courage when it came to the decisive moment, to fire off the pistol. Smith's old soldiers on learning this nefarious attempt would have cut off the offender's heads, had he not thought it more prudent to overlook their crime, and avail himself of the occasion for returning to England, as there was no surgeon in the country. No sooner was this intention made known than the council appointed Mr. Percie to preside in his place, and had the inhumanity to detain the ship three weeks while they were writing letters and framing complaints against him. At length in September, 1609, he set sail for home, to the great joy of his numerous enemies, and the no less regret of his few friends, who would indeed seem to have formed the better part of the colony, whether as regards talent or moral conduct. One of these chosen few has left a quaint and homely but strong testimonial to Smith's character which can hardly be omitted without unfairness—"In all his proceedings he made justice his first guide, and expedience his second; hating baseness, sloth, pride, and indignity, more than any dangers, he never would allow more for himself than for his soldiers, and upon no danger would send them where he would not lead them himself. He would never seem to want what he had, or could by any means get for us. He would rather want than borrow, or starve than not pay. He loved action more than words, and hated covetousness and falsehood more than death. His adventures were our lives, and his loss our deaths."

What happened to the colony after his departure is the best comment on this testimonial. No sooner were they deprived of the master spirit, which had supported and guided them under all difficulties, than they relapsed into their naturally factious and indolent habits, and became subject to all the worst evils incident to such a situation—famine, the diseases of the climate, and the insolence of the natives. Within six months their number was reduced from five hundred to sixty. In the meanwhile the three commanders, who had been wrecked on the Bermuda, arrived (1610) in two small vessels, which they had built out of the fragments of their ship and the cedars growing in the island; but they found the remnant of the colony in so hopeless a condition that they at once resolved to abandon the country, and were in full sail down the river when they met a boat from Lord De la Warre, who had come with a fleet to their relief. By him they were persuaded to resume their former abode, and to this fortunate event may be ascribed the early settlement of Virginia.

The enterprising spirit of Smith could not long remain idle, and the

fame of his genius and courage becoming more and more spread, it was not long before a number of merchants engaged in the American fishery selected him as a proper person to make discoveries on the coast of North Virginia. In April, 1614, he sailed from London with two ships, and arrived at the Island of Monahigon, in latitude  $43\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ , as it was then computed, where he built seven boats. The plan and scope of the voyage were to take whales, to examine a gold mine and another of copper said to exist in the island, and if either or both of these objects should fail, then the cargo was to be made up of fish and furs. The mines proved to be a fiction, and by long chasing the whales to no purpose they lost the best season for fishing. But while the seamen were thus engaged, Smith in one of his boats with eight men ranged the coast from east to west, from Penobscot to Cape Cod, bartering with the natives for beaver and other furs, and making observations on the shores, islands, harbours, and headlands. These upon his return to England he digested into a map, presenting it to Prince Charles, with a request that he would be pleased to give the country a name, and hence for the first time it was called New England. Nor did Charles stop here; he changed the names which Smith had attached to several places, so that the most pointed marks of his discoveries on the coast of New England have become obsolete, either from his complaisance to the son of his sovereign, or from the force of time and accidents. The greatest gratification however, to a proud spirit like Smith, conscious of his own deserts, and stung as he was by the manner of their requital, must have been the offer now made to him by the South Virginia Company to re-enter into their service; but having previously engaged himself with the Plymouth Company of adventurers to North Virginia he could with the greater pleasure turn a deaf ear to their solicitations.

During his stay in London, Smith had the singular satisfaction of meeting his old friend Pocahontas, the daughter of Powhatan. Having been made a prisoner in Virginia, she was there married to Mr. John Rolfe, and by him brought to England. She was now about twenty-two years old, of a graceful person, a deportment gentle and pleasing, had acquired the English language, and been converted to Christianity, when they gave her the name of Rebecca. But however else she might be changed, her affectionate regard for Smith continued unalterable. At her first interview with him she saluted him as her father, and because he hesitated to return the endearment and call her daughter, she burst into tears, and hiding her face for some time refused to speak. She was, as might be supposed, altogether free of the affectation which prevailed in the court of James, and which forbade his assuming the title of father to a princess; when informed of it she expressed her contempt for all such rules, declaring that she loved him as a father, had treated him as such in her own country, and would be his child wherever she went. It is even said that the same absurd feelings made James look upon her husband as an offender in having presumed to marry one of royal rank, though this union proved in the end of great advantage to the colony, by inducing Powhatan to be on more friendly terms with them. He also seems to have felt a strong interest for Smith notwithstanding they had so often been on doubtful terms, and when Pocahontas went to England he sent with her his trusty councillor, Utamaccomac, with strict orders to enquire after him and bring back word if he were still alive. Another command to his councillor was that he

should report on his return the numbers of the English people. Accordingly on landing at Plymouth, the obedient savage began cutting a notch on a long stick for every person he saw; but he soon wearied of the employment, and when he again saw Powhatan, informed him that they exceeded the number of leaves upon the trees. A third mandate was that he should see the God of England, and the king, queen, and princes, of whom Smith had told him so much, and in consequence he now desired the captain to introduce him. He had, it is true, before this seen the king, but as the supposed monarch had made him no presents, he could not believe in his royalty. "You," he said to Smith, "gave Powhatan a white dog, but your king has given me nothing."

Pocahontas herself was introduced at court, Smith having written a letter to the queen, wherein he set forth the eminent services she had rendered the colony. She was some time after about to return to the Western World, when she was taken ill and died at Gravesend, leaving an infant son, from whom are descended several families of note in Virginia that hold their lands by inheritance from her.

Smith had conceived a high notion of the value of the American continent, and with much difficulty succeeded in obtaining from different individuals the means for equipping one ship of two hundred tons, and another of fifty, with which he once more sailed for the West, in 1615. On this occasion his usual good luck deserted him. He had not proceeded above a hundred and twenty leagues, before the vessels were separated by a storm, and though the smaller bark was able to continue her course, Smith himself was obliged to put back under a jury-mast to Plymouth. Too impatient to wait for the repairing of his shattered vessel, which would have been a work of some time, he put his stores on board a small bark of sixty tons, with thirty men, sixteen of whom were to help him in founding a new colony.

Again he set sail, when it was not long before an English pirate came in sight. Smith's seamen would have had him surrender; but though he had only four guns and the pirate had thirty-six he would listen to nothing of the kind. On speaking with the stranger, it turned out that the captain and some of the crew were his old companions who had run away with the ship from Tunis, and were now in distress for provisions. They would fain have placed themselves under his command; he however rejected their offer, and continued on his voyage for the new world.

It almost sounds like romance when we find so many startling accidents following closely one upon another; but it should be remembered that those days were pre-eminently days of adventure. Near the Western Islands he fell in with two French pirates. Again his men were seized with a panic, and would have struck had he not assured them that the moment he saw the least signs of cowardice on their part he would blow up the ship. As there is no such remedy for fear as a greater fear the men began to fire away boldly, making a running fight of it, and in this way they escaped.

It was next their fortune to be met by four French men-of-war, sent out expressly by their government to destroy the pirates, who from what has passed we may easily suppose to have over-swarmed the sea wherever merchantmen were likely to be found. Again his good luck abandoned him; although he shewed the French captain his commission under the great seal of England the latter detained him, pretend-



ing to believe that it was he who had broken up their fishery at Port Royal the year before, while in reality it had been done by Captain Argal. The truth would seem to be that they dreaded his enterprising spirit, for they suffered his ship to escape in the night and return to Plymouth.

To complete this flagrant violation of the law of nations, they carried him to Rochelle upon the conclusion of their cruize, where notwithstanding their promise to allow him a share of all the prizes taken in their voyage, they kept him prisoner aboard a ship that lay at anchor in the roads. A storm arising, which drove all the French sailors below, he seized the ship's boat, and with a half-pike for an oar, endeavoured to escape in the night, but the current was so strong that he drifted out to sea and was nearly perishing. In good time the tide turned, and he got ashore upon a marshy island, where some fowlers discovered him in the morning half dead with cold and hunger. Having no better mode of payment, he gave them his boat on condition of their carrying him to Rochelle. Here he learnt that the ship which had taken him, and also one of her prizes said to be exceedingly rich, had been driven ashore in the storm and lost together with the captain and half his crew.

On bringing his case before the proper authorities at Rochelle, he received fair promises of redress, but no performance. To make some amends for this, he was fortunate enough to meet with many friends, both French and English, here as well as Bordeaux. On his return to Plymouth he published an account of New England, distributing copies of it among the nobility and merchants, in the hope of inciting them to another attempt to colonize his favorite land; but the spirit of enterprise was quenched by so many failures, and the only result it produced was that the Plymouth Company gave him the barren and unprofitable title of Admiral of New England. So far as we can learn, he received no substantial remuneration, either from those he had served or from the government, who yet drew every possible advantage from his knowledge and experience. Indeed, there exists his own especial declaration to this effect:—

“I have spent,” he says, “five years, and more than five hundred pounds in the service of Virginia and New England, and in neither of them have I one foot of land, nor the very house I built, nor the ground I digged with my own hands! but I see those countries shared before me by those who knew them only by my descriptions.”

There is something in this homely yet energetic language beyond all the powers of oratory, and at the same time highly characteristic of the man himself; and here we must conclude our account of the extraordinary life and adventures of Captain John Smith.

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## A SHROPSHIRE LEGEND.

BY JOHN HAY.

THE summer sun had scarcely shed  
 His light on the eastern tower,  
 When the Baron's stern and stately tread,  
 Was in the Ladye's bower.  
 "I had a frightful dream last night."  
 The Baron began to say,  
 "Cans't read my riddle, ladye bright?  
 For 'twill not pass away."

*He gazed upon that face so fair ;  
 A smile like infancy's was there.*

Ⓞ *dulcis* *Virgo* *Maria,*  
*Mater* *Misericordiæ,*  
 Ⓞ *Ora* *pro* *nobis!*

"I dreamt that thou didst fondly smile  
 On a young and gallant knight ;  
 Thy rounded cheek was flushed the while  
 With feelings of delight.  
 Methought he was mine enemy,  
 My deep and deadly foe,  
 Yet was he not less dear to thee  
 And thou didst tell him so."

*As he looked in the lady's face, his eyes  
 Had power like in the Basilisk lies.*

Ⓞ *dulcis*, *etc.*

"I dreamt that thou didst walk with him,  
 In a shrubbery's lonely gloom,  
 When the Day-star's sinking orb was dim,  
 And night-flowers breathed perfume.  
 Methought he press'd those lips, whose kiss  
 Was sworn to me alone ;  
 And breathing, burning sighs of his  
 Were answered by thine own."

*His gaze grew fierce, and pale her cheek,  
 Where guilty fears too plainly speak.*

Ⓞ *dulcis*, *etc.*

"And I dreamt—though thou wert my first love,  
 As thou wilt be my last—  
 That thou didst look to heaven above  
 And swear that love was past.  
 And thou didst whisper words of dread  
 Whilst clinging to his side,  
 And said thou wouldst, if I were dead,  
 (VIPER !) become his bride.

*The Ladye, sunk on bended knee,  
 Said—"Husband—pity, pardon me!*

Ⓞ *dulcis*, *etc.*

“ And is my frightful dream so true?  
 Rise up, thou false and fair!  
 Last night that cheek to another's grew  
 And languished fondly there.  
 Look at this stain upon my sword—  
 It is ~~his~~ bosom's gore!  
 The brave but treacherous Knight of Ford  
 Shall press that cheek no more.”

*She breathed a frightful smother'd shriek,  
 And hid her face but did not speak.*

⊙ *dulcis*, etc.

“ Well may'st thou quail, thou false Ladye!  
 Well may thy cheek turn white!  
 Thou didst not think I looked on thee  
 And thy paramour last night.  
 I watched—like bloodhound in the slips—  
 Your parting in the dell:  
 Thy kiss was warm upon his lips  
 When by this arm he fell!”

*The Ladye silently stood there  
 Like a sculptured image of despair.*

⊙ *dulcis*, etc.

“ Go to thine oratory now,  
 And on thy bended knee  
 Seek pardon for thy broken vow,  
 And dark designs on me.  
 How I did love thee, wretched one!  
 This tongue may not declare.  
 That one blest hope I lived upon  
 Is now my worst despair.”

*His eye grew dim—his heart did swell:—  
 Silent was she—immoveable!*

⊙ *dulcis*, etc.

“ Farewell, my Fathers' lofty home!  
 Farewell, my stainless name!  
 I leave ye here, in grief to roam,  
 In silence and in shame.  
 I'll wash the bloodstain from my brand,  
 In the vile Paynim's gore,  
 And find a grave in Holy Land:—  
 Oh! that the strife was o'er!”

*He parted. She unclosed her eye,—  
 It stared in vacant idiocy!*

⊙ *dulcis* Virgo Maria,  
 Mater Misericordiæ,  
 Ora pro nobis!

## AUTUMN WALKS TO HISTORIC SITES.

## PORTUGAL : Cintra—Odivellas—Lumiar.

LORD BYRON'S admiration of beautiful Cintra led him into the indulgence of a poet's licence, when, after a flat, arid, and anything but picturesque ride of nearly twenty miles, he reached this pretty Oasis—a wooded, watered, verdant little spot, a sort of miniature mountain, a tiny bit of scenery, stolen, as it were, from Swiss landscape. It is very beautiful, however, and interesting from numberless associations, but the "EDEN of the world," poetic though the designation be, is one certainly eclipsing very far its deserts. Many, many such Edens, and far surpassing, open upon the path of the pedestrian wanderer, who reckless of scant accommodation, and the small comforts of Peninsular exploration, dares, with stout staff, and wallet, and dog, to make summer tour, or take an autumn ramble through the provinces of Portugal. To such, the exquisite beauty of the country will far more than compensate for the hinted discomforts and shabby cheer of hostels, for it is a land lovely to enchantment, and though thousands of our countrymen, even so late as Beresford's time may have imagined they have explored its every nook, yet it may be questioned even now, outside of its cities and larger towns, and the beaten track of the Estrada Real or high road, whether, after all, to English traveller the *interior* of Portugal is not almost as little known as Hermann Melville's fancy-created islands of Typee or Omoo, or the fabled haunts of Faëry land.

There is one feature of Portuguese scenery that strikingly attracts and rivets tourists' attention, and is of more than ordinary fascination to the day-dreamer or the web-weaver of romance—the castellated fortress, which ever and anon appear upon the landscape, perched like Eyries upon craggy eminences of hazardous approach and of apparently impregnable strength. How their possessors were ever dislodged or vanquished by foemen, strikes one as a marvel; this again, even probably less so, than the still greater wonder of how these ancient strongholds ever were erected, and in what way the massive materials of their construction ever got carried to the scarped mountain top. But there they are! the works of the gallant Moor, and so thickly scattered, and in such perfect preservation, that one might muse until we imagined they fulfilled some special mission—perhaps perched there, who knows? as old world sentinels placed to watch the lapse of time.

Portugal teems with romance, in the vicissitude of its annals, in the story of its people, there is no one mountain that lifts its head unsung. Every stream has its bard—every plain its historian.

And Cintra too, Byron's favourite spot, is haunted with old associations. To tell of them, would be to relate its story, its every rood is consecrated ground—It was a Moslem stronghold, the scene of many fierce encounters, in the romantic strife between the Paladins of the rival creeds — battered

and broken crosses lie strewn about, and bright enthusiasm has hallowed its site, the bare-foot of travel-worn Pilgrim to the Convent of the Pena has worn a pathway to the rock's utmost summit. Vestiges of Heathen Temple, of ages anterior to the advent of the Cross can still be traced; the Pagan worship was offered to Diana—the ruins of the Moorish Prince's Castle yet exist, rich arabesque sculpture here and there peeping out from moss-encrusted fragments, that speak of past times, while legends of its feasts or of its revels have ceased to be; and now

“The brier wreathes the Court,  
The night-shade climbs the wall,  
And the wild fox does nightly sport  
Where Princes strode in hall.”

In the oddly built, incongruous looking Royal Palace at its foot, the Braganças took refuge from the summer heats of the capital, and held their ceremonious but stately court, the edifice was partly rebuilt and altogether remodelled in the fourteenth century by Don John I., surnamed the Avenger, his grandson Alphonso V. was born and died in this palace, and two centuries later, another Alphonso, the sixth and last of his name perished here a prisoner to the nobles of his court, the victim of an atrocious conspiracy, after a reign of misfortune of but ten years' duration, and dying in the fortieth year of his age. There are several curiosities that attract the visitor here. A superb mantel-piece is ostentatiously shewn to strangers, the gift of Pope Leo X. to the King of Portugal; it is of a rare marble, sculptured in relief, the desigus by that magician of art Michael Angelo; but by far the rarest sight is the great *sala* or Hall of Arms, in which John I., with quaint taste caused to be painted along its walls and around the ceiling the blazonries or armorial coats of the entire of the noble families of the kingdom, nor, in spite of modern acquiescence in vulgar pretensions have (as yet) a single forgery or interpolation been permitted to take place.

At the ducal residence of the CADAVALS, Methuen signed the celebrated treaty that bears his name. A villa, the architectural bijou of the place, embowered in gardens, adorned with statuary seemingly listening to the ripple of the running waters, and peeping down from the precipice upon the vale of Collares and its trellised vineyards, was built and occupied by Beckford,

Here thou, too, Vathek, England's wealthiest son  
Once formed thy Paradise.

While last, but not least, BYRON'S COTTAGE may still be seen, and living members of the family where he sojourned shew the room of the wayward “Milor Ingles,” and from whence his wizard genius charmed the world with song.

But stop! one little relic has yet to be described; although not in Cintra yet it is but a few bow shots off, it is known as the

#### TOMB OF THE BROTHERS,

and rustic tradition and feeling, and peasant pilgrimage have invested the lone nook, with the character of haunted ground.

South of the village, and a little away from the beaten track of the highway is a small mound of earth, and although the welling over of the waters of a fountain hard by, carries a stream along its very base, and all around is pleasant to look upon, and verdant, and covered with mosses and field flowers, yet no herbage grows on the mound, there are a few trees upon the spot, that sheltering it with their over-hanging branches, almost shut it out from casual sight; but the old men of the place say, that sow or plant as you will, flowers nor aught else will grow or flourish upon the Brothers' Grave. About it, too, hovers a legend so sad, that the mirth of the merriest maiden is stilled as she passes by the spot, nor does she, without reverently stopping to tell an hasty AVE as she bows low before the little cross, that seems pleading for a prayer

*Maria Purissima*  
*Oratio pro nobis.*

while idlest, or most thoughtless herdboy, will doff his cap, even far off, if he comes but in sight of the scene of its sad and tragic story.

### The Legend.

The Morgardo (or hereditary possessions) of a branch of the potent family of the Cortereals, formerly comprised wide tracts of lands on the southernmost side of the Rock of Cintra, and, up to the time of Sebastian's reign their SOLAR or stronghold was in the immediate vicinity; the last of the family was wedded and had two only sons; they were twins, and so strongly alike in feature, in form, and in stature, that it was difficult for their immediate kinsmen or vassals to distinguish them apart; unfortunately here the resemblance ended, for the one, the elder, was all openness and honour, chivalrous to a degree, and possessed of every generous and bright quality that is esteemed in youth; to limn the picture of the younger would be but to portray the reverse of this, and that he was as detested by the menials of the household and by the people of the district, as the other had their esteem and affection. But opposite in character and qualities, the brothers bore strangely that strong affection to one another, so often seen in children who have been born at one birth. Both reached the threshold of manhood. In the village a girl of exceeding beauty lived, the brothers both became suitors for her love; unfortunately hers was bestowed on the less worthy of the two, and the rejected one fled disparagingly from a fatal rivalry, and embarked and went over-sea with the hosts of the unfortunate Sebastian, who fell with nearly his entire army in his invasion of and unjust aggression on the Moor. And years passed on. Escaped from the gyves of the infidel the wanderer brother returned to his home, but only to learn a bitter and frightful tale, the maiden, she whom he had loved so fondly, had proved too trusting, the brother had been the betrayer. She slept in the grave, leaving wrong to be avenged, AND SHE WAS. The brothers met and they died by each other's hand; the church refused her rites, and on the scene of fratricide, conflict, and of their death, a grave was dug, and the brothers slept their last sleep on the very spot, the trysting place of the false lover, and the

credulous maiden, and where the avenger had taken his last leave of her whom he had loved so unhappily, and but too well.

The death of the brothers without heirs, and their vast possessions passed into alien hands, while the noble Solar or seat of their ancient race, was by royal edict of the Cardinal Prince and King Don Enrique, the successor of Sebastian, burnt to the ground, and its foundations, after a romantic superstition, were strewn with salt. In a former number of the *St. James's* we promised (myself and the worthy Padre) to tell on a future day how we sped in our search after ruins and what we saw of "Ivied Tower and Fane." Cintra had been decided upon as one grand trip, and then by a pretty winding detour homeward, by way of Odivellas, and through Lumiar, much that might merit jotting down in our tablets, and in way of notes was assured by a halt at either of these far famed historic sites. Striking then across country, literally carpetted with flowers, and without once being warned by parvenu notice of "trespass not" or litigious threats of a "prosecution," bilious announcements that would have marred even the beauty of the Garden of Eden, we reached after a somewhat foot-sore scramble of three hours, the straggling village of Odivellas, in itself but a poor place, and after a halt, and refreshed by the creature comforts produced from the crypt of a friendly host, we decided that the afternoon should be devoted to a rummage over the old church and convent of Odivellas and whatever of sight seeing the neighbourhood might offer, while on the morrow by an early start we could see Lumiar, our principal object, pass the day there, ramble through the fair, see the RELIQUES, and reach Lisbon by the hour of chime of the evening bell.

The village of Odivellas clusters round and owes its origin to the huge ill-shapen convent of the name, built by Don Deniz the just, the greatest monarch Portugal ever saw. Cotemporary chroniclers speak of him as having so excelled in the kingly attributes, "VERDAT JUSTICA Y LIBERALIDAD," truth, justice, and generosity, as to have left far behind any Monarch of the known world. This may possibly be a flattered portrait, but history has recorded so much of his virtues, and of the glorious splendour of his reign, to justify much of the eulogium. Roads were mapped out and prosecuted to completion, and stately religious edifices arose during his rule, while husbandry was his peculiar charge, and so just and high was his appreciation of the labours of the tillers of the soil, that to this day a saying of the king's, that the *lavradores* or peasantry, were the NERVIOS DE LA REPUBLICA, (nerves of a Republic,) is a frequent quoted axiom of the Portuguese; the people repaid his care by their love, and beside his well-merited appellation of the "Just," he was also called *EL LAVRADOR Y PADRE DE LA PATRIA*, the Husbandman, and Father of his country. The monastery of Odivellas was dedicated by Don Deniz to St. Bernard, richly endowed, and when the youngest daughter of the king, the infanta Dona Maria, was of sufficient age, she here received the veil, became a recluse, and in time, succeeded to the government of the Convent—Don Deniz died in 1325 at his palace of Santarem, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, and the forty-sixth of his reign, and by his last request was interred in the church of the convent of Odivellas, an edifice richly ornate in the interior; and besides the beauty of its Gothic architecture, is remarkable for, perhaps, the solitary specimen of painting that exists of that early period. Fixed in the exterior wall of the convent, and under the covered

cloister, is an enormous stone ball with an inscription beneath, that asserts it to have been one of those discharged from the Artillery of the Infidel at the siege of Diu, and that it was brought from thence by the celebrated viceroy of the Portuguese Indian possessions, the famous Don Alvaro, of the family of Noronha. From the convent, we next bent our steps to the celebrated MEMORIA of Odivellas, a half league or so from the village, and in a quiet out-of-the-way spot in the midst of cultivated fields and hedges-rows, and with but a cottage here and there in its vicinage. The "Memoria" or Memorial, or all that now remains of it, is a lone shrine, the walls beneath the figure on the cross being covered with the blue Dutch tiles which for centuries the Portuguese have been accustomed, in their houses, their gardens, their baths and public edifices, to case their walls with, instead of the ordinary stucco. The wall is divided into compartments, and a story of which the Memoria perpetuates, is presented in tableaux conceived with all the spirit of poetry, of the highest artistic skill. Two centuries have passed away since the time of its erection, and when the story is told, and one comes to criticise, it is justice only to the conception of the artist to say that could proof be adduced of Hogarth having visited the shrine, or have been cognisant of the event it commemorates, that our great pencil satirist and moralist might have stolen ideas from the Memoria of Odivellas, for the best of the subjects his genius achieved. At the foot of the shrine are interred the ashes of a malefactor, a native of the place, who was publicly burnt opposite the site of his crime, the breaking into, and robbery of the sacred vessels of the high altar of the village church of Odivellas; and the tableaux, like those of the idle apprentice—tell, by the aid of the painter, the malefactor's life and death, from his first lapse from right, to his dying agony at the stake.

In No. 1 you are shewn the parish church, the sacristan is opening the porch door with the keys, and by his side are other officials bearing under a canopy the sacred vessels; the youth who afterwards is led into crime, is standing at a distance, and looking intently on.

No. 2, and the people are on the way to mass, they throng the churchyard, and the priest is advancing in procession but the idle villager is not amongst them, but with other youths of a vicious aspect is playing at skittles in a corner of the churchyard, some are betting and paying and receiving money, while wine skins are seen in the hands of others, or on the ground.

In another tableau is shewn the exterior of the church by moonlight, the criminal has forced the door, and is busily occupied in putting the silver ornaments of the altar into a wallet.

Again he is represented burying the plate in a secluded spot where it was afterwards found, the identical site upon which stands the Memoria.

Then a profligate career in the capital is pourtrayed, he is stealing into the house a female accomplice under cloud of night—she betrays him. He is apprehended, tried, condemned; while the last picture represents his fearful end; the stake is fixed, and the pile completed on which he is to be tied and burnt alive, while the hideous preliminary punishment, his right hand on a block in the act of being chopped off by the executioner's cleaver is told with a sickening exactness; such is the famed Memoria of Odivellas.

The idle apprentice of Hogarth, and our school-boy morality taught by the tragic tale of George Barnwell, would seem to be strong coincidences, if not actually borrowed from its story.



It is a pity to see this quaint edifice going so fast to destruction, not that time has laid his grizzly hand upon it, but from studied injuries effected in that wanton spirit of devastation that has so meanly characterized the governing party in the country during the past sixteen years. Scarce a monument or pretty way-side cross, or memorial of local, of family, or of historic interest has escaped; the Titularies created by the Queen, of Jew Barons and counter Counts find umbrage in whatever is entwined with old time associations, with these, any thing that has a past would seem to be viewed with a poor and small jealousy, that disturbs them in the midst of their tawdry splendour—these Feira de Ladra picked up, Ig-nobles don't pass current with the PEOPLE their pinchbeck nobility is too ludicrous, and this to them is the bitter in their cup in fact, the dark man in their closet, the Mordecai at their gate.

Chatting away over these subjects we wended back to Odivellas; and now of our next day's ramble, and of what we saw of the village, at the church, or in the fair of pretty Lumiar.

An annual cattle fair is held at Lumiar; the place is one of the most beautiful localities around Lisbon; the fair is principally holden in the churchyard, for in the church are guarded, and on this day publicly exhibited certain prized reliques held in highest veneration by the rustic folks, and little leaden oddities are distributed to the people during the fair time from the church porch; these have touched the reliques, and have some supposed wondrous virtue over the health of cattle; cows, calves, and oxen, are marched up to the church door, and these little leaden matters, generally a pair of them, are there and then fastened to the horns of the animal and suspended by gay coloured plaited twist, or streamers of ribbons, and are said to protect them against the "Evil Eye." This fair always presents a most animated scene, its proximity to Lisbon attracts hosts of visitors, and the country houses of several of the nobility, in particular the Anjeja Palace, a seat of the wily Duke of Palmellas, are thronged with guests.

The gardens, too, of this palace are pretty and attractive, laid out in terraces, quite foreign to anything in the neighbourhood of Lisbon. The botanical curiosities are numerous, and it is famous for a gigantic arbutus tree—twenty or more persons may find ample and secure cover from the rain or heats beneath its graceful branches: this tree has been noticed in the works of more than one foreign botanist. But the great attraction of Lumiar to the Englishman—even more so to a native of Erin's green isle—consists in the reliques of the church, which have just been alluded to, the grand treasure of all being—

#### THE HEAD OF SAINT BRIDGET,

not the Princess Bridget, of Sweden, canonized by Pope Boniface the Ninth, in 1391, but the somewhat more turbulent damsel, the veritable Saint Bridget of Ireland, slaughtered by the Infidels, and whose head was after martyrdom rescued from the Pagan's custody by three Irish knights, and brought to Portugal in the year 1283, and deposited in this same church of Lumiar, and where also the tombs of the three Irish knights themselves, who here died, were buried, remain intact to this day; a long slab, of a very hard description of stone, let into the wall of the church, nearly six centuries old, records the achievement of the

knights, and authenticates the fact of the reality of the relic. The inscription is as follows :—

Aqui . nestas . tres . sepulturas . jazē . enterrados . os . tres . Cavl<sup>ros</sup>  
Ibernios . Q . trouxerā . a . Cabeca . da . Bē . Avēturada . S . Brizida  
Virgē . natural . de . Ibernia . cuja . reliquia . esta . nesta . capella .  
Pa . memoria . do . Qual . hos . oficiais . da . mēsa . da . Bē .  
Aventurada . S . Maõdaraõ . fazer . este . ē . ian<sup>ro</sup> de 1283 .

“Here in these three sepulchres lie buried the bodies of the three Irish knights (cavaliers), who brought the head of the blessed St. Bridget, a virgin, native of Ireland, whose relic is in this chapel. In memory whereof the officers of the chapel of the blessed saint ordered this to be made in January, 1283.”

As to how the Irish knights managed to abstract the saint's head from the cruel Moor, tradition is silent, equally so as to the motives that induced these cavaliers to make Portugal the depository of so precious a relic; nor could we find that the names of the knights themselves had been preserved. So much for fame.

There are one or two other remarkable, but half defaced slabs, commemorative of the deeds of certain Lusitanian warriors, who, if monumental eulogy may be credited, did wondrous damage to their hereditary foes of Spain—a couple of these epitaphs are worthy of place, if only for the modesty of their style. Upon one to a great captain surnamed ANTON we have as follows :—

Aqui yaze Simon Anton  
Que mato muito Castelão  
É debaxo de su Covom  
Desafia à quantos saõ.

This may be read thus :—

Here Simon Anton lies who slew  
Castilians very many;  
And from his grave defies the rest  
If there survive him any.

But this is tame beside the recorded feats of another Lumiar Paladin, one Antonio Periz, who seems to have combined the qualities of a Bobadil equally with those of a Mendez Pinto, and whose feats seem to cast far into the shade the deeds of every warrior from Samson's time. The monkish eulogist gives his account in doggrel Latin, with an occasional pleasant intermixture of no less curious Portuguese. Here it is.

Hic Jacet Antonio Periz  
Vassallus domini Regis  
Contra Castellanos Misso  
Occidit omnes que quisso.  
Quantos vivos rapuit  
Omnes esbarrigavit.  
Per istas ladeiras  
Tulit tres Vandeiros.  
Et febre correptus  
Hic Jacet Sepultus :  
Faciunt Castellani feste  
Quia Mortua est sua peste.

To render this into English, was a puzzle to both the Padre and myself until we agreed to borrow a licence from the mixed style of the epitaph itself; and our feeble result to do justice to the original was conceived as follows:—

*Hic Jacet* in the grave below  
 Periz christened Antonio;  
 A subject of our Lord the King,  
 And subject to no other thing.  
*Missus contra* the Castilians,  
 He *occidit* them by millions;  
 Those he caught alive, his blade  
 Into mince-meat quickly made;  
 In his battles, standards three  
*Tulit* from the enemy,  
 Now *per febrem* borne away  
*Hic Jacet* beneath the clay;  
 And the Castillani feast  
*Quia mortua est* their pest.

But with this record of the faits d'armes of the slaughtering Periz, our paper must come to a close. Upon another occasion we may perhaps describe other matters of curiosity or of interest in and around Lusitania's bright and glorious capital, the Cypress Cemetery of the English, and where the author of "Tom Jones" lies buried; trace the footsteps of Wellington, or picture the scene of Mickle's landing on the golden shore of the Tagus, tell of his flattering reception by the Portuguese court, and of the beautiful homage paid to genius by a Portuguese King.

G. C. H.

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### DALE ABBEY.

I do love these ancient ruins!  
 We never tread upon them, but we set  
 Our foot upon some reverend history.  
 And, questionless, here in this open court  
 (Which now lies open to the injuries  
 Of stormy weather) some do lie interred,  
 Lived the church well, and gave so largely to't,  
 They thought it should have canopied their bones  
 Till doomsday: but all things have their end,  
 Churches and cities (which have diseases like to men)  
 Must have like death that we have.

*Webster's Duchess of Malfi.*

DERBYSHIRE has more than its share of the picturesque, and its full share of the romantic. It abounds in ruins of feudal grandeur, but is poor in those of monastic institutions. There is, however, one ruin of the

latter kind of extreme interest and beauty which is situated in so secluded and inaccessible a part of the county as to be little known and rarely visited. This is the Abbey of Depedale, more generally called Dale Abbey.

Those who would see our lovely land in all its beauty must be satisfied to quit the great roads and even the bye ways. Man, not less than Nature herself, is found presenting unusual phases in these nooks and corners of the world. Depedale is a spot where both may be studied to great advantage.

In one of the many pedestrian tours I have taken without any fixed object but that of getting as far as possible from tall chimneys and the haunts of men, I found myself, last autumn, about six miles east of Derby. In a low sheltered vale before me stood a solitary Gothic arch of very large span and exquisite proportions. The unexpected sight of such a noble yet singular ruin quickened my steps, and a Derbyshire rustic, in the broad dialect of that primitive county, soon informed me that I was in Abbey Dale. Abbey Dale! The name had a charm for me beyond the euphony, for in the old manor house in which I was born was a window of stained glass traditionally reported to have been brought from that Abbey, and telling, in its richly dight compartments, the whole story of the first foundation.

What this story was will be better learnt from the chronicle of Thomas de Musca, one of the canons, than from any description of mine:—

“There was a baker in Derby in the street which is called after the name of St. Mary. At that period the church of the Blessed Virgin at Derby was at the head of a large parish, and had under its authority a church *de onere* and a chapel. And this baker, otherwise called Cornelius, was a religious man, fearing God and moreover so wholly occupied in good works and the bestowing of alms that whatsoever remained to him on every seventh day beyond what had been required for the food and clothing of himself and his, and the needful things of his house, he would on the sabbath day take to the church of St. Mary and give to the poor for the love of God and the Holy Virgin.

“And when that he had during many years led a life of such pious exercises as these and was dear to God and accepted by him, it pleased God to try him more perfectly.

“And thereupon it happened that on a certain day in autumn, when he had resigned himself to repose at the hour of noon, the Blessed Virgin appeared to him in sleep, saying, ‘Acceptable in the eyes of my son and of me are the alms thou hast bestowed. But now, if thou wilt to be made perfect, leave all thou hast and go to Depedale, where thou shalt serve my son and me in solitude.’

The man awakening, perceived the divine goodness which had been done for his sake, and giving thanks to God and the B. V. his encourager, he straightway went forth without speaking a word to any one; *with knowledge ignorant* as St. Benedict hath it: *with knowledge* because he had been taught the name of the place: *ignorant*, because he knew not where any place of that name might be.

“Having turned his steps to the east, it befel him as he was passing through the midst of the village of Stanley, to hear a woman say to a maiden ‘Take the calves, drive them to Depedale.’ \* \* \* \* \*

“Astonished, he followed her steps, and arriving there found the place was marshy and of fearful aspect, far distant from any habitation of man. Then directing his steps to the south east of the dale, he cut for himself in the side of the mountain, in the rock, a very small habitation and an altar, which con-

tinueth to this day; and there day and night he served God in hunger and thirst; in cold and meditation.”\*

The chronicle goes on to shew how Rodolph the Lord of Ockbroch, hunting in the forest discovered the anchorite—made him a grant of the hill, and gave him for his sustentation the tithe of the mill of Burgun—(Borrow Aah).

Old legends of the Vale, state that the hermit had a daughter who shared his cell; that the Lord of Ockbrook when in the chase

“Once climbed the gory vulture’s nest  
And found a trembling dove within;”

that he eventually married the fair one, and that she having obtained for her father sufficient land and revenue for the endowment of an abbey, was afterwards known as the Lady Matilda, or La Gomme † de la Dale.

Be this, however, as it may, an abbey was founded in this lonely dale in 1204, for monks of the Præmonstratensian order. Dugdale furnishes a list of eighteen abbots, a period of 312 years having occurred during their government.

It should be stated here that the Abbey about a century after its original foundation obtained, and for a long time kept the name of the Abbey of Stanley Park. This change of name originated in an extension of its territorial possessions, by which the adjoining Park of Stanley became, by grant from the De Grendins, a part of its fair domains. I gleaned from an intelligent villager the information, that in the neighbouring church of Morley is still preserved a handsome stained glass window in which the history of this grant is beautifully delineated.

“This window (says the Rev. Robert Wilmot) was brought from Dale Abbey at the Dissolution in 1539, and was evidently designed to convey an idea of the following circumstances. ‘The keepers of the park or forest, being disturbed by the encroachments of the monks, carried their complaints to the king. With a view of representing this fact they are painted upon the glass in green habits standing before him, with this inscription underneath,

*Wherof we complain unto the King.*

when they received this answer,

*On and tell them come to me.*

“In another part of this window, the person against whom the complaint is lodged appears before the king, to whom he kneels. With a view of adjusting the matter in dispute, and giving satisfaction to both parties, the king, it is said, granted to the canons of Depedale as much land as betwixt two suns could be encircled with a plough drawn by two deer which were to be caught from the forest. This is expressed in two other inscriptions

*On take them and tame them,  
On haue, take ground with the plough.*

\* This chronicle is given in extenso in Glover’s Derbyshire. The initials of each chapter from the writer’s name T. R. C. R. S. S. D. C. R. S. C. S.

† The godmother of the Dale.

This judgment of the king which was evidently intended to favour the keepers of the forest, inasmuch as he deemed ploughing *with such a team* an utter impossibility, was miraculously turned to the great advantage of the monks, for the next compartment shews that the feat was achieved. A man holds a plough drawn by deer, with this legend underneath,

Werr St. Robert plougheth wryth thern.

What extent of land was encompassed in the two days cannot now be ascertained, but it is certain that Stanley Park and the liberty of Dale were parts of it. On the foregoing circumstances was founded

#### THE LEGEND OF DALE ABBEY.

The Devil one night as he chanced to sail  
 In a stormy wind by the Abbey of Dale,  
 Suddenly stopped and looked mad with surprise,  
 That a structure so fair in that valley should rise.  
 When last he was there, it was lonely and still;  
 And the Hermitage scooped in the side of the hill,  
 With its wretched old inmate his beads a-telling  
 Were all could be found of life, dweller, and dwelling.  
 The hermit was seen in the rock no more;  
 The nettle and dock had sprung up at the door;  
 And each window the fern and the hart's tongue hung o'er;  
 Within, 'twas dampness and nakedness all;  
 The Virgin, as fair and holy a block  
 As ever yet stood in a niche of a rock,  
 Had fall'n to the earth and was broke in the fall.  
 The holy cell's ceiling, in idle hour  
 When haymakers' sought it from sun or shower,  
 Was scored by their forks in a thousand scars,  
 Wheels and ovals, circles and stars.  
 But, by the brook in the valley below,  
 St. Mary of Dale! what a lordly shew,  
 The abbey's proud arches and windows bright  
 Glittered and gleamed in the full moonlight.  
 He perched on a finial to ponder the scene,  
 When he heard, loudly chanted a chorus within;  
 The strain was so merry, he could not help peeping  
 To see how their vigils the fathers were keeping—  
 Wot ye they sung in the cold chapel's gloom?  
 Nay, they sat in the glow of the abbot's own room.  
 Saw he beads and crosses and visages pale?  
 I trow ye not—but full flagons of ale,  
 And the abbot himself in his lordly chair,  
 Bore a hearty good part in this godly air.

#### CARMEN TRIUMPHALE.

Old father John was a holy man,  
 And chaunted a mass full well,  
 But his cheek was pale, his heart did fail,  
 The cause, pray who can tell?  
 Oh! well might the heart of the father fail,  
 For it never was warmed with a flagon of ale.

Saint Benedict in his conscience was pricked,  
 And full soundly he lashed his skin;  
 But father Peter, he never would batter  
 A temple the Spirit dwelt in.  
 Father Peter was right, quoth friar Paul,  
 For thus keeping up the temple wall.  
 Holy St. Bevil, to quell the devil  
 Did evermore fast and pray;  
 But Peter arose, with ponderous blows,  
 And furiously drove him away.  
 Then here's to the arms that made Peter prevail -  
 A venison pasty and flagon of ale!

The devil he heard, and away he flew  
 Away in a whirlwind that tore, as it blew,  
 Rocks and houses, and forests of oak,  
 And buried some hundreds of cattle and folk.  
 Then chattered each pane in those windows high,  
 As the fiend arose in the act to fly.  
 Then a terrible gust did these towers assail,  
 As the fiend set off from the Abbey of Dale.  
 He summoned his imps in the height of his spleen,  
 And questioned how many at Dale had been,  
 And what were the doings might there be seen?  
 One had seen plenty of beef and beer—  
 One had been with the friars, a-chasing the deer—  
 One had carved out venison to twenty good wives,  
 And had wondered to see the monks handle their knives,  
 O'er the smoking hot pasties and sparkling ale,  
 By the snug evening fires in the village of Dale.  
 Many had been at a maid's confessing,  
 And some when St. Robert conferred his blessing  
 On pious old souls that to heaven would sail,  
 By giving their lands to the Abbey of Dale.  
 Some of the shrine of our Lady told  
 Of the relics and jewels, and coffers of gold.  
 But all of them dwelt on the bountiful cheer;  
 How jocundly flew the whole round of the year—  
 But chief when the monks were a-chasing the deer.

The devil no longer such tidings could brook,  
 He started, and stamped, till his hot dwelling shook.  
 "O, ho!" quoth he, to the demon powers,  
 "These knavish monks are no monks of ours;  
 They travel to Heaven with feast and song,  
 And absolve each other while going along.  
 But troth, if I yet have a subject on earth,  
 I'll spoil their hunting—I'll mar their mirth!"  
 He flew to the keepers—the keepers they pace  
 Away to Sir Gilbert, the lord of the chase.  
 Sir Gilbert de Grendon, he sped to the king,  
 And with heavy complaints made the proud palace ring;  
 How the friars of Dale forsook missal and mass,  
 To chaunt over a bottle or shrive a lass.  
 No matin bell called them up in the morn,  
 But the yell of their hounds, and the sound of the horn.  
 No penance the monk in his cell could stay,  
 But a broken leg, or a rainy day.  
 The pilgrim that came to the abbey door,

With the feet of the fallow deer found it nailed o'er;  
 The pilgrim that into the kitchen was led;  
 On Sir Gilbert's venison there was fed,  
 And saw shins and antlers hang o'er his head.

The king was wroth, and with angry tone  
 He summoned St. Robert before his throne.  
 St. Robert appeared in three weeks and a day,  
 For bad was the weather, and long was the way.  
 He spoke so wisely, he pleaded so well,  
 That the king, in troth, had trouble to tell  
 Which of the two that before him came,  
 To the forest and deer had the fairest claim.  
 But the devil, who sat behind the throne,  
 At that did inwardly writhe and groan,  
 And whispered into the royal ear,  
 "St. Robert is famous for taming of deer."  
 Than sprang the king gaily up from his throne,  
 And spake that fancy, and deemed it his own :—  
 "For taming of deer, St. Robert is famed,  
 Go catch two wild stags and then get them tamed;  
 With wood, water, and game, as much forest ground,  
 As with such brave steeds thou canst plough round,  
 While two summer suns through heaven do sail,  
 Shall for ever belong to the Abbey of Dale.  
 But if set those suns, ere thou circle the same,  
 Be cancelled for ever and ever thy claim"  
 Sir Gilbert frowned, St. Robert looked gay,  
 But the envious devil went laughing away.\*

The cell of the pious baker, or as it is more generally called the hermitage, is yet preserved, but of the stately abbey once the pride of the vale, the only remnant is the solitary arch of which I have spoken. Portions, however, of its walls may be traced in the quaint looking farm houses that surround it, and a neighbouring wood still bears the name it bore in the palmy times of the abbey, "Our Lady's Wood."

A little oratory, built by *La Gomme de la Dale*, is still devoted to divine service, and under the same roof, with the bell for its sign, was a few years ago the village hostel! It is even said that it was not unusual for the toppers of the Dale, to enjoy their pot and pipe, and the rural pastor's sermon at the same time.

Earl Stanhope, the lord of the manor, and chief owner of the lordship, has remedied this, and has always shewn a commendable anxiety for the preservation of all the interesting vestiges of this once magnificent Monastic House. Long may they be preserved, and with them that primitive simplicity of life, which distinguishes the quiet dwellers of the Dale. I have been a Rambler in many lands, but where have I found anything more picturesque than the scenery, or more pure than the morals of the people of this LITTLE CHARTREUSE!

Amongst the very few men of note that have found their way into this happy valley, the poet James Montgomery is one. He left a beautiful record of his visit in the following exquisite sonnet.

\* The *bilis atra* and pungent satire contained in the Legend, as levelled against the monks, render it almost superfluous to say that it was the production of the author of *Priestcraft*—William Howitt—who was born within a short distance of the abbey. Such caustic wit could hardly be expected in a *Friend*.



## I.

The glory hath departed from thee, Dale!  
 Thy gorgeous pageant of monastic pride,  
 A power, that once the power of kings defied --  
 Which truth and reason might in vain assail—  
 In mock humility, usurped this vale  
 And lorded o'er the region far and wide,  
 Darkness to light—evil to good—allied,  
 Had wrought a charm which made all hearts to quail.  
 What gave that power dominion o'er this ground  
 Age after age? The word of God was bound—  
 At length the mighty captive burst from thrall  
 O'eturned the spiritual bastile in its march,  
 And left, of ancient grandeur this sole arch,  
 Where stones cry out "Thus Babylon herself shall fall."

## II.

More beautiful in ruin than in prime,  
 Methinks the frail yet firm memorial stands,  
 The work of heads laid low, and buried hands,  
 Now slowly mouldering to the bud of time.  
 It looks abroad unconsciously sublime  
 Where sky above, and earth below, expands,  
 And yet a nobler relic still demands  
 The grateful tribute of a passing rhyme :—  
 Beneath yon cliff a humble roof behold,  
 Poor as the Saviour's birth place; yet the fold -  
 Where the good shepherd, in this quiet vale,  
 Gathers his flock and feeds them, as of old,  
 With bread from heaven—I change my note. All hail!  
 The spirit of the Lord is risen upon thee, DALE!

The latter sonnet alludes to the pastoral labours of the late Rev. J. D Wawn, who gathered round him in the oratory, on the hill, all the scattered inhabitants of the valley, who listened to his holy teachings, as we might fancy the denizens of the wilderness did to the Fore-runner. Montgomery is said to have casually strolled into this lonely house of prayer when the little flock were assembled, and to have declared that the place, the preacher, and the congregation presented the most perfect pattern of primitive Christian worship, he had ever beheld.\*

T. R. P.

\* The poet was at that time on a visit to the Moravian Brethren, at Ockbrook, which is an adjoining parish to Dale, and which besides the Moravian Establishment has a great treat to the tourist, in the beautiful stained window of the parish church, formerly the principal ornament of the chapel of Wigston's Hospital, at Leicester, and most unjustifiably abstracted from the place which it had so long adorned!

## A COURT FAVOURITE.

“ He lived with all the pomp he could devise,  
 At tilts and tournaments obtain'd the prize.”  
*Dryden.*

WE are very much inclined to think, at the same time craving pardon for our presumption, that our chroniclers and historians, notwithstanding their many high sounding declamations against partizanship, and the great pains they take to imbue us with a proper respect for their characters as heralds of truth, are, after all, poor weak mortals like ourselves, as prone to err in judgment, and as open to prejudice. We have often delighted in marking the pompous and inflated tone in which they pass their strictures on great actors and great events, and with what ease and flippancy they place on record their commendations or their censures, according as the spirit may move them. This notion has often occurred to us in the course of our historic researches, but never more forcibly than when we selected, as the subject of this sketch, the history of the rise and fall of PIERS DE GAVESTON.

There is a fashion in all things, not only in dress but even in opinion. Hence do we find that the character of this unfortunate favourite having been maligned by contemporary writers who envied his elevation; the fashion among their successors has been to concur in this opinion, without enquiring into the manners and customs of the times, without contrasting the conduct of Gaveston with that of the court in which he so prominently figured, and without deducing from these considerations the fact that, though no doubt he was guilty of great acts of prodigality (the chief charge which we believe to have been brought against him with anything like the semblance of truth), yet still he but followed the usages of his age. However to proceed with our narrative, in the course of which we shall have ample opportunity of elucidating the rather novel view we have taken of a character, which we have been taught from earliest infancy to consider as a blot of the first magnitude in the annals of our country.

Piers de Gaveston was the son of a Gascoigne knight, who fought with distinction in the armies of Edward the First, and received many marks of favour from that monarch, but none, perhaps, more gratifying to the feelings of the old soldier, than that of placing his son, the subject of this sketch, about the person of the Prince of Wales. And here we would observe, in connexion with the malignancy of the times above alluded to, that when, some years afterwards, the favourite's star of prosperity was on the wane, there were found men high enough in position, though sufficiently debased in principle, to lend themselves to the circulation of the idle, monstrous, and absurd report that the object of their

envy, and consequent hatred, was the offspring of a man who having played traitor to his lawful sovereign, the King of France, was beheaded. Nor would the gallantry of these men permit even the shades of his mother to rest in peace, but in the bitterness of their animosity, they went so far as even to accuse her of witchcraft, and that being detected, she was burnt at the stake.

Gifted with extraordinary mental and personal qualifications, and with the natural desire innate in all men's bosoms to place themselves in a position of independence, we cannot wonder at Gaveston's successful endeavours to secure a hold on the affections of the young Prince, his companion: nor, indeed, can we be astonished at the latter's feeling a preference for one whose refined tastes, wit, and accomplishments were no less superior to those of his other courtiers, than was the fame he had acquired for his bravery, his gallantry, and his dexterity in all manly sports. A friendship commenced in early youth, and thus cemented by a communion of tastes, may be supposed to have been one of no ordinary character; indeed, so attached did the Prince become to his favourite, that notwithstanding the bad odour it obtained for him, he took little heed of concealing his preference, but on the contrary, seized every opportunity with eagerness for publicly testifying his feelings. No tournaments were held, no balls were given, no parties formed for the exciting pleasures of the chase, but if the Prince of Wales was there, there also was Gaveston.

As it may naturally be supposed, the hereditary lords of the soil, the barons of England, whose sons had been accustomed to be the associates of royalty, could but ill brook what they considered to be a presumptuous usurpation of their rights on the part of the Gascoigne stranger, as he was called, whose name now became associated with every term of contempt; his fame for prowess and valour alone saving him from being personally insulted. This conduct on the part of the nobles could scarcely be expected to engender any very genuine feelings of respect in the mind of Gaveston: on the contrary, being composed of but flesh and blood, like other men, he of course retaliated. With as much good will, though with far greater poignancy and effect, he returned every contemptuous epithet levelled against him with interest. Thus we find him applying to the Earl of Pembroke, of whose enmity and its origin we shall have to allude to more fully by and bye, the *soubriquet* of "*Joseph the Jew*," from his dark, thin, and sallow complexion; the Earl of Warwick, who was of a passionate temper, and foamed at the mouth when angry, he termed "*The wild boar of Ardenne*;" while the dignified Earl of Lancaster was familiarly known as "*The Stage-player*," from the picturesque style of dress which he affected.

Galling and cutting as no doubt these epithets were felt to be by those against whom they were directed, Gaveston might yet have continued during the reign of his patron's father to have kept the strong clique which was now formed against him at bay, but for an act of imprudence which resulted in his immediate banishment. Being out one day hunting with the Prince, they incautiously, in the heat of the chase, broke into the Bishop of Coventry's park, and committed some serious damages to the property of the worthy prelate. The right reverend ecclesiastic being at that time in much favour at court, hastened thither to unburthen himself of his grievances, and to seek for redress, which was granted him

in the shape of an order for Gaveston's departure from the country. This mandate was made known to the favourite by the Earl of Gloucester, who was appointed his successor as Chamberlain to the Prince. And here we would pause to dwell upon perhaps the most pleasing episode in the life of our hero, which occurred about this period.

The beauty of our court ladies has always been proverbial—nor were the reigns of the First and Second Edwards less favoured in this respect. On the contrary, if we may believe the chronicles we possess of the times, our tournaments were unequalled, not by reason of increased prowess on the part of *les preux chevaliers*, but rather from the personal charms displayed by the courtly dames who then honoured them with their presence. Second to none among these was the fair Margaret, the second sister and coheir of Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, whom we have already mentioned. This lady, uniting in her person unrivalled beauty, with royal blood, being niece to the reigning King, was, as may easily be imagined, eagerly sought after in marriage by many a proud and noble baron. The most successful, however, among the lady's suitors was the young Gascoigne knight, whose well favoured mien, affability of manners, and chivalrous spirit had secured for him a position in his mistress's affections which his defeated rivals, notwithstanding their high-sounding titles and broad acres, had sighed for in vain. The difference of position, however, between the lovers would in those *exigeant* times have formed an insuperable barrier to their union, had not Gaveston contracted a very close and intimate friendship with Margaret's brother, a friendship which originated, we are told, in his successful management of *une affaire du cœur* of the earl's! The latter, well aware of the favourite's hold on the affections of the Prince of Wales, who, on the death of his father, would no doubt confer upon him titles and estates, which would render him worthy of an alliance with his family, gave a ready consent, obtaining at the same time a pledge that the matter should stand over till the accession of the Prince to the throne.

If there be any truth in the old adage, that the course of true love never yet ran smooth, we may perhaps be allowed to infer, by an inverse species of argument, that in consequence of a *fracas* that occurred shortly after this amicable arrangement, the lovers were very sincerely attached to each other, while at the same time we are ready to admit, that the lady's mode of displaying her affections, was somewhat eccentric. From an imagined slight on the part of Gaveston, who, though our chronicles saith not, may have been too delicate in his attentions to some Court beauty or other, we find of a sudden, the blood of all the Normans rising to such fever heat in the maiden's veins, that she resolved to discard her *ci-devant* admirer, and in the frenzy of that moment, actually went so far as openly to receive the addresses of the Earl of Pembroke, a previously rejected, but importunate suitor. It was just at this critical moment that Gaveston received an order for immediately quitting the country; as we have already seen, this communication was conveyed to him through the medium of the Earl of Gloucester. That worthy noble, acting in the true spirit of cordiality, and feeling deeply for the disgrace of Gaveston, was too willing to alleviate, in any degree, the misery of his friend, not to endeavour to work the oracle for him in his sister's bosom. A woman's heart, however, where it truly loves, requires but little eloquence to induce it to act up to its own dictates. Margaret had been seriously at-

tached to Gaveston when he was in the hey-day of his fortune; an imagined affront it is true had momentarily checked the impulse of her affection, but now that he was in adversity—that he was about to be expatriated—to be thrown among strangers, without a friend, and in disgrace, we may easily imagine that a very powerful re-action took place in his favour, while we scarcely know whether to pity or to envy the feelings of the exile, on its being communicated to him that the same act which was to discard him from his country, had been the means of restoring him to the affections of his mistress.

Fortune's frown was but temporary. The departure of Gaveston for France, and the succession of his patron to the throne, were almost simultaneous events. Influenced by the advice of the clergy and the nobles who thoroughly hated the favourite, and greatly dreaded his return, lest his indignation should visit on them the punishment they so justly merited at his hands, the late king had been induced to exact a promise from his son, under pain of his malediction, never to recall Gaveston. How the prince kept his word is recorded in history, by the statement, that scarcely had the last breath fled from his father's body, than a messenger was already on the wing, to summon his boon companion to his presence, who immediately on his arrival, found himself greeted as *Earl of Cornwall* (a title peculiar to royalty), and hailed as lord of all the lands which had belonged to Edmund of Almaine, son of Richard, King of the Romans. His advancement, however, did not rest here, for the king repairing shortly after to France, with the view of espousing the Princess Isabella, he appointed Gaveston, during his absence, Regent of the Kingdom, with all those powers which the sovereign, on such occasions, was accustomed to reserve to himself.

It would have been supposed, that as he was now possessed of regal power, Gaveston would have seized with avidity on this opportunity of retaliating ten-fold upon his enemies. Historians, however, are silent on this point, and confine themselves to the general charges of ostentation and prodigality. The nuptials of Edward and Queen Isabella being now completed, the royal couple returned to England, where their coronation was shortly after celebrated at Westminster. On this occasion, it would appear that fresh discord was engendered between the favourite and the nobles. In the course of the ceremony, "Thomas, Earl of Lancaster," says *Miss Strickland*, in her *LIVES*, "the son of Edward's uncle, Edmund Crouchback, bore curtana, or the sword of mercy, and Henry, Earl of Lancaster, his brother, the royal rod, surmounted with the dove. But the indignation of the nobles exceeded all bounds, when it was found that the king had assigned the envied office of bearing St. Edward's crown, to his unpopular favourite, who, on this occasion, was dressed more magnificently than the sovereign himself." This indignation, however, would appear to have been more particularly felt by the Lancastrian Earls, a much more serious cause of offence, being rather quaintly related by the same authoress. "Gaveston" says she "had taken upon himself the whole management of the coronation ceremonial, and either his arrangements were made with little judgment, or his directions were misunderstood, or perhaps perversely disobeyed, for it seems that it was from the beginning to the end, a scene of the most provoking confusion and disorder. It was three o'clock before the coronation of the king and queen was over, and when we consider the shortness of the winter days,

we cannot wonder at the fact stated, that though there was abundance of provisions of every kind, there was not a morsel served up at the queen's table before dark. The lateness of the dinner hour appears to have excited the indignation of the hungry nobles, more than any other of Gaveston's misdeeds that day."

The marks of distinction that we have mentioned, as conferred upon the Earl of Cornwall, had, as may be supposed, raised the frenzy of the envious and powerful barons, almost beyond endurance. We have only further to narrate his achievements at the celebrated tournament at Wallingford, and his marriage with Margaret of Gloucester, to arrive at the period of his second banishment.

The tournament at Wallingford immediately followed the coronation. During the age of which we are now writing, a splendid ostentatious kind of gallantry, expressive of the most profound respect, and the highest admiration of the beauty and virtue of the ladies prevailed. This gallantry appeared in its greatest lustre at royal tournaments, and at none perhaps more so than at Wallingford, for here the *élite* of French and English chivalry had met to contest for the merits of their respective countrywomen. It is stated, that on this occasion, the Earl of Pembroke, whom our readers will recognise as an old suitor for the hand of Margaret of Gloucester, entered the lists, and desired his herald to proclaim the incomparable beauty of that lady. The Earl of Cornwall, who was present, considering himself as the rightful champion in that cause, and acting perhaps with more gallantry than policy, returned for answer, that though he disputed not the justness of the challenge, yet he would willingly break a lance with Pembroke, to prove who was the better entitled to be the lady's knight. Like a true story of romance, the favoured lover triumphantly bore off the palm in the contest which ensued. This act of chivalry was followed by the splendid nuptials of the Earl and Countess of Cornwall, the days of whose honey-moon were abruptly cut short, by the sudden bursting of the storm, which had been so long brewing. The exasperated barons, with the Earls of Lancaster and the crest-fallen Pembroke at their head, met at Westminster, on the 28th of April, 1308, with so great an armed force that the king was in no condition to deny them anything. Their demands were, that the favourite should be immediately, and for ever, banished the kingdom. Edmund gave, as may be supposed, a reluctant consent, reserving to himself, however, the right of appointing him to the Chief Governorship of Ireland.

We are now arrived at the most important epoch in the life of Gaveston, an epoch which has marked his character with a greatness which a "mere court minion," as the writers of English history have invariably termed him, could never have acquired. The Parliament of England, having as we have seen insisted upon the banishment of Gaveston by an appointed day, he was on the 16th of June, 1308, sent to Ireland as the King's Lieutenant. Though all parties in Ireland uniformly agree in taking advantage of any moment of weakness in England, they are as uniformly at variance with the popular opinion in England, on the merits of any of its public characters or public measures, and not unfrequently without justice. Gaveston was detested in England. The Irish found him, it seems, amiable in his temper, in his person and in his endowments, graceful and engaging. Full of gallantry and courage among the fair

and the bold ; he appeared to his inferiors gracious and affable. His princely port and magnificent retinue served to captivate the general eye not used to such spectacles. But what they most admired him for, were the high vigor and energy of his character. Instead of waiting like some former deputies, to be insulted in the very seat of Government, he at once marched out against the insurgent sept, drove them from their retreats, and pursued them with severe execution, until they were completely broken and dispersed. His soldiers pleased with his valor and gained by his largesses, followed his standard with confidence and alacrity. O'Dempsey, an Irish chieftain of note, was slain on the field of battle, and his forces totally routed. The insurgents presuming no more to appear in the Province of Leinster, the seat of the pale, Gaveston pierced beyond his border into Thomond, and defeated and subdued the Chieftain O'Brien, who had been encouraged to commit hostilities, by the weakness of former administrations, and the disunion and disaster of the English arms. And now having no enemy to encounter Gaveston proceeded vigorously to repair the havoc made by former insurrections ; to erect castles, and to open communications throughout the English territory. Surely such acts as these could not have been performed by " a mere court minion," or empty parasite, as our English historians would make us believe the favourite to have been. But his very successes against his opponents excited the envy of the Irish lords. These had been used to look down with contempt upon the King's vicegerent, and wherever they could not reduce that officer to a mere instrument in their hands, they had been accustomed to prosecute their schemes of private revenge or aggrandizement in an utter disregard to his authority. In particular the Earl of Ulster, with equal pride and state, affected by his train to eclipse the governor. He had his numerous followers, a truly formidable body ; with these he held his court at Trim, and is said even to have threatened Gaveston with hostilities. But before this challenge could come to an issue, which in all probability would have proved disastrous to the Irish, the latter was suddenly recalled, when Ireland was abandoned as before to its weak government and petulant nobility.

The Earl of Cornwall had not been twelve months absent in the Vice-royalty of Ireland, when the impatience of Edward for his return, induced him to make such strong intercession with the Pope and to confer so many concessions and favours upon his own nobles, as to induce the former to absolve the Earl from the oath which he had taken never to return to England, and the latter to subdue their resentment. The meeting between Gaveston and the King, who went as far as Chester to greet his favourite on his arrival, was, we are given to understand, attended on the part of Edward, with marks of the greatest transports of joy and of the fondest affection.

Willing as we have shewn ourselves to shield as far as possible the name of Gaveston from the unmerited obloquy which has been heaped upon him on all sides with an unsparing hand, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact, that though his bearing was at all times noble and upright in the extreme, that where he hated or loved he shrunk not from publicly testifying his feelings, yet his love for profuseness, magnificence, and display, was so unbounded, as to lead him into the most inordinate expenses, and ultimately to reduce both himself and his King to the greatest straits. Some excuse perhaps may be found for him, when it is remem-

bered that the chief aim and object of his extravagance was to add to the enjoyment of his sovereign. Christopher Marlowe, a contemporary of Shakspeare, and the author of a long forgotten tragedy intitled "Edward the Second," has attempted not inadequately to pourtray the exertions of Gaveston to bring together for the amusement of royalty, the highest entertainment then in fashion.

" I must have wanton poets, pleasant wits,  
Musicians that with touching of a string  
May drawe the pliant King which way I please.  
Music and poetry are his delight ;  
Therefore I'll have Italian masques by night.  
Sweet speeches, comedies, and pleasing shewes,  
And in day when he shall walke abroad,  
Like Sylvan nymphs his pages shall be clad,  
My men like Satyrs, grazing on the lawnes,  
Shall with their goat-feet dance the antick hay,  
Sometimes a lovely boy in diver shapes,  
With haire that gildes the water as it glides,  
Crownets of pearle about his naked arms,  
And in his sportful hands an olive tree.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Shall bathe him in a spring. And then hard by,  
One, lyke Acteon, peeping through the grouse  
Shall by the angry goddess be transform'd  
Such things as these best please his majestie."

Making all allowances for the poetical fancy of the writer, we may imagine that the entertainments of Gaveston, in honour of royalty were of a very *recherché* description, and as we have found in our own times that the estates even of a noble duke have not been found equal to the heavy expense of such royal entertainments, we may perhaps be able to understand how it came to pass that in those days an earl could outrun the constable. Outrunning the constable however is a *façon de parler*. The laws of debtor and creditor not being then as fully understood as at present, the mode of punishing the delinquent was somewhat more summary, for the barons meeting again in great force, Edward was compelled in order to avoid the gathering storm once more (1310) to part with his favourite, who retired into Flanders. His sojourn here however was but short, for his affectionate Sovereign, inconsolable at his absence, had him recalled, and in order to abate the general odium against him, appointed him at the head of the army, which was then prosecuting the war against the Scots. Gaveston penetrated a great way into the country, but not being able to bring the enemy to an engagement, he returned without performing any act of *eclat*. His ill success or rather his want of success gave a fresh impetus to the enmity of the nobles, who in the Parliament which met towards the latter end of the year 1311, once more compelled the King to part with his favourite.

This separation, like the former ones which we have had to record, was but for a season ; for in the following year we find Gaveston again, and for the last time, taking an active and a leading part in the gaieties of the court—again calling forth the spleen and envy of the barons, by the magnificence of his retinue, and the splendour of his entertainments—and again irritating them beyond all control, by the haughtiness of his bearing



and the unmeasured sarcasm of his remarks. That Gaveston could have been so blind to the executive power of his enemies, which had so often compelled him to fly the country, cannot for a moment be imagined; while, therefore, we must feel astonished at the little policy he displayed, by again arousing the exasperated lion, which had so often sought his destruction; we must, at the same time, acknowledge our admiration at his undaunted bearing. Had he not possessed a true nobleness of nature we might have expected for his own preservation sake, he would have succumbed long ere this to the power which had so long been threatening his ruin, and was now about to burst over its victim, with an utterly annihilating force. But no, he dared its worst. He had not, as we have seen, been the first to commence hostilities with the barons. It was they who had thrown down the gauntlet of defiance by their repeated insults. In taking that gauntlet up, Gaveston had but acted upon the then prevailing principles of chivalry, and it was those very principles which forbade him to retract or temporize—it was those principles that supported him in banishment—it was those principles that nerved him in the last tragic scene of his short but eventful life, which we are about to narrate.

The barons perceiving that nothing short of the death of Gaveston would rid them of his hated presence, determined now to accomplish his final destruction. A mere appeal to the king, they knew would be unavailing. Raising, therefore, the standard of rebellion, the horrors of a civil war soon threatened the country. The king fearing for the safety of his favourite, retired with him from York to Newcastle, and from thence to Scarborough Castle, where he left him for protection, while he betook himself to the north, accompanied by the Earl of Gloucester, to raise an army in his defence. In the meanwhile the insurgents headed by the Earl of Pembroke, whose name we have had occasion to mention more than once in the course of this article, advanced upon Scarborough Castle, which they immediately laid siege to. This stronghold, considered to be impregnable in itself, was, however, so poorly provisioned, that Gaveston, after holding out but for a few days, found himself compelled to send a flag of truce to the enemy, offering to surrender up his person to Pembroke on condition that he should be kept safe in his custody to the 1st of August; (the terms being offered on the 19th of May, 1312) that in the mean time, endeavours should be used for bringing about a general accommodation; but if that did not take place, he should then be restored to the castle of Scarborough in the same condition in which he had left it. For the observance of these conditions, Pembroke solemnly pledged himself.

The value of Pembroke's pledge is easily told, Gaveston was taken out of his hands by the Earl of Warwick *without the slightest resistance*. So say our historians. It requires, we think, but a very slight stretch of imagination to interpret the cautious expression “without the slightest resistance” into actual, uncompromising connivance. However, let us not be too hard upon the worthy earl. No doubt his great love for the Countess of Cornwall, was such that he thought he was doing that Lady signal service in ridding her of so undeserving a husband—a husband whom we dare say could not rival the noble earl in his observance of pledges. Be this, however, as it may, we have only to deal with the issue.

The unfortunate Gaveston was now indeed in a position which no circumstances could retrieve. Hurried to Warwick Castle, a council of his

bitterest enemies, composed of the Earls of Lancaster, Warwick, Hereford, and Arundel—Pembroke being alone prevented from appearing, doubtless, for decency sake, was convened. Its deliberations were but short. Promptness was the order of the day. Leaving the presence chamber without even intimating to their miserable victim, the decision they had arrived at, his judges had him immediately conveyed to Blacklow Hill near Warwick, where they beheld, with that savage pleasure which party rage is too apt to inspire, his head severed from his body by the hands of the executioner on the 1st of July, 1312.

We have now brought the career of Gaveston to a close, but before laying down our pen, we will here introduce the following appropriate comment from *Weever's Funerall Monuments*.

“A violent and unadvised part of these lords to put to death an earl so dearly loved of the King, without any judiciall proceedings by triall of his peeres; which caused a lasting hatred between the king and his nobles, and was the beginning of the second civill warre of England. Some two years after this tragedie, King Edward caused the bodie of his Gaveston to be transferred with great pomp from the place of his former buriall (which was among the Friars Preachers at Oxford) to the Friars of his own foundation (King's Langley), where he in person with the Archbishop of Canterbury, foure Bishops, many Abbots, and the principall churchmen did honour the Exequies, but few were present of the nobilitie, whose great stomachs would not give them leave to attend. This was the end of that fatall great favourite Gaveston who was the first *Private* (saith *Sam Danyel* in the life of EDWARD the Second) of the kind ever noted in our history, and was above a king in his life, deserves to have his character among Princes being dead. Which is as delivered.”

R. H. O'B.

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## SEPULCHRAL MONUMENTS.

MAN is described by Shakespeare as “a being looking before and after;”—a definition which, perhaps, when subjected to analytical inquiry, will be found suggestive of considerations, intimately affecting a correct knowledge of those principles and tendencies which, to a greater or less extent, form the original basis of human character. The present is forgotten in the contemplation of the past and future. The mind, enjoying a partial exemption from the restrictive influence of the present, hurries onward into the boundless realms of the future, where its instincts and aspirations are permitted to expatiate, unconfined by limits, and unintimidated by obstructions. Bathed in the inextinguishable light of immortality, the soul antithetically recoils from darkness and annihilation, and finds congenial employment in the work of rescue and preservation. “The noiseless and inaudible foot of time” is combated at every step, and retarded in every movement; all which can be saved from the path of ruin, or plucked from “the jaws of darkness,” that “longing after immortality,” which is man's best heritage, piously preserves, and consigns to some one of those various modes of custody which the arts or literature supply.

The historic page, "the poet's pen," the sculptor's art, "the eternal architecture of Egypt," and the rude headstone of the country churchyard, are so many attestations of the existence of that undying principle, which thus struggles for expression and development.

In proportion to the predominance of the "mens diviniore" over the ruder elements of our nature, this "instinct of future being" will have acquired force and influence, causing, in one case, admiration of the beautiful in its physical embodiments, perhaps because the most perfect combinations, present the best symbol of that which is opposed to nothingness; and in another, a love of that heroism, of which dangerous enterprise is the peculiar province, because pursuits of peril multiply the means whereby the spirit secures release and disenthralment. Viewed under these circumstances, Thermopyle may have presented to the three hundred, charms other than those with which patriotism had invested it, and the yawning abyss in which Curtius was engulfed might have been chosen by the Roman knight, as affording, not the certainty of extinction, but the surest and most immediate means of immortality. In all ages, and amongst all nations, the preservation of memorials of the dead appears to have been regarded as a sacred duty. The catacombs of Egypt, the sepulchral tumuli of the ancient Celts, the flower-decked grave of the modern peasant, and "the storied urn and consecrated bust" of the solemn cathedral, are but modifications of the universal principle in which reside the earnest and assurance of an existence, as certainly destined to survive the overshadowing of death, as is our present state of being, the visitations of that mystic influence apostrophised by the poets, "Balmy sleep, tired nature's sweet restorer."

Associations such as these are well calculated to invest with additional interest the subject to which this paper is dedicated, and render unnecessary any apology for the introduction of a theme whose connexion with England's history must, in some degree, convert it into a source of amusement and instruction.

William the Conqueror died at Rouen, on the 19th of September, 1087. His second son, William Rufus, caused a stately monument to be erected for him before the high altar of St. Stephens, at Caen, his birth place. The following epitaph, composed by Thomas, Archbishop of York, was pencilled upon his tomb in letters of gold :—

"Qui rexit rigidos Northmanos atque Britanos,  
Audacter vicit, fortiter obtinuit,  
Et Caenomanenses virtute coercuit enses,  
Imperique sui legibus applicuit;  
Rex magnus parva jacet domus domino.  
Ter septem gradibus se volverat atque duobus  
Virginis in gremio Phœbus, et hic obiit."

TRANSLATION.

He that the sturdy Normans ruled,  
And over English reigned,  
And stoutly won, and strongly kept  
What he so had obtained.

And did the swords of those of Caen  
By force bring under awe,  
And make them, under his command,  
Live subject to his law.

This great king, William, lieth here,  
Entombed in little grave;  
So great a lord, so small a house  
Sufficeth him to have.

When Phoebus in the virgin's lap,  
His circled course applied,  
And twenty three degrees had passed,  
E'n at that time he died.

This magnificent monument, built under the superintendance of an architect and goldsmith, named Otho, and the materials of which consisted of gold, silver, and rich stone, continued in an uninjured state until the year 1562, when, Chastillon having taken the city of Caen, it was opened, and subjected to desecration by some of his troops, who being disappointed, with respect to the treasure popularly supposed to have been therein deposited, in their rage, utterly demolished the structure, and sacrilegiously cast forth the bones of the Conqueror, portions of which were subsequently collected, and it would appear, carefully transmitted to England.

In the year 1642, the piety of the monks, to a certain extent, rectified the consequences of the wanton violence and rapine described, by causing the erection of a small altar-tomb on the site of the former one; it rests on a pedestal of freestone, and is formed of speckled marble. At the head and foot is an escutcheon, on which are respectively represented three, and two lions, the former referring to England, and the latter to Normandy. On the south side, the above recited epitaph is restored.

The subjoined description of the conqueror's seal may not, perhaps, be uninteresting. On one side was exhibited a representation of the king on horseback, circumscribed with these words,

"Hoc Normanorum Willielmum nosce patronum."  
"By this sign, know William to be the leader of the Normans."

On the reverse, he was portrayed in his regal robes, and seated on a throne, wearing his crown; in his right hand a sword, and in his left, a mound, ornamented with a cross. The whole surrounded with the inscription,

"Hoc Anglis regem signo fatearis eundem."  
"By this sign, confess the same to be king over the English."

According to ancient chronicles, his favourite daughter, the Princess Gundred, was alike distinguished by personal charms and mental endowments. Her husband, the celebrated William de Warren, Earl of Surrey, who arrived in England with her father, was a lineal descendant of Charlemagne, and of the same lineage as William de Courci, baron of Stoke Courci, and lord of Harewood, by descent from Alice de Romelli, mother of the "boy of Egremond." William de Warren was buried in the chapter-house of Lewes, in the year 1089. He himself had founded that monastery, which was dedicated to St. Pancrace. Revolutionary violence, rather than the ravages of time, has long since destroyed every vestige of his monument, but the epitaph which had been engraven thereon, and which was found by Dugdale in the Abbey-Register, is as follows:—

"Hic Gulielme comes, locus est laudis tibi fomes,  
Hujus fundator et largus sedis amator.

Iste tuum fumus decorat, placuit quia munus  
 Pauperibus Christi quod prompta mente dedisti.  
 Ille tuos cineres servat Pancratius hæeres,  
 Sanctorum castris qui te sociabit in astris :  
 Optime Pancrati, fer opem te glorificanti,  
 Daque poli sedem, talem tibi qui dedit aedem."

The tomb-stone of his wife, the Princess Gundred, was discovered in the year 1774, by a fortunate accident, and through the instrumentality of William Burrell, Esq., who found it fixed over the grave of Edward Shirley, Esq., of Isfield, whose father was Cofferer to Henry the Eighth. Some member of this family probably removed it soon after the dissolution into Isfield church, in the vicinity of Lewes. Immediately after, Mr. Burrell had ascertained the character of the stone, it was removed at his expense to Southover church, by Lewes, as being nearest to the original spot, which it was to have a second time covered, in case it should have been determined amongst the ruins of the abbey. This interesting relic is formed of black marble, and is five feet and five inches long to the break, two feet broad at the head, and twenty-two inches at the foot. It is now enclosed within a pew, having this inscription over it:—

WITHIN THIS FEW STANDS THE TOMB STONE  
 OF GUNDRRED, DAUGHTER OF WILLIAM THE  
 CONQUEROR, AND WIFE OF WILLIAM THE FIRST  
 EARL DE WARREN, WHICH HAVING BEEN  
 DEPOSITED  
 OVER HER REMAINS IN THE CHAPTER-HOUSE  
 OF LEWES PRIORY, AND LATELY DISCOVERED  
 IN ISFIELD CHURCH, WAS REMOVED  
 TO THIS PLACE AT THE EXPENSE  
 OF W. BURRELL, ESQ.,  
 A. D. 1774.

The Countess of Surrey died in child-bed at Castle-Acre, May 27th, 1085. The epitaph inscribed on her tomb-stone is in Leonine latin and is characterised by a vein of sentiment not usually met with in sepulchral compositions of the mediæval period. The form of the letters corresponds with that of those on the tomb of Bishop Roger at Salisbury, William Deincourt at Lincoln, between 1087 and 1100, and that of Hilperic at Cologne.

"Stirps, Gundreda, ducum, decus evi, nobile germen,  
 Intulit ecclesiis Anglorum balsama morum  
 Mar  
 . . vit miseris, fuit ex pietate Maria  
 Pars obiit Marthe, superest pars magna Marie.  
 O Pie Pancrati, testis pietatis et equi,  
 Te facit heredem, tu clemens suscipe matrem.  
 Sexta kalendarum junii lux obvia carnis  
 Infregit alabastu . . . . ."

In the first line allusion is made to her illustrious descent; in the second to her merit, in having introduced into England the Cluniac order, which was an improvement of the Benedictines; to which circumstance is applied the very felicitous phrase "Balsama morum." Then follows a beautiful allusion to the characters of the sisters, Martha and Mary, in the Gospel, with the happy application of the contrast between them. The poet ingeniously represents Martha's attachment to this world, and

its wealth, as having its foundation in a benevolent desire to possess the means of ministering to the wants, and alleviating the sufferings of the wretched and forlorn. The remnant of the third line, which is a portion of the name of Martha, may be looked upon as confirming the supposition that it is the commencement of the comparison, and that Gundred's goodness of heart, and charitable dispositions, had received encouragement from the example afforded by Martha, whilst in her devotion she exhibited a resemblance of the piety of Mary, who sat at the Saviour's feet, mildly attentive to his doctrine. The corporal part, in which a correspondence existed, between Martha and this exemplary princess, suffered extinction. 'Pars obiit Marthe.' The "Pars magna Marie," which may be rendered synonymous with the latter part survives.

The address to St Pancrace is singularly appropriate; he was the patron of the new foundation, and of the old church which preceded it. As the princess only is recommended to the regards of the saint, it may, perhaps, be reasonably inferred, that the infant survived. The comparison instituted between Gundred and the sisters, is perfectly in keeping with the metaphor, which would represent her devotion, as the breaking of the alabaster box of her flesh and body; in allusion to the alabaster box of precious ointment with which the Redeemer's feet were anointed, by Mary the sister of Lazarus, immediately antecedent to his crucifixion. Some short time since the author of this paper received from a highly accomplished young lady, who is a direct descendant of the princess Gundred, and a member of a distinguished baronetical family long settled in Ireland, a beautifully executed representation of the tomb of her illustrious ancestor. The careful industry and elaborate finish, by which her copy of this interesting work of art is characterized, could not, by possibility be surpassed by the exercise of the utmost skill of the professional artist.

As the following sonnet refers to the circumstances just described, it may not be superfluous to observe, that the theory which it embodies, and which was a favourite doctrine in one of the ancient schools of philosophy, supposed that a parent possessed of rare intellectual and personal qualities, might await the lapse of ages, before a descendant would arise, exhibiting the mental gifts and physical lineaments, of the remotely distant predecessor, and that from the moment of the birth of such descendant, a tutelary superintendence became the distinctive characteristic, which marked the relation subsisting between the parent and the ages-distant child.

In ancient times a theory obtained,  
 Yet not, perhaps, extravagant or wild,  
 Which taught a mystic sympathy, enchained  
 The parent and the ages-distant child;  
 That parent's impress being—in whom reigned  
 A life reflexive, with the radiance mild  
 Of distant virtue bathed; in beauty veined  
 Like sun-streaked mountain-crests in ether piled,  
 Where swells a fairy-land,—a western isle.  
 Her daughter's hand, hath Gundred's tomb portray'd,  
 Who from the stars, 'mongst which her throne is made  
 Observeth, with a spirit-mother's smile,  
 Artistic power, and mental gifts displayed,  
 Her charming self revive, in gentle Adelaide.

HIPPEUS.

THE STATION AND PRECEDENCE OF THE DIFFERENT  
CLASSES OF SOCIETY; AND WHO BELONGS TO EACH  
OF THEM.

(Continued.)

II.—NOBILITY.

“Nobility is a graceful ornament to the civil order. It is the Corinthian capital of polished society. *Omnes boni nobilitati semper favemus*, was the saying of a wise and good man. It is indeed one sign of a liberal and benevolent mind, to incline to it with some sort of partial propensity. He feels no ennobling principle in his own heart, who wishes to level all the artificial institutions which have been adapted for giving a body to opinion, and permanence to fugitive esteem. It is a sour, malignant, envious disposition, without taste for the reality, or for any image or representation of virtue, that sees with joy the unmerited fall of what had long flourished in splendour and in honour. I do not like to see anything destroyed, any void produced in society, any ruin on the face of the land.” Honored, thrice honored be the memory of the great man, who amid the universal terror, inspired by levellers and jacobins, dared to rouse England to a sense of her own stability, worth, and dignity, with such words as these. The eloquence of Edmund Burke, so earnest and so majestic, is yet so full of simplicity, reason, and truth, that it goes directly home to the head and heart of all who hear it. It is a pity, considering the many irrational maxims now abroad, that what Edmund Burke has said and written, is not again, as when he lived, like household language in the ears and mouths of the people—a powerful antidote to the foul doctrines which unhappily are once more coming to us from France. But to return to our subject,—the nobility of these realms—an order of the highest merit and the fairest fame. England has indeed good cause to be proud of her nobility, which during the long course of her momentous history, has taken a leading part in every event which has secured her happiness, enhanced her glory, or extended her freedom. Magna Charta, the Habeas Corpus Act, and the Bill of Rights, Crecy, Poitiers, Agincourt, the Armada, Blenheim, and Waterloo, bring back a thousand recollections of the noblemen of England. That they may continue as they have been, and as they are, adding, while time shall last, to such remembrances as these, is a prayer which every patriotic man amongst us ought fervently to breathe. Old England has indeed too long profited by the wisdom and valour of her nobles, to be able to do much without them. They are part of that stuff which forms the brain and heart of her constitution, and gives to it such a ruddy glow of health. The destruction of the order of nobility might stop the life blood of the realm, and make its sanity and strength pass away for ever. Pluck this rose of nobility, and where, alas! would be the

Promethean heat that could relume the light of the state, or give it vital growth again.

The order of nobility in Great Britain and Ireland, coming after that of royalty, consists at present solely of five degrees, those of Duke, Marquess, Earl, Viscount, and Baron. The royal family excepted, those who bear these titles, are the only nobles. Whatever may be the rank or titles given by precedence or by courtesy to others, they are not noblemen in reality, but merely commoners.

The word peerage is now generally applied to this collected body of nobility, who form a distinct portion of the legislature, comprising, as we say, five gradations of rank; descending from the elevated honours of DUKE, through the intervening degrees of MARQUESS, EARL, and VISCOUNT, to the old feudal dignity of BARON; these, (with the Bishops, or Lords Spiritual, of whom more presently) in their corporate capacity, form one of the estates of the realm—that immediately between the crown and the people; and, though a privileged order personally, their immunities are very unimportant, and minister more to the pomp than the power of the possessor. In no one instance can the proudest peer transgress, with impunity, the laws of the land; nor the haughtiest lord invade the rights of the humblest commoner. Thus, then, they exist but as a link in the great chain which unites the community at large. A link, more polished perhaps than the others; hardly more powerful. In the above titles, almost solely, does the English nobility bear resemblance to that of other countries. "Placed," says Mr. Moore, in his *Life of Sheridan*, "as a sort of breakwater between the people and the throne, in a state of double responsibility—to liberty on one side, and authority on the other,—the aristocracy of England holds a station which is dignified by its own great duties, and of which the titles transmitted by their ancestors form the least important ornament; unlike the nobility of other countries, where the rank and privileges of the father are multiplied through the offspring, and equally elevate them above the level of the community. The highest English nobleman must consent to be the father but of commoners. Thus connected with the class below him, by private as well as public sympathies, he gives his children to the people, as hostages for the sincerity of his zeal in their cause; while, on the other hand, the people, in return for those pledges of the aristocracy, send a portion of their own elements aloft into the higher region, to mingle with its glories, and assert their claim to a share in its power. By this mutual transfusion, an equilibrium is preserved, like that which similar processes maintain in the natural world; and while a healthy popular feeling circulates through the aristocracy, a sense of their own station in the scale, elevates the people."

We may now take the five degrees of nobility *seriatim* :—

**DUKE.**—The most elevated dignity in the English peerage, is derived from the Latin word *dux*, a leader or captain of an army. After the Conquest, this title laid dormant till the reign of Edward III. who created his son, Edward the Black Prince, in 1377, (then Earl of Chester) Duke of Cornwall; and, subsequently, Prince of Wales, when the dukedom merged in the principality, and has ever since been vested in the heir apparent to the crown, who, at his birth, becomes Duke of Cornwall. The second dukedom was conferred on the 6th of March, 1351, upon



Henry Plantagenet, son and heir of the Earl of Derby, under the title of Duke of Lancaster, which dignity expired at his grace's demise in 1360. without male issue ; but was reconferred in 1352, upon John of Gaunt, who had espoused the duke's second daughter, eventually sole heiress, the Lady Blanch Plantagenet. After him, others were made with great solemnity, and in such a manner that their titles descended to their posterity. However, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, A.D. 1572, the order became extinct ; but was revived about fifty years afterwards, by her successor, in the person of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

A duke is created by patent.

The robes worn by a duke, at a coronation, consist of a mantle and surcoat of crimson velvet, lined with white taffeta, the mantle doubled from the neck to the elbow with ermine, having four rows of spots on each shoulder. His parliamentary robes are of fine scarlet cloth, lined with white taffeta, doubled with four guards of ermine at equal distances, with gold lace surmounting each guard, and tied up to the left shoulder with a ribbon ; his cap is of crimson velvet, lined with ermine, having a gold tassel on each top ; and his coronet, which is of gold, is set with eight strawberry leaves also of gold.

A duke may have in all places out of the Queen's or prince's presence, a cloth of estate hanging down within half a yard of the ground ; and so may his duchess, who may have her train borne up by a baroness.

A duke is styled His Grace, and The Most Noble ; and he is officially addressed by the crown, " Our right trusty and right entirely beloved Cousin ;" with the addition of, " and Councillor," if he be a member of the privy council. Their eldest sons are, by the courtesy of England, styled Marquesses, though they are usually distinguished by their father's second title, whether it be marquess or earl ; and the younger sons, lords, with the addition of their Christian names ; as, Lord Thomas, Lord James, &c. ; and they take place of viscounts, though not so privileged by law ; and all dukes' daughters are styled ladies.

**MARQUESS.**—A marquess, by the Saxons called *markenrewe*, and signified a governor, or ruler of marches, was formerly an officer appointed to guard the frontiers or limits of the kingdom. In England, the title was first conferred by Richard II. in 1386, upon Robert de Vere, Earl of Oxford, who was created Marquess of Dublin ; and in the next year, Duke of Ireland. His grace was, however, attainted and banished in 1388, when his honours became forfeited. The second creation of the same dignity occurred in the same reign, when John Beaufort, Earl of Somerset (the eldest son of John of Gaunt) was created, on the 29th of September, 1397, Marquess of Dorset. From that period this dignity appears to have remained dormant, till the reign of Edward VI. ; but thenceforward it became a regular and common grade of nobility. A marquess is created by patent, and the descent regulated accordingly.

The robes of a marquess, at a coronation, are of crimson velvet, lined with white taffeta, having four guards of ermine on the right side, and three on the left, placed at equal distances, each guard surmounted with gold lace ; the robe is tied up to the left shoulder by a white ribbon ; the coronet has on the edge four strawberry leaves and four balls set on points. He is styled Most Honourable, and is officially addressed by

the crown, "Our right trusty and entirely beloved Cousin." His eldest son, by the courtesy of England, is called earl or lord of a place; and takes place below all earls who are peers of the realm; but the younger sons only lord by their Christian names: as, Lord John, &c. His wife is below all countesses and above marquesses' daughters; and his eldest daughter ranks as a countess, but takes place beneath all countesses. The other daughters are styled ladies.

**EARL.**—This title is the most ancient of any now in use, and the only one, which, existing among the Saxons, has remained to the present time. With them, the title was annexed to a particular tract of land; and earldoms of counties were not only dignities of honour, but offices of justice, having the charge and custody of the county whereof they were earls; and, for assistance, had the deputy called *vicecomes*. It is now a mere title of distinction, and the government has devolved upon the sheriff. With these duties expired also the necessity of confining the number of earls to that of counties: as a reference to the peerage will shew, that towns, villages, and even private residences furnish titles of many of our present earls.

The first hereditary earldom, which was conferred by William the Conqueror, was that of Chester, to his nephew, Hugh Lupus, in 1070, to hold, as he held the crown (by the sword), to enable him to keep the Welch in awe.

An earl is created by patent.

The coronation robes of an earl are similar to those of a duke and marquess, with the exception, that there are but three guards of ermine and gold lace: and his coronation mantle is the same as theirs, with only this difference, it has but three spots upon each shoulder. The earl's golden coronet has on the edge eight spires, between each spire a strawberry leaf, and on each spire a ball.

An earl, when not in the presence of a superior, is entitled to a cloth of estate, fringed, but without pendants; and his countess may have her train borne up by an esquire's wife.

An earl has the title of lordship, and being written to, is styled Right Honourable; and is officially addressed by the crown, "Our right trusty and well beloved cousin;" an appellation as ancient as the reign of Henry IV. who, being either by his wife, mother, or sisters, actually related or allied to every earl in the kingdom, artfully acknowledged that connexion in all his letters and other public acts; whence the usage has descended to his successors.

The title of an earl's wife is countess; and his eldest son, by the courtesy of England, is born a viscount, and is called lord of some place; but his younger sons have no title of peerage: all his daughters are ladies.

**VISCOUNT.**—This title formerly applied to the sheriff of a county, and was not used as a designation of nobility until the reign of Henry VI.; when this monarch created John Baron Beaumont, K.G. by letters patent, dated 12th Feb. 1440, Viscount Beaumont; a dignity which expired with his lordship's son and successor, in 1507. A viscountcy is always created by patent, and descends according to the specified limitation. The honour was originally conferred as an advancement to barons, but afterwards with the barony; and, in modern times, it has been conferred

without a barony ; as in the instances of Viscount Leinster, Viscount Sidmouth, Viscount Goderich, &c.

A viscount, at his creation, has a hood, surcoat, mantle, verge, cap, and coronet ; and his mantle has two guards and a half, each having a plain white fur only, called *miniver*. His coronation mantle has three rows of spots on the right shoulder, and two on the left. His coronet of gold has twelve balls on the edge.

A viscount has the title of lordship ; when written to, he is styled Right Honourable ; and is officially addressed by the crown, " Our right trusty and well beloved Cousin." His lady is a viscountess, and may have her train borne by a woman in the presence of a countess, but out of it by a man. The eldest son has no title of peerage, nor are his daughters ladies ; but his eldest son takes precedence of all other gentry, and above the younger sons of earls, and eldest of barons.

**BARONS.**—Baron is the most general and universal title of nobility. Its etymology is very uncertain.

This title, in ancient records, was applied to all the nobility ; because, regularly, all noblemen were barons, or had a barony annexed, though they had also higher dignities. But it has sometimes happened, that when an ancient baron has been raised to a new degree of peerage, in the course of a few generations, the two titles have descended differently ; one, perhaps, to the male descendants ; the other, to the heirs general ; whereby the earldom or other superior title has subsisted without a barony ; and there are also modern instances where they have been created without annexing a barony. So that now the rule does not hold universally that all peers are barons. Barons are

*Barons by tenure*, a dignity attached to the possession of certain lands, held, according to the feudal system, directly under the crown, and conditionally upon the performance of some honorary services to the king ; such as attending him in the field and in the cabinet, and furnishing him with a stipulated quota of knights or men at arms. Barons by tenure, have, however, long ceased to exist ; and more than a century and half ago (A. D. 1669), in the case of the Fitzwalter peerage, when Benjamin Mildmay was restored to that barony, in opposition to Robert Cheeke, the lord of the soil, whence the dignity was alleged to have sprung, the House of Lords declared, " That baronies by tenure having been discontinued for many ages, were not then in being, and so not fit to be revived, or to admit any pretence of right of succession." And in 1805, in the case of the barony de Ross, claimed by the Duke of Rutland, as feudal lord, from the possession of Belvoir Castle, said to have been the fountain of the dignity, the House resolved, " That his grace was not entitled to the barony." And it was subsequently confirmed to the heiress-at-law, Lady Henry Fitzgerald.

There is, however, one earldom extant, that of Arundel, which the ducal house of Norfolk enjoys by the feudal tenure of Arundel Castle ; but this, like other exceptions, only establishes the rule, as the honour endures solely by special act of parliament, passed in the third year of King Charles I. To barons by tenure succeeded,

*Barons by writ*, or persons elevated to the rank of nobility, by being summoned to attend the king in council, or parliament ; which writs were of that description called *brevia clausa* from being closed with yellow wax, and impressed with the great seal of England.

To establish a hereditary barony by writ, it was requisite, Sir William Blackstone was of opinion, that two writs of summons should be issued, and a sitting in two parliaments have taken place; but this great law luminary seems, upon this occasion, to have been under misapprehension; for in the case of the barony of Clifton, there were but one writ and one sitting, and *that* barony was allowed. Baronies by writ are heritable by heirs male or female; but in the event of the demise of the baron without the former, and with more than one heiress, the barony then devolving conjointly upon the heiresses, it falls into abeyance amongst them, and so continues, until only one of the daughters, or the sole heir of one of the daughters, survives. The crown can, however, at any time, specially interfere, and terminate the abeyance in favour of any of the co-heirs; but it cannot alienate the barony from the representatives of the first baron. It is imperative that it be conferred upon one of these. The mode of terminating an abeyance in favour of a commoner, is by summoning the individual by the title of the barony which had been in abeyance. The course observed towards a peer of a higher dignity, is the issue of letters patent by the crown, in confirmation of the barony; and a similar course, that of patent, is adopted towards heiresses.

The mode of creating peers by writ of summons, has been, however, a long time discontinued; and the only writs now issued, are those to the eldest sons of dukes, marquesses, and earls, in their fathers' baronies.

*Barons by Patent.*—The first instance of these occurred in the reign of Richard II., when John Beauchamp, of Holt, was elevated to the peerage as Baron Beauchamp, of Kidderminster, by letters patent, dated the 10th of October, 1387. Lord Beauchamp, however, never took his seat in parliament, as he died in the same year, and was succeeded by his son, with whom the dignity expired in 1420. In old time it was deemed necessary to invest with robes the newly created baron in open parliament, and so lately as the era of James I., that monarch in person, solemnly inducted the barons created by patent in the 13th year of his reign, by enrobing each peer in scarlet, with a hood furred with miniver; but in the same year it was determined to discontinue those ceremonies in future, the legal advisers of the crown having declared that the delivery of the letters patent constituted a sufficient creation; and in patents of more modern times, the ceremony of public investiture is expressly dispensed with.

The coronation robes of a baron are the same as an earl's, except that he has only two rows of spots on each shoulder. In like manner, his parliamentary robes have but two guards of white fur, with as many rows of gold lace; in other respects, they are the same with those of other peers.

The coronet is a gold circle, on which are six pearls; it was assigned to barons by Charles II., after the Restoration. Previous to this time, the barons wore scarlet caps, turned up with ermine, and on the top a tassel of gold. The globes round the coronet, though called pearls, are always made of silver; his cap is the same as a viscount's. His style is Right Honourable; and when addressed officially by the crown, "Right trusty and well beloved.

**PRIVILEGES OF THE PEERAGE.**—Peers are free from all arrests for debt, and cannot be outlawed in any civil action; nor can any attachment lie against their persons.

They are exempt from attending *courts-leet*, or *sheriff's turns*; or, in case of riot, the *posse comitatus*.

When arraigned for any treason, felony, or misprision of either, it must be before their peers, who return a verdict, not upon oath, but upon honour.

Peers are tried in courts, erected especially for the purpose, in the centre of Westminster Hall, at the expense of the crown; which courts are pulled down as soon as the investigation terminates.

It is said, that this does not extend to bishops: who, though they are lords of parliament, and sit there by virtue of their baronies which they hold *jure ecclesiæ*, yet are not ennobled in blood, and consequently not peers with the nobility. As to peeresses, there was no precedent for their trial when accused of treason or felony, till after Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester, wife to the Lord Protector, was accused of treason and found guilty of witchcraft, in an ecclesiastical synod, through the intrigues of cardinal Beaufort. This very extraordinary trial gave occasion to a special statute, 20 Hen. VI. c. 9., which declares the law to be, that peeresses, either in their own right or by marriage, shall be tried before the same judicature as other peers of the realm. If a woman, noble in her own right, marries a commoner, she still remains noble, and shall be tried by her peers: but if she be only noble by marriage, then by a second marriage with a commoner, she loses her dignity; for as by marriage it is gained, by marriage it is also lost. Yet if a duchess dowager marries a baron, she continues a duchess still; for all the nobility are *pares*, and therefore it is no degradation. A peeress (either in her own right or by marriage), cannot be arrested in civil cases. A peer sitting in judgment, gives not his verdict upon oath, like an ordinary jurymen, but upon his honour; he answers also to bills in chancery upon his honour, and not upon his oath; but when he is examined as a witness either in civil or criminal cases, he must be sworn. The honour of peers is, however, so highly tendered by the law, that it is much more penal to spread false reports of them and certain other great officers of the realm, than of other men: scandal against them being called by the peculiar name of *scandalum magnatum*, and subjected to peculiar punishments by divers ancient statutes.

A peer cannot lose his nobility, but by death or attainder; though there was an instance in the reign of Edward the Fourth of the degradation of George Neville, Duke of Bedford, by act of Parliament, on account of his poverty, which rendered him unable to support his dignity. But this is a singular instance: which serves at the same time, by having happened, to shew the power of parliament; and, by having happened but once, to shew how tender the parliament has been, in exerting so high a power. It has been said indeed, that if a baron wastes his estate, so that he is not able to support the degree, the Queen may degrade him: but it is expressly held by later authorities, that a peer cannot be degraded but by act of *parliament*.

#### THE LORDS SPIRITUAL.

The lords spiritual, though of high rank and precedence, and though many of them lords of parliament, are not strictly of the order of nobility. Their blood is not ennobled, and even in the House of Lords they are not peers or *pares* with the lords temporal. It is a matter of doubt,

whether a prelate of the church is, though a member of the Upper House, to be judged by the Peers, or to sit in judgment upon others; at any rate, they do not act with the lords temporal at those trials. The lords spiritual convey no rank or title to their wives or children; the wife of any one of them, unless she or her husband be otherwise ennobled, bears only the designation of Mistress or Mrs. The lords spiritual are either archbishops or bishops.

**ARCHBISHOPS.**—The two archbishops are called Most Reverend, and have the title of grace, and take precedence of all dukes that are not of blood royal; and the Archbishop of Canterbury of all the great officers of the crown; and the Archbishop of York, of all except the lord chancellor. The former is styled Primate of all England; the latter, Primate of England, and is subject to Canterbury only. It is the duty of the Archbishop of Canterbury to crown the Queen; he has prelates for his officers: the Bishop of London is his provincial dean; the Bishop of Winchester, his chancellor; the Bishop of Lincoln, his vice-chancellor; the Bishop of Salisbury, his precenter; and the Bishop of Rochester, his chaplain. He has the power of dispensation, in any case not contrary to the law of God; and on this right, is founded his power of granting special licenses to marry at any time or place; to hold two livings, and the like; and also his power of conferring any degrees in prejudice of the universities. He styles himself, "By Divine Providence." The Archbishop of York has the privilege of crowning the queen consort, and to be her perpetual chaplain. He and his bishops adopt the term, "By Divine Permission."

**BISHOPS.**—The functions of a bishop may be considered as twofold; what belongs to his order, and what to his jurisdiction. To the episcopal order, belong the ceremonies of dedication, confirmation, and ordination: to the episcopal jurisdiction, by the statute law, belong the licensing of physicians, surgeons, and schoolmasters; the uniting of small parishes (although this last privilege is now peculiar to Norwich); assisting the civil magistrate in the execution of statutes relating to ecclesiastical matters, &c. Bishops take precedence of all other barons: among themselves, by a statute of Henry VIII., London, Durham, and Winchester, take precedence of the rest, who rank according to seniority of consecration. The Bishop of London precedes, as being bishop of the capital city of England, and provincial dean of Canterbury; the Bishop of Durham, as count palatine, and Earl of Sedberg; and the Bishop of Winchester, as prelate of the order of the Garter. All bishops are called Right Reverend, and have the title of Lordship given them; and, being the fathers and guardians of the church, are styled Fathers in God.

A bishop's robe, in parliament, is of fine scarlet cloth, having a long train, and is doubled on the shoulders with miniver, edged with white ermine, as is the bosom; and when he goes to the House of Lords, and the sovereign is there, his train is supported by four chaplains, to the door of that house; but then, by a red ribbon fixed to the end of the train, and tied in a loop, he supports it himself, the loop being put over his right wrist; having a four square cap upon his head; and in that form he takes his seat on the queen's right hand. They are free from

arrests; and their persons may not be seized upon for contempt, but their temporalities only.

Archbishops and bishops of Ireland enjoy similar rank and privileges in that part of the United Kingdom, as the archbishops and bishops of England; and since the union in 1801, are represented in the house of peers by an archbishop and three bishops, elected every session of parliament; and not as the twenty-eight representative temporal peers, who are nominated for life.

(To be continued.)

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## WHAT I SAW IN LONDON.

FAITHFULLY SET DOWN AND RECORDED IN LETTERS TO MRS. DOROTHY SINGLE  
OF YORK, BY ME, HER LOVING NEPHEW, MR RICHARD OLIVER.

I undertook, my dear aunt, upon leaving our good city of York to give you a full, true, and particular account of all I should see and hear in this vast metropolis. It was a rash promise, far beyond the power of any single goose-quill to accomplish; and that not so much in regard to the multitude of objects—though they are well nigh innumerable—as from the different light in which the same thing appears to us at different times and seasons. It is, as I think you well know, a favourite doctrine with our modern philosophers, that there is in reality no such thing as colour residing in any object, *that* which we call so existing only in our imaginations. Whether this be true or not, it is undeniable that things to a certain extent are fair or foul, sweet or bitter, large or small, according to the mood we happen to be in at the moment. Suppose the day to be chill and cloudy, or that your letter has not arrived as in the due order of events it should have done, or that having arrived it did not contain the expected remittance—any, the least of these untoward occurrences is quite enough to stir up the bile, and lend to every object a very disagreeable tinge of yellow. But imagine the contrary of all this to be the case. The sun shines out brightly, the spirits rise as high in the animal barometer, as the quicksilver does in the Reaumur or the Fahrenheit, and in short the whole man is in that blessed frame of mind, which Tony Lumpkin's friend, the bear-leader, so happily calls "a concatenation accordingly." At such times how everything brightens to the fancy, and how tolerant we become even where there is least ground for toleration. Bear this in mind my dear aunt, and you have got the mot d'enigme, which it might otherwise have puzzled you not a little to discover.

Having set up my staff close to the Regent's Park, it naturally followed that the Polytechnic as lying nearest to my temporary abode was one of the first places visited. Upon the announcement of my intention to Sim,

who takes upon himself to be much concerned for his master's morals, the word Polytechnic, which he construed into Polly Technic, struck disagreeably upon his tympanum, and assuming a face of prodigious longitude he ventured to express a hope the lady might prove respectable. Even my assurance that the supposed female was a very decent composition of brick and mortar did not altogether satisfy him—"it might be so—of course it was since I asserted it, but still I was fond of laughing at him, and it did seem odd—that it certainly did—any house should be called Polly Technic." Knowing by former experience how difficult, nay almost impossible it was to drive any notion out of Sim's head that had once made a lodgment there, I gave up the point and set out for Regent-street.

The Polytechnic is a business-like looking edifice, staid and sober, as becomes the habitation of science, and guarded by a stone figure which may pass for a Minerva or a Britannia, at the option of the spectator. Having passed through the entrance-hall I found myself in a gallery of ample dimensions, and for the first few minutes I was fairly astounded by the sight and sound of innumerable models of steam-engines, some large and some small, but most of them in motion, creaking, hissing, bumping, and clanging with a most determined spirit of industry. Amidst all this my ear on the sudden caught the rapid gush of water, reminding me not a little of Vathek's hall of Eblis; and this fancy was rendered yet more vivid by an occasional shriek from some tiny female voice, proceeding as I soon found out from the curious fair ones experimenting upon the electric wires with their delicate fingers.

In a short time the steam-engines, as if by common consent, broke off at once in their wheelings and whirlings, and a lecturer endeavoured to make his auditors acquainted with the nature and use of some of the more important inventions around him. Most devoutly did they listen for some ten or fifteen minutes with open mouths and eyes; but by that time the crowd gradually dropt off, for the best of the Polytechnic is that it contains not one but many exhibitions, and the visitor may be either amused or instructed, or both if he so chooses it, according to his previous tastes and habits. The profusion of objects around him, the constant succession of lectures mixed up with music, and painting, and every sort of optical illusion, afford altogether so miscellaneous a banquet that every one is sure to find something to his fancy.

In about another quarter of an hour came a bell like a dinner bell. Indeed, by the haste with which all scampered off at the sound, I conceived some faint hopes that a collation might be awaiting us in another part of these extensive territories. So I did as the rest did, running and panting, till I ascended into an amphitheatre, that from the multitude of strange looking machines and instruments might have been the cell of Friar Bacon, or the diabolic studio of the Wittemburg doctor. Another lecturer now made his appearance, Dr. Bachoffner, and a very agreeable magician he proved to be. Notwithstanding his doctorial title and his ponderous German name he was certainly the most pleasant expounder of science that I ever met with; the most common, or the most abstruse of chemical experiments assumed from his mode of treating them a new and delightful aspect, and yet I should be puzzled to say exactly in what the charm consisted. His voice is not remarkably good, but he has a great flow of words, a pleasantness of speech which may be wit, or humour, or



neither, but still is pleasantness, and a wonderful power of placing every thing in the clearest light. To sum up all in few words he has succeeded beyond any lecturer within my knowledge in the very difficult art of popularizing science. And yet I could almost wish a man of his talents a more congenial occupation than that of lowering himself to the comprehension of the groundlings.

But the dinner bell as I must needs call it rings again, the curtain drops upon the doctor's cauldron with his three witches, and down stairs we all rush to see the diving machine descend with its inmates into a deep pool at the end of the long hall already mentioned. Some curious persons thought proper to trust themselves in the bowels of this uncouth monster, and protested upon emerging again into the light that they had found the voyage below exceedingly agreeable. A few of the bystanders were seduced by these reports into making the experiment. I was not of the number.

Again the bell rings, and Sir Henry Bishop delivers a lecture on music which I pass sub silentio; I was indeed about to say something, but even then the sun showered such a glorious burst of light through the windows that I felt at once in good humour with every thing. As I have already hinted to you a black sky, or a bad digestion, is absolutely indispensable to a good biting criticism.

The bell again!—the room is darkened by screens, and the dissolving views appear. Landscape fades after landscape, building after building, while a mystic voice is heard from out the darkness, explaining the various scenes as they rise or pass away, by which time the routine of amusements is pretty nearly over. And yet the subject is not half exhausted, nor would it be were I to devote my whole letter to the various objects of art and science collected in this immense gallery. I assure you that upon entering it I felt as much confounded by the multiplicity and strangeness of the things presented to my view, as I often remember to have been when visiting some foreign city for the first time; nor was it till after the scene had become familiarized to the eye that I was able to grapple with individual objects. The best way of enjoying this varied display is to provide yourself with a catalogue, in which the nature and use of each model are minutely described, and if any difficulty should still occur, the proper attendants are always at hand, ready and able to explain it to you.

"And where shall I go next?" said I, upon finding myself with the rest of the visitors, ejected from the Colosseum. Temptation in abundance was around me on all sides, the only difficulty being to know which to choose first. Before me was a shop, the windows of which were absolutely darkened with bills inviting the passer-by to theatre and concert-room, to casino and diorama, to Madame Tussaud's gentlemen in wax, and Burford and Barnard's mountains on canvass, to hear Mr. Love ventriloquize, or Mr. Russell sing, or Mr. H. Nichols read a play of Shakspeare.

"I will go and listen for an hour or so to the swan of Avon, as sentimental young ladies are pleased to nickname the least sentimental and most intellectual of poets."

This reading, as the bill informed me, was to take place at Blagrove's rooms, in the vicinity of Cavendish Square. By the time I got there, the auditory was full, though not crowded, the company of a superior, or at least, of a less motley order than might have been expected, and

they exhibited a sort of patient impatience, which seemed to say they were tired of waiting, but were quiet on the score of their gentility. At length the lecturer shewed himself upon the platform, a short, and somewhat stout young man, who stood at his reading-desk, with Shakspeare open before him, but more, as it would seem, in compliance with custom, than for any need he had of it, for I verily believe from his manner, that he must have known the entire play by heart. Upon the whole I was much pleased, though not quite satisfied with Mr. Nichols. More perhaps was not to be expected, for in my day I have heard readings by Kean, Kemble, Elliston, Terry, and little Garner, the least of whom was unquestionably far above him, unless I am cheated, as we too often are, by the pleasures of memory. But be that as it may, Mr. Nichols has a full, clear voice, is by no means deficient in energy, and has evidently devoted much time and attention to the subject though not always in the right direction. A perverse inclination to be wiser than all his predecessors, and to shew how much better he understands the poet than they did, leads him often into the most whimsical blunders. Thus for instance, "the melancholy Jacques," he who "can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weazle sucks eggs," is converted by Mr. Nichols into a sort of laughing hyena, and for no other or better reason that I can find out, than because every one else has played Jacques according to the poet's own description of him. Like Captain Stedman's Dutch commander, he seems to have adopted for his motto, "il faut etre original;" but then originality is the peculiar attribute of genius, and belongs to very few indeed. In default of that rare attribute, that "mens divinior," Mr. Nichols endeavours to attain the same end, by the short and easy process of reversing every thing; as if a painter should paint black snow and crimson leaves, which certainly would be *new* yet would scarcely be *original* in the proper meaning of the word. In spite, however, of these and many other defects that might be pointed out, Mr. Nichols is an excellent reader—perhaps the best extant—and having been much followed in London, is exactly the man for the provincial scientific institutions. Indeed, I do not exactly understand how in the present dearth of theatrical talent, he has not been put upon his trial in one of the metropolitan theatres. A good reader is not, I admit, of necessity a great actor, yet still to declaim well is a strong presumption in any one's favour, and forms a claim that managers should attend to if it were only for their own sake.

"*Paullo majora canamus;*" I crave pardon, my dear aunt, for this worn scrap of Latinity, and must beg to assure you, that it does not contain, as the sound would seem to imply, any hint of *caning Paul, the major*, our dearly beloved cousin. It simply means that I wish to pass on to matter of higher import, namely, the Grand Moving Diorama at Knightsbridge, representing the Queen's visit to Ireland as well as some interior portions of the country.

It is saying a bold word, but I doubt much if any part of the world can furnish a succession of more beautiful and varied scenery than the Emerald Island. Many too of these, now wild and now lovely, views are rendered yet more interesting by the romantic legends that are connected with them. What an enchanting picture for instance is presented by the rocks forming the Creek of Crosshaven and yet how much more it interests the fancy, when we are told that in this mysterious nook Sir Francis Drake's little squadron vanished from the

sight of the pursuing Spaniards, who, unable to find out any opening, concluded the English flotilla must have disappeared by art diabolic. This event is still remembered in the name attached to the pool where Drake anchored, for even to the present day it is called Drake's Pool.

A still wilder legend attaches to the Maiden's Tower, at the entrance of Drogheda. Beautifully as it comes out under the setting sun, it is even more striking to the poetical fancy, when seen in the mystic twilight of romance. But read the legendary ballad, and then judge for yourself.\*

### Ballad.

The maid is drest in her bridle vest,  
 And the Knight has ta'en her hand ;  
 But the trumpet sounds, and he must away  
 O'er the sea to a foreign land.  
 His cheek grew pale, and he trembled then,  
 But oh ! it was not with fear ;  
 'Twas only the bosom's first wild throbb  
 At parting from one so dear.

"Farewell," he cried, "and if it betide,  
 That in life I return to thee,  
 A white flag shall fly from the mast on high,  
 And the distant signal be.  
 But if I should fail, as well may chance,  
 In twelve months and a day,  
 A pennon of red, to the breezes spread,  
 Shall warn for my soul to pray."

His bark has sail'd, and the maiden builds,  
 A tower upon the height ;  
 And there she watches with aching heart,  
 The return of her own true knight.  
 She watches there at the peep of morn,  
 And when the sun is high ;  
 She watches there when the moon and stars  
 Have met in the clear blue sky.

Twelve months and a day have passed away,  
 And the Knight is on the sea !  
 And the distant walls are a speck to view,  
 As he sings right merrily :  
 "Speed on my bark, to the maiden speed,  
 The maiden true and mild ;  
 Tide, faster flow, and ye loud winds blow,  
 Ye cannot be too wild.

"But how is this? on the cliff I see,  
 A castle high and stern ;

\* We have, however, some doubts of this really being an old ballad, though the story on which it is founded, is undoubtedly ancient. The writer of the above letter is very apt, like George Stevens, to play the mischievous Puck, and is never so happy as when he can mystify his readers.—EDDROD.

Some rival has won the false one's heart,  
 And would bar her knight's return.  
 Now cursed be the tongue that could promise faith,  
 And so shamefully betray,  
 But, as I'm a true and belted knight,  
 They live not another day."

In his wrath he forgot his parting word,  
 He forgot the compact made,  
 How a blood-red flag should the signal be  
 That he in the earth was laid.  
 He call'd on his host, "to arms! to arms!"  
 And each sword in light flashed out;  
 He bade them unfold his banner red,  
 And it wav'd midst a joyous shout.

The maiden saw, and in anguish shrieked,  
 For in that false sign she read,  
 Her own true Knight had fallen in fight,  
 And slept in a bloody bed.  
 One look she gave to the skies above,  
 A look of all—speechless woe;  
 Then dashed herself from the lofty tower  
 On the rugged rocks below.

'Twere long to tell how the warrior fierce  
 Curs'd himself, and curs'd his fate;  
 How he beat his breast, and his dark locks tore,  
 When he learnt the truth too late.  
 Or how in a better, gentler, mood,  
 To the waves he gave his brand;  
 Then took up the pilgrim's cap and staff,  
 And died in the Holy Land.

There is a modern legend attached to this same Maiden's Tower, or I should rather call it a true story, which with a little pulling and stretching, and some trifling additions in the way of underplot, might furnish out a romance for one of the annuals. Thus it runs.

Upon a certain fine morning in the spring of 1819, the people of the nearest hamlet were surprised by seeing smoke issue from an angle of the parapet. What could be the cause of this mysterious appearance? the wisest heads were congregated in debate upon the subject without being able to come to any conclusion, when the fool of the village,—as he was held by common consent,—must needs put in his oar, and suggested that if they would ascend the tower they might possibly discover how and whence the smoke had arisen. For once the wise men consented to follow the fool, and were rewarded for their docility by finding in the upper platform a middle aged but care-worn woman, who had made a fire of a quantity of bent collected for the purpose. Out of the same material she had formed herself a bed, besides dragging up a few articles of household furniture, and a wheel from which they found her spinning flax. According to her own account she was tired of the world, and had been directed by a vision to establish herself on this lonely spot for the remainder of her days. She spoke moreover of sundry revelations that had been made to her, as to which I need not trouble you with any profound reflections. She might be crazy, she might be an impostor,

or perhaps she was a little of both in about an equal degree. It is enough for us to know that the Irish reverence the character of a devotee, and under this kindly impulse set about constructing a shed-roof over the platform with a rude chimney, and procured for her a bedstead and table, and a few other indispensable articles. The old woman was now completely set up in her housekeeping, and so well contented was she with her aerial abode that she seldom descended from it except on Sundays, when she regularly attended in the Roman Catholic chapel, at Mornington. There it was her custom to offer up the weekly produce of her wheel to God and the Holy Virgin. During the summer her situation was not only agreeable in respect to actual comfort, but must have been highly flattering to that love of distinction which throbs as much under the ragged cloak of the beggar as under the robes of the Sovereign. Visitors flocked to see and converse with the recluse, but it was to females only that she was accessible, allowing them to ascend through the trap-door, and, few of them departed without giving something. Men she rigorously excluded, or if any one bolder than the rest attempted to intrude, he was met by a wild expression of the eye, and a significant glance at the stool which made him only too happy to escape unharmed without farther parley. Her insanity, if she were actually insane and not playing a deceptive part, was confined to the subject of her voluntary seclusion; on all other matters her language was rational and coherent, betraying no symptoms of a disordered intellect. In manners and appearance she was respectable, in her dress at all times scrupulously neat. She represented herself as a native of Drogheda, which she had left when young; and to Drogheda she had now returned in the evening of life after many misfortunes and the loss of all her friends, as the poor stag, hunted through day, escapes wearily at night to the lair which in the morning he had too incautiously abandoned.

The summer, 1819, passed away; the last leaves of autumn had fallen, and winter again descended on the land with his wonted bluster and his usual accompaniments of snow, ice, and rain, but still the recluse's lamp was seen glimmering in the old tower. In this dreary season she was, in a great measure supported by the charity of Mr. Brabazon, of Mornington House, who pitied her forlorn state and provided her with the more essential necessaries of life, till spring and summer once more returned. But by this time her attraction had ceased; she was no longer a novelty, having evidently come into the world a hundred years at least too late. Few people would any longer take the trouble of toiling up a tremendous spiral staircase merely to stare at an old woman, who must be either a maniac or an impostor, so that she at length became neglected if not entirely forgotten. Winter again descended from his hills; her protector Mr. Brabazon was dead, and now this stylite of the nineteenth century, who a few ages earlier would have been canonized for a saint, found herself obliged to abandon her elevated post, and seek a refuge in the Mendicity Asylum of Drogheda. Peace be to her manes.

The three lakes of Killarney—of which to be in strict order, I should have spoken before, but I give the different objects as they come back upon my recollection. With how many popular ballads and popular traditions are they associated. Luckily, or rather unluckily—for who could relate them so agreeably?—they have been already given to the world by Mr. Croker. Apropos de Bottes. Lover's Irish songs would seem to have become songs of the people even in the author's life-time. I was

told by an Irish gentleman that one day when the poet was strolling along the borders of the lake he heard the boatmen playing or singing—I forget which—his air of Rory O'More. Surely this is a greater triumph than being called before the curtain by a score of voices previously drilled to the duty, and then being pelted with artificial flowers or nose-gays bought at Covent Garden for that express purpose. How I envy the man! more even than I envy Mr. Henry Arthur Herbert the possession of Mucrus Abbey, or his legitimate descent from the ancient Herberts; and yet they are gifts of which any one might be justly proud, though he wore the coronet of a Duke. By the bye, Ireland can boast of many such fine old families,—cliffs as it were standing out from the sea of time, and lifting their heads proudly above the billows that have swept away all beside themselves. For instance in the castle of Coolavin, upon the western coast of the island, may still be found the male representative of the former princes of Moylung. This gentleman is even in the present day styled “prince,” by all the neighbouring peasantry, and generally spoken of under the antique title of Mac Dermot Roe, or the Red Mac Dermot, a name that at once flings us back to the ages of romance and feudalism. In like manner his wife, a descendant of the princes of Brefny, is invariably addressed by them, “Madam,” to distinguish her from those of less noble lineage. I may also mention the ancient family of Mac Gillycuddy of the Rocks, a branch from the sept of the O'Sullivans, who have given their names to the highest rocks, or mountains, in Ireland, the celebrated Carran Tuel being one of them. If, however, you should prefer a beautiful landscape to old recollections, pause with me a few minutes before Glengariff. Never was anything more magnificent than the whole country around, and not less beautiful is the landlocked bay with its numerous islets and bold headlands. It is no exaggeration to say that for a while I utterly forgot I was looking on painted canvass, and actually dreamed myself into the illusion that all was real.

Next to be mentioned is Cave Hill, not so much for its claims to be picturesque, as from the odd likeness which some people have discovered in it to the profile of the late Napoleon. A part of the summit they say, when viewed horizontally, resembles the profile of the great emperor. Perhaps it does—and perhaps it does not—which, as I take it, is the most certain, if not the clearest, mode of settling the question.

As it would swell my letter beyond all reasonable limits to enter farther into the details of this admirable diorama, I must now quit the subject, and beg of you to accompany me to New Zealand—in fancy that is—for I do not suppose you would altogether like to undertake the voyage in reality.

New Zealand! Had I been only a few years younger,—“*O mihi præteritos referet si Jupiter annos!*”—this glowing picture of an actual and present paradise would infallibly have converted me into an emigrant. Making every possible allowance for the proverbial tendency of all travellers to shoot with the long bow, it is quite plain that no country possesses the climate of New Zealand. It is here, and here only, that the pencil of the painter falls short of the images conveyed to the mind by description. We can easily see from this beautiful panorama that New Zealand is a country of surpassing excellence in a picturesque point of view, but Raphael himself could not convey to us any idea of the brilliance, purity, and healthiness of the climate. I had a friend, who after having resided

there for five or six years came back to England on a short visit to his family. In a few days the gloom of our English climate—and it was not a particularly bad season either—became insupportable to him. Naturally of a good temper and sound constitution, he yet grew sickly, morose, and discontented with everything, till one day I could not help asking him how it happened that with all the means of enjoyment he could find nothing to please him in a capital like London, where so many thousands were employed in catering amusement for those who could afford to pay for it. “And how can I enjoy anything,” was his answer, “in this abominable climate? I have seen my house burnt down, and lived for weeks in expectation of an attack by the natives, yet I never for a single moment lost either my appetite or my equanimity; but here, if a dog barks, or any one treads upon my little toe, I am out of humour for the whole day.” Now this to my mind is more decisive of the fact than any description however highly wrought. Should you not happen to think with me, listen to what the bishop of New Zealand says, and be convinced:—“No one knows what the climate is till he has basked in the almost perpetual sunshine of Tasman’s Gulf, with a frame braced and invigorated to the full enjoyment of heat by the wholesome frost or cool snowy breeze of the night before. And no one can speak of the soil or scenery of New Zealand until he has seen both the natural beauties and the ripening harvests of Taranaki. When he has sat upon the deck of a vessel sailing to Taranaki, and watched the play of light and shade upon the noble mountain, and the woods at its base, and far behind in the centre of the island the thin white wreath of streamy smoke which marks the volcano of Tongariro, and to the south the sister mountains of Ruapaho covered with perpetual snow, then he may be qualified to speak of the scenery of this country, especially if he has added to his sketch-book the great chain of the southern Alps, which I have lately seen in all their wintry grandeur, stretching in an almost unbroken line from north to south for more than three hundred miles. And no one can speak of the healthfulness of New Zealand till he has been ventilated by the restless breezes of Port Nicholson, where malaria is no more to be feared than on the top of Chimborazo, and where active habits of industry and enterprise are evidently favoured by the elastic tone and perpetual motion of the atmosphere. If I am not mistaken, no fog can ever linger over Wellington to deaden the intellectual faculties of its inhabitants.”

So far the good bishop; and albeit he is somewhat prone to grandiloquence, and will not allow any one to speak of his favourite paradise “till he has been ventilated by the western breezes,” yet in the main he advances nothing but what is corroborated by at least a dozen other writers to my knowledge. How many other scribes, or scribblers, may have descanted upon the same subject is more than I can say, but I doubt not they have been numerous enough.

The appearance of the country, as seen in this panorama, is not a little striking from its unlikeness to all other scenery, and from a peculiar air of freshness and novelty, which makes it seem as if it were only created yesterday. North America with its boundless prairies, its mighty rivers, and its interminable forests, never affected me in the same sort of way. It might puzzle me to explain if called upon for my *whys* and *wherefores*, but so it is; nothing ever seemed new to me in America except the people and their houses, whereas the very land of New Zealand inspires me with

the idea of its having just emerged from the blue sea around it—a very crazy idea, you will perhaps say; but are we not all cracked more or less? the only difference, so far as I can see, is that our respective pitchers are not all cracked in the same direction.

You will please to observe that this application of moving dioramas to illustrate geography, or topography, or whatever other *graphy* you choose to call the description of foreign lands is as new as it is agreeable—new, that is, out of our theatres, in which blessed region the idea first originated. The fancy for such displays is becoming very general, one consequence of which is that little boys and girls, and eke their papas and mammas, have got to be as familiar with Egypt and the Indus, as they are with Primrose Hill, that Andes of the land of Cocagne. As a Persian would say, “may their shadows never be less;” or in Christian phrase “may they increase and multiply;” there is no other way in which a man can so well enjoy the pleasures of travel without its toils and privations. When seated before a rolling cloth of this kind, you have all the advantage of Prince Hoassein’s tapestry—which, I take it, was in truth a balloon—without the concomitant chance of breaking your neck, and albeit there is much honour in peril, yet is there some satisfaction in a whole skin and unbroken bones.

It is now, I suspect, high time to bring this rambling letter to a conclusion; the tea, it may be feared, has got cold in your breakfast-cup, and the butter congealed upon the toast and muffins, while you have been pondering over my hieroglyphics. Farewell then for the present. In my next I intend giving you an account of Burford’s admirable panorama of the Arctic Regions, of the Overland Journey to India, and of divers other delectable sights in our modern Babel, as it is the fashion of the scribes both large and small—and some how small!—to nickname this vast metropolis.

Ever, my dear Aunt,  
Your affectionate Nephew,  
RICHARD OLIVER.

Albany Street, April 10th, 1850.

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## THE HENHAM OAK.

WHEN Cromwell and his republicans had beheaded Charles I., and established the sour rule of the saints throughout England, the gay and high-spirited Cavaliers were as a matter of course mightily puzzled for the means of amusement. The theatres were closed, dancing was prohibited, the May-poles pulled down, and even the taverns, though improved in the quality of their liquors, had assumed an aspect so gloomy and pharisaical that they had very much the appearance of tabernacles in masquerade. Now and then the weary royalists got up a little plot against the ruling authorities; but as these outbreaks invariably ended in heading, hanging, or confiscation of goods, according to the circumstances of the case, they began after a time to grow more cautious how they handled so dangerous a plaything as rebellion, although still keeping a longing eye upon it. So they for the most part retired to their fastnesses—their country estates—where they winked and blinked away the time, as stupid and mopy as the owls that inhabited the ivy of their several halls and castles.

Upon no one of the party did the fiends of ennui and discontent pour down their influence more abundantly than upon Sir John Rous, Baronet, of Henham Hall, in the county of Suffolk. He had fought most lustily, and lived most merrily, so long as the great civil war lasted, and had thereby like the sorcerer who evokes a demon, called up in his bosom a restless spirit, that, if not employed, threatened to tear him to pieces—

“What’s to be done,” Sir John then said one day,

“To drive ennui away?

How is the evil to be parried?

What can remind me of my former life,

Those happy days I spent in noise and strife?”

The last words struck him—“Zounds!” says he, a “wife.”

He had often before fancied himself enamoured of the beautiful Elizabeth Knyvett, who was a descendant of the royal house of Plantagenet, and whose portrait is still preserved at Henham Hall. Hitherto one thing or other had always prevented this love-apple from ripening into maturity. Having now abundant of leisure upon his hands he discovered that he really was in love with Elizabeth, and proposed accordingly, and as he was young, handsome, and of good estate, as well as of fair reputation, the lady was easily persuaded to consent. The wedding-day was fixed—it came—the bells rang out merrily—the priest read the service in his blandest voice, and had just concluded the nuptial benediction, but before the clerk could pronounce his usual sonorous *amen*, in which he so much prided himself, in rushed a courier, booted and spurred, who pushed his

way through the astonished crowd to the altar, and, too breathless from recent haste to utter a syllable, thrust a letter into Sir John's hands. It was from Charles II.—that was to be if he could get back his crown from the firm clutch of Cromwell. He had, it appeared from this communication, landed in Scotland a short time previously, and now summoned his well-beloved Sir John Rous to assist him in regaining the throne and taking vengeance upon his enemies. At any other time nothing could have been more welcome to the baronet, who had a passion for fighting in the abstract, and more particularly delighted in drubbing puritans and republicans. But then his bride! could he leave her in the very hour of their marriage? After a brief deliberation with himself Sir John settled that he both could and would, and when he had once settled at this point, it was no easy matter to unsettle him. To do her justice the lady did not try. She was a stanch loyalist, and a pious follower of the Church of England, which indeed might be said to have entered into an alliance offensive and defensive with royalty, and moreover she had the sex's usual admiration for heroes in buff, blue, or scarlet, not a little heightened by a diligent perusal of the old knightly romances. She therefore returned modestly the kiss he gave boldly, bound her scarf about his arm, and bade him go forth and fight like a good Christian and a stout soldier in the cause of church and king.

It might be tedious to rehearse how the valiant baronet for several months gave and received many a hearty knock—but more frequently the latter—till one bright September morning he found himself encamped with Prince Rupert and many other wild cavaliers, about a mile from the goodly and God-fearing city of Worcester. There, while they were dreaming of nothing less than a speedy and decisive victory over the Roundheads, Cromwell with his Ironsides fell upon them, and obtained after a day's hard fighting, what he was pleased to call his crowning mercy, though, to speak by the letter, he should have termed it *discrowning*, since it effectually plucked the crown from Charles' head, for that time at least. The royalists, having fought till they could fight no longer, incontinently broke and fled. It was now, *sauve qui peut*—the devil take the hindmost. Sir John, indeed would fain have exchanged a few more hard blows with the enemy, but he was borne away by the tide of his own fugitives, and once safe out of the field, his appetite for battle forsook him. He began to think of saving his neck from the gallows, to which the Roundheads had now and then a fancy for stringing up the malignants, as they piously dubbed such of the Cavaliers, as like our worthy baronet, were neither to be coaxed nor beaten into harmony with the existing state of affairs.

After many hair-breadth escapes he arrived safe and sound in the neighbourhood of Henham Hall. This was no slight instance of good luck, for the avengers of blood were often close upon his heels, being men who, in their own phrase, were zealous even unto slaying, and never did the work of the Lord negligently. It was about the time of twilight, when he came in sight of his ancestral dwelling, and having, as he thought, given his pursuers the slip, he flung himself from his over-wearied horse to consider what was next to be done. Should he at once seek refuge in the Hall which lay so close and so temptingly before him? his domestics had always been, or seemed to be, faithful, yet still there might lurk amongst them a Judas who for thirty pieces of silver would

sell their master to his enemy. The more he reflected, the more he doubted.

The moon arose, and poured a flood of light upon the immense pile, which, like all our ancient mansions, was built of red brick with stone dressings, quoins, and window-frames, and as he gazed upon the fine old walls, it occurred to him that it might have been as well if he had staid quietly at home with his young bride, instead of scampering off to the wars with a fair chance of being banged or hanged, and a very slight prospect indeed of any ultimate advantage.

"What good have I done the king?" he exclaimed aloud in his impatience; "none whatever; none; while for myself"—

"You have earned the undying fame which ever belongs to the true and valiant soldier who unflinchingly does his duty."

At this apostrophe Sir John turned hastily round, and was no less delighted than surprised to see his young bride standing on the hill beside him. She was returning from her usual evening walk, and had ascended one side of the little hill unperceived by him, his eyes being fixed upon the Hall, and his mind occupied with a confused medley of thoughts partly made up of the past, and partly of the present and the future. These day-dreams now vanished in an instant. They fell into each other's arms, as was very natural in a young couple who had been sundered in the hour of their nuptials, and who had every prospect of a yet more enduring separation. Had they been married a year or so the case would probably have been different. As it was they seemed at first to have forgotten in the joy of their reunion that they were in the least danger of ever being parted again, till the appearance of a small body of horsemen, whose cuirasses glittered in the moonlight, aroused them to more serious considerations. The speed with which about half-a-dozen of the foremost riders pushed forward on the sudden was a plain indication that they had seen him, though too far off as yet to distinguish his face with any certainty. Under such circumstances it was idle for him to think of concealing himself in the Hall, since they were sure to ransack it from top to bottom; and if not there, in what place was he to hide? But though his own ingenuity failed him at this juncture, Elizabeth had all her wits about her; and little marvel either; since the days when the serpent whispered into the ear of Eve, the devil has seldom been known to desert women at a pinch.

"There is no place," she cried, "so secure as the old oak."

The tree to which she alluded was popularly known in the neighbourhood by the name of the Henham Oak. It grew at no great distance from one of the Hall windows, and being a patriarch, even amongst its venerable associates, it was held in high respect by the rustics of the vicinity. The family at the Hall had long before used for a summer house the cavity which time had eaten in its bosom, and fitted a door of bark to the opening, so skilfully contrived that when closed no stranger could ever have suspected that the tree was otherwise than sound within, though scathed and withered in its branches. It was true some of the older domestics were acquainted with the secret, but even that peril, great as it might be, was better than the well nigh certain detection to which he would be exposed if he attempted hiding himself in the house. Here then he sought a refuge, and Elizabeth having carefully closed the bark-door upon her voluntary prisoner retreated to the Hall, there to await the coming of the enemy.

In a short time the Roundheads galloped up to the hall-door, the main body forming in front of it, while their leader, a certain Captain Turnagen, with the corporal and half a dozen troopers, presented himself most unceremoniously to the lady of the mansion.

"Woman!" he exclaimed, without farther preface, "where hideth thy husband?"

"When you address me as a lady should be addressed," replied Elizabeth, "I may perhaps answer you."

The Puritan smiled grimly.

"Aye, no doubt thou wouldst fain have thine ears tickled with soft words and tinkling titles, that are more pleasing to thee than the hymn of the brethren when they join in praises of their maker. Credit me, the time for such vanities hath passed away,—never, as I well hope, to return and pollute this land, which hath been cleansed and purged with fire, and steel, and the outpouring of much blood, till the ground thereof teemeth only with herbs of grace, and those that are of sweet savour in the nostrils of the Lord. Albeit I came not hither to discuss with thee these high matters. Again I demand, where lurketh thy husband?"

"Where should he be but fighting by the side of his royal master," replied Elizabeth.

"It is in vain thou goest about to snare me with thy glozings and deceitful speeches. With mine own eyes did I behold him, not ten minutes since, on the mount which men call Henham Hill. Ha! what sayest thou thereto?"

The lady said nothing.

"How!" cried the captain, after waiting some time for the answer which came not, and seemed little likely to come, tarry as he might,— "hath a dumb devil possessed thee?—wilt thou make no reply to that which I, as one commissioned thereto, demand of thee? So be it then.—Corporal Storm-the-sky."

A tall rawboned man, with a face of proportional longitude, stept forward.

"Restrain this woman with strong cords that she escape not, and take good heed that she have no speech with any of her sisters and brothers in malignity. Meanwhile I will search the privy places of this dwelling, from the garret unto the cellar, and he shall be dragged forth into light, even he, the man of Belial, who lieth hidden therein."

The Roundheads now commenced a close search after Sir John, who, they felt assured, was concealed somewhere in the building. It was of course to no purpose, since the cavalier was in the oak all the time, comfortably discussing a pottle of good sack and a cold sirloin, with which the providence of his lady had supplied him. After a rigorous search for more than two hours the baffled captain returned to the room where Elizabeth was abiding the result under the guard Corporal Storm-the-sky, who, as a pleasant and profitable mode of getting rid of the time, had been pouring out his spiritual gifts for the edification of his followers. Defeated in his search the captain again endeavoured to extort a confession from Elizabeth, but not the slightest clue was he able to obtain from her—scarcely even an answer of any kind, for she had an intuitive feeling, that in replying to his questions she might betray herself. At last his patience was exhausted, and he gave her plainly to understand, that if she did not forthwith satisfy him he would burn the house to the ground.

"Woman!" he began, "five minutes yet will I tarry for thy answer; so long shall the hand of wrath be stayed, and although uplifted it shall forbear to fall and smite; but when that time shall have passed, and the minutes thereof be gathered to the dust of the hours that have gone before it, then will I give thy mansion to the flames, and it shall become heaps, a dwelling-place for dragons, and a hissing without an inhabitant."

The allotted five minutes had expired without the least attempt on the part of Elizabeth to conciliate her captors. The Captain then, as if disdaining any further colloquy upon the subject, gave a silent signal to his followers, who upon receiving it marched out to prepare the means for the threatened conflagration. He himself was about to follow them, but upon the threshold again turned back, and said to her in a somewhat softened tone, "Did I use thee after the measure of thy malignancy, I should leave thee here to perish in the flames that will presently be kindled in and about thy house. But I will deal with thee better than thou deservest, and snatch thee even as a brand from the fiery furnace."

As she still hesitated, he dragged her out of the Hall. The other inmates needed no such compulsion. The moment they understood the place was to be fired, one and all rushed out of it, standing as little upon "the order of their going," as Lady Macbeth wished her guests to do when Banquo's ghost made his appearance at her supper-table. Henham Hall would now full surely have been burnt some years before its time—it was really consumed by fire in 1773—but for a singular interposition at the very moment that a torch was about to be applied to the dry wood, which had been heaped up in the lower rooms, mingled with a variety of yet more dangerous combustibles. Suddenly darkness spread over the sky with loud thunderings, and these were closely followed by a lurid light, coming no one could tell whence, but each man as seen in it appeared to the rest to have changed to a ghastly olive hue. The hearts of the stoutest amongst them quailed at this strange portent, for, however bold in the field, they had all their full share in the superstition of their times. While they yet stood in terror, a bloody cross, or what they fancied to be such, shewed itself on the dark curtain of the clouds and a noise was heard above as of immense masses of iron dashed violently against each other. Next came a mighty peal of thunder that continued rolling on as though it never would end, minute after minute, till every one involuntarily put his hands to his ears to shut out a sound so terrible. Ere it gave the least signs of dying away, a fiery meteor of enormous size came whizzing through the air, and fell in the very midst of them, killing their leader and Corporal Storm-the-sky, who was standing at his side. The rest immediately fled in terror, and scattered in all directions.

During this singular, but by no means unprecedented war of the elements, the Henham oak had the good fortune to escape untouched, and within its friendly bosom Sir John continued to hide himself till he found means in some way to propitiate the ruling authorities and compound with the sequestrators. That this was effected without the least compromise of his loyalty is plain from the autograph letter which Charles addressed to him from Breda in the April of 1660. It ran as follows:—

"It is no newes to me to heare of your good affection, which I always promised myselfe from your family; yett I was well pleased with the accounte this bearer brought to me from you of the activity you have lately used for the

promoting my interest, in which so many have followed the good example you gave, that I hope I and you, and the whole nation, shall shortly receive the fruit of it, and that I may give you my thanks in your own country. In the meantime you may be confident. I am,

“Your affectionate friends,

“CHARLES R.”

“Breda, 27th April, 1660.”

In after times when the stout cavalier slept with his ancestors, and the Stuarts were driven into exile, it would seem that he had bequeathed not only his estate but his devoted spirit of loyalty to his descendants. In the bosom of this same oak where he had hidden himself from the Roundheads, Sir Robert Rous held his Jacobitical symposia with two or three select friends, drinking deep potations on bended knees “to the king over the water.” He, however, appears to have confined his Jacobitism to theory and speculation, and never to have carried it into practice, which, as things went, was all the better for himself and family. The oak still remains to testify for the truth of the legend, though in a great measure stript of its foliage, and in the last stage of decay.

## SINGULAR TRIALS CONNECTED WITH THE UPPER CLASSES OF SOCIETY.

### No. XI.—THE FORGERY UPON THE DUCHESS OF GORDON.

THIS trial is mainly curious in its exhibiting one of the most striking instances on record of the discovery of a plot artfully contrived to effect, by judicial means, the ruin and death of an innocent man. The peeress, whose name is brought into the transaction, in consequence of her acceptance being forged, was the Lady Henrietta Mordaunt, daughter of the celebrated General, Charles, Earl of Peterborough, and wife of Alexander second Duke of Gordon, to whom she was married in 1706. The case was this :—

In the beginning of May, 1726, it was discovered that one Petrie, a town-officer in Leith, held the Duchess of Gordon's bill for £58, which had been delivered to him, blank indorsed, by one Mrs. Macleod, as a security for £6, for which sum her husband had been laid in prison. The bill was drawn by George Henderson, accepted by her Grace, indorsed by George Henderson, the drawer, a merchant of repute, to Mrs. Macleod, and blank indorsed by Mrs. Macleod; and in virtue of this blank indorsement, Petrie, the town officer, held it. The holder of the bill was apprehended and brought before the magistrates of Edinburgh; in a few days after, Mrs. Macleod and Mr. Henderson were also brought before them. It was manifest that the Duchess of Gordon's acceptance was a forgery, but the point in dispute was, whether this forgery was contrived by Mr. Henderson, the drawer and indorser, or Mrs. Macleod, the indorsee.

Upon the 5th of May, Petrie was brought before the magistrates, and told the manner in which he came by the bill. Henderson was at the same time brought before them, who denied all knowledge concerning it. Mrs. Macleod was apprehended on the 7th, and examined, and she and Henderson being confronted with each other, the former judicially declared, that the bill, and other deeds challenged, were written by Henderson, who denied all knowledge concerning them. Upon which, Mr. Henderson and Mrs. Macleod were committed close prisoners.

At the trial John Gibson, wright in the Canongate of Edinburgh, deposed, that he knew Mr. Henderson then at the bar, having seen him several times, and been once in company with him. Deposed that, on the 3rd of May last, about nine at night, as he was going down the Canon-gate, he met Mr. Henderson and Mrs. Macleod, who went along with him to the deponent's house; he there saw Mr. Henderson sign the obligation to Mrs. Macleod now exhibited; the deponent read it over, and signed as witness to Mr. Henderson's subscription, and the deponent's two daughters and Archibald Dempster were present. Part of this deed

was written before the deponent saw it, but the last part of it, viz. from the following words, "before these witnesses" downwards, was written with Mr. Henderson's own hand in the deponent's presence. They staid in his house almost an hour; and, during this time, Mr. Henderson repeatedly desired of Mrs. Macleod "that she should delay and keep herself quiet till Saturday, and she should have her money, which she refused to do unless he signed the obligation." Mr. Henderson, Mrs. Macleod, and the deponent, then went down the Canongate together. When they were before Deacon Lauchlan's house, Mrs. Macleod told Mr. Henderson she had intimated the bill to the Duchess' gentleman, whereupon he, Henderson, clapped upon his breast and said, "O, good God, that is all wrong, why have you done so?" and upon this he immediately left them. Deposed, that Mr. Henderson had on dark coloured clothes and a black wig such as he now wore. And, being interrogated if he knew one David Household, alias Cameron? Deposed, he knew no such person.

Archibald Dempster, servant to James Aitkin, wright, deposed that on the 3rd of May last, after nine at night, he was sent for by John Gibson, the preceding witness, to his house. He found there Mr. Henderson, Mrs. Macleod, Gibson, his wife, and two daughters. Henderson was then writing a paper which the deponent saw him subscribe; Gibson signed as witness to the deed, and desired the deponent to do the same. He hesitated lest it might be the cause of his afterwards being taken from his work, or of otherwise being brought into trouble. But Mr. Gibson said, it was no more than an obligation which Mr. Henderson was giving Mrs. Macleod for some money, and that he would pay against Saturday, and the deponent would not get into trouble about it; upon which he signed as witness and then went immediately to his master's house. Being interrogated, deposed that he never saw Mr. Henderson before that night nor since, except once about three weeks after, when he, Mr. Henderson, was brought before the magistrates of Edinburgh. He thought Mr. Henderson then at their Lordships' bar was the same person whom he saw at Mr. Gibson's, and afterwards before the magistrates.

Catherine Gray, servant to Alexander Hope, tailor in Canongate, deposed, that she had frequent occasion of seeing and knowing George Henderson at the bar, and particularly, on the 3rd of May last, on which the Deacons of the corporations of the Canongate were chosen: she saw the said George Henderson, prisoner, about nine o'clock at night, coming up the Canongate in company with Mrs. Macleod, the other prisoner; and a little above the Canongate cross she saw them meet with John Gibson; and the deponent, having asked Mrs. Macleod, if she had got payment of her money due to her by Mr. Henderson? the said Mrs. Macleod answered, that she was just going to get security for it. Being interrogated for Mr. Henderson, she deposed, that she did not know, and to her knowledge, never saw the person named David Household.

William Petrie, town officer in Leith, deposed that on the 5th of February last, Mrs. Macleod delivered a bill to him for £58, which was drawn by Mr. Henderson, and accepted by the Duchess of Gordon, indorsed by Mr. Henderson to Mrs. Macleod, and blank indorsed by her. She gave this bill to the deponent in security for £6 1s., which he advanced to her in order to relieve her husband, Mr. Macleod, out of prison.



Deposed, he knew nothing as to the verity of the subscriptions farther than Mrs. Macleod said it was a true bill. To the best of his remembrance she said the cause of her getting that bill, was tea and other goods she had furnished Mr. Henderson. Deposed, that about three years ago, Mrs. Macleod delivered to him in security of a debt she owed him, a bill for £38 or £40 drawn in the same manner by George Henderson, and accepted by the Duchess of Gordon, and that Mrs. Macleod paid him punctually the sum she had borrowed upon the pledge of this bill, and took up the same; and she made use of this as an argument for the deponent's advancing her the £6 upon the bill produced in process. The deponent did not demand payment of the bill from the Duchess of Gordon, for he was prevented from doing so during the whole month of April, by Mrs. Macleod telling him, that the Duchess was then occupied with her devotions, and that her gentleman, Mr. Gordon, was in the North, upon whose return the bill would be paid. She added that she had been to wait upon her Grace, had been kindly entreated, and had got a glass of some liquor out of the Duchess's hand. At last, the deponent became suspicious about the verity of the bill, and he told Mrs. Macleod, that, unless she got a letter from Mr. Henderson, declaring the verity of the bill he would protest it, upon which she brought him the letter from Mr. Henderson now produced in process, but the deponent desired her to get an obligation from Mr. Henderson for the amount, signed before witnesses; she accordingly called on him, and shewed him the obligation now produced in process. This he thought happened a day or two before the deponent was apprehended by order of the magistrates, which to the best of his recollection was upon the 4th day of May last. It was about ten o'clock at night when she called and shewed him the obligation.

Alexander Nicolson, tailor in Edinburgh, being specially questioned, whether Mrs. Macleod at any time promised him any thing to be a witness in this cause, deposed that about eight days after he was examined before the magistrates, the deponent having occasion to be in tolbooth of Edinburgh, Mrs. Macleod whispered to him, that it should be better than £4 sterling to him, if he would depose that he had carried a message from Mrs. Macleod to Mr. Henderson to come to her, that he came accordingly, and the deponent saw him deliver to Mrs. Macleod an accepted bill by the Duchess of Gordon; but the deponent answered, his conscience would not allow him to declare any such thing. Deposed, that he afterwards got a letter from Mrs. Macleod threatening him that in case he should declare any thing contrary to what he said before the magistrates, the King's advocate would put him in prison, and that he shewed the said letter to several and particularly to Mr. Henderson's agent, Mr. Donaldson, and that the deponent had since lost the said letter out of his pocket. That in February last, when he was working in Mrs. Macleod's house, he heard her railing against a maid-servant for want of some money, and that a man came into the room whom the deponent did not know nor remember, and that, when he was gone, Mrs. Macleod came to him, and said she had got a bill from him, and said it would be good money to her. Mr. Henderson at the bar being pointed out to the deponent, and asked if it was the man that was in Mrs. Macleod's house the time deposed? he said he had not seen the said man now pointed out to him in Mrs. Macleod's house, either that or any other time. He thought the man who came into Mrs. Macleod's had on a dark coloured wig.

Captain Neil Macleod deposed, that he had a servant, one David Household, a lad about seventeen years of age, who left his service at Michaelmas last, and whom he had frequently seen write. The letter from Henderson to Petrie, and the obligation by Henderson to Mrs. Macleod being shewn to him, he deposed, that he could not say any thing to the letter, but as to the other obligation, he said that to the best of his knowledge it was the hand-writing of the said David Household. He deposed, that Household was not of a slender make, that he wore his own black hair, and was about the head lower than Mr. Henderson; but he had seen him since wearing a light coloured wig.

Patrick Innes, writer in Edinburgh, deposed, that Mrs. Macleod having shewn the deponent the obligation subscribed by Mr. Henderson, and produced in process told him, that the motive of Mr. Henderson indorsing the Duchess of Gordon's bill to her was that he might conceal an unlawful correspondence which he kept with one Helen Moody, a servant of hers, and carry the said Helen out of the country. Mrs. Macleod told the deponent this in the house of John Gibson, on the 4th or 5th of May. Being interrogated if he knew that Mrs. Macleod kept out of the way on account of this bill? He deposed, that Mrs. Macleod absconded for three days, and told the deponent that the reason of her doing so was, that Petrie had a warrant to apprehend her, and that she expected payment before eight o'clock on Saturday night from Mr. Henderson, and that then she would give them all the tail of a long tow.\* The deponent went with Mrs. Macleod to one Doctor Smith, who was well acquainted with the Duchess of Gordon, and requested him to intercede with her Grace that she would pass from any ground she had for challenging the bill; but this the doctor positively refused, upon which Mrs. Macleod said she was undone.

Mary M'Aulay, widow of Alexander M'Lellan, barber in Leith, deposed, that some few days after Mrs. Macleod was made prisoner, the deponent saw in her house one David Household, who told her that a few days before Mrs. Macleod was apprehended, he at her desire put on a coat of her husband's, and went with her to the Canongate, and in some house there he assumed the name of Henderson, and under that name subscribed a paper in presence of two witnesses, one of them a married man, and the other a young lad; and he said it was on account of this paper that Mrs. Macleod was put in prison. He added, that the reason she gave for his putting on her husband's coat was that he might appear like Henderson—Household expressed his sorrow for what he had done, said he was not aware of his hazard, but now he was in danger of his life, and was resolved to fly the country; that he was afraid to cross at Leith, lest he should be apprehended, and would cross at Queensferry.—And the deponent believed that he fled accordingly.

The trial had proceeded thus far, neither party being able to produce more witnesses to support their mutual recrimination and defence, when the Lord Advocate represented to the Court, that as the evidence given must have established with their lordships a conviction of Mr. Henderson's guilt, the duty of his office required it of him to ask their lordships to pronounce a decree, finding the bill drawn upon the Duchess of Gordon to be forged by the prisoner Henderson, and therefore remitting him to the Court of Justiciary, that he might suffer a capital punishment.

\* The swing of a rope.

The counsel for Mr. Henderson urged in his defence, that, notwithstanding the direct testimony which was given by several witnesses, of his having granted the obligation relative to the forged bill, yet having visited him in prison, and repeatedly examined him in private in the most solemn manner,—the simplicity, uniformity, and steadiness of his answers to the counsel's interrogatories, gave the latter if not a perfect conviction, at least a strong belief that Henderson was truly innocent. The counsel, therefore, requested of their Lordships, that they would not be hasty to embrace, nor resolute to conclude, a decided opinion of Henderson's guilt; for that even procrastination was not a fault, when the life of a man was at stake. And he entreated their Lordships to spare his feelings of the pain it would give them, to hear a sentence pronounced on almost the last day of a session, which was to be the foundation of a capital punishment being adjudged to a man, of whose innocence he still entertained a strong persuasion. The solemn and animated address of the counsel made a forcible impression upon the Court, and their Lordships delayed the cause till the next session.

During the vacation, a singular coincidence of circumstances occurred which was the means of vindicating Henderson's innocence, and of detecting a profound scheme of fraud, not less ingeniously contrived than dexterously executed.

The Lord Advocate, when going north to his house at Culloden paid a visit to Mr. Rose of Kilravock. Mr. Rose shewed his Lordship a house he was building; and, happening to miss one of the carpenters whom he thought an expert workman, he asked the overseer what was become of him? The overseer taking Mr. Rose aside, bid him take no further notice of this, for the young man, upon hearing that the Lord Advocate was to be at Kilravock, declared it was high time for him to leave the country; and that he would immediately go to Aberdeen, and take ship for London. Mr. Rose communicated this to his Lordship, who asked the overseer the carpenter's name, and if he knew of any crime that the carpenter had committed? The overseer answered, that the man's name was David Household and he suspected the crime was being accessory to some forgery. The Lord Advocate immediately dispatched a messenger to Aberdeen, who apprehended Household, and carried him prisoner to Edinburgh.

Upon the commencement of the Winter session, Household being brought before their Lordships, and examined, deposed that in the beginning of the year, he at the desire of Mrs. Macleod wrote the bill produced in process, which she dictated to him, and he in particular wrote the name of George Henderson, both as drawer and indorser; but the word Gordon, he did not write. At another time Mrs. Macleod carried him to a gardener's house without the Water-gate, at the foot of the Canongate, but, before taking him there, she put on him a coat belonging to her husband and a black knotted perriwig, and told him, that she was to bring him into the company of two honest men before whom he must personate George Henderson. The deponent did as she desired, and in the gardener's house at the Water-gate, she dictated to him a part of the obligation now produced. She then took him to a wright's house in the Canongate on the south side of the street, and there in presence of the wright and of a boy called Dempster, Mrs. Macleod dictated and the deponent wrote the remainder of the obligation, and subscribed it George Henderson in presence of the wright and of Dempster, who subscribed as witnesses.

The letter produced in process from George Henderson to William Petrie being likewise shewn to the deponent, he deposed, that he wrote it also at the desire of Mrs. Macleod, who dictated the same to him, and this happened before he wrote the obligation above-mentioned. Deposed, that after Mrs. Macleod was put in prison, a highlandman came to him and said, that he was sent by Mr. Macleod, Mrs. Macleod's husband to persuade him to abscond on account of the papers he had written; this he thought unnecessary, as he wrote them at the desire of another, and was altogether ignorant of the import of the said writings, but upon advising with some friends he was convinced of his danger, and he absconded.

John Winchester, clerk to the comptroller of the customs at Leith, deposed that he was intimately acquainted with David Household; that some time in May last the deponent went to see Household, who was then working aboard Captain Marsham's ship which was lying in Leith harbour; but was told that Household was not to be found. He called a second time, and the mate of the ship brought Household to him. The deponent asked what was the matter with him? He answered, that he was obliged to hide himself, for Mrs. Macleod had induced him one day to go to a house in the Canongate with her, and there to write out a bill for her for about £50 or £60 in presence of two witnesses, but the deponent did not remember what he said about subscribing the bill. Deposed, that he said to Household, he would be hanged for so doing, to which Household answered, he was resolved to fly; and added, that he had received a message from Mrs. Macleod's husband to abscond. The deponent asked him, if it was on account of this bill that Mrs. Macleod was put in prison? to which he answered, that it was the very same. The bill, letter, and obligation in process, being shewn to the deponent, he deposed that he was well acquainted with Household's hand-writing, and he believed the said deeds to be written by him.

Archibald Dempster, a preceding witness, being re-examined, and his former deposition read over to him, deposed that nobody instructed him as to what he was to say in that deposition, nor promised him any reward on that account. Being confronted with Henderson at the bar, and with David Household, and being desired to look narrowly upon the said David, and upon George Henderson at the bar, in order to declare upon oath which of the said two was the person who wrote and subscribed the obligation in the house of John Gibson, mentioned by the deponent in his former oath, he said that he did believe that the said person was David Household, and not George Henderson.

The second part of this plot being performed, and the "plot detected," it remained now but for public justice to bring the matter to a catastrophe. Upon the 8th of December, the Lord Advocate represented to the court, that it was manifest that the Duchess of Gordon's bill was a forgery: that it was evident from the proof that Henderson was innocent of the forgery, who therefore ought to be acquitted; and that Mrs. Macleod was guilty of the same, as well as of counterfeiting the letter and obligation produced in process. This, his Lordship said, was established by Household, who, at the desire and by the contrivance of Mrs. Macleod, actually forged the deeds; by Dempster, who, in his second deposition, ingenuously and satisfactorily accounted for the mistake into which he was led in his first, by the artful contrivance of Mrs. Macleod; by com-

paring the deeds produced with the hand-writing of Household, taken down in their presence; and by the evidence which Henderson led of an alibi. He added, that she had formed a malicious intention to hang her neighbour, and it was but just she should fall into her own snare. Upon the whole, his Lordship observed that, by her artful and horrid contrivance, Mrs. Macleod had well nigh made "an innocent man suffer death. That this contrivance was, by the good providence of God, discovered; and concluded, that, therefore, the said Mrs. Macleod was guilty of forgery, and ought to suffer the pains of death." The Solicitor General added, "that there was such a horrid design, and so artfully laid, that, at first, he firmly believed Henderson guilty; nay, and could appeal to all, if Household had not been apprehended, they had not condemned Henderson."

The Court found that Mrs. Macleod was GUILTY of the said forgeries; and they reduced the deeds, remitted Mrs. Macleod to the Court of Justiciary, acquitted Mr. Henderson, and dismissed him from the bar.

Mrs. Macleod was then served with a criminal indictment at the instance of his Majesty's Advocate, setting forth, that the crime of forgery, or the using of forged deeds, was punishable with "death and confiscation of moveables, and other pains of law;" that, nevertheless, Mrs. Macleod had been guilty of all, or one, or other, of these crimes, in so far as she had forged a bill upon the Duchess of Gordon, &c &c. That the Court of Session had pronounced a sentence, declaring the bill, &c. to be forgeries, and that the prisoner was guilty of the same, and therefore remitting her to the Court of Justiciary: and that the extracted, *i. e.* authenticated, decree of the Court of Session, was lodged with the clerk of the Court of Justiciary. "All which, or any part thereof, being found proven against her," she ought to be punished with the pains of death.

The prisoner and the public prosecutor were heard by counsel. It was objected for her that forgery, by the law of Scotland, did not infer a capital punishment; that she was not accused of having actually committed the forgery, but only of being *art and part*; that she had not used the bill with an intent to defraud, but merely as a fund of credit for a small sum of money, which she meant honestly to repay; and that the decree of the Court of Session was neither to be held as determining the relevancy of the indictment, nor as *probatio probata*, or evidence not to be controverted of the prisoner's guilt. Informations for both parties were also lodged by order of the court. But, as the defences stated for the prisoner were over-ruled, and as these general points of law and of form are now established by subsequent practice, it is needless to state the arguments which they contained.

The decree being read, the Court ordered the assize instantly to in-close; the jury returned a verdict, unanimously finding the indictment proved, and the prisoner "guilty, art and part, of the crimes libelled." The Court adjudged the prisoner to be hanged on the 8th of March.

Mrs. Macleod went to the place of execution dressed in a black robe, with a large hoop, a white fan in her hand, and a white sarsnet hood on her head, according to the fashion of the times. When she came upon the scaffold, she put off the ornamental parts of her dress, pinned a handkerchief over the breast, and put the fatal cord about her neck with her own hands. She persisted to the last moment in the denial of her guilt.

## MAY BLOSSOMS.

THERE is no denying that our title of May-blossoms carries with it a strong taste of *sentimentalism*, if there be such a word in the language: and, if not, we do hereby create it, and stamp thereon our own peculiar impress, that it may be received and pass current as true and lawful coin; Heaven knows it is much needed, the thing which it is meant to designate being so abundant amongst us. The very phrase of May-blossoms does, as it were, relish of flowers and dew-drops, and sighs, and aspirations, and all those soft nothings which in reason ought to be confined to the poetry of the boudoir, but which have most unaccountably escaped thence and invaded the realms of honest prose. Far, however, be it from us to be guilty of any such weakness; to nonsense we have not the least objection, and indeed do often indite the same for our own delectation and that of our readers; but, as Sir Peter Teazle says, "d— your sentiment." Rather than meddle with such a moist commodity, we stick to dry nonsense, and recommend all, who are not absolutely pickled in the brine of sensibility to follow our example.

Well, the buds of May have at length begun to shew themselves on elm, and linden, and chestnut, but the most promising of all May-blossoms are those put forth by that pride of the literary garden, the *Miscellanea Sancti Jacobi*, or St. James's Magazine—we have kissed the blarney stone, and are therefore far above the weakness of blushing—never was a tree so full of bud, or so rich in fruitful promise; like the azelias recently brought from China, it throws all else into shadow by the quantity and brilliance of its blossoms—*me judice*, that is, as Slashing Bentley used to say when he threw down the gauntlet of defiance to all commentators, past, present, and to come—*me judice*, such is my opinion, and if you think not with me, gentle reader, why the fault is all your own, for the which I give you anything but an apostolical blessing. In fact there is nothing like riding the high horse if you want to get over a rough road. But to return to the starting post from this digression.

"Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,  
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her  
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws  
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose,  
Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire  
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire.  
Thus we salute thee with our early song,  
And welcome thee, and wish thee long."

After the primroses and the violets, the chimney-sweepers are, or rather were, the chief attractions of May-day. The genuine race of sooterkins

has been superseded, like so many other classes of the industrious, by machinery, which is the real dragon of Wantley, crushing and devouring poor folks in its iron jaws after the most approved ogre fashion. Never shall we again hear the litty varlets, chirping like sparrows from the house tops, and rattling their brooms and shovels as they peep forth into day—the black-faced muezzins of the chimney, calling out to the faithful from their sooty minarets on high, “sweep! sweep!” Humanity has stept in and forbidden their climbings and dark doings, but Humanity has quite forgotten to provide for the many hundreds of children thrown out of employ by her intervention, and who are thus left without anything to do; not choosing to starve, the sons of the brush and shovel—or rather those who might have been such—have joined the bands of young gentlemen adventurers, who live like Antolycus by “snapping up unconsidered trifles.” Not that we mean to deny many illustrious characters were nourished upon the soot-bag itself; were we to be guilty of so gross an historical blunder, the ghost of Johannes—vulgarly called Jack—Hall, of Hackney, would rise from his grave and rebuke our oscitancy. With what graphic vividness does the old ballad make this hero of the highway describe himself :

“My name it is Jack Hall,  
Chimney-sweep, chimney-sweep;  
I rob both great and small,  
Chimney-sweep, chimney-sweep.”

Oh! a great man, a very great man was Jack! and infinite was the honour he did his birth-place—Hackney aforesaid—by the number and brilliancy of his valiant deeds. Originally educated for a chimney-sweep, and having outgrown his occupation in the spirit as well as body, Jack became a minion of the night, a follower of the moon; and, if I recollect rightly, after a short but merry life died upon the field of honour, which in the case of such heroes is always understood to be a scaffold.

Connected with this subject, and hardly to be passed over without some mention, is the story of the young sweep found upon a bed in Montague House, like some black raven flung by accident on a sheet of snow. This event gave rise to a custom, for many years observed there, of feasting the children of the brush and shovel on every returning first of May. But had the child been abducted from the family? or was he a stranger left there by his vagrant parents, and adopted by the Montagues? I never could get to the rights of the affair, if I may be allowed to use what Dr. Johnson would indubitably have called a colloquial barbarism, but which is a very significant phrase notwithstanding.

No day in the year's calendar has been more celebrated in its time than the first of May. Christmas, with his yule-logs and his merry-makings, is, I grant, an exceedingly fine fellow, but then he is confined to in-doors, and has neither fruits nor flowers, or none at least of the slightest importance. Easter, indeed, is a buxom damsel, but then she is given to tearful showers, and in the midst of her smiles is apt to fall a-weeping out of mere capriciousness. As to Midsummer, he is such a fiery gallant that one cannot keep him company long without being in an absolute broil. Now May, gentle smiling May, is a spirit of another sort, loving the mild breeze and the green turf, and were she not cruelly defrauded of

her ancient rites and privileges, would be attended by all manner of rustic sports. Formerly, the milk-maids used to do her homage, parading the streets with crummie before them as fine as flowers and ribbons could make her, and themselves bearing silver vessels borrowed for the nonce from the pawnbroker—but that has passed; formerly, the lads and lasses danced about the May-pole—but that too has passed; *omnia fert ætas*; the bastings and the fragments of other days alone remain to us, and even for them we must travel into the remoter parts of the country. As to the attempts at May-day celebrations that are now perpetrated in London, they always give me a lively idea of the lugubrious efforts made by some hysteric damsel to get up a laugh; if one is tempted thereby to smile at all, it is at the inanity of the attempt, and not from any sympathy. In these cases the dullness of the inward spirit shines through all the paint with which the face is bedaubed, and even the very tinsel of the dress looks more absurd from its total unfitness to the wearer. Let us then leave the streets, and ramble awhile in the woods and green fields, where May is as much herself as she was three hundred years ago—always, that is, when we are at a respectable distance from railways or manufacturing towns. And there are yet some old nooks and corners in the land, where the sky-lark may be seen as he mounts into the clear blue air, and the leaves are green, and save for memory—not the pleasures of memory in this case—we should not know that there was, or could be, such a thing as smoke. Yes, the lonely spirit, that loves to cope with nature in her silence and her beauty, may still find here and there some spots for visitation; the unromantic and antipoetic creatures of the modern Dædalus have left some oases in the vast desert of utilitarianism, and to these let us fly with all convenient speed to enjoy the beautiful May morning. And what though a few light showers should happen to fall? the leaves will not be the less green, the flowers will not be the less blooming, while ever and anon there will come glimpses of sunshine so warm and cheering that the spirit will feel lifted up within us, and we shall fancy ourselves nearer to the bright Heavens above our heads.

With all due deference to Shakspeare, May, and not Midsummer, is the time for dreaming—May, when all creation is full of promise whereas in June the mature year may be said to have made up its mind, and no longer leaves any room for speculation. And how easy is it at such a time to relapse into visions, particularly if wandering on the banks of the Ouse, with York's glorious cathedral in sight, its lofty turrets rising in graceful and dignified pre-eminence above the fine old city. But in truth York is an especial favourite with us. We like the place; we like the people, and would sooner grasp one of their huge iron paws than the delicate hand of prince or prelate—marry, in the way of friendship, that is; Heaven deliver us or any of the friends we value from a grapple with them in earnest.

Reader, have you ever gazed steadfastly for ten minutes together upon the bright green sea, or upon a clear crystal river, when the sun was shining right through to the yellow sand or sparkling pebbles that lay below? And if you have, has it never occurred to you to feel an almost irresistible desire to plunge in headlong? Or, if you have resisted this strong temptation without removing from the spot, has not your fancy begun to play odd tricks with you, and raised up all sorts of delusions as upon some magic mirror? If you have felt and seen none of these



things, instantly close the delightful volume of Sancti Jacobi, at least that portion of it which appertains to May-blossoms, for its clearest revelations will be to you no better than a mystery. "*Odi profanum vulgus!*" by which we mean, as no doubt Horace also meant, although he has compressed his meaning into few words—

"I hate the vulgar, clods unblest,  
Who can't believe in fiction;  
Who have no souls for any thing  
Save logical conviction."

Some hundred years ago—how many I know not, nor is it much to the purpose—the waters of the Ouse possessed, or were possessed by, a peculiar magic influence which they certainly retain no longer. If any one went to a certain part of the river and cast therein five white pebbles precisely as the cathedral clock struck the first hour of May-morning, he would see displayed on its surface as on a glass whatever of the past, present, or future he desired to have presented to him. Many had tried the experiment, and with success so far as the immediate object was concerned, but the remoter consequences were always most unaccountably fatal to the adventurer. Hence for some years the charm had not been tried by any, till one fine evening—it was the eve of May-day—a certain stout knight, by name Everard Deville, arrived at York on his way home to Scarborough. He had been battling right valiantly on the continent for the last twelve months, and now, having nothing else to think of, it suddenly occurred to him that he should like much to know what his beloved Julia was about—was she true and faithful? was she pining all alone in her bower or turret-chamber as became a loving damsel in the absence of her betrothed?

"I will forthwith consult the magic mirror of the Ouse," exclaimed the knight.

As with him action ever followed close upon the heels of resolution, he betook himself to the fated spot while it was yet early, and for two mortal hours paced up and down by the river-banks as if he had been placed on guard there. At length it struck ten—it struck eleven—it struck twelve—and ere the last heavy vibration had died away, he flung five white pebbles into the river, which anon justified the legend told of it, for immediately dark shadows gathered upon its surface, as if reflected from the clouds above. By degrees these shadows assumed both form and colour, and presented more vividly than any picture could have done the mansion of Sir Anthony Seymour, about ten miles from Scarborough. Presently a serving-man appeared below the window, which he had no difficulty in recognising for Julia's, and placed a ladder against it, whereupon the casement was gently opened, and a youth masked and cloaked descended with much trepidation, and hurried off. The serving-man then carefully hid the ladder amidst some near bushes, and speeded after his master, who was already out of sight, his way being hidden by the wood. At this critical juncture a dark mass of clouds drew athwart the moon, when the shadows on the watery mirror became undistinguishable in the general darkness that spread over the river.

Everard at any time, and all times, a man rather of deeds than words, had continued silent at this spectacle, although boiling over with indignation. He now flew to the stable of his inn, thinking, if he thought at

all, that he had seen quite enough. With one blow of his mailed foot he dashed the door to pieces, saddled and mounted his good steed, threw down a couple of gold pieces upon the stores to pay for the damage done, and came in sight of Sir Anthony's hall just as the first beams of day had begun to light up its turrets. Here the overwheeled horse stumbled and fell, unable to rise again. To disengage himself from the fallen animal was the work only of a moment to so practised a rider, and hurrying forward he saw the identical youth of the watery-mirror actually ascending again into Julia's chamber. His foot was on the lower rounds of the ladder. The next instant Everard had plunged his dagger into the culprit's bosom.

"Heaven have mercy upon us!" exclaimed the serving-man; "he has killed my young mistress!"

It was even so. In a wilful frolic Julia had eluded her father's vigilance, and gone to a masked ball in the neighbourhood, from which she was then returning, with the same cautious secrecy, that she had observed in going thither. As the truth became known to him, Everard stood aghast, looking with stony eyes on the bloody work of his own hands. Every limb with him seemed to have stiffened into marble. The words of the serving-man rang incessantly in his ears—"he has killed my young mistress!" The winds of morning syllabled it; the hills gave it back again in echoes—"he has killed my young mistress!"

By this time the whole house had arisen, and collected about him.

"Julia! Julia!" exclaimed the distracted father, appealing to her who could no longer hear him. "Julia! this comes of a child's disobedience to the voice of her parent."

But when the story had got abroad, the terrified and superstitious hearers cried with general consent, "This comes of consulting the magic mirror of the Ouse upon a May morning."

And here, gentle reader, we break off, not venturing to pluck any more "*May-blossoms*" for the present, lest peradventure they should no longer afford thee delectation, for the full soul loatheth an honeycomb. Valete et favete.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

*To the Editor of the St. James's Magazine.*

DEAR SIR,—Taking a deep interest in historical facts, national and genealogical, my mind has often been forcibly directed to the ebbing and flowing of the tide in the fortunes of families of historic fame, parallel, although in a very subordinate degree, with the rise and fall of nations. If I were to pursue the train of thoughts now vividly before me, how many families might be traced who, from previous insignificance, have been rendered illustrious by the glory of one individual of a family, either in the field of war, professional renown, or in the council of state? Reversing the picture, how many descendants of families, whose patronymic graces the page of history, are now reduced to abject poverty? Your own publications, Mr. Editor, afford instructive demonstration—viz, "The Peerage"—"Landed Gentry," but more especially your present Magazine; in which it is recorded that a descendant of a Plantagenet was reduced to the humble craft of a cobbler; and in the same page will be found the decadence of a Peer, John, Earl of Traquair, cousin and courtier of King James VI. begging in the streets of Edinburgh! How many in the present day, both of the aristocracy and commoners of England, who a short time ago possessed an ample independence, are by the revolution in the value of railway investments, and by improvidence plunged into the deepest distress!

My object in addressing you is not to moralize on the changes of position either of families or nations, this would be a theme beyond my literary capacity, and might lead to controversy incompatible with the legitimate intention of your historic and very interesting Magazine. I must, therefore, in prudence pass to the immediate object of my communication—the origin of Welsh lineage.

In the publications before mentioned, edited by yourself, it will be observed that nearly all the Peers and the Landed Gentry whose pedigrees are deduced from ancient existence, are with few exceptions, of Welsh descent. It is to assign a reason for this apparent superiority of pedigree that I now intrude upon your attention. I am aware the facts are known to yourself, but they may not be known to the majority of your readers.

A few extracts from the introduction to the *Heraldic Visitation of Wales and part of the Marches*, between the years 1586 and 1613, by Lewys Dwnn, Deputy Herald at Arms, edited by that eminent antiquarian, the late Sir Samuel Rush Meyrick, under the patronage of the Society for the publication of ancient Welsh manuscripts, will elucidate the national predilection for preserving family pedigree.

"The Welshman's pedigree was his title-deed to real property by which he claimed his birth-right in the country. Every one was obliged to shew his descent through nine generations in order to be acknowledged a free native, and by which right he claimed his portion of land in the community. He was affected with respect to legal process in his collateral affinities through nine degrees. For instance, every murder committed had a fine levied on the relations of the murderer, divided into nine parts, his brother paying the greatest, and the ninth in affinity the least. This fine was distributed in the same way among the relatives of the victim, an ordinance which, if liable to objection on the score of strict justice, was admirably calculated to insure a diminution of

crime. A person passed the ninth descent formed a new *pen cenedyl*, or head of a family. Every family was represented by its elder, and these elders from every family were delegates to the national council. The origin of this system is buried in the depths of antiquity, for it was found to be in existence at the early part of the tenth century, when Howel the Good revised the laws of his country.

"Among a people whose surnames were not in use, and where the right of property depended on descent, an attestation to pedigree was indispensable; and as the prevention of forgery became consequently of the utmost importance, it was requisite that the investigation of genealogy, and its preservation, should be vested in an especial body of persons, in whom confidence could be placed. Hence the second order of Bards were the *Arwyddveirdd*, or Herald-Bards, whose duty it was to register Arms and Pedigrees, as well as to undertake the embassies of state. The absence of surnames was, indeed, not peculiar to the Welsh, though they retained the inconvenience until the time of Elizabeth. The Anglo-Saxons were in the same predicament, and the Normans, until the twelfth century.

"The *Arwddvaredd*, in early Cambrian History, was an officer of national appointment, who, at a later period, was succeeded by the *Prydydd*, or Poet. One of these was to attend at the birth, marriage, and death of any man of high descent, who, in Welsh, was called *Gwr bonheddig*, now used as synonymous with Gentleman, but, signifying in reality, "a man with a Pedigree," and to enter the facts in his genealogy. The *Marwnad*, or Elegy, composed at the decease of such a person, was required to contain truly, and at length, his genealogy and descent, from his eight immediate ancestors, to notice the several collateral branches of his family, and to commemorate the survivor, wife or husband, with her, or his, descent or progeny. The particulars were registered, and a true copy therefrom delivered to the heir, in order that it might be placed among the authentic documents of the family. This was produced on the completion of a month from the day of the funeral, when all the principal members and their friends were assembled together in the great hall of the mansion, and then recited in an audible voice in their presence. Their acquiescence in the truth was regarded as an attestation, and this evidence of descent was again deposited among the family archives." Thus have the pedigrees of the Welsh been preserved.

I have the honor to be,

Dear sir, yours faithfully,  
TUDOR.

April, 1850.

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To the Editor of the *St. James's Magazine*.

SIR,—May I be allowed to solicit through the "*St. James's Magazine*," answers to the following questions:—

1. In Coverham Church, Yorkshire, were the following arms: "a chev. charged with three crosses fitchée between three chaplets." To what family do they belong?

2. What arms were borne by Sir Roger Dawson whose grandfather was with Edward the Black Prince? Sir Roger was descended from Archbald Dawson, of Cravstock, who was living in the year 1066. The Dawsons were connected with the following families, Nowell, Taylboys, De Dalton, Darcie, and Conyers. I possess a copy of the Dawson Pedigree as it was drawn out by the late Mr. Roger Dawson, of Middleham, whose family is now extinct in the male line, though the Erringtons, Duffields, and the Countess Spada Laving, of Macerata, are descended from the Dawsons in consequence of their ancestors having married members of the family. No arms are given in the pedigree

I should feel very greatly obliged to any of your genealogical correspondents

who would give me an outline of the pedigree of the family of Holmes, otherwise Troughear, of the Isle of Wight, shewing the descent of the Holmes from Sir Thomas White, the founder of St. John's College, Oxford. I believe the claim of kin is through Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Tyrrell, Rector of Calborne, Isle of Wight.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

ROGER DE COVERDALE.

Of Coverham, on the River Cover, Coverdale.

April 10, 1850.

*To the Editor of the St. James's Magazine.*

SIR,—Has it ever been your chance to observe any members of that industrial class of the community, called rag-pickers, employed in their vocation? They are generally seen, like worms, in most abundance after a heavy rain when it is high tide in the street-kennels that dash along in muddy magnificence. At such times you will find them diving with hand and hook into the torrent, under a vague idea that they must light upon some saleable or useful article. Or, if the weather be fine and sunny, you may observe them diligently turning over some heap of rubbish, that has accumulated to the annoyance of all besides themselves. Sometime the ragged fisherman hooks out a stray copper; at others, more lucky, he lights upon a sixpence, and there have been bright occasions when he has picked up a piece of gold; but his most common finding is a bone, or a rusty nail. Now this, I apprehend, conveys a pretty correct notion—*absit invidia dicto*—of the way in which we antiquaries toil, and of the results thereof, and I have made the unsavoury comparison myself to prevent any one else from doing it. One has no great objection to blackening one's own face; it may have been done in sport; but it is a very different matter when an impudent chimney-sweep chooses to communicate to us a portion of his own sootiness.

Raking in a manuscript collection of the British Museum\* the other day, it was my fortune to pick up the following anecdote; but whether I have found some small fractionary piece of silver, or only a rusty nail must be left to the judgment of yourself and readers. At the same time be pleased to observe that even an old nail with the true ærugo upon it is always worth something. "Robert Lindsay, grandchild to Sir David Lindsay, of the Mount, Lyon King-at-arms, &c., and whose sister was married to David Lyndsay, Melforte David (?) was most intimate condisciple with A.P. These two reading in the summer, 1671,—then to be graduated by Sir William Paterson,—Plato and some books of Dr. Henrie More, Ficinus, made a bargain that whoever died first should give an account of his condition if possible. Robert Lyndsay succeeded his father as a clerk to the exchequer, Mount, or Month (a mile northwest from Coupar in Fife) being onlie 800 merks a yeare, still in his possession, but really belonging to his father's creditors. He dy'd of an éliac passion in the winter 1675 and 1676, when A.P. was at Paris. That very night in which Lyndsay died, as A. P.'s letter and Boghal's letter then at Paris agreed, A. P. dream'd (as a man at ease), that Lyndsay came to him thus—"Archie, perhaps ye've heard I'm dead?"

"No, Robin."

"Ay, but they've buried my body in the Gray Friars. I am tho' alive, and in a place, the pleasures of which cannot be express in Scots, Greek, or Latin. I have come with a well-sayling small ship to Leith Road to carry you thither."

"Robin, I'll goe with you, but wait 'till I goe to Fife, and take leave of my father and mother (they were at Pitcarne then); and next to East Lothian to take leave of my aunt Rochlan."

\* Historical and Philosophical Papers, Bibl. Sloane—3198. Plut: cii. v. 14. No. Vide Ayscough's Catalogue.

"Archie, I have but the allowance of one tide, and you shall not make your visit in so short a tyme. Farewell, Archie; I'll come for you at another tyme."

A. P. never slept a night since that tyme without dreaming that Robert Lindsay told him he was alive, and in the year 94, when A. P. had a sickness that every body thought insuperable, and could not walk without being supported, tho' he had not any fear of himself, Robin told him he was delay'd for a tyme, but he was ordered and it was properlie put to his task to carry off A. P. at a tyme he was discharged \* to tell. This was dream'd when A. P. being sick, and chagrin, and disoblidged by Sir R. S. was writing "De Legibus Historiæ Naturalis;" for not finding himself fit for serious affairs (for ix weeks) he lookt over "Scotia Illustrata," laughed eternallie as he came to a piece of nonsense, and wrote it downe. His comrades thought this odd in a dying man; but A. P. was secure."

But how did this matter end? asks the inquisitive reader. Did the Lion King-at arms come in his "well sailing small ship," and carry off his friend, Archie, as he had promised? Or was the dream, after all, no more than a dream? Upon this head the manuscript is silent, leaving the rest to be supplied by the imagination of others. And therein I think he has acted wisely. Nothing spoils a good story so much as explanation.

GHOSTSEER.

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*To the Editor of the St. James's Magazine.*

Selwood Cottage, Frome,  
April 23, 1850.

SIR,—I saw on Saturday last a letter in No. 2 of the *St. James's Magazine*, seeking information respecting the BYARD family. If your correspondent L.B. would write to me with any particulars he pleases of his branch of the Byard family, I shall be happy to send him all the information I can of the past history of the Byards, as far as I know them, and complete his genealogy of the two last generations of my branch of the family. I am the eldest son of Mary Anne Stuart Byard (daughter of Sir Thomas Byard), who married George Sheppard of Fromefield House, Frome. I feel it an honour to bear the name of so excellent an officer, and so good a man, and remain, sir,

Yours faithfully,

THOMAS BYARD SHEPPARD.

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*To the Editor of the St. James's Magazine.*

April 3, 1850.

Dear Sir,—I perceive in the current number of the *St. James's Magazine*, an error in the engraving of the arms of Phillips, of Whitmore Park, Coventry. *Ermine* is substituted for *Erminois*.

I am anxious to know the pedigree of the Hales family, embracing John Hales, Clerk of the Haniper *temp.* Henry VIII., and James Hales, Justice of Common Pleas, *temp.* Edward VI., who drowned himself, *temp.* Mary.

\* Discharged, i. e. forbidden.

I have a carved shield of that family, whereon appears a mullet in middle chief, surmounted of another, I suspect, for difference of a third son of a third son; and I hold estates formerly belonging to the family, one of which was the seat of Stephen Hales, who bore the arms alluded to, and a motto (defaced), beginning "Religioni," and ending "et Reipub." He lived in 1589.

Could any of your readers inform me what was the full motto, of which I have given the first and last words?

I am,

Yours faithfully,

A SUBSCRIBER.

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### THE OPERAS, THEATRES, &c.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**—Certain seasons at Her Majesty's Theatre have acquired particular celebrity from some prominent event, and by which they become indented, as for instance, The Tamburini row—the Castlereagh duel—the cometic appearance for one night of "the Spanish danseuse" Lola Montes—the Pas de Quatre—the *debut* of the Swedish nightingale—and last year the return of Madame Sontag. The present season will certainly be no less worthy of lasting record, and will be distinguished in the operatic calendar by the brilliant success of our native singers, and the unprecedented fact of the leading positions in the first Italian lyrical establishment in the world, being occupied by our talented compatriots, Sims Reeves, and Miss Catherine Hayes. Following close upon the success which attended the *debut* of Reeves, as mentioned in our last, we have now the gratification to record the equally decided and triumphal *debut* of Miss Hayes early in the month of Lucia, and she has since appeared as Cherubino the page, in "The Nozze de Figaro"—in both of which she elicited the warmest applause—Madame Sontag has again returned, as also Lablache and Coletti, and have appeared in "Barbiere," "Giovanni," "Pasquale," &c. The company has been further rendered complete by the engagement of a new tenor, Signor Baucarde from the San Carlos at Naples, and a contralto, Madlle. Ida Bertrand—the former is young and possesses a voice of great purity and sweetness, which seems to flow from his chest without the slightest effort. His *debut* on Saturday week in "I Lombardi" was eminently successful, as was his subsequent appearance as Carlo, in "Linda," in both of which he proved himself qualified to take his place in the first rank of tenors. Madlle. Bertrand's voice is a high contralto, clear, mellow, and even in quality, which she manages with artistic skill, and sings with great expression and feeling—she made her *entrée* as Pierotto, in "Linda," on Saturday last. The new ballet of "Les Metamorphoses," with its effective tableaux, the fascinating and piquant dancing of Carlotta Grisi, and Marie Taglioni's graceful pas, continues its attractions, which are enhanced by the addition of Madlle. Ferraris, a new and graceful danseuse, who seems to combine with the most perfect ease and grace, several styles of the Terpsichorean school. A new pas de trois composed by M Paul Taglioni, for Carlotta Grisi, Marie

Taglioni, and Mdle. Ferraris, will be produced on Thursday next; and "La Tempesta" is announced for early representation. In the course of the month, will be given a grand concert, selected from the works of all the great composers, in which Madame Sontag and the entire company will assist, and at which will be presented trios for the three tenors, three sopranos, and three basses. With such an array of talent, both for opera and ballet, and an orchestra and chorus, both of which have now attained singular precision and unity, under the assiduous and able direction of Mr. Balfe, Her Majesty's Theatre may be truly said to be unrivalled, and fully sustains the high reputation it has so long and so deservedly enjoyed.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN. -The successes at this magnificent establishment have been so numerous during the month that the mere enumeration would require greater space than we can well spare, we must, therefore, reluctantly limit ourselves to particularizing the leading ones—first, "Masaniello" has been revived with all the scenic and choral effect of last year, with Madame Castellan as Elvira, a decided improvement over Madame Dorus Gras—and the new tenor, Signor Tamberlik, as the Fisherman King. With the recollection of both Mario and Salvi in this part, it was a difficult ordeal for the debutant, and most worthily did Signor Tamberlik go through it, proving himself a highly cultivated singer and an excellent actor; his success was unequivocal, and the favorable impression made by his first appearance has since been confirmed and increased by his Pollio in "Norma," and his Amenofi in Rossini's "Moise," which has just been produced under the new title of "Zora." Though detached portions have occasionally been given, this superb work is now for the first time produced in England in a complete form with all the additions to the original score, and for the excellence with which the several rôles are sustained by the artistes, including Castellan, Vera, D'Okolski, Tamberlik, Tamburini, Zelger, Tagliafico, Lavia, &c.—grandeur of chorus—scenic display, and gorgeous dresses and pageantry, this production transcends anything previously done, even at this establishment. The duet between tenor and barytone, (Tamberlik and Tamburini,) and a magnificent chorus at the end of the third act, are alone worth a visit. The chorus especially, for dramatic effect, is the finest thing ever heard on any stage, and surpasses the celebrated poignard scene in "Les Huguenots." It created a perfect *furor* and was unanimously redemanded. Grisi and Mario have returned from St. Petersburg and made their reentrée in "Lucretia Borgia," and never did they sing more delightfully; they have since appeared with all their wonted excellence in "La Donna del Lago," "Le Nozze di Figaro," and "Don Giovanni." Mdle. de Meric has likewise resumed her position, and is much improved since last season; she acquitted herself with great credit, and elicited considerable approbation in the rôles of Orsini and Malcolm Græme. The houses have been very full and fashionable during the month, especially on the "long Thursdays." "Les Huguenots" is announced for Thursday next, with Grisi and Mario in their old parts; Madame Castellan as Margaret de Valois, and Formes as Marcello; and the first morning concert will take place on Friday, 10th May, when the "Stabat Mater" will be given.

EASTER ENTERTAINMENTS.—Like the pantomimes, &c., at Christmas, the spectacles and burlesques at Easter attract for a few weeks, and render other novelties unnecessary. With the exception of the Adelphi, where Madame Celeste has substituted for the accustomed burlesque an "historical vaudeville, entitled "Playing first fiddle; or follow my leader;"—of the Strand, where the "Vicar of Wakefield," so admirably cast and supported by such excellent actors, left no room for change; and of Saddler's Wells, with its legitimate and classic dramas; the other theatres have followed the "latter day" custom, and produced their Easter burlesques—which, this year rest their attraction more upon beautiful scenery, brilliant effects, and glittering costumes, than upon their literary merit; "Ivanhoe," at the Haymarket, however excepted, which abounds in smart and happy hits at passing topics. This piece is we think the best the clever authors, the brothers Brough, have yet



concocted. The music, too, is happily selected, and the parodies are all very clever; but we question the taste of Miss Horton's singing Italian words in a burlesque of this kind. Keeley's "Old clo" accompaniment in the finale to the first act is highly ludicrous.

DRURY-LANE spectacle is too long, but it is well mounted, and tends to exhibit the vast resources of the establishment for elaborate scenic and stage effect and display of pageantry.

MADAME VESTRIS, in addition to an Easter burlesque by Mr. Planché, founded on David Garrick's "Cymon and Iphigenia," the *mise en scene* of which is on the same scale of elegance and good taste which characterizes her management, continues the gorgeous "Crown Jewels," the attraction of which is unabated.

THE Easter piece at the Princess's is an adaptation of Halevy's opera, "Fée au Roses," and is entitled "The Queen of the Roses." It is splendidly got up, and apparently at great expense. The dresses and appointments are all new and most costly, and the scenery is very beautiful. It will doubtless have a long run.

SCHIRA'S NEW OPERA.—On Friday a new opera, by M. Schira, was produced at the Princess's, founded on the melodrama of "The Orphan of Geneva," and was successful. There are several pretty songs and ballads in it, which were well sung by Miss Pyne, and Messrs. Allen and Weiss, and the instrumentation seemed to be excellent. Altogether this opera is a decided improvement on the composer's former production, "Mina," which, we think, did not deserve the severe condemnation it received from some of our contemporaries. The libretto of "The Orphan of Geneva," is by Charles Jefferys, who has evinced much talent and considerable poetic spirit in the composition. It is far superior to the usual English librettos; not only is the versification smooth and even, but the sentiment and language throughout are in keeping with the subject, and are such as emanate only from a cultivated and poetic mind.

Mr. MACREADY was to have commenced his last series of appearances at the Haymarket on Monday last, but a severe attack of Neuralgic Rheumatism rendered a cessation from his professional duties for some time necessary; his final leave of the stage is therefore postponed until October:

Mr. LISABE, the flautist, has created quite a sensation at Cheltenham, where he played at a concert last week; he performed two solos, "Jenny Jones" and "Nannie wilt thou gang with me," with brilliant variations, and received the marked approbation of a numerous and extremely fashionable audience, who seemed equally astonished and delighted at the fineness of his tone, and the rapidity and facility of his execution, as well as with the equality of intonation, and simplicity of his instrument, one of Prowse's Improved Boehm flutes, which they had then heard for the first time. The local journals speak in high terms of the professor's performance; we hope soon to have the pleasure of hearing him at Exeter Hall, or some of the Metropolitan Concerts.

THE  
ST. JAMES'S MAGAZINE

AND

HERALDIC AND HISTORICAL REGISTER.

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THE BOURBONS, AND THE CHIVALRY OF FRANCE.

“ And they went about in Judah, and gathered the Levites out of all the cities of Judah, and the chief of the fathers of Israel, and they came to Jerusalem. And all the multitude made a covenant with the king in the house of God; and Jehoiada said unto them, Behold the king's son shall reign, as the Lord hath said of the sons of David..... Then they brought out the king's son, and put upon him the crown, and gave him the testimony, and made him king, and Jehoiada and his sons anointed him, and said, God save the King..... And he took the captains of hundreds, and the nobles, and the governors of the people, and all the people of the land, and brought down the King from the house of the Lord: and they came through the high gate into the king's house, and set the king upon the throne of the kingdom. And all the people of the land rejoiced; and the city was quiet.”

2. *Chron.* xxiii.

THIS magazine, during its course, has carefully avoided political discussion, and confined its essays to its own gentle science of heraldry, to questions of history, genealogy and tradition, and to such matters of refined knowledge and fashion as give interest and charm to the more courtly relations and associations of domestic life. An article bearing the above title may in some measure be deemed to diverge from the rule adopted, yet on consideration its subject matter cannot be regarded as inappropriate. It may touch upon politics, it is true, but then they are politics about which few persons of respectability in this empire disagree—few, indeed, who sorrow for the present miserable condition of France, and have hope of its restoration to a permanent government of morality and religion. The subject too becomes genealogical, since we here propose to shew how closely the Chivalry of France has been through past ages, and still is attached to the royal house of Bourbon. We give a wide sense to the word Chivalry, for we mean by it that combination of religion with truth, honour, courtesy, and the other civil virtues, which forms the characteristic mark of modern Christian polity and government. By one of our greatest writers when dilating on the very subject of France and its revolutionary madness, Chivalry has been eloquently described as that

generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. Chivalry, according to him, was that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness. "It was this chivalry," he continues to say, "which distinguished modern Europe under all its forms of government, and distinguished it, to its advantage, from the states of Asia, and possibly from those states which flourished in the most brilliant periods of the antique world. It was this which, without confounding ranks, had produced a noble equality, and handed it down through all the gradations of social life. It was this opinion which mitigated kings into companions, and raised private men to be fellows with kings. Without force or opposition it subdued the fierceness of pride and power; it obliged sovereigns to submit to the soft collar of social esteem; compelled stern authority to submit to elegance, and gave a dominating vanquisher of laws to be subdued by manners. If this chivalry should be ever extinguished, the loss will indeed be great." Such then as this good orator would picture it, do we hold that Chivalry to be, which formerly boasted of the beautiful land of France as peculiarly its own. In looking back to history, we find that France was the cradle of those knights of old whose religious fervour, intrepid honour, and graceful courtesy roused Europe from its barbarism, and who, amid their errantry, their crusades, their errors—if one must call them so—of a holy enthusiasm, gave energy, tone, and consistency to the spirit of Christianity throughout the world. Once lit, this light of chivalry has never since gone out; by its lume history views the transactions of Christian nations, and by it are judged the deeds and misdeeds of Christian men, whether individually or in masses. For instance, let us look into the history of France itself. Upon whose names there does memory love to dwell? Most certainly upon the names of those who were true to chivalry in head and heart. No Frenchman, however sunk he may be in the sty of socialism, or however great his antipathy to the annals of Kings, will dare to decry such recollections as St. Louis administering justice at Vincennes, or sharing a pestilential death with his fellow-soldiers of the cross; as Duguesclin, upon whose coffin his besieged English enemy laid the promised keys of their city because his example had taught them how sacred it was to keep their word; as Joan of Arc, who, after the *king of the French* had fled, restored the king of France, and whose image, carved by a princess, has become agreeably familiar to us all; as Bayard, without fear or reproach; as the knightly Francis I., exclaiming, when defeated in battle, that he had lost all but his honour; as Henry of Navarre sending in bread to the revolted subjects whom he besieged within the walls of Paris; as Fenelon relieving the wounded soldiers at Cambrai; as Louis XIV., after the reverses he sustained from Marlborough and Eugene, and on their threatened invasion, calling for his sword, that he might resist to the last, and perish with his subjects in sight of his capital.

These are recollections, all more or less imbued with chivalry, and every one who knows the people of France is aware how much they doat upon them. They are recollections which have even survived amid Napoleon's glory, and, it is to be hoped, will never be forgotten. The

history of regal France teems with similar remembrances : and this fondness for the chivalrous spirit first appeared to depart from its favorite land when the kingly power went with it. Chivalry fled from France when the blood-red republic of the Jacobins gave to the world the first—and it is to be fervently hoped—the only instance of a Christian nation casting Christianity utterly aside. The beautiful combination of religion, honour, and courtesy that chivalry had personified for ages, passed to other countries ; when in France, aged men, priests, women, and children were murdered in masses, when no man in France could call his life or property his own, when piety and virtue were treated and punished as crimes, and when such horrors accumulated upon horrors that what was remaining of human nature could endure the scene no longer, and the perpetrators of these terrible crimes rose and destroyed each other.

A change then took place, and the relief was war. The armed republic tired of domestic slaughter, went abroad with a bandit stride ; it was at the onset victorious and brilliantly successful. It found a leader greater than what the earth had yet seen of the greatest captains. The world is still so full of his glory, that comment or description are superfluous. Yet granting that this wonderful man was a hero, and that his host was the bravest of the brave, it may nevertheless be fairly questioned whether there was one particle of the old chivalry among his followers. The total absence of religious fervour, the complete disregard of private rights, the petty plunder even of pictures and statues that marked the Napoleon course of victory throughout, were altogether at variance with the spirit of chivalry. Far be it from us to deny or defend the misdeeds and cruelties of former armies—war, except in self-defence, is always a crime ; but still the Christian conqueror was wont to march with the influence of God upon his soul, and with a mind incapable of meanness. Recall the words of St. Louis, of the Black Prince, Henry V., or Duguesclin, of Marlborough, or Turenne, in their hours of triumph. Their own star was invariably forgotten in the glory that they rendered to God. This was not so with Napoleon and his followers ; theirs was a blind reliance on their own destiny, and nothing could stay them but defeat. To use the beautiful expression of the Psalmist, there was no peace in their valour, Chivalry was not with them, but it had not perished : it had simply gone to the other side. The spirit of the knights of old entered into the armies who opposed them, and the most brilliant essays of Napoleon were met by acts of Christian prowess, which went far to eclipse them. The indomitable resistance of defeated Austria, the rallying of Prussia, the sacrifice of its capital by Russia, the heroism of England at Corunna, and on a hundred fields, the Spanish defence of Saragossa, Hofer in the Tyrol, and Nelson at Trafalgar, were all so many flashes of chivalrous light, which had their effect. Europe achieved security and peace, and France, though justly inflamed with the glory that attached to her victories, and to even her defeat, resumed her old tone again, and appeared once more as she was in days gone by, a courteous and chivalrous country. She would have remained so but for the terrible cancer of revolution which, though cut away with the sword, has still left its germ in her bosom. Jacobinism gradually reappears under a worse form, that of Socialism. We have no intention here to enter upon the maxims of Socialism, which is a hideous compound of blasphemy and absurdity, resembling in its creation some savage Indian idol of burlesque

form and feature, stained with human blood. Suffice it to maintain that Chivalry cannot be consistent with any doctrines which would prevent the fair elevation of one man above another; which would carry equality beyond the court of justice and the house of prayer, where men alone can, and ought to be altogether equal; which would disregard the sacred right of property, and treat holy things with disrespect and scorn. That such doctrines are not the tenor and effect of Socialism, let those who advocate the system, if they can, satisfactorily deny. As we say, we carry the discussion no further. Be it for us to narrate whither, amid all this bubble, toil, and trouble, into which, as into a slough of despond, France is plunged, her once loved chivalry has gone.

Near the Schneiberg mountains stands an old château of large and handsome exterior, with chapel, park, and charming gardens—a fine stately old feudal abode, quite a home for historic associations, and ancestral recollections. Here sojourns, with his wife, his aunt, and his friends, a gentleman, still young, of graceful personal appearance, of amiable manners and of most sensible conversation. Educated in a school of bitter adversity, he has learned and appreciated the practice of virtue; he is most strict in his conduct; he is abstemious and frugal without asperity, and religious without bigotry; his honor is unimpeachable. He rises and retires early, and he passes his time in the study of the arts and sciences, and in reading, to which he is particularly attached. A knowledge of France, her history, her institutions, and her capabilities are with him an unceasing subject of interest and investigation. His recreations are manly and rational; he is full of buoyancy and spirit in the pursuit of them, and he takes delight in every social intercourse of life. He is, in fine, a thoroughly good man, and thousands upon thousands who have seen him and have been with him, attest that this portrait is nowise overdrawn. He is all but adored by his family and intimate associates. His visitors assert that there is a fascination about him, which makes them linger to the last unwilling to leave his company. He has followers of no ordinary kind. His château is the goal of a multitudinous pilgrimage. To it come daily from France, hundreds of men high and low, rich and poor, among them not only most of the proudest by birth and the brightest in intellect and refinement which that country can shew, but even the very peasants of country districts and the artisans of large towns. To all alike, the lord of this château gives an affable and cordial reception; to all he is ready to talk of the amelioration of France, and to express his hopes that she may be soon saved by settled and rational government. He evinces his sorrow for the present excesses of the republic, but he casts reproaches upon none. He would, to use his own remark, have France made happy without further conspiracy, violence, or bloodshed for, he says, “there has been too much of that.”

The Chivalry of France is now where this gentleman is; it has with pilgrim step sought his château as a Christian Mecca. Scared by the melancholy reign of impure and unholy thought in the land that was formerly brilliant with her fame, the Genius of Chivalry has grasped the Oriflamme; and calling all the good and the great men about her, has said, “Where the religious and the upright and the peaceful have neither honour, power, nor safeguard, we cannot remain. Let us pass from France, and seek the abode of him with whom lingers our last hope of better things.” Crowds have obeyed her summons. The château we

have mentioned is thronged. Need we name its owner? Our reader has already guessed. The gentleman we allude to is Henry Charles Dieudonné d'Artois, Duke of Bordeaux and Count de Chambord, the royal scion and representative of a hundred kings, who himself, if we are to listen to a cry, not yet loud but deep, may at no very future period be in reality, as he is in right, Henry V. King of France and Navarre. To his hereditary claim, and to no other, can man attach an idea of fixity in the restoration there of kingly rule. Futile, after what has passed, is any hope in other dynasties, royal or imperial. Murder, and imprisonment, and exile have vainly struck at the diadem of his race. To the eyes of the world it still glitters on his brow, and many of the wisest in France are now looking intently upon it.

According to M. d'Arlincourt, in his able "*Place au droit*" (to which in this article we are much indebted), M. Guizot and even Louis Philippe, prognosticate the restoration of the legitimate monarchy. Chivalry, wherever it exists, covets such a consummation, and dwells with confidence upon the Count of Chambord's own declaration, "If I be called to reign," said he, "I will endeavour to progress with my epoch, for I do not pretend to lay down the exact future of France, since what may be right to-day might be wrong to-morrow. I advocate the national liberty of my country; I would cherish her glory; and if I return, the sole object of my thoughts will be to restore her fortunes by means of peace and order."

On another occasion the prince declared, that it was an absurdity to suppose him capable of meditating any reinstallation of the old aristocratic and priestly rule which found favour with his sires. "Such a state of things," said he, "is incompatible with the present condition of Europe. If I hold the sovereign office, personal merit shall have the first claim to the high functions of my realm; birth shall not be a privilege, nor shall it be an exclusion. As to authority in matters of religion, such a power, to lay claim to the reverence due to it, ought, according to my view, to dwell at the foot of the altar of a God of mercy, and not in the arena of political strife. I would insist upon honour and honesty, as absolutely necessary for the existence of a great people."

With regard to Socialism, the prince has called it in the words of Lamartine, "*La bêtise qu'on ne comprend pas*;"—a folly that is incomprehensible.

If hereditary greatness, historic fame, and much personal suffering may still demand consideration from men, the royal house of Bourbon has strong claims upon the justice and reverence of Frenchmen. It has endured for ages much for France. If, at times, it has wielded absolute sway, and enjoyed pomp and luxury, it has also on frequent occasions drunk the cup of bitterness to the dregs. If it has had part in the glories, it has no less shared in the adversities of France. The house of Bourbon, like all houses of long and ancient descent, has had its bad men and its bad deeds, but there are names upon the roll of its lineage which would redeem a thousand faults. The records of the Bourbons form an interesting theme in the historic page; and it is impossible not to feel on perusal of their story, that these Bourbon princes almost invariably evinced a spirit of religion, gallantry, and honour which identified chivalry with them.

To give some proof of what we say, let us, without going into

the chivalrous antiquity of this regal family, take a cursory view of those who form the more immediate ancestors of the present representative of the race.

The Bourbons, the origin of whose house is far away in the remoteness of ages, take their modern descent from the sixth son of St. Louis the Crusader King of France, in the thirteenth century. The English historian and romance writer, Mr. James, in his elegant work upon chivalry, gives the following account of this royal and saintly warrior.

“ At this time a monarch reigned over France who combined in a remarkable degree the high talents of his grandfather Phillip Augustus with the religious zeal of his father, Louis VIII. Louis IX. was in every respect an extraordinary man; he was a great warrior, chivalrous as an individual, and skilful as a general; he was a great king, inasmuch as he sought the welfare of his people more than the aggrandizement of his territories: he formed the best laws that could be adapted to the time, administered them often in person, and observed them always himself; he was a good man, inasmuch as he served God with his whole heart, and strove in all his communion with his fellows to do his duty according to his sense of obligation. Previous to the news of the Corasminian irruption, St. Louis had determined to visit the Holy Land in consequence of a vow made during sickness. It appears that, after the signal defeat which he had given to Henry III. of England, at Saintogne, Louis's whole attention was turned to the sufferings of the Christians in Palestine; and so deeply was his mind impressed with that anxious thought that it became the subject of dreams, which he looked upon as instigations from heaven. The news of the destruction of the Christians by the barbarians, the well-known quarrels and rivalry of the two military orders, and the persuasions of Innocent IV. who then held the thirteenth oecumenical council at Lyons, all hastened Louis's preparation. William Longsword and a great many English crusaders joined the French monarch from Great Britain; and after three years careful attention to the safety of his kingdom the provision of supplies, and the concentration of his forces, Louis, with his two brothers, the Counts of Artois and Anjou, took the scrip and staff and set sail for Cyprus. The third-brother of the King, Alphonso, Count of Poitiers, remained to collect the rest of the crusaders, and followed shortly after.”

We pass over the writer's detail of this crusade, and arrive at the death of St. Louis.

“ Before proceeding to trace the after-fate of the Holy Land, it may be as well to conduct St. Louis to his last crusade. Sixteen years after his return to Europe, that monarch once more determined on rearing the banner of the cross. Immense numbers flocked to join him, and England appeared willing to second all the efforts of the French King. Edward, the heir of the English monarch, assumed the cross, and large sums were raised through Britain for defraying the expenses of the war.

“ In 1270, St. Louis, accompanied by the flower of his national nobility, and followed by sixty thousand chosen troops, set sail for Palestine, but was driven by a storm into Sardinia. Here a change in his plans took place; and it was resolved that the army should land in Africa, where the King of Tunis some time before had professed himself favourable to the Christian religion. St. Louis had been long so weak, that he could not bear the weight of his armour, nor the motion of a horse, for any length of

time; but still his indefatigable zeal sustained him; and after a short passage, he arrived on the coast of Africa, opposite to the city of Carthage.

“Although his coming had been so suddenly resolved, a large Mahomedan force was drawn up to oppose his landing; but the French knights forced their way to the shore, and after a severe contest, obtained a complete victory over the Moors. Siege was then laid to Carthage, which was also taken; but before these conquests could be turned to any advantage, an infectious flux began to appear in the army. St. Louis was one of the first attacked. His enfeebled constitution was not able to support the effects of the disease, and it soon became evident that the monarch's days were rapidly drawing to their close. In this situation, with the most perfect consciousness of his approaching fate, St. Louis called his son Philip, and spoke long to him on his duty to the people he left to his charge; teaching him with the beautiful simplicity of true wisdom. The King then withdrew his thoughts from all earthly things, performed the last rites of his religion, and yielded his soul to God.”

From Robert, Count de Claremont, the sixth son of St. Louis, spring, as we have said, the modern Bourbons. Robert's son was Louis I. Duke of Bourbon, through whose second son, James de Bourbon, Constable of France, the line continues. This James de Bourbon after fighting gallantly at Cressy and Poitiers, fell mortally wounded at the battle of Brignais in 1361. From him in direct descent came Anthony de Bourbon, Duke of Vendôme and King of Navarre, who was the father of the renowned King of France, Henry IV., called the Great.

Henry IV. justly ranks high among the most chivalrous princes of Europe; and despite of revolutions, and of the eclipsing glory of the Napoleon era, his name is still dear to the people of France. The French take peculiar delight in all that concerns the memory of this gallant prince. His acts of valour and generosity, his loves and his adventures have formed the subject of many a tale in prose and verse. Voltaire wrote the *Henriade* in his honour, and that epic poem has never lost its popularity in France. But the reputation of Henry IV. is not only that of a daring soldier and noble cavalier; he was a wise and able prince. When he ascended the throne, he found France torn by internal dissension, and worn out by a succession of factions, insurrections, and convulsions. “*Tout périssait enfin, lorsque Bourbon parut.*” Aided by the sagacity of Sully, he pacified the people, suppressed their perpetual turbulence, and restored his kingdom to a dignified position among nations; and he left it a great and happy country. His subjects called him “*Father,*” and to this day Henry the Great is acknowledged to have merited the title. After a glorious reign of ten years, Henry was stabbed to the heart in the streets of Paris by the assassin Ravallac. The prince at the time was going to pay a visit to the sick bed of his minister, Sully. Why Ravallac should have killed him is to this day a mystery. Henry was succeeded by his son,

Louis XIII., surnamed the Just, a prince who, too feeble from ill health to rule himself, confided his power to one who continued and consolidated the greatness of France, the famous Cardinal Richelieu. This minister and his master died in the same year, and bequeathed the fortunes of France to a mighty monarch,

Louis XIV., the Napoleon of the House of Bourbon. The first portion of the reign of Louis XIV. was one unvarying course of



grandeur and glory ; the latter part was darkened with misfortune, yet the prince was great both in prosperity and adversity. His sovereignty was the Ludovican age, immortalized by churchmen, warriors, statesmen, poets, orators, and men of science and letters, such as never before nor since were at one period congregated together. The *grand monarque* and his kingdom, were the theme of admiration throughout the world. The very enemies that victoriously resisted him, admitted the influence of his splendour. It was at this time that France became the mirror of courtesy, and sent its laws of politeness and fashion throughout Europe.

There was a chivalry about the very errors of Louis XIV. : he was, even in his loves and his pleasures, right royal and magnificent. He never deserted his friends, nor left unprovided those who had loved him. He was a prince of unbounded liberality, and he never once stooped to an act of meanness or dishonour. His soul was in the greatness of France ; and to him much, indeed, of that greatness was owing. The oblivion of past merit, which revolution and socialism would encourage, must hang thickly and darkly over France, when the fame and the fortunes of her Louis the Great are to be forgotten. Louis died at Versailles on the 1st September, 1715, and we pass over the long reign of his great grandson and successor, Louis XV.—the Louis of Fontenoy, a sovereign, whose faults were grievously atoned for, by the terrible sufferings of those princes of his house, who swayed the sceptre amid the horrors of the revolution. Thus far, in fact, we have pointed out some of that Bourbon chivalrous greatness which calls for the gratitude of France. We now come to the cruel misery which the Bourbons, as kings, were destined to endure, and which claims just reparation and lasting commiseration from the French people. Louis XV. died on the 31st March, 1774, and his eldest grandson,

Louis XVI. began his miserable reign. This prince had previously married, the 30th March, 1770, the beautiful Maria Antoinette, daughter of the Emperor Francis I., and the heroic Empress, Maria Theresa. Maria Antoinette was Dauphiness when Edmund Burke saw her at Versailles ; his well-known brilliant description of her, is familiar to all—"Surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in ; glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendour, and joy." The truth of the portrait has never been contradicted : a creature more guiltless, more unworthy of her horrid fate, could not possibly be found. Louis XVI. was himself a thoroughly good man, religious, kind, honorable, merciful, well intentioned in every way. Nor was he by any means deficient in talents. He had a most laudable anxiety to supply, by general reading, and even by the acquisition of elemental knowledge, the original defects of his education. He was always desirous of doing everything for the best. His perfect humanity was his weakness ; he shrunk from shedding the blood of his subjects, even when it was absolutely necessary for his salvation that he should do so. Yet Louis was not at all devoid of courage. Throughout his dreadful trials, he faced every danger, and always boldly met his foe, generally with his family about him ; but, unfortunately for him, he would only use words of peace there, where peace could not be. His valour was not that of the royal martyr of England, whom rebellion found armed to the teeth, among his cavaliers ; and whose head, when it did fall, fell with the crown

upon it—a king, even in death, terrible to his murderers. The bravery of the meek and gentle Louis was different; his valour lay in pious resignation and patient endurance. At any other time, among civilized men, this good prince, his consort, his sister, and his two children, living, as they did, in perfect domestic affection, harmony, and virtue, would have been cherished and beloved; would have afforded their people a delightful subject of contemplation and example. But men in France had become worse than brutes; and with the odious mockery of “Liberty, Equality, Fraternity,” in their mouths, they put this poor gentleman and his family to an agony unsurpassed, but by those divine sufferings, with which it would be profane to make a comparison. Oh, what a revolution! Awful in its absolute dominion of crime! Contrary indeed to the Chivalry of France! The very thought of anything like chivalrous feeling was made an offence by the revolutionary tribunals. It will be remembered that one of the gravest charges brought against Maria Antoinette was, that at a festival in her palace she had listened with pleasure to the chivalrous outburst of the gentlemen of her body-guard, who, amid the tones of a royal anthem, rose and declared they would defend her to the death. Louis XVI., his wife, and his sister, the pious princess Elizabeth, perished on the scaffold; his only son Louis XVII., to believe the least shocking account, died a natural death in prison. The only survivor was the king’s daughter, the princess Maria Theresa, Duchess of Angoulême, who is the aunt, whom we mentioned as now residing in her widowhood, with her nephew, the duke of Bordeaux. The royal honors of France, then as now, but a shadow, devolved on Louis XVI.’s next brother,

Louis XVIII., a gentleman of wit, courage, and sense. In his private life of exile, he was generally esteemed, and when fortune made his throne a reality, he reigned with a spirit of cordiality and consideration which soothed and subdued the fierceness of party, and made most people lament his death. Previous to his exiled sojourn in England, Louis had gallantly strove with the royalist army of Condé, until the struggle became hopeless. In France, at the same time, chivalry fought hard for royalty; the illustrious warriors of the Vendée, were the cavaliers, and their leader, Henri de la Rochejaquelin, was the Montrose of the Bourbon cause. Their story is a wonder; they were, in the fullest sense of the term, perfectly chivalrous; and under their banner, France, for a time, was herself again. Their exertions were baffled by the mere numerical strength of the republican legions, and they sunk worn out by their own unaided course of victory, leaving the stamp of honour and chivalry upon the name of the “Vendée.” Louis XVIII. died on the 16th September, 1824, in his palace of the Tuileries; the infant duke of Bordeaux was brought during his last moments to his bedside, and he expressed the deepest anxiety about him. Louis was succeeded by his only surviving brother,

CHARLES X., a sovereign whom recent events go in some measure to justify. Charles, like his namesake of England, was impressed with high notions of the royal prerogative, and whatever might be his rashness, he was always consistent in maintaining them. He clung courageously, though too fondly, to his principles. He was religious, brave, and honorable; and he prepared to stand or fall by what he thought was right.

In the semi-conspiracy, semi-revolution, which overthrew him, Charles was a king to the last, undaunted during the struggle, and dignified after

his defeat. Later events, shewing the true nature of the insubordination of Paris, and subsequent insurrections, where the means which he adopted were again resorted to, without public blame, have taken away much of the halo which hung at the time around the victory of his opponents. Though the obstinate and unchangeable nature of Charles's character cannot be denied, much may be urged in his defence. He had seen his royal brother, in the earlier revolution, lose crown and life, by yielding too easily to his enemies. He had also before him the example of Napoleon, who, in a single day of daring, almost annihilated the mob of Paris, and freed the country completely from their rule of terror, as long as his imperial sway continued. Charles risked all upon one bold stroke for his prerogative, but there was nothing selfish or underhanded in the blow; he struck with the spirit of a haughty yet honorable monarch; in his retreat he was kingly; and his after years of exile, were borne with the courage, equanimity, and patience of a Christian and a gentleman. Charles X. died the 6th November, 1836. By his wife, Maria Theresa, daughter of Victor Amadeus, King of Sardinia, he had two sons; the elder was **LOUIS ANTHONY, DUKE OF ANGOULÈME** and Dauphin, a prince of sense and courage, whose accession to the throne, had it taken place, might have prevented all the evil that has since accrued. The Duke of Angoulême espoused Maria Theresa, the only surviving child of the murdered Louis and Maria Antoinette. The marriage took place at Mittau, the 10th June, 1799, and strange to say, the heroic Abbé Edgeworth, who, in the true spirit of priestly chivalry, had at the risk of his life brought the consolations of religion to Louis on the scaffold, was again present at the first rays of hope and pleasure which cheered the suffering house of Bourbon—the nuptials of the gentle and unfortunate monarch's daughter. The Duke of Angoulême died without issue the 3rd June, 1844. Is it in the decree of an all wise Providence, that his widowed consort, who survives, is not to depart this life before witnessing once more the royal restoration of her race?

The other and younger son of Charles X. was **CHARLES FERDINAND, DUKE OF BERRY**, who was born at Versailles, the 6th August, 1775. The Duke of Berry passed the greater part of his life in exile. While the anti-revolutionary army of Condé existed, he fought valiantly with it; he afterwards wandered from country to country, watching in each temporary refuge the varying fortunes of his house as its royalty passed again from shadow into substance. Part of this time he spent in the Palace of Holyrood where he took great interest in the historic traditions and recollections of another murdered Queen of France, poor Mary Stuart. He would frequently repeat to his friends that touching farewell of Mary, on leaving France, which, he used to say, ought to express the feelings of every exiled prince of his race. The lines are always worth recalling, and we make no apology for inserting them here:

Adieu, plaisant pays de France !  
 O! ma patrie,  
 La plus chérie,  
 Qui a nourri ma jeune enfance,  
 Adieu, France! adieu mes beaux jours !  
 La nef, qui disjoint nos amours,  
 N'a cy de moi que la moitié;  
 Une part te reste, elle est tienne,  
 Pour que de l'autre il te souviene.

Dearest of all countries to me,  
 Oh, pleasant land of France, adieu !  
 With you, my home in infancy,  
 Brightness of life seems passing too.  
 Upon the bark which our sweet ties  
 Alas ! is going now to sever,  
 One portion of me only flies ;  
 The other half is yours for ever.  
 My heart, that other, I confide,  
 Pleasant France, to you alone,  
 Hoping that with you may abide  
 Memory of the part that's gone.

The Duke of Berry married the 17th June, 1816, Caroline Ferdinanda de Bourbon, daughter of Francis I., King of the two Sicilies. The Duke perished by violence, the 14th Feb., 1820. One Louvel, a member of that tribe of assassins, which seems particularly attached to ultra-opinion in France, stabbed the Duke to death, without rhyme or reason, as his Royal Highness was handing the Duchess into her carriage at the door of the Opera. At his demise, the Duke left one daughter, and his consort *enciente* of a son. That daughter is now the reigning Duchess of Parma. The posthumous son, who was born on the 29th September, 1820, is HENRY, DUKE OF BORDEAUX, the actual representative of this regal family, illustrious by its great deeds and its great misfortunes. The Duke of Bordeaux, or Count de Chambord, as he is now more usually called, married the 16th November, 1846, Maria Theresa Beatrix, only sister of the reigning Duke of Modena. Should the chance be

“That Bertram's right and Bertram's might  
 Shall meet on Ellangowan height,”

France will not have to regret the recall of Henry of Bourbon, for all people who have seen him or know anything of him, unite in declaring that the heir of Henry the Great and St. Louis is as chivalrous and as amiable as the most knightly and the most gentle of his ancestors.

*Fiat Dei voluntas!* At any rate it is pleasing to contemplate the prospect of a future of religion, peace, and order in France; and since the promise of such blessings accompanies the pretensions of high birth and ancestral fame, the task of drawing attention to the subject accords very much with the spirit and taste of this magazine, which, whatever the leveller may advance to the contrary, will stoutly maintain that a great deal of the happiness of states depends on an association of the present with the past—on that fondness for the merit of men and things gone by, which would leave unbroken, though not unpolished, the chain which links age to age—honour to honour—gives descent to virtue, and renders hereditary the dignity both of princes and their people.

## JUNE FLOWERS.

Summer is yeomen in,  
 Loud sing cuckoo ;  
 Groweth seed,  
 And bloweth mead,  
 And springeth the weed new.

So singeth an old poet, and very prettily too ; there is summer fresh and green in every word ; and yet he singeth not altogether wisely, for albeit the popular calendar makes spring to end with the last hours of May, still your more learned astronomer is contented to wait for his summer till the 21st of June, or thereabout, when the day is at the longest. Taking one year with another, he is quite correct in his almanack, the north and east winds whistling sharply to the same tune. Even here in Bath, where I am placed awhile—for my sins, I suppose—I find, or feel, enough to make me agree with the astronomer.

The flowers, it would seem, are of the popular way of thinking in this matter. How many of them have come abroad in their brightest and gayest colours, though as yet the sun is rather winking upon their gaudiness than shining on it. The garden is all alive and glowing with mary-golds, amarynths, nasturtiums, carnations, wall-flowers, chrysanthemums, and martigons, or Turk's caps, which Professor Martyn will have it are the real ancient hyacinth. Then, too, the sunflower expands his broad yellow face, more to the delight of the bees, I should fancy, than of any one else ; and the campanula shews his graceful little bells, the only bells that I know of that are silent. By the bye, there is no sound on earth that I detest so much as that of bells—church bells in particular ; and here in Bath they ring as loud as anywhere. They never could have been of Christian invention, but must have emanated from the gentleman in black. When they sound merrily, they are abominable ; when they peal out solemnly, I cannot abide them : when they ring for prayers, one feels tempted to ask, is not the way to church as plain as the way to the opera ? must people be bullied by the clamour of bells into an act of duty, while they need no monitor for pleasure ? It is quite absurd to call Sunday a day of rest and quiet while this abomination is permitted, and I do hope that the next time any attempt is made in St. Stephen's to close public-houses on the Sabbath, that the mover thereof will have the goodness to insert a clause which shall put to silence all bells that speak above a whisper—a tintinnabulary whisper, that is—a whisper that may be communicated from the parlour or drawing-room to the kitchen, without disturbing folks who are quietly walking on the Queen's high-

way, and have no right to have their ears assaulted in this barbarous fashion. Heaven have mercy upon us! why, they are at it even now, upon a peaceful week-day, when we should hear no sounds louder or more discordant than the clang of the brazier's hammer, the grindings of the street-organs, or the hissing, whistling, and screaming of the steam-engine, as it snorts along with a whole line of carriages at its tail. Lose no time, gentle reader, but escape with me as fast as possible into the quiet meadows.

And whither can we better fly than to the fields about two miles from Bath, where the cowslips grow in such abundance as to make the turf lovelier than any garden, and the bees hang inebriated about their bells, like so many winged fairies, keeping up a tiny music with their buzzing, that might with a little help from fancy be converted into a music intended to lull the slumbers of Oberon and his people as they cradle by daylight in the cowslip. And why not? it is indeed true that—

“ They live no longer in the faith of reason ;  
 But still the heart doth need a language, still  
 Doth the old instinct bring back the old names ;  
 And to yon starry world they now are gone,  
 Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth  
 With man as with their friend.”

Much ought we to pity the dull brain that does not respond to the feeling so admirably expressed in these lines by the German poet, Schiller, and so inimitably translated by Coleridge. Man is not altogether compact of reason ; Heaven forbid that he should be ! imagination has also her share in him ; and it is exceedingly pleasant at times to give up ourselves entirely to her dominion, even at the risk, nay the certainty, of being laughed at by those who live, as Trinculo stole, by line and level.

In the next field the air was—we may now speak of it as being past—absolutely sweet with the odour of new-mown hay, which was being tossed about by men, women, and children, every one of whom was sunburnt to the complexion of a brick-bat. Just as I had seated myself on the stile that divided the two fields, and was observing the labours of the peasants very much at my ease, the whole party seemed on the sudden to have discovered that it was twelve o'clock, for rakes and pitchforks were thrown aside as if they burnt the fingers of those who had been handling them, and sundry little blue bundles were called into requisition. Down they sate in various groups, the hay serving them at once for chair and table, and fell tooth and nail upon the bread, beer, and—tell it not in the purlieus of Chepe—the cyder they had brought with them into the fields. There was plenty of laughing and coarse mirth, with here and there a little disposition to quarrel, but the only symptom of Arcadia that I could perceive amongst them was a young man of twenty or thereabouts, who was playing upon a flute, and not badly either, though most assuredly he would not have passed muster at the Philharmonic. He sate apart from the rest, with a young rosy-cheeked damsel at his side, whose attention was equally divided between the pleasure of mouching what appeared to be an extremely dry hunch of brown bread and listening to his music. On coming a little nearer I perceived that he was blind, when I went

up and entered into conversation with him. It may seem a little bordering upon the vein of Master Stephen, who held it gentlemanly to be sad, but I have always found, or fancied, that the expression of melancholy ennobled the human countenance, while laughter, however pleasing it may be, had just the contrary effect; on this occasion I could not help thinking that the sadness so natural to the young man's condition had given his face a cast of more intelligence than was perceptible in any of his companions. His language, too, was by many degrees better than theirs, having only a slight twang of the uncouth Somersetshire dialect; and as he replied so willingly to all my other questions, I at last ventured to ask him by what accident he had lost his eyesight. At this the young woman held down her head, evidently with no pleasant recollections, while he himself turned his sightless eye-balls upon me as if he had still the power of reading in the face what was passing in the mind. I knew by that look, as well as if he had spoken it, that he suspected I already knew something of his story, and meant to reproach him; but I said nothing, thinking it best to leave such clouds to clear themselves away, though I must own his fixed gaze was anything but pleasant; it reminded me not a little of what I felt upon a dusky evening in Chantry's studio, when the inanimate heads looked at me so strangely with their stony eyes that I at last began to think they must be living. If the reader be a man of any fancy and desirous of a new sensation, let me recommend him to sit alone—mark! alone—in a sculptor's gallery in the evening twilight, and let the darkness steal upon him while he gazes on the marble heads around him. As the shadows deepen, there will be a wondrous show of life in those sightless orbs—not indeed the life of reality, nor even of a picture, but, if I may be allowed a bold phrase, the life of death. But to return once more to my blind rustic.

At length the peculiar expression, I have been describing, relaxed into a painful smile as he said, "It is a sad tale that you wish to hear,—at least it would be if it were not also a foolish one. To make as few words as may be of it, I was poor, and wanted to grow rich. How was this to be accomplished? work as I would, from sun-rise to sun-down, it was plain I should never be anything better than a labourer in the fields while young and healthy, with the prospect of a workhouse when I should become old or sickly. This was not a pleasant thing to think of, and I *did* think, though I suppose others do not, or they would scarcely be so happy as they are. But then I was in love, and love works wonders with us—at least it did with me, making me as different from what I had been as the day is from the night."

Here I could observe that he pressed the little hand he had been holding all along in his, and, if I mistake not greatly, the pressure was returned with no less warmth.

"Well, sir; it so happened that a party of gypsies came into our neighbourhood. I was then young and foolish; I am not much older now, and perhaps not much wiser. As usual, they plundered our yards of the poultry, and the fields and hedges of the linen hung out to dry. One of the marauders, an old woman, and to all appearance the queen of the tribe, was caught in the fact by some of our people, who were about to duck, and probably to drown, the poor wretch in a horsepond. With some difficulty I saved her from their clutches before they had done more mischief than just tearing a few of the rags from her back, and

unluckily for me she chose to feel what I suppose she had never felt in her life till then—a sudden fit of gratitude for my interference. One evening, about a week afterwards, as I was walking by myself in the meadows, expecting to meet a very different person, who should cross me on the sudden but the old gypsy.

“Well found!” she exclaimed in her usual oracular tone; “I have been long watching to meet you thus without a witness.”

“And what would you now we have met?” asked I; “is there anything else I can do for you?”

“For me?” she replied—“for me nothing; but I can do something for you. Poor as I am myself, I can yet shew you how to become rich, and that I know is the thing on earth you most desire.”

“Aye, no doubt some of my neighbours have told you as much, for they have long tongues, and you, I suspect, have long ears.”

“And why should I hearken to your gossips and babblers for that which mine own art will tell me without their help?”

“Suppose it so. Go on.”

“There are treasures hidden in divers parts of the earth, which are accessible to none but the seventh son of a seventh son, and to him only at certain times and under certain circumstances. Now, such an one are you.”

“Granted.”

“And the hour is at hand when if you seek rightly you shall find securely.”

“Indeed!” said I, carried away by the glittering prize thus held out to me—the prize I had so long been seeking for. “But the hour? the place? the manner of seeking for it?”

“For the hour, it is the eve of St. John; for the place, it is the woodpecker that must be your guide.”

“The woodpecker!” I exclaimed, somewhat startled from my dream of credulity.

“And why should that surprise you? is it not the same bird that led the Sabine youths of old, when they left the home of their fathers in search of another land wherein to pitch their tents?”

“If it were so,” I replied, “I never heard of it before; and to own the truth it puzzles me to guess how you came by the knowledge.”

“If you knew whence the gypsy derived his blood you might find the riddle was a simple one. But this you never can know, nor does it belong to our present business. It is enough for you that the thing is as I tell you.”

“Well then, suppose it the eve of St. John, and that the woodpecker has been caught; what am I to do next?”

“You shall follow the bird from the time you have released him till the clock strikes twelve, and wherever he alights upon the stroke of the hour, be it hill, or be it dale, be it the hard rock or the moist swamp, there must you dig, and there will you find the treasure. And now farewell; we shall never see each other again.”

“Nonsense, dame,” said I, laughing; “it scarcely wants three weeks to Midsummer, and you surely don’t mean to die between this and then?”

“I know not that, for the stars are pale and misty, and their full import is but dimly visible to my old eyes. Thus much only can I make



out from their wavering and ever-restless characters—we shall never again behold each other. I would that it were otherwise, for my mind is darkened with the shadow of evil to one or both of us.”

All this might have been no more than the usual gypsy jargon; most probably it was so; but it had a wonderful coincidence with the actual result notwithstanding.

Well, the woodpecker was caught, for woodpeckers are no rarities with us any more than with the Savines or Sabines that the old woman talked of—the devil best can tell how she came to the knowledge.—Midsummer eve had arrived, and the weather was sultry in the extreme; I remember it as well as if it were yesterday—nay, I might almost affirm that I could even now see the black clouds gathering in the sky, for I can perceive many things without eyes that are denied to those who have the blessing of sight—but let that pass. The night, as I have just said, was lowering, although a few stars might occasionally peep out from the dark masses; and, when the moon could manage to fling aside the clouds, she shone out full gloriously.

It was night, and about half past eleven, when I let the bird loose, and off it flew notwithstanding the strangeness of the hour. Whenever it attempted to rest on tree or bush, and as luck would have it there were but few of either in our way, my shouts after a short respite were sure to drive it on again, till at length it found refuge in an immense oak just as the clock of a near village began to strike twelve. Here, then, if the gypsy had spoken truth, I might hope to light upon a treasure. Having gone thus far in the business, whether foolishly or wisely, you may be sure I lost no time in digging up the ground beneath the tree, and after nearly an hour's hard work my spade actually struck against something that rang like iron. A few more shovel-fulls of earth being thrown out I saw what from its shape and size was evidently a small metal box, but in the next moment a blaze of light, which flashed from the earth or the heavens—I know not which—enveloped me as if in a fiery shroud, and struck me down senseless.

In this state I must have lain a considerable time, for as my senses slowly returned I became conscious that I was soaked through with the rain which even then was beating heavily against my face. There was the murmured sound of many voices about me, but I could see nothing. I rubbed my eyes anxiously to clear them of the mist that I imagined must have filled and obscured them—it was to no purpose. I stared intently before me in the hope of penetrating through this extraordinary darkness; and the murmurs of compassion, that went round, revealed the dreadful truth—I had been struck blind—by lightning they said, but I knew better; at least I thought that I did, and I think so still, notwithstanding they told me the old oak had been blasted.”

“And the iron box?” I asked, curiosity, I am ashamed to say, absorbing the better feelings that should have prevailed with me; “what did they find in it?”

“Nothing; it had been forced open, no doubt by the first person whom chance brought to the spot, and who, having possessed himself of the treasure, thought it best to leave me as he found me.”

“Did you never suspect any-one of having played you so cruel a trick?”

"Yes; the sudden rise of a certain poor blacksmith to affluence, for which he never would account in any way, made me more than *suspect*—I was *sure* he had been the man."

"Then you at no time got even a part of the treasure, if there were any?"

"Not a shilling."

"Abominable! And how then have you lived ever since?"

"On the charity of my dear Ria here, who has supported both herself and me. They would have had her marry the rich miller; but no, she was true as steel to her own blind Harry."

He pressed the girl more closely to him, while she half whispered something that sounded very like, "and so she always will be."

Were I to stop here, the reader would perhaps exclaim with Desdemona,—“O most lame and impotent conclusion!”—but chance has stood my friend in this matter much more than I had any right to expect. By one of those singular accidents which give the air of fiction even to a real story, in less than a week afterwards the blacksmith, now a gentleman of land and money, died without relations of any kind; and probably as a late amends bequeathed all he was possessed of to my blind acquaintance. I understand, moreover, that Harry intends marrying the faithful Ria as soon as decency will permit; that is to say, as soon as the black suit he wears for his benefactor—if I may call him so—shall have grown a little rusty.

But enough of the green fields and their merry inmates—men, women, children, and grasshoppers, to say nothing of those little devils, the ants, so much lauded in song and fable for their industry, but who, to my mind, make themselves at all times more free than welcome. It is time to return home, to my temporary home at least, for Heaven save me from anything like a fixed domicile in Bath. I abominate the place beyond any other compilation of brick and mortar—stone and mortar, I should say—in wide England. And yet it is not without some good points either, as a passing glance may shew us.

The city of King Bladud, as is known to most people, if not by travel, at least by reading, lies in a deep hollow completely surrounded by hills of less or greater height, but all of considerable steepness. In fact it is placed in the crater of some unseen volcano, the fires burning, and the waters boiling under a thick coat of earth, which is probably destined at some future day to be rent asunder, when like Pompeii or Herculaneum, Bath will be buried for ages beneath a mass of superincumbent ashes; already there is an air of desolation and decay about it that contrasts painfully with the recollection of what it has been; the shops are unfrequented, the owners of them standing the livelong day in listless indolence at their doors from want of occupation within; the voice of amusement is hushed; even the sound of a wandering organ, or of a stray hurdy-gurdy, strikes upon the ear as something unexpected and out of place. The only thing that reminds the occasional visitor of what Bath once was, is the multitudes of cripples and varieties of disease wheeled about in invalid chairs on the pavement, to the manifest danger of the pedestrian who has the misfortune to possess legs of flesh and blood: a Greenwich pensioner, who stumps about upon a deputy limb of wood, is the only person who can walk with safety the *new-old* city of Bath; I may well coin this ill-looking, and worse-sounding epithet, for of all places

it is the newest piece of antiquity, or the oldest piece of novelty that figures anywhere in the map of England. And yet the capital of King Bladud is a beautiful place in spite of its moral desolation and its many architectural deformities; the meanest houses are built of stone instead of brick, while crescents rising one above the other on the sides of the hills, white rows of villas and mansions peeping out from amidst the clustre of green trees, the river Avon winding its way through the heart of the town—and equalled if not surpassed by the magnificent canal—all conspire to make it a city well nigh without a rival, but that it wants vitality.

This, and much more of the same kind, passed through my mind as I rested awhile on Beechen cliff, looking down upon the city, which seen from that point dwindled almost to a handful of houses, and that not so much from the height I occupied, as from Bath lying close below what might in truth be termed a natural wall of stone rising abruptly from the valley, and but scantily covered with shrubs and bushes. The day was now fast declining into evening, the twilight deepened around me, and the lamps began twinkling out in every direction, bursting into sudden brilliance like so many fairy lights from masses of darkness, and seeming to hang self-suspended in the air, for the houses themselves were scarcely distinguishable in the deep and distant shadows. Immediately above me and over the hill for many yards around was a pale light, in which the sleeping daisies might be clearly seen, and the sparkling lines of many waters that are found here, as on all the Bath hills, oozing through the weeds, or bubbling over the stone which rises in most places to the surface of the soil. And now, *revenons à nos moutons*.

There is an old adage, which insists strongly upon the wisdom of seizing time by the forelock, a maxim which I mean to follow out on the present occasion by anticipating a month of matter, and speaking of June as he can, may, will, shall, or ought to be, if he—I believe June is of the male gender—if he is at all like the general run of his brethren that have preceded him. We will not even allow of a cloud, save now and then when a passing shower may be reasonably supposed essential to the hot grass and the thirsty leaves that seem to be panting as it were for the rain.

June was at one time in the world's history a month of much greater consideration than he is with us at present, and had many noted days in his calendar, which no longer attract attention from any one. Thus, his second born, rejoicing in the baptismal name of Corpus Christi Day, used to be celebrated for the performance of its Mysteries, the origin, it may be suspected, of the English drama, as religious odes were no doubt the origin of the Greek choral tragedy. Is it not strange that plays should in all countries have grown out of religion, and yet religion is so anxious now-a-days to repudiate its own offspring?

The twenty-first child of June—a handsome family by the bye!—is yet more remarkable from his having been born at the same time with summer; while his twenty-third son is scarcely less honoured in being contemporary with St. John the Baptist, whose head was danced off by the daughter of Herodias. In former times the eve of St. John was ushered in with as much ceremony as the New Year, and had many superstitious observances attached to it, vestiges of which may be found even now in the remoter parts of the country. It is a famous time for

maidens to catch glimpses of the husband designed for them by fortune, if they have the courage to put in practice the necessary rites and ceremonies; for the spirits, whether white, black, or grey, must be either coaxed or compelled into obedience. Nor is the business altogether without danger, as witness an old ballad upon the subject. *Old? ahem!* I am told that in the last number of *Sanctus Jacobus* our worthy editor professes a disbelief in the authenticity of my *ancient* ballads, and rebukes me with being a malicious Puck, whose especial delight it is to lead simple-minded folks astray. To this charge, from pride or prudence, I shall make no reply, but wrapping myself up in a mysterious silence, present to the readers another specimen of antiquity, not a whit less genuine than the last.

### St. John's Eve.

It is the eve of good Saint John,  
And the maiden is sitting all alone;  
She sits alone by the roofless wall  
Where the hemlock is growing strong and tall;  
She sits alone though the moon is high,  
And the scud is flying across the sky.

The watch-dog barks from the village near;  
'Tis a pleasant sound to the lonely ear,  
When all beside is hush'd and still,  
Save the wind through the hawthorn whistling shrill;  
'Tis a pleasant sound, for it seems to tell,  
Like the sentry's cry, that "all is well."

The clock the first minute of twelve has told,  
Booming o'er hill, and booming o'er wold;  
One! two! three! 'tis a solemn sound,  
And the leaves are strangely rustled around.  
It tells the moment, that soon will fly,  
When spirits to mortal guest reply.

She has bared her leg even to the knee,  
She has bared her arm that is fair to see;  
And now she stands in the flow of the rill  
That darkly creeps 'neath the shade of the hill  
'Till once again it escapes into light,  
Rippling so gay, and sparkling so bright.

"Spirits that dwell in the depths of the burn,  
I charm you once by the mystical fern;  
I charm you twice by the root of power,  
Silently plucked in night's middle hour;  
I charm you thrice by th' unuttered spell,  
Which even to darkness I dare not tell.

"Shew me by sign, or by word make known,  
The form of him I shall call mine own;  
Tell it to ear, or shew it to eye—  
Shadow or voice—reply, reply.  
Thrice have I call'd you, triple the sign,  
Slumber who dares at the magical nine.

The stream it was lightly ruffled then,  
 And a hollow sound swept along the glen ;  
 And the stars went out, and the moon withdrew,  
 And the night to a sudden darkness grew ;  
 And something rose up from the troubled stream,  
 Dim as the forms that are shaped in dream.

A moment the phantom flung aside  
 His mantle of mist as he hoarsely cried,—  
 Or was it her fear that seemed to see ?  
 “Thy husband am I, or soon shall be.”  
 It was the shadowy form of Death !  
 She tottered, she sank the stream beneath.

The sun in the sky has risen bright,  
 But there is one shall not see his light ;  
 The birds they are singing in merry throng,  
 But there is one shall not hear their song ;  
 She 's decked indeed for the bridal day,  
 But her bridegroom is Death ! and her bed's the clay.

So much for young ladies tampering with fern, and Saint John's wort, and such cabalistical plans, especially by moonlight and in cold streams, for the sake of discovering their future husbands. As the Last Minstrel wisely says, it is—

“All too little to atone,  
 For knowing what should not be known.”

This passion for prying into futurity is a very general, but, as it appears to me, a very singular aberration of the human intellect. It made the oracles and sybils of old ; it made the prophets and diviners of more recent times ; and now that the belief in the supernatural has become extinct, or nearly so, it occupies the form of calculation built upon past experience. No doubt our sphere of vision is extremely limited, our horizon so bounded that we are always close upon it ; yet who, that reflects a moment, would wish it to be extended ? I remember once reading a German tale, which I believe Monk Lewis has translated into English, wherein a young prince is attended by a prophetic spirit, who never fails to reveal to him the inevitable result of each intended act the moment that the idea of it is conceived in his mind. The consequence is, that in the end he is driven by fore-knowledge to despair ; and I cannot well see how it should be otherwise. Let any one look back upon the thirty or forty previous years of his life, and say whether he would not have been doubly miserable if he could have known before hand all he was fated to endure without the possibility of averting it.

But it appears that all this while I have been travelling at too fast a rate, and in my hurry have overlooked

“Barnaby, bright—Barnaby, bright—  
 The longest day, and the shortest night.”

Saint Barnabas' day, which falls upon the 11th of June, used to be celebrated in the good old times for a certain walnut-tree which never budded until then, in utter contradiction to the habits of all its brethren. It grew in the abbey church-yard of Glastonbury, so famous for its miraculous thorn, and was in such high repute from this eccentric mode

of blooming that both King James and Queen Anne are said to have given large sums of money for cuttings from it. Indeed the same practice would seem to have been very general amongst the nobility, either from their own superstition, or from the natural tendency among high and low to act *regis ad exemplar*, men in this respect being much like sheep; let only one be coaxed or driven into the shambles, and the rest will be sure to follow their baaing leader, although to their own confusion.

But June has some flowers and plants of a very different character from any we have yet noticed—plants, for instance, of the *genus bellicosum*,—the genuine *laurus Anglicanus*, which sort of laurel we unhesitatingly set down for the most splendid of its kind to be found in all Europe. One of them blossoms on the 1st of June; and for this we are indebted to Lord Howe, who first gathered it on the salt seas when he gave the French a sound drubbing. Another specimen of the same *genus bellicosum* we owe to the Duke of Wellington, who being one day at Waterloo cut a handsome slip, and set it in the garden of Apsley House, where it has flourished ever since, and become so gigantic and full of blossom that no Frenchman can speak of it without pouring forth a volley of *sacres*, and vowing to come over some fine morning and make a bonfire of all London. Hitherto, as good luck will have it, the salt water between Boulogne and Dover has been a bar to this charitable intention, so the *laurus Britannicus* continues as fresh and green as ever, and the British lion snoozes very comfortably beneath its shadow. Still this kind of laurel is a most expensive plant to rear, demanding an immense number of red-coated gardeners to attend to it, and as it never was known to produce any available fruit, I infinitely prefer the *laurus Apollonicus*, the finest specimens of which are to be found on Mount Parnassus and the banks of our own Avon. William Shakspeare was a very successful cultivator of this kind of laurel, and is generally supposed to have produced it in greater perfection than the Greeks themselves.

And now fare thee well, June—or should I not rather lay aside the telescope of the future, and say, “Welcome June?”—though as the astronomers have mounted thee on a crab, whose movements are retrograde, or at best sidewise, it does not so much matter; thy very advance must be by retreating, and thus all things will be made square between us. As, however, I began by borrowing from the poets, so will I end, therein imitating the *tag*, as they call it, of your modern dramatists.

“And after May came jolly June array'd  
 All in green leaves as he a player were;  
 Yet in his time he wrought as well as play'd;  
 That by his plough-irons mote right well appear.  
 Upon a crab he rode that him did bear,  
 With crooked, crawling steps, an uncouth pace,  
 And backward yode as bargemen wont to fare,  
 Bending their force contrary to their face,  
 Like that ungracious crue which faines demurest grace.”

After all, Spencer was a poet in the true meaning of the word, and yet who reads him now-a-days, except to say that he has done so? none, I suspect, but the solitary student over his midnight lamp, who is content to resign the present world, with all its hopes and fears, for the world of the past.

## NOTES FROM NORTHUMBRIA.

BY WILLIAM HYLTON LONGSTAFFE, ESQ.

## I.

*"Of interposing tale of lighter mirth.**Like flowers that when smote April melts in rain,  
Brother the sadder mantle of the earth."*

IN the bright, glorious, and trying spring of 1850, I fled from pain and weakness to recreate among kind companions, rills, wood, hills, and—parish registers. With some of the many thoughts and facts which have occurred to me, I purpose to make you acquainted, kind reader.

And no one loves more the deep grace of the green fields and quiet streams, in the new birth of a year—the feathery, bursting, glowing, appearance of everything in its proud young beauty. A genuine poet\* of nature in the first half of the last century, dots down in his note book: "In chusing our situations, and laying out our gardens, one would think we consulted our taylors and carpenters, though our very tars who return from China, give us descriptions of gardens in that beautiful country, which far exceed any of those artificial scenes in Europe. Even the bible, that despised old book, is able to teach us no mean taste of gardening; but I don't know with what eyes it is read, when there is no man in England who has copied this simple, noble, and beautiful pattern—And the field of Ephron, and the cave that was in the end of the field, and the trees that were in all the borders round about the field, were given unto Abraham, &c." †

There is something, nevertheless, very striking and magnificent in a stately old garden, arrayed with massive fountains at the ends of long straight walks which are pleasant from their very exactness. Beautiful as our wild flowers are, they may be improved, too, by horticulture, and antiquaries must aid the progress. We must rise higher than to a charter or painted escutcheon. We seek to raise architecture, and rest assured that the more exquisite the profile of the petal and the leaf, the more delighting will our sculpture be. The winter style of our Norman ancestors was partially brushed up by massive fronds—the Early English had all the crispness of Spring herself, with its wiry stems, curled foliage, and drooping blossoms, which would have been none the worse, had they been real copies of the cowslip which "hangs its head to hide a breaking heart," the pure snowdrop, or the bonny harebell—the Decorated at its birth as—

\* John Dyer.

† Gen. c. 23.

sumed such flowery lightness as charmed the eye,\* and sunk into beds of roses and ivy in wanton summer profusion, while the last school of those powerful designers of the middle ages, the Florid,† with the cunning of autumn, clothed its deformed leaves, and unnatural distortions, with acres of rich brown screen and tabernacle and arched roofing work. All this may appear fanciful, but we must spiritualize art, whether in forming or looking back. The Egyptian copied his lotus and palm; the Greek adored his acanthus; the Jews repeated their "pomegranates of blue, and of purple, and of scarlet," their "bowls made like unto almonds with a knop and a flower," their "palm trees and open flowers," their "flowers of lilies;" and I would perpetuate all our own fair favourites, be they rose, or fern, or moss.

To those who feel at home with the sturdy yeomen of olden time, who lived, loved, and died in their own parish, spring is ever acceptable. The ancient oak and thorns of unknown age, grisly in their strength, the broken cross, and battered mark-stone, simple, but effective, and sacred bounds are all visible before summer has clothed them with downy vegetation. The minute stream or sike retains its winter waters, and glides on in a silvery line of demarcation. Less apt to alter their banks by the action of sudden floods, the sikes appear to have attracted the attention of our fathers as marks, in preference to the larger beck or river. But under the hand of cultivation they are gradually becoming choked or covered, and in my last examination of a district between Norton and Billingham parishes, which is quite irrigated by them, I found them disappearing; the flowering-rush still crowned one or two, but the banks of its residences were fast closing in. The very name of sike so common in charters is sinking into decay, though the stream running through Newsham near Staindrop is invariably so called. It may be remarked that a little minnow-crowded stream in the parish of Darlington, called Humble-syke, or Hummersom-syke, wanders by the side of a decaying causeway to Snipe bridge, and instead of flowing into the Skerne at once, occupies one distinct arch of the bridge itself, and bubbling past a drooping willow, joins its more potent comrade a few yards below.

TUESDAY, MARCH 19.—The York and Newcastle railway, after leaving Darlington, keeps close company with the Skerne, a muddy, meandering, marshy stream, which plays the most ridiculous pranks in its long level course, and has as many quirks and twists as an S collar. At Harrogate, near its banks, dwelt old Peg Wetherell, who was strongly suspected of connivance with the ancient gentleman in black, and was commonly called "*The Skerne Water Witch*."‡ She was however mother of a

\* Thus York chapter house which elicited the proud encomium,

"*Et Rosa p̄lora p̄lorum*  
*Sic est demus ista demorum.*"

The Queen of Houses, as the Rose of Flowers.

† "Lucus, a non lucendo."

‡ 16 July, 1691, "William Cleugh, bewitched to death," buried at Holy Island.

"From Barwick, April 21, 1647, that Mrs. Muscampe hath found out the witch or wizard that hath long troubled her daughter, whose name is John Hutton, of Sunderland, in the county of Northumberland. It is thought he will discover divers others. The Mayde since is well, but before he was taken or knowne, she told his name and where he dwelt, whereupon her mother tooke her along to the place and found him."—*Everyday Journall*, 30th April, 1647.



veteran who goes by the name of Waterloo, from his exploits on the famous 18th of June. He lay two days on the battle field, his nose held by a piece of skin only, he grasped it, and stuck it on in its proper place, and the wound gradually closed up. *Sic dicunt.*

The Skerne harbours the heron. The late Rev. James Robson, Vicar of Aycliffe, was one day crossing Charter Bridge, near that village, where he saw a boy fishing, at the same instant a heron flew up.

"What is that?" asked the Parson.

"Why, sir, I think it 's a lang-necked *harronsew.*"

"What is the reason you give it that name?"

"Nay, sir, I 's sure I dint knaw, unless it be for *shurtness.*"

Aycliffe church-yard contains a stone almost defaced and obscured by grass, but famous for being the production of Robin Parkin, a cunning maker of epitaphs in his day. It reads—"Here lies *the remains* of Thomas Dodshon, *living* at Preston le Skerne, aged 68." Keeping on the move with my subjects, this Preston le Skerne was the residence of one William Walker, a notable boozier, about 60 or 70 years ago. One night Willy had become more beery than was even *his* wont, at a well-known hostelry ycleped the Traveller's Rest. There was at that time a crazy plank, where Ricknall bridge now stands, and poor Willy's head became so giddy with beer and bridge in "equal moieties," that he fell from the wooden road headlong into the Skerne. It fortunately happened for the toper, whom the cold water cure was rapidly bringing to his senses, that Mr. Robert Ord, of Chester-le-street, was accidentally passing that way on a visit to his relations at Newtown, and was speedily attracted by Willy's lamentable cries.

"Bless me," said the horseman, "keep a good heart, the *water* will niver wrang the *willey.*"

"Ah! God love you," said the exhausted wretch, "ye're a kend\* fauce i' day leet, nau doot, or ye wadn't knaw that my naum's *Willy.*"

The saying that the water will never wrong the willow, is tantamount to a hint that he "will not drown who was born for the gallows tree," which was often composed of willow wood.

But our engine is rushing on, and we halt at the end of the Durham branch. We are but a few minutes ride, if we chose to change our destination, from "*The City of Priests,*" famous for "wealthy priests,† old maids, good mustard, simple magistrates, and uncorrupt jurors."‡ It is said, however, that the church of Durham, although in possession, is not cognizant of all its wealth. A curious traditional idea exists, that the bulk of the riches of the convent were hid in one of the massive pillars of the Cathedral, and remain there still. It is certain that we hear nothing of the disposal of the splendid ornaments of Durham—of "the image where gold and the ivory twine, and the shattered crucifix."

Not forty years ago, there were three spinster sisters, so forbidding in

\* Known face.

† A "*Dunelm of Crab*" is a dish of gouty complexion, said by Dr. Hunter to take its name from this ancient city, Durham, or Dunholm, where "good eating" and "good living" are clerically considered synonymous terms.

‡ *Var.* Wood, water, and pleasant walks, law and gospel, old maids and mustard. The saying in the text is eked out by the observation that Bishops Auckland is famous for the Bishop's Palace and Jock's Row, [the highest and lowest localities in the whole county] and Darlington for Quakers, tammy weavers, and a bad [commercial] foundation.

their aspect at this ancient city, that they were known as "Plague, Pestilence, and Famine." "A Durham man" is one that is knocker-kneed, i.e., he grinds mustard with his knees! As to simple magistrates, they were quite a characteristic some 150 years ago. Spearman, in stating that clergymen and tradesmen then determined the debates of lawyers in law proceedings in the court of pleas, goes on to say that sometimes they had the assistance of a prebendary or two of little experience in matters of law. One of them, a pious good man otherwise, said that John Doe and Richard Roe must be very litigious men, and desired to see them to reprimand them. Bishop Crewe had been guilty of the like mistake, and desired that John Doe might not be condemned in that matter depending until he could be heard, but being told that the object of his consideration was only a man of straw, he deeply blushed, and seldom or never appeared on the bench again. Another of Bishop Talbot's justices of the pleas, viz., Mr. Ralph Bainbridge (then Mayor), travelled five miles to Ferry Hill for five shillings, to take the conusance of a fine from one Dorothy Shaw to Robert Dunn; and abated six-and-eightpence, the remainder of his fee of eleven-and-eightpence, to the attorney for his custom. And another of these mettled justices, Dr. J——n, affirmed that furze or whinns were timber, and cutting them by tenants was waste.

I briefly throw together a few entries from the Cathedral Register by favour of a friend.

Robert Grinwell, *tutenist*, was buried 12 Apr., 1627.

Captaine James Lindsey, under Generall Kinge, was buried 31 Mar., 1644.

Thomas Simpson, son of John, and grandchild of old Thomas Simpson, then alive, and above an 100 years old, buried 23 June, 1710.

Anne Denton, widow, a beadswoman, aged 106, buried 2 Apr., 1720.

John Schnuberger, a Swiss Captain, of Hirzel's regiment, and of the canton and city of Zurich, bur. 2 Jan, 1745.

Sam. Dav. Joseph de Morceaux d'Autin, a Captain in the Dutch service, of Hirzel's regiment, was buried 11 Feb., 1745.

Mrs. Ann Fielding, virgin, Bailey, bur. 3 June, 1779.

Mrs. Dougwith, old virgin, Elvet, bur. 17 June, 1779.

Miss Cuthbert, her father was Vicar of Kendal, in Westmorland, in 1745, and left the town as the rebels came in, bur. 6 Sep., 1796.

And these from St. Nicholas' Burial Register, in the same city.

Umfray Wheatlie, drowned, 1609.

Henry Holman, a norish man, 1615.

Brian Taylor, of Newark, upon Trent, slaine, 1616.

Henry, the son of Ralph Stephenson, cordiner, buried in the litle allee neere unto the litle church doore, 1617.

John Lillepheare Clerk, buried in the alle as you goe into the revesterie under a blew stone, 1617.

Robert Surties, one of the Aldermen, buried under a stone that lyeth unto the marchants stall, the stone having a crosse upon the overside, one thousande six hundred and seaventeene.

John How, of Burton-upon-Straint, [Trent] in Staffardshire, a stranger, died at Thomas Bells, 1618.

John Arundell, one of the almesmen in the abey, 1619.

Thomas Hodgshon, servant unto Mr. Humfray Blaxton, spent [drowned] by mischance, 1619.

Elinor Marlane, spincer, 1621.

Richard Brasse, a stranger, died in the jayle, 1622.

Cuthbert Swinnowe, musitioner, 1622, Feb. 7.

Cristofer Swinnowe, musitioner, 1622, Mar. 24.

Ingram Maughan, 'paritor, 1625.

Willyam Sutton, son of James Sutton, felt maker, apprentice to John Ord, glover, have put himselfe downe by misfortune, 1626.

Willyam Smyth, sonne of Edward Smyth, deceased, died at his stepfathers, John Walton, tayler, buried at the bow church garth, 1627 [the churchyard of S. Mary le Bow].

Eliz. Sheraton, wiff to Willm Sheraton, postmaister, 1627.

Henry Coggdon, supposit sonn of Edward Coggdon, apprentice, 1628.

Elizabeth Brantingham, dau. of Jarard Brantingham, rough maison, 1628.

Margarett Cogden, wiff to Robt. Hindmers, having put herselfe to d th, 1629.

Henry Farelas, sword slipper, 1630.

The three Durham waits were formerly characters of much importance. They enlivened the night to the agony of some ancient gentlemen who preferred snoring to songs, with tunes, after each of which they called the hour. This passed six nights each week. But Friday, unfortunate, unlucky Friday, was not to be cheered even by the waits. On the night of a Friday in former days, two of the company were left disconsolate at Elvet Bridge. Their brother passed from earth to Hades in an instant, how, none could tell, they looked, and he was gone. But his ghost lingered round the place where that awful mystery was enacted. No, the waits could not, durst not play on a Friday. But to change my melancholy theme, I attach a story of a merrier sort.

#### FABLE.\*

In Durham's venerable spire,  
 So justly famous for its choir,  
 Each Sunday, when the organ's sound  
 Did from the sacred walls rebound,  
 A gentleman, some say, of note,  
 Join'd with the Choristers his throat  
 To praise the Lord, or show his skill  
 I know not; be it as it will,  
 With open mouth and lifted eye,  
 He made the solemn cadence die;  
 And when they raised the sacred song  
 His voice was heard above the throng.  
 The cause of all this strange emotion,  
 Some said was pride and some, devotion.  
 This youth with vanity elate  
 Observed that, near, a woman sate,  
 Adown whose ancient wrinkled face  
 The trickling tears did run apace;  
 With kerchief clean she wiped her eyes  
 And stifed, as they rose, her sighs.  
 The songster harboured not a doubt  
 How this emotion came about;  
 He knew his voice had pleas'd each ear,  
 But ne'er before had drawn a tear.

\* By Hon H. Erskine, Lord Advocate of Scotland.

He knew he oft had charmed the young,  
 And joy'd that age now felt his tongue.  
 The Service o'er, the crowd retires,  
 His pride a secret wish inspires,  
 To know from Goody what soft part  
 Of all his song had touched her heart  
 As from the Church she hobbling came,  
 He thus address'd the ancient dame :—  
 "Goody, a word—I won't detain you—  
 I think of late I oft have seen you  
 Melted in tears; do pr'ythee tell  
 The piteous cause for which they fell?"  
 The dame replied :—"Some time ago,  
 The time when first began my woe,  
 I had an ass in my possession,  
 For selling brooms is my profession;  
 He bore my besoms, drew my cart,  
 And was the darling of my heart;  
 Each night, I turn'd him to the wood,  
 To browse the bushes for his food.  
 One night, when all was calm and still,  
 Some wicked foxes from the hill,  
 Attack'd the honest, harmless beast,  
 And of his carcass made a feast.  
 Excuse me, sir, if when I hear  
 Your worship's voice, I shed a tear  
 When it so loud and shrill does rise,  
 I think I hear poor cuddy's cries:  
 So like his braying is your shake,  
 My very heart is like to breake."

## MORAL.

You squallers who for singers wish to pass,  
 First ask, if e'er your hearers lost an ass.

But we are flying on, and stop at Fence Houses. The following has been going the round of the papers, as the phonographic rendering of a conversation in a third class carriage, between Durham and that station :

Ooistu?  
 Ugh! cobby.  
 Wairstubeen?  
 Dirm.  
 Cevaw. Wairstugawin?  
 Phensooziz.  
 Cezaw.

that is "How is thou?" "Oh, cobby [comfortable.]" "Where hast thou been?" "Durham." "So have I, where is thou going?" "Fence Houses." "So is I." But the specimen of phonography gives one a sorry idea of that art, for Durham is never pronounced Dirm. The two syllables are rapidly run over, but still they are there, in fact the pronunciation is more like "Dor-am."

I stopped at Boldon, Canny Bowdon, to have a walk to Hylton Castle. My discoveries there are for a detailed history of its ancient owners, I shall therefore here pass them over. The church at Boldon has a singularly short spire, and is disgraced on the two buttresses facing the road, with boards inscribed, "Whosoever shall trespass in this churchyard, shall be punished." Surely the rigidly locked gates were sufficient, without so glaring a deformity.

From Boldon station, I went on to Gateshead. The phonographist states that on alighting at that station, with his carpet bag, he was assailed with clamorous cries of,

Queenseed! Queenseed!  
 Turkseed! Turkseed!  
 Tyektfurtuppnz! Tyektfurtuppnz!

and almost fancied that the locomotive engine must have dropped him upon the wrong planet. The mysterious words resolve themselves into "Queen's Head! Turk's Head! Take it [the bag] for twopence!" and truly the cries and the criers are a nuisance great and unavoidable.

Gateshead has been considered such an outlandish place that the only perfect idea of universality was obtained in the saying "All the world and part of Gateshead." There is a story told of some great man who had completely forgotten the place altogether, and who, after some elaborate attempts to bring it to his recollection, exclaimed:—"Oh, I know, it's the dirty lane that leads to Newcastle." Until lately the favourite and shortest cut for pedestrians to Newcastle, was a filthy narrow descent, between buildings frescoed with a grey deposit indescribable, and named "The hundred steps." This vile route is happily exploded by Stevenson's triumph, the high level bridge, which lands you in the heart of Newcastle in a very short time. My cousin, the parson of Medomsley, had fixed to go to Durham this morning, return to Newcastle by three, and there we were to meet. I, upon this system, had loitered at Hylton, and arrived at Newcastle by the time fixed. He apparently had judged that I would have come to that "metropolis of the north" earlier, and being balked of his Durham journey by some untoward circumstance, and not hearing anything of me, proceeded to his sister's house at Cleadon, where I was about to make a short stay, thinking I might have gone there. I afterwards found that we had positively met on the high level bridge, he on his road to Cleadon, I on mine to Newcastle. I had not seen him since I was quite a boy, and, in fact, had not noticed any gentleman on the bridge, though I must have been walking in a grave, sober, style, rather than be staring about at a fabric I had not seen before, since completion, for he told me he thought I might be the man, but that I was paying apparently too little attention to the bridge to be a stranger. However, finding my relative decamped for Cleadon, I hustled after him, and in walking from Cleadon station to the village, positively met him again, setting off for Newcastle! on search. Had my train been a little later, we might have crossed on the rail. But Cleadon is associated with awkward mischances. On one occasion I was hastening thither on a dark, wet, slippery night. The walk was glistening with water, and I, silly fellow, mistook it for a partial flood formed by the

heavy rains, and went boldly out of the direction of the friendly gravel, to flounder in the semi-morass of a soused ploughed field; after which I finished my toilet by slipping headlong from an awkward stile upon reddish clay.

In one half of an old mansion at Cleadon, lives my father's own cousin, she is the widow of John Brough Taylor, F.S.A., of Sunderland, one of those happily framed mortals who could bring himself to bear on any company. Geology, mineralogy, botany, numismatics, genealogy, antiquities, chess, or small talk were equally at his command. He was preparing an extensive work on the geology of our coast, but it will be as an antiquary that his memory will survive. He edited a new reprint of Hegge's truly golden "Legend of Saint Cuthbert," from the original MS., which bore the autograph of Freville Lambton, and which was afterwards purchased by himself, and is still in the hands of his widow. He joined Sir Cuthbert Sharp in the editorship of a fine folio edition of the Durham Heraldic Visitation of 1615, and with that worthy knight, was of the most essential service to Mr. Surtees in his elaborate history. The two took the pedigrees up where Surtees ended. He brought ancient parchments to build a foundation, but they cut up newspapers and insinuated themselves into the good graces of parsimonious parsons and suspicious old maids, whom they readily induced by a gentlemanly, commanding address to give up registers, family bibles, and antique books of evidence, to lay at the Mainsforth necromancer's feet. It is not too much to say, and indeed it was publicly hinted at the time, that had it not been for Mr. Taylor, Surtees's work would never have been what it is, if it had been produced at all. But the "*tria juncta in uno*," Raine and his charters; Sharp and Taylor with their more modern, and perhaps more amusing additions, and the wondrous fancy of Surtees himself, who blended all by his light and elegant pen, into a mass, elaborate as it is delightful, produced a book, which to my own ideas is quite unequalled. Taylor had also much to do with other works of his time, and in MS. collections (for the benefit of others, in fact,) was indefatigable. Two or three copies of Glover's Ordinary, and the voluminous Visitations of Yorkshire, were nothing in his way. I have many a time dived into his vast workings with fresh amusement and profit, and into none of his possessions with greater gusto than a volume of letters from Surtees, which shew the whole progress of his work.. Extracts from these would have formed a most valuable addition to the life of Surtees, prefixed to the fourth and posthumous volume of his history, in which the very name of John Brough Taylor, so honorably mentioned in the former volumes, does not once occur. His collections of plants, coins, seals, rare books and tracts, prints, &c., &c., were truly marvellous, and notwithstanding the vast pressure on his mind, his skill in the medical profession never drooped.

His genealogical collections are not a mere gathering of names and dates. There is an evident love of fun visible in them all, and the innocent characteristics of *Blynd Lambton*, who furnished a *blind pedigree* in 1575, *omitting his own father*; Sir Thomas Grey, "with the crockett foott;" or Nicholas Ridley, "the broad knight," are seasoned by the still more pungent details attached by Archbishop Sandys, to his list of Justices.

*Com. Rutland*.—Kenelmus Digbie, a man whose house, as your Lordship knoweth, hath been notably touched! and is thought to be not sound himself in religion.

*West Riding of Yorkshire*.—Tho. Wentworth, a very senseless blockhead.

James Rither, a sour subtil papist.

George Woodrof. His wife is an obstinate recusant. Men that have such wives be very unfit to serve in these times.

Brian Stapleton, a great papist, and so is his eldest son. He liveth most in London, and hath no house in the country. Has no wife. Companies with Sir Rob. Stapleton.

*East Riding*.—Sir H. Constable. His wife a most obstinate recusant.

*Notts*.—Brian Lascells, quarrelsome.

Of Cleadon, I can say but little. Its parish church is Whitburn, where (*horresco referens*) an organ is placed against the eastern wall behind the altar. As to itself, it had a tower on the copyhold estate, mentioned as early as 1587, and rather a rare instance of a tower or fortalice on land of such a tenure. The late Mr. Abbs, of Cleadon, supposed, however, that Cleadon tower, though so early mentioned, was merely a fanciful building for pleasure, to enjoy the extensive view. It was a square tower of two stages, leaded, with a spiral stone staircase to the top, and was attached to the east-end of the present old mansion. It was taken down about 1795.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 20.—Engaged this morning in perusing a very copious collection of memorable register entries from Bishop Wearmouth, made by Mr. Taylor. The simplicity of the earlier ones is very observable.

#### CHRISTNINGS.

Robar Clarke, a poore travelinge womans sone, 1583.

Bewickes child, 1588.

Annas, a Scotts daughter, of Tunstall, 1589.

A base child of Burdon, 1593.

Jane, daughter of a poore woman, brought to bed at East Burdon, 1602.

Mandeline Wharton, a daughter of basterdie, 1604.

Lucie, dr. of *Andelias* Wilson, a *hat dressing* traveler, 1624. [An early instance of this peregrine craft. "Thomas Nelson, a travailing hat-dresser," occurs in 1633.]

Dor. Pilgrim, brought by night into this towne, the parents being unknowne, was baptized, 1632.

Jane, dr. of *Samuel Johnson* [of Sunderland] 1635.

Ann Sargeson, dr. of Henery Sargeson, and of Margery Prescot, bothe of Sunderland, begotten in single adultery, 1636.

Mary, dr. of John Dowing of *no certain parish*, 1679.

#### WEDDINGES.

Thomas Barmer and *Alimy* Dickson, 1639. ["There is so much confusion in the register for the last year, 1639, that I think the curate, Mr. Hicks, must have been constantly drunk, and soon after discharged, for the register is most beautifully written in 1640."—J. B. T.]

David *Lindsey* and Mabel Bee, 15 Aug., 1644.

Adam Thompson, soldier of the garrison, and Ursula Bee, of Sunderland, 27th Aug., 1644.\*

David *Don* and Ann *Bun*, 11 Feb., 1644.

Marmaduke Tonstall, of the parish of Croft, and Elizabeth Lee, 21 May, 1645.† George, son of John Mason, of Holme, in Nottinghamsh, formerly, but at present an ensigne to a foote company in Carlisle, and Mrs. Frances Hutton, lately of the parish of Houghton, without parent or guardian, were 3 severall market days, in 3 severall weekees, published at the markt-crosse in Sunderland, according to the Act, &c., the 11, 18, and 25 days Aug., and were married 29 Aug., 1654.

Upon the 19th day of March, 1656, I received this book of Marmaduke Peart; and formerly I had a meetinge with the parishoners, after publication in the church, and John Shorte, of the Barnes, had the greater number to vote for him, and according to the act, I approved of the electyon, and tooke the said John Shorte, sworne to execute the place dewly. GEO. LILBURNE. [Marmaduke Peart, "parish clarke," in 1645, and "parish register," under puritanical usage, was, evidently, from his calligraphy, a well educated man; and it is evident, from old registers, that other parish clerks were chosen from the most learned men of the parishes. Peart's successor, Short, married into a family of the best gentry in the county, his wife being "Mrs. Ellinor Short, eldest daug. to Mr. Raiphe Bowes, of Barnes, Esq."]

Henry Green, of Billingham, and *Mirable* Miller, Barns. 1666.

## BURIALS.

Kirstyn Wilkinson, 1579.

Thomas, of Thoneton Hal, 1580.

A poore fellowe of Ryop, 1587.

A poore boy of Weremuth, 1587.

Mally Blunt, of Sunderland, 1587.

A strange childe, 1587.

A woman of Old Burdon, 1587.

\* Sunderland received a garrison for the Parliament in 1642, and in 1644 and 1645 several smart skirmishes took place in the neighbourhood.

† "Prescilla dr. of Mr. Marmdk Tunstall of Cleby, buried 29 Sep. 1649." The Tunstalls of Yorkshre are memorable in many ways, and probably no more frightful example of the terrible means adopted, in order that the blood of Strafford might delight the unscrupulous republicans, has been noticed than that disclosed in the following unpublished memorandum. It is contained in a copy of the 1665 edition of "Baker's Chronicle," which passed from the Tunstalls in some way through the Dodsworths, of Barton, near Richmond, to their descendant, Robert Henry Allan, Esq., of Blackwell Hall, in this county. I give it in its original appearance, merely spelling contracted words at full length, and adding stops to rather a confused narration. "After York fight, the king's party being defeate and dispersed, my Lord Digby, with about fifty gentlemen, went to the Ile of Man, in order to saile for Ireland; and my Lord sending his Gentleman Mr. Shirley to hire A Shipp, whilset he was contracting over A pott of Ale for their fraught, [he] discoursed with An Irish seaman about my Lord Straford: the seaman stabb the said Shirley, up[on] which the seaman was found guilty of murder and executed, and there did confesse that he was hired to *swear against my Lord Straford, to take away his life*; and, that he might appear like A gentleman, they bought him A Cinnimon cloath coulourd suit and Cloak lined with plush. Wittnesse to this confession, [Signed] FRANCIS TUNSTALL, Senior, of Barningham."

Qu. if this Irish witness whose guilty conscience roused him to madness on the very mention of the unfair means used to obtain Strafford's death (which I presume Shirley had fallen into in the course of conversation) did not personify "one Mr. Samuel, who deposed, that upon the 10th of October, 1638, he heard the deputy [of Ireland, i. e. Strafford] say these words, "That if he returned [from England], he would root them out stock and branch (i. e. the Scots in Ireland, who refused to take oaths)."



Dame Wilkinson, 1590.

John, the Shepheards man, of Ryop, 1590. [Probably he ervant of the Hirdman, an officer common to all commons. A son of heard of Tuns-tall" was christened in 1602.]

Marget, a woman of Sunderland, 1590.

A wright of Burdon, 1593.

Three men of Hartlepole [probably drowned] 1596.

A woman *spended* [*i. e.* exhausted] in the water, 1596.

John Sander, John Gray, and anether, that were *spent*, 1596.

A still borne chylde from the salt pannes, 1604. [The ten salt pans are mentioned in Elizabeth's time.

Isabell Wilson, *alias* Bell of Backsyde, 1605.

Anthonie, a blacke moore, fro' panna, 1613.

John Taylor, *glener*, 11 Aug., 1617. [Evidently dying in harvest time.]

Wm. Selby, stranger, keelman to Mr. Selby, Silksworth, 1619. [A ridiculous instance of variation in copyists. Surtees prints him as "stranger, *kinsman* to Mrs. Selby, of Silksworth." "Mathew Selby, a poore man's child from panna," buried the same year, was probably also of some decadent branch of a family which had occurred at Silksworth since 1396.

A poore old man that dyed in Wearmouth, 1620.

John, a chyld fro' the panna, *foresworne of his father, forsaken of his mother*, 1621.\*

A poore boy that dyed of a lingring sickness from the panna, 1621.

Barbary Atchison, a poor woman that came from Suddicke, 1622.

A poore wench that was found deade in Grindon Fields, 1623.

A poore old man found deade in the fields of Wearmouth, 1623.

Richard Wilkinson, a poore criple that died at Silksworth, 1623.

Roger Bunting of Thorneham, in Norfolk, slain at Sunderland with an anchor, 1627.

George, son of Richard *De la fule*, Sunderland, 1636. [The name occurs as *Dallifevle*, in 1651, and plain *De la fool*, in 1669. *Qu.* is *Delaval* meant?]

Mr. David Thompson, a stranger minister, dying at Sunderland, 1636.

Deodatus Huntington, a ship-boy in *Linkhornshire*, aquis obrutus, 1639.

A young woman of Boldon, who died at Sunderland, 1643.

Jane, wife of Raiph Thompson, 21 July. Jane Marche, wife of Nicolas Thompson, panna, and Margaret Marche, her daughter, bothe layd in one grave, 21 July, 1657. [Evidently some contagion indicated.]

George, son of John Moyser, Wearmouth, *drowned*, 1663.

The wife of Palmer, the Anabaptist of Sunderland, 1663.

A chyld left to the parish, 1664.

Robert, son of Thomas Hind, scalded to death in panna, 1665

\* On a slab in the choir of Manchester Cathedral is the inscription "Lady Barbara Fitzroy, eldest daughter of the most noble Charles Duke of Cleveland and Southampton, died Jan. 4, 1734," and in a lower compartment:—"Here are deposited the remains of William Dawson, Esq., who died on the 17th day of August, 1780, and in the 60th year of his age. He desired to be buried with the above named lady, not only to testify his gratitude to the memory of a kind benefactress, although he never reaped any of those advantages from her bounty to his family which she intended, but because his fate was similar to hers, *for she was disowned by her mother, and he was disinherited by his father.*" The Barret papers, in Cheethams Hospital library, state that "this gentleman [Dawson] was buried agreeably to his request in the following dress, ruffled shirt, and cravat, night-cap of brown fur, morning gown striped orange and white, deep crimson coloured waistcoat and breeches, white silk stockings, and red morocco slippers. In his bosom was put a folded piece of white paper, which inclosed two locks of hair cut from the heads of two boys that died, for whom Mr. Dawson had a great regard; they being the children of Mr. Cooper his steward, with whom Mr. Dawson lived, and likewise became his heir at his death." By what means did Lady Barbara Fitzroy (born 1695-6) become influential in the fortunes of the relations of "Jemmy Dawson" of Shenstone's ballad?

- Richard Johnson, the blind man of Wearmouth, 1665.  
 Jerry Read, of Gillingham, in Kent, bringer of the plague, of which dyed about 30 persons out of Sunderland, in 3 months, 5 July, 1665.  
*Eve*, dr. of *Adam* Blaxton, Wearmouth, 1667.  
 Richard Watson, who was killed at football, of Sunderland, 1667.  
 Henry *Anonymus*, a Scotchman, 1669.  
*Bitthia* Peart, Wearmouth, 1670.  
*Barbara*, wife of William *Allen*, 1675.  
 Phineas, son of *Phineas Fitzrandolph*, Sunderland, 1676. [A magnificent name truly, yet the descendant of Randolph might have chosen a better prænomena than one associated with a wicked son of Eli.]

A number of casualties and burials of foreign merchants or sailors from Southern ports also occur. The following later entries are supplied from Mr. Surtees's book.

- Elizabeth the wife, Richard the son, and Alice the daughter of Thomas Thornton of Weremouth, all three burnt to death in his house that day, July 2, 1686.  
 Thomas Gutherston of Hunton, Norfolk, slain 13 Nov. 1691.  
 March 27, 1695, a person aged about twenty years, a tawny borne at the Bay of Bengall in the East Indies, and being taken captive by the English in his minoritie, was (after due examination of himself and witnesses) baptized and named *John Weremouth* by me T(homas) O(gle,) curate.  
 Robert and Mary *Cromwell* of Sunderland, married 8 Feb. 1706.  
 Mabel Porteous, æt. 116, widow, bur. 9 Aug. 1737, Wearmouth.  
 N.B. On Tuesday, June 13, 1749, Wearmouth-Green was ploughed up by a plough drawn with two mares by Thomas Liverseeds and his son.

These entries—"Isabella Smith sojourner at Farnton Hall, 14 Aug. Ann Smith a sojourner at Farnton Hall 24 Aug. William son of Mr. Wm. Power of Farnton Hall, 17 Oct. 1625" come curiously swift after one another. Farnton Hall was then the possession of the Yorkshire family of Pepper. It had prouiously been a residence of a younger branch of Blakiston, one member of whom, George Blakiston the younger of Farnton Hall, seems to have died among his maternal relations the Milners of Skutterskelfe in Cleveland. His will runs: "Item, I gyve and bequeste to the maydes of Skutterskelfe, for their paynes taken with me, every one a shilling, and to my nurse at Hutton Rudbye, two shillings; and to my love *Alice Shipperdson* all such thynges as she haith receyved of me, besichinge God to send hir good fortune." Shipperdson is a Sunderland name, and it is improbable that the dying eyes of the testator in Cleveland would be closed by one whom he had loved so well in his paternal haunts.

The Churchwardens' accounts of Bishopwearmouth are almost as quaint as the registers.

- 1662.—Received for holly bread silver in Wearmouth 4*d.*, Sunderland 6*d.*, the hamletts 2*d.* (in the pound.)  
 Paid for bread and beer when the timber came home 2*d.*  
 For tow fox heads, 2*s.* [Similar premiums for pate (badger heads) cappe ravens (hooded crows) and fourmert heads occur.]  
 1663.—To a traveller that came out of Turkey and sent down by Mr. Broughton [the minister] 6*d.*  
 1664.—For *butifizing* the church 1*l.*  
 John Knages for whieping the dogs, 4*s.* [This item appears in subse-

- quent years without any increase of salary, but with the additional functions of sweeping the church and keeping the *childer* in order.]
- 1667.—For mending the old stocks and for three new stocks. [A mode of punishment apparently much in request at Bishop-Wearmouth. There is a Bishoprick joke, "Lost in a wood, like George Potter," which alludes to George Potter a pedlar of Sadberge, who on his occasions had crossed the Tees into Yorkshire. In that county for his misdemeanours he was whipped and placed in the stocks; upon which he wrote to his wife that he had got into a wood; that he could see over it, under it, and through it; and yet could not get out of it.]  
For bringing a deed traviler from Ryhope, 2s.
- 1672.—For a fire among the sugar-men at London, 13s.
- 1675.—Laid out when we conveyed Willi Davies wife with her children to the pans in publicke, 3s. 8d.  
For burying a drowned man which was cast up at Claxho, 7s. 10d.  
For a poor man lying in the fort ditch almost dead, for bringing him to the town and keeping him two days 2s.  
For burying a poor man, found dead in Cole-Nooke, 7s. 6d.
- 1678.—For the Arch Bishop of Samoa 5s.  
For going to Durham with popish recusants 1s. 6d.
- 1680.—For sarsnett for a tippit 13s.
- 1682.—For a taste of wyne at Christmas 1s. 9d.
- 1684.—For putting in a ribb 6s. 8d.  
For bread and bear to make meri 15s.
- 1685.—Ringing for joy about loyalist 5s.  
Burning the Webbs together 10s.
- 1686.—Ringing the Coronation day 5s. Item for 42 quarts of claret at 1s. 2d. per quart 2l. 9s. Item spent then 1l.  
Oyle and coals for *boyling* the clock 10d.
- 1687.—28 quarts of wine at Easter 1l. 1d.\*
- 1688.—Ringing at the *supposed* princes birth 5s."

The first rector of Bishop-Wearmouth on record, is Adam de Marisco, about 1217, the year in which his namesake, Richard de Marisco was nominated to the Palatine throne of Durham. In the *St. James's Magazine* for March, 1850, it is stated that a shield of the royal arms with the bendlet sinister of illegitimacy is ascribed to him in the English College, though contemporary historians assign him to have been brother to Sir Geoffrey de Maris, the Irish Justiciary. No light is cast on the subject by his Durham elevation, though about 1240, William, son of Richard de Marisco, granted the manor of Rilley in this county to John de Hamildon; and Simon de Marisco, uncle of William, confirmed the grant. The seal of the Bishop represents him as standing on an insulated piece of ground, surrounded by bulrushes growing out of the water—*de marisco*. His royal illegitimacy is partly refuted by the fact that during the previous vacancy in the see, the convent elected Morgan, prior of Beverley, a natural son of Henry the Second; but his consecration was impeded by the King on canonical grounds, and Morgan, (who might have had his election confirmed, if he would have owned himself the son of Sir Ralph Bloeth, his reputed father,) sooner than disclaim his Royal birth—which he declared was his dearest honour upon earth—abandoned his preferment.

\* "1674. For eight communions, viz. for one communion at Whitsuntide, anno 1673, also Whitsuntide 1674; two of the King's officers, ministers, lawyers, and others for tryall of *transubstantiation* by act of Parliament; two at Christmas, and two Easter; in all it highest year, 4l. 4s."

“ ———Aye, my mother,  
 With all my heart I thank thee for my Father.  
 ———Mother, I am not Sir Robert's son,  
 I have disclaimed Sir Robert and my land :  
 Legitimation, name, and all, is gone.”\*

De Marisco was a most prodigal, rapacious, vain, and magnificent prelate. He assumed the court style, then first introduced, of writing in the plural number, *we*, instead of the ancient *I*. He was at perpetual war with his convent, and in travelling to London in 1226, to prosecute his suit against them, he halted at the monastery of Peterborough for the night, in the height of health and vigour, but was found dead in his bed next morning, a circumstance which naturally suggested the suspicion of foul play. He left the see dreadfully incumbered, and his memory was held in detestation by his monks, though one of them took the trouble to indite the following odd epitaph for him.—

Culmina qui cup- Est sedata s- Qui populos reg- Quod mors imm- Vobis praepos- Quod sum vos er-	}	itis,	{	laudes pompasque sit- si me pensare vel- memores super omnia s- non parciit honore pot- similis fueram bene sc- ad me curiendo ven-	}	itis.
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The line “Quod sum vos eritis” is perhaps the earliest specimen of the customary exhortation :—

As you are so wer wee,  
 As we be so shall ye.

And probably the most absurd reading is one in the wall facing the belfry of Maidstone Church.

Stop, Ringers, all : and cast an eye,  
 You in your Glory : so once was I.  
 What I have been, as you may see  
 Which now is in the Belfree.

Building Hill near Bishop-Wearmouth has obtained some degree of celebrity as being the temporary abode of

Forms that flit when life is gone,

which are said to have alarmed the inhabitants of Sunderland. An account of these appearances, as related by the person by whom they were most frequently seen, is inserted in the journals of the Rev. Jno. Wesley. In the trial in 1767 as to whether the copyholders were subject to a small charge for taking stones from the quarry there (in which they successfully resisted the impost) an old man deposed, that he had heard old John Richardson say, that the market was on the green, and that he shewed where the cross and stalls stood—that the Sunderland people had stolen the custom-house, then the market, and would steal the church if they could carry it.” A woman stated, “that her father went to the hill one night for his gavelock,† and saw a waugh”—also, that when a man

\* K. John, Act. V.

† Anciently a spear or javelin, now in the North an iron crow or lever. A waugh (pronounced *wa/f*) is a spirit betokening the death of the person whose corporal form it assumes.

of the name of Coward was "digging this rock about 90 years ago, he found in a cavity, several fathoms from the surface, a large toad alive, with a nob on its head as big as an egg, full of diamonds, and thereby got a great deal of money."

Went this afternoon to Sunderland, and walked over Rowland Burdon's splendid iron bridge with no small feeling of palatine pride. It is a place associated in my mind with windows and the Czar. A female witness once informed a Durham jury that the prisoner came in at the *wyneder*. "At the *what?* At the *what?*" repeated the counsel for the defence. At the *wyneder*, Sir." "At the *what?*" was reiterated so many times over and so effectively that the poor woman at last perjured herself, solely through her terror of further ridicule, and answered "at the *door*." This answer lost her case. As to the Czar, a Sunderland captain who was lately in Russia received there a copy of the "*Sunderland Herald*;" but all the articles relating to Hungary, Austria, or Russia, were cut out by the authorities, and the amount of postage was 3s. 6d.

"SUNDERLAND FITTER" is a jocular term at cards for the knave of clubs.

Visited Monkwearmouth church, the tower of which is supposed Saxon, and contains a curious sort of string of early sculptures. The churchyard wall is numbered at intervals, and lines being drawn from number to number on a plan, shew the exact portions already occupied in a series of squares. The same plan is pursued at Hartlepool.

On the north chancel wall, is a minute recumbent effigy of a fair woman, evidently pregnant, her head resting on a cushion and wings springing from her shoulders, and above, on a marble tablet is this inscription:—

Heere vnder lyeth y<sup>e</sup> boddy of Marye Lee,  
 Daughter too Peeter Delavale, late of Tinmovth, gent :  
 She died in chyldbéd y<sup>e</sup> 23 of May 1617,  
 Haple is y<sup>t</sup> sovle y<sup>t</sup> heere  
 On Earth did live a harmless lyfe  
 & happie mayd y<sup>t</sup> made  
 Soe chast an honest wife.

Her father, in his will of 1611, mentions her as his eldest daughter, and leaves her 100l. "if so be that she marry and take to husband one Edward Lee, of Monk-Wearmoth, who at *this instant* is a sutor to her."

(To be continued.)

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## SINGULAR TRIALS CONNECTED WITH THE UPPER CLASSES OF SOCIETY.

### No. XII.—MAJOR ONEBY'S DUEL.

THE Onebys were an old and highly respectable Leicestershire family. John Oneby, Esq. the grandfather of the unfortunate Major of this trial, was Lord of the Manor of Barwell, co. Leicester, and a descendant of the Onebys or Ondebys of Ondeby and Hinckley. His son John Oneby, an eminent solicitor, married Kerenhappuch, daughter of Henry Turvile, Esq. of Aston Flamvile, and niece of Sir Nathan Wrighte, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal from 1700 to 1705. Major Oneby was a son of this marriage.

The gentleman, Mr. William Gower, whom Major Oneby killed was the scion of an ancient and honourable Catholic family. He was the only son of William Gower, Esq. of Colmers and Queenhill, co. of Worcester, by his wife Ellen Coyney, the heiress by devise of the estates of her family, the Coyneys of Weston Coyney, in Staffordshire. William Gower, the victim of the duel, became in right of this lady, his mother, lord of Weston Coyney; but after his premature death and pursuant to his will, the lands eventually reverted to the male representative branch of the Coyneys.

To return to Major Oneby. This eccentric person was born at Barwell, co. Leicester, about the year 1677, and was placed as clerk in the office of an attorney of note, but his aspiring and haughty spirit induced him to look much higher; and his parents found they had not properly consulted his inclination. The custody of the Great Seal having been committed to his relative Sir Nathan Wrighte, application was made for some employment more congenial to the young man's tastes. The only appointment Sir Nathan offered was that of train bearer, and this Oneby accepted and held for a short time, but he at length entered the army, and a commission having been obtained, he served with repute in several of the Duke of Marlborough's campaigns in Flanders—wherein he received many wounds. At Bruges he fought a duel with a Saxon colonel, whom he killed, but was honourably acquitted by a court-martial that tried him. At Port Royal, in Jamaica, he afterwards fought a Lieut. Tooley, and both were severely wounded. Oneby soon recovered, but Tooley died, after having languished eight months. When he had served several years in the army and had risen gradually to the rank of Major in Honeywood's dragoons, Oneby found himself by the peace of Utrecht, in the number of disbanded officers;

and returning to England, gained a disgraceful subsistence by dexterity at gaming. The frauds he is supposed to have committed were numerous. In 1726, in one of his evening parties, at the Castle Tavern, Drury Lane, happened the dreadful event which terminated his career. His companions at the same time were Mr. William Gower, of whom we have made mention, Mr. John Rich, the well-known theatrical manager, and ten other gentlemen. A quarrel ensuing, the result was an immediate rencontre in which Mr. Gower fell and Major Oneby was tried for the murder.

The trial took place at the Old Bailey in 1726, before Mr. Baron Hale and Sir William Thompson, Knt., Recorder of London. The facts of the case are fully given in the evidence of the witnesses, as follows:—

Thomas Hawkins.—On the 2nd of February between nine and ten at night, Mr. Blunt, the deceased, the prisoner and myself, went from Will's coffee-house to the Castle tavern in Drury Lane, where, in about half-an-hour Mr. Rich came to us. After the fourth bottle, the prisoner called for a box and dice; the drawer said they had none in the house; "Why then," says the prisoner, "bring the pepper-box." The drawer brought it, and dice were laid upon the table: but I don't know by whom. We played low, nobody setting above half a guinea, and yet I had no inclination to game, and especially to set the prisoner: and therefore after a trifling loss I declined the play. The prisoner appeared disgusted at it, and asked me why I refused? I told him I should use my own pleasure, whether it was agreeable to his humour or not. The rest continued playing. The deceased lost thirty shillings. Mr. Rich said, "Who will set me three half-crowns?" Upon which the deceased took something out of his pocket and laid it on the table, but concealed it with his hand and said, "I'll set ye three pieces;" and then taking his hand away, we saw three-halfpence. This was not offered to the prisoner, but he appeared to be much affronted. He said, "That is very impertinent to set three half-pence." The deceased said, "What do you mean by impertinent?" And the prisoner replied, "You are an impertinent puppy;" and presently snatched up a bottle, and threw it at the deceased's head, and it beat some powder out of his wig but did him no hurt. He, in turn, tossed a glass or a candlestick, I can't tell which, at the prisoner, but it did not reach him. They both rose up together, and went to their swords, which hung up in the room. The deceased being quickest, got his sword first, and drew it, and stood still in a posture of defence at a good distance from the prisoner, who was advancing and was drawing his sword to meet him; but Mr. Rich stepped in between, and prevented him. Then the deceased threw away his sword, and they all sat down again and drank for about half-an-hour; when the deceased offering his hand to the prisoner, said, "We have had words, Major, and you were the aggressor, but let us agree." The prisoner answered, "No, damn ye! I'll have your blood!" And then turning to me he said, "Hawkins, you were the occasion of this." "Why then," says I, "if ye have done with him and have anything to say to me, I am your man, and I'll see you out." "No," says he, "I have another chap first." In about half an hour after this, which was near three in the morning the company broke up. I went out of the room first, and Mr. Blunt and Mr. Rich were next after me. When I came into the street it rained, and I run under a pent-house where I stood a

little while, but not having a chair ready and seeing none of the company come out, I returned to the room, where I found the deceased wounded, and leaning in a chair in a languishing condition. He died the next morning. I knew him intimately, and I don't believe that there was a sweeter tempered man in the world.

John Rich.—I, the prisoner, the deceased, and some others, went together to see the new tragedy of Hecuba; we sat in the pit. The deceased and the prisoner appeared to be good friends all the time of the play, and as soon as it was done I left them, but met them again at the Castle tavern in about half an hour. The prisoner and I called for a box and dice, which not being to be had he called for a pepper box, and it was brought; I saw dice lying upon the table, but don't know how they came there. I said, "let us play low." Some words passed between the prisoner and Mr. Hawkins. I laid down three half-crowns. The major set me, I threw. Seven was the main, six the chance. The deceased put down three half-pence against me, and said, "here, I'll set ye three pieces. The prisoner damned him, and called him an impertinent puppy. "Sir," said the deceased, "I am not afraid of ye, and he that calls me a puppy is a scoundrel." At these words, the prisoner threw a bottle at him. It brushed his wig as it passed, and he in return tossed a glass. They both got up together; but the deceased being nimblest jumped on the table, and reached his sword first; and then stepping down he drew, and stood ready to defend himself, but made no offer to push. In the mean time the prisoner took down his sword and came which hung together, and there being the table and a chair between them, he came round the table, and was going to engage with the deceased; but I stepped between them, told the prisoner, who was drawing his sword, if he made a lounge it must be through my body, which, as I was unarmed, would be wilful murder. The deceased then threw away his sword, and they both sat down again. The deceased put his hand forward and said, "Come, major, let us be reconciled, words in heat may be forgot and forgiven." The prisoner answered, with an oath, "You lie—I'll have your blood!" And then, turning to Mr. Hawkins, he said, "this is all along of you." Mr. Hawkins answered, "then I am your man;" and the prisoner replied, "no, I have another chap to deal with first." When we all got up to go, the prisoner hung his great rug coat upon his shoulders, and I think buttoned it in one or two places. Mr. Hawkins went out first, Mr. Blunt next, the deceased followed him; I, the deceased, and the prisoner, came last: but he was hardly out of the room, when he called to the deceased, "Hark ye, young gentleman, a word wi' ye." The deceased turned back; they both re-entered the room. The door was immediately shut fast. I heard a clashing of swords, and a loud stamp on the floor which I guessed was made by the prisoner, he being a very heavy man. Mr. Blunt and I stepped back, and endeavoured to get in; we could not readily open the door, but the drawer coming to our assistance we made an entrance, Mr. Blunt first, and I close behind him. The prisoner was then next to the door, and standing with his sword drawn in his right hand, the point of it being towards the deceased whom he held by the shoulder with his left. I think the deceased had then no sword in his hand, at least I saw none; and I soon afterwards found it close to the wainscot behind the folding of the great oval table. It was bloody and greasy four or five inches from the point.



The deceased closed with the prisoner, but in such a manner as if he rather fell towards him through weakness, than otherwise, which makes me think the wound was given him before we came in. We put him into a chair and sent for a surgeon. As I held up my hand to part them I felt a little prick through my coat by the prisoner's sword; but I believe it was done accidentally. Mr. Blunt at the same time clapped his hand on his stomach and said he was dangerously wounded, but I am ignorant by what means. I told the prisoner when we came out of the room, that I was afraid he had killed the deceased. No, says he, I might have done it if I would, but I have only frightened him. But suppose I had killed him, I know what I do in those affairs; for if I had killed him to-night in the heat of passion, I should have had the law on my side; but if I had done it at any other time it would have looked like a set meeting, and not a rencounter. I advised him, however, to make off for fear of the worst. I asked the deceased on his death-bed if he received the wound fairly? He answered, faintly, "I think I did—but—I don't know—what might have happened—if you—had not—come in."

Michael Blunt—From the play we went to Will's, and thence to the Castle, where we were very merry and friendly, till the dice were called for. We played low, but Mr. Hawkins soon declined; upon which the prisoner said to him, "Why do you come into company, when you won't do as others do?" Mr. Hawkins answered, "Don't trouble yourself about me, I'll do as I please." The deceased set three half-pence; the prisoner said it was damned impertinent; and some other words passing, he flung a flask at the deceased, who in return tossed a glass or a candlestick. They took their swords but were prevented from engaging, and so they sat down again; the deceased offered his hand to be reconciled, upon which the prisoner gave him very ill language, and swore he would have his blood. As this made me apprehensive that their quarrel would break out again the next day, I invited the company to dine with me, in hopes to bring on a reconciliation, and prevent future mischief. The prisoner answered my offer with, "No, I'll dine with none of ye." "Are ye angry, sir," said I. "Have ye anything to say to me?" "Or me?" says Mr. Hawkins. "Or me?" says Mr. Rich. "No," he had nothing to say to any of us. This was about two or three in the morning. And after we were all come out of the room I heard the prisoner call the deceased back; and they were no sooner got into the room again, but the door was flung to with great violence, and I heard the clashing of swords. When I got in, which was with much difficulty, I did not see that the deceased had any sword in his hand, but he was sinking forward; and I, by going to assist him, received a wound in my stomach, which I was afraid was mortal, but I cannot tell how or by whom it was given, though I think it could not be made by the deceased because he had no sword; and besides, was not in a condition to do it. A surgeon being in the house, gave me his immediate assistance.

Mr. Shaw, the surgeon.—I found the deceased languishing in a chair. His intestines appeared at the wound, and by being exposed to the air began to mortify. When I had dressed him, I sent him home, but the next day I found a second rupture of the intestines. He died soon after, and that wound was the cause of his death.

Prisoner.—A wager was laid betwixt Mr. Rich and Mr. Blunt, concerning Mr. Mills' acting the part of Cæsar in the play of Julius Cæsar,

and it was lost by Mr. Blunt. After this a box and dice were called for, but not by me; the drawer said he had dice but no box; upon which somebody called for a pepper-box. I flung a main at one shilling and passed it about. Mr. Hawkins refusing, I said, "I thought there was as good fellowship in a little play, as in altogether drinking:" then we played for half-a-crown or three shillings, and when the box came round again the rest likewise refused to play; at last the deceased offered to set three half-pence, which I said was very impertinent. He called me rascal. "You impertinent puppy," said I, "what do you mean by that?" Upon which he threw a glass at my head and drew upon me. I told him he acted basely in drawing upon me, when it was he that gave the affront. After this I put on my great coat, and was going out. Mr. Hawkins had slept away, and the rest being gone out of the room the deceased pushed the door to and drew upon me, and wounded me in the knee, and cut my fingers. I parried and closed with him; he endeavoured to stab me in the back; at which time Mr. Blunt came in, and received a wound in his stomach, which must have been by the deceased's sword.

John Barnes, the drawer.—I threw the prisoner's great coat over his shoulders as he was going out. Mr. Hawkins came out first, and asked if his chair was at the door? I said, "Yes." Mr. Blunt followed, and I went down to unbar the door. The rest of the company not coming, I went back and met Mr. Rich; he bid me open the door; I thought he meant the street-door, and was turning that way again; but he swore at me and told me the other door. I opened it, and went in first, and the deceased and the prisoner were both with their swords in their hands, pointing towards each other. The deceased closed with the prisoner in a manner as if he was rather falling than pushing; and the prisoner with his left hand had hold of the deceased, who, as soon as we parted them was so weak that he could not stand. I did not see him bleeding when I came into the room, though I cried out to the prisoner, "For God's sake what are ye doing?"

Prisoner.—"Did not you see the deceased offer to stab me in the back?"

Barnes.—"No."

Mr. Burdet, a surgeon.—The next day in the evening the prisoner sent a coach to my house with a letter for me, informing me that he had been wounded in a rencounter, and desiring me to come to him. I went, and found him in bed at the house of Mrs. Gardiner, in Dean-street, near Red Lion square, where he had concealed himself. He had one wound below his knee an inch and a half long, two of his fingers were cut in the first joint, and he shewed me three or four holes in his dress; but none of his wounds were above a quarter of an inch deep, and that in his leg had just raised the skin.

Mrs. Gardiner.—The prisoner came to my house about two o'clock in the morning: he was bloody, and upon searching him I found a wound as deep as my finger, and I dressed it for him.

Court.—The evidence is plain that the prisoner gave the first provocation; and it is not denied that he afterwards killed the deceased. The question is, whether from the time the prisoner threw the bottle, to the time the deceased received the wound, there was any reconciliation? If there was not, I think it can be no less than murder.

The jury found there was no reconciliation ; but not being satisfied as to the murder they agreed on the following special verdict :—

“ That upon the 2nd day of February, the prisoner and the deceased were in company together with John Rich, Thomas Hawkins, and Michael Blunt, in a room at the Castle tavern in Drury Lane, in the county of Middlesex, in a friendly manner. That after they had continued thus for two hours, box and dice were called for ; the drawer said, he had dice but no box ; and thereupon the prisoner bid the drawer bring the pepper-box, which he immediately did : and then the company began to play at hazard, and after they had played some time, the said Rich asked, “ if any one would set him three half-crowns ? ” Whereupon, the deceased, in a jocular manner, laid down three half-penny pieces, and then said to the said Rich, “ I have set you three pieces, and the prisoner at the same time set the said Rich three half-crowns, which the said Rich won : and immediately after the prisoner in an angry manner turned about to the deceased, and said, “ it was an impertinent thing to set half-pence, and that the deceased was an impertinent puppy for so doing ; ” to which the deceased answered, “ whoever called him so was a rascal. ” That thereupon the said John Oneby took up a bottle, and with great force threw it at Gower ; which bottle did not hit the said Gower, but brushed his perriwig as it passed by his head, and beat out some of the powder ; whereupon the deceased immediately after tossed a candlestick or bottle at Oneby but did not hit him with the same, upon which the deceased and the prisoner both rose up to fetch their swords, which then hung up in the room ; and the deceased drew his sword, but the prisoner was prevented from drawing his by the company ; and the deceased thereupon threw away his sword, and the company interposing they sat down again for the space of an hour. That at the expiration of an hour, the deceased said to the prisoner, “ we have had hot words but you was the aggressor ; I think we may pass it over ; ” and at the same time offered his hand to the said John Oneby, to which the said John Oneby answered, “ No, damn you, I will have your blood. ” They further find, that afterwards the reckoning was paid by the deceased, the prisoner, Rich, Hawkins and Blunt, and all the company, except the prisoner, went out of the room to go home ; and the prisoner remaining alone in the room called to the deceased in these words, “ young man, come back, I have something to say to you ; ” whereupon the deceased returned into the room, and immediately the door was flung to and shut, and thereby the rest of the company were excluded : and then a clashing of swords was heard, and the prisoner, with his sword, gave the deceased the mortal wound mentioned in the indictment, of which he died the next day. They further find, that at the breaking up of the company the prisoner had his great coat thrown over his shoulders ; and that he received three slight wounds in the engagement ; and that the deceased being asked, upon his death-bed, whether he received his wound in a manner, amongst swordsmen, called fair, answered, I think I did. That from the time of throwing the bottle there was no reconciliation between the prisoner and the deceased. And whether this be murder or manslaughter, the jury pray the advice of the Court, and find accordingly. ”

After this verdict, Major Oneby was remanded to Newgate, where he remained without judgment for two years, the judges not having met to give their opinion. He at length became impatient of longer confinement,

and therefore moved the Court of Queen's Bench that counsel might be heard on his case. The prisoner was therefore carried into court, by virtue of a writ of habeas corpus; and the record of the special verdict being read, the bench, with great humanity, assigned him two counsel, a solicitor, and a clerk in court. Lord Chief Justice Raymond, and three other judges, presided a few days afterwards, when the major being again brought up, his counsel, Sergeant Darnell, and Sergeant Eyre for the crown, were heard; after which the Lord Chief-Justice declared that he would take an opportunity of having the opinion of the other judges, and then the prisoner should be informed of the event. The major, on his return to Newgate, gave a handsome dinner at the Crown and Anchor Tavern in the Strand to the person who had the custody of him; and, seeming to be in high spirits on account of the ingenious arguments used by his counsel, entertained little doubt of his being discharged.

After a considerable time the judges assembled at Serjeants' Inn Hall, to bring the matter to a decision. Counsel was heard again on both sides, and the pleadings lasted a whole day, during which the major was carousing with his friends in Newgate, and boasting of the certainty of his escape, as he had only acted in conformity with the character of a man of honour. In the midst of these delusive expectations, a gentleman called and told that eleven of the judges had decreed against him, which greatly alarmed him. Soon after the keeper of Newgate informed him he must double iron him, to prevent his making his escape; and that he must be removed to a safer place unless he would pay for a man to attend him in his room. Oneby was shocked at this news; and, having written several letters to the judges, and other persons of distinction, to which he received no answer he began to be apprehensive that the most serious consequences would result from the crime of which he had been convicted.

At length the judges re-assembled again at Serjeants'-Inn Hall, and having there given their unanimous opinions, the sense of the bench was in the next term accordingly delivered to Oneby by Lord Raymond.

The effect of it was, that upon the facts detailed in the special verdict, all the judges were of opinion that the prisoner was guilty of murder; he having acted upon malice and deliberation, and not from sudden passion. The main point on which the judgment turned, and was so declared to be was the evidence of express malice, after the interposition of the company, and the parties had all sat down again for an hour. Under those circumstances the Court was of opinion that the prisoner had had reasonable time for cooling, after which upon an offer of reconciliation from the deceased, he had made use of the bitter and deliberate expression, that he would have his blood. And again the prisoner remaining in the room after the rest of the company retired, and calling back the deceased by a contemptuous appellation on pretence of having something to say to him, altogether shewed such strong proof of deliberation and coolness as precluded the presumption of passion, having continued down to the time of the mortal stroke. Though even that would not have availed the prisoner under these circumstances, for it must have been implied, that he acted upon malice, having in the first instance before any provocation was received, and without warning or giving time for preparation on the part of Mr. Gower, made a deadly assault upon him.

On the Chief Justice's mentioning that Oneby said he would have the blood of Gower, the major solemnly declared that he had never spoken such

words, and begged the interposition of the judges with his Majesty for a pardon. Lord Raymond told him it was in vain for him to deny the words as they were returned in the special verdict; and that the judges could not interfere by an application to the King, but he must seek another channel through which to solicit the royal mercy.

A few days after this, sentence of death was passed on him, and he was ordered to be executed. His friends and relations exerted their influence to procure him a pardon, but their intercessions proved in vain. The access on of a new Sovereign, George II., seemed to give the unfortunate major another chance of life, but on application his Majesty said that the judges having adjudged the prisoner guilty of murder the law should take its course. On the Saturday preceding the day he was ordered for execution (July 1729), he went to bed at ten o'clock, and having slept till four o'clock on Sunday morning, he asked for a glass of brandy and water, and pen, ink, and paper, and sitting up in the bed, wrote the following note:—

“**COUSIN TURVILL,**—Give Mr. Akerman, the turnkey below stairs, half-a guinea, and Jack, who waits in my room, five shillings. The poor devils have had a great deal of trouble with me since I have been here.”

Having delivered this note to his attendant, he begged to be left to his repose, that he might be fit for the reception of some friends who were to call on him. He was accordingly left, and a gentleman coming into his apartment about seven o'clock, and the major's footman with him, he called out to the latter, “Who is that, Philip?” which were the last words he was heard to speak. The gentleman approaching the bed-side, found he had cut a deep wound in his wrist with a pen-knife, and was drenched in blood. A surgeon was instantly sent for, but he was dead before his arrival.

The Onebys of Barwell continued to reside on that manor till the death of Major Oneby's cousin, Anthony Oneby, Esq. who died there leaving two daughters, Jane, who died unmarried, and Susanna, who was married first to William Frith, Esq., of Watford, and secondly to Mr. Ailway of the same place.

## THE LAUREATESHIP.

THE wreath of the poet-laureate has so often descended upon unworthy brows, that it has long ceased to confer any great amount of glory upon the wearer, though there are some substantial advantages attached to it that have reconciled many eminent poets to the tarnished symbol. Independent of this, we must confess—staunch loyalists as we are, and proud in being so—that the necessity of celebrating a constant round of such every-day topics as births, deaths, and marriages, is enough to blunt the liveliest and most apprehensive imagination; and we would, therefore, suggest that the emoluments should continue, and the duties of the office be abolished. A man who has written a good poem—and no other should wear the laurel—deserves a pension without being compelled to cudgel his brains over epithalamiums, threnodes, carmina, triumphalia, and what Mrs. Malaprop would call “such inflammatory branches of learning.” He should be considered, *emeritus*, as one who had served out his time and fairly earned his honorarium.

The office is as old as the Welsh bards—probably much older—and exists to the present day amongst the Persians, where the court would be incomplete if it had not some one to sing the praises of the Schah, with, or without, reason. Even in this country the institution belongs to an early period. John Kay, in the time of Edward IV., being the first king's poet we meet with under the title of laureat, although he has left no verse of any kind to confirm his claim to such an appellation. We only know him as having translated into prose the Latin history of the siege of Rhodes, in the dedication of which to King Edward he styles himself “hys humble laureat.” The title, beyond question, had its origin in our colleges, where rhetoric and *versification* were included in the grammatical degree, on which occasion the new graduate received a wreath of laurel, and was afterwards styled *poeta laureatus*. We must, therefore, in going back to these early periods, distinguish between a poet-laureat, so called from his university degree, and the stipendiary singer of the king's praises. Thus Skelton wore the laurel both at Oxford and Cambridge, but he never appears to have held the office of poet laureat to the court. If, however, as some have imagined, the royal poet laureat was the same as the king's versifier, the office must have existed at least two hundred years before the time of Kay, for we find in 1251, a poet receiving an annual salary of an hundred shillings under the title of the *king's versifier*. The same custom obtained abroad, of which many instances might be given, if the detail were likely to prove either amusing or instructive. As, however, it would hardly be either the one or the other, it may suffice to remind our readers, if indeed they can

have forgotten it, that Petrarch was publicly invested with the laurel-crown in the capitol, having been invited thither for that express purpose by the Roman Senate. The learned Selden, who, like his friend, Ben Jonson, would seem to have read everything and known everything, has a long account of this honour being conferred by various Counts Palatine "in virtue of the power and license had from the emperor."

Ben Jonson is by some said to have been poet-laureate to James I.; but this is advancing more than the facts of the case will absolutely warrant. In consideration of his services in composing those beautiful masques, which, to the eternal honour of the king and his court formed their especial delight, James conferred upon him by letters patent a pension of a hundred a-year for life; and this may perhaps be considered as much the same with creating him poet-laureate. Certainly, until James's reign, the laureateship was an empty title adopted by those who were employed to write for the court, and brought with it neither salary nor privilege of any kind. At the same time it should be mentioned that occasional gratuities had been bestowed for occasional services long before this period.

Perhaps we should say that the first unquestionable patent for the laureateship was issued by order of Charles I. in 1630, with a fixed salary of one hundred pounds a-year, and the additional grant of a tierce of canary wine from the king's own cellar. From this commencement we have a regular succession of laurelled poets, though differing not a little in their genuine claims to such an honour. Some have already sunk into oblivion, or are remembered in such a way that it were far better for them to be forgotten; few would wish for the fame of Eusden, Nahum Tate, of William Whitehead, or of Henry Pye, whose best epitaph would be the old nursery rhyme:—

"And was not that a pretty *pye* to set before the king."

The precise order of succession amongst the laureates was as follows; DRYDEN, THOMAS SHADWELL, NAHUM TATE, NICHOLAS ROWE, The Rev. LAURENCE EUSDEN, COLLEY CIBBER, WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, THOMAS WARTON, HENRY JAMES PYE, ROBERT SOUTHY, who commuted the allowance of wine for twenty-seven pounds annually; and WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, whose recent death has given rise to this sketch. He was no doubt one whose high talents would have added dignity to a much higher honour than that of the Laureateship: but I question if it has not happened to him, as to some others, to have been more praised than read, and more read than understood. As an instance how people may be caught by words, without either seeking or caring for any meaning, I may quote a line from the most admired of his sonnets, when speaking of London, as seen in the calm hour of midnight:

"And all that mighty heart now lies asleep."

Now this sounds exceedingly fine, and yet in reality what can be more absurd, or more opposite to the meaning the poet intended to convey? the heart never slumbers but in death, and to say that the heart of the city lay asleep, is to say that the city had perished. And yet this very line has been quoted enthusiastically by thousands.

Here I involuntarily pause, hardly knowing how to speak in a

way that shall be quite satisfactory either to myself or the reader. It is bad taste that would sow nettles on the grave of departed genius, and Wordsworth did really possess genius; still, frankly speaking, his poetry is much too ideal, has too little of the common life-blood of humanity in it, to be altogether to my taste, or perhaps, want of taste. It is too dreamy, too unsubstantial; it appeals too exclusively to the imagination, and too little to the heart, or to common-sense. The "Tam o' Shanter" of Burns—of course I speak in reference to my own feelings—is worth all that Wordsworth ever wrote, twice told; a single song of the Frenchman, Berenger, would outweigh his most beautiful and fairy-like visions; while as to the cloak of simplicity he is so fond of wearing, and which has always been so much lauded by his admirers, it has always appeared to me a thin, threadbare garment, which does not hide, but rather betrays poverty. In fact, Wordsworth was too little a man of the world to be a great poet, allowing, as in justice we must allow, that he possessed every other requisite for being such. No mistake is more general or more fatal than the idea of poetry being nothing more than a dream of the imagination: it has made pseudo-poets by hundreds of young ladies and gentlemen, who love "to babble of green fields," and who think that nothing more is requisite to the inditing of song or sonnet, than to see, or fancy they see, what is invisible to all beside themselves. Common sense they despise as prosaic, and yet there never was any superior poetry, of which common sense was not the basis; there is enough of Philosophy in a single play of Shakspeare's, to set up a whole school of Peripatetics. But this chapter is a long one, and were I once to enter fairly into it, I might find myself in the condition of an unlucky swimmer, whom the calmness of the water, and the brilliance of the skies have tempted so far from shore, that it is no easy matter for him to get back again.

It has been said that the laurel is next to descend upon the brow of Wilson, the author of the "Isle of Palms," and yet more widely known as the redoubtable Christopher North, the editor, past and present, of "Blackwood's Magazine." *Vitula tu dignus*—well do you merit the laurel wreath, Master Christopher; and most sincerely do I hope it may be so, even more for the sake of those who have the bestowing of it than for yours, though it could not be bestowed more worthily. The encouragement of poetry, science, the fine arts, of all in short that tends to embellish life, is one of the brightest gems in the regal crown, and

"Never rebel was to arts a friend."

But we must confess, *multa gemens*, that the Tudors and the Stuarts shewed more favour to native genius than it has met with for the last century; and this would seem a fault peculiar to England; every third-rate German writer is sure to find encouragement in some one of the many princely courts of Germany. Even in the small kingdom of Denmark, talent has only to shew itself to be rewarded. One would be almost inclined to fancy that the very abundance of poetical and scientific talent amongst ourselves, had made it of less worth, by rendering it more common. Let us hope that a better time is coming, and that English bards, and English composers, will not be like Gideon's flock, and wear the only fleece that is dry, while the showers of royal bounty are falling upon all around them.



## TRAVELLING BY PROXY.

## THE WONDROUS PANORAMAS OF 1850.

I sit me down a pensive hour to spend ;  
 And, placed on high above the storm's career,  
 Look downward, where a hundred realms appear ;  
 Lakes, forests, cities, plains, extending wide,  
 The pomp of *Nile*, *Australia's* humbler pride.—*Goldsmith.*

If good Doctor Primrose could come amongst us again, what startling changes would be presented to his bewildered gaze, and in no one of these more so than in the adventures we may now in fancy achieve, and the migrations we may undergo without travelling a league from London stone. The meagre dole of description that in the vicar's time sufficed for travels made by fireside no longer content ; modern curiosity and inquiry exact something more vivid than written description of perils by forests or by flood, and of risks encountered in the deserts, or in stormy voyage over sea. We have now dioramas and panoramas without number, that render us familiar with the aspect of the countries and of the people of the farthest and most opposite ends of the earth,

“From Afric's burning clime  
 To Zembla's frozen zone.”

While the artistic aids by which amusement is so pleasingly blended with instruction fling illusion so around us, that, while viewing one of these panoramas passing before us, and listening to the explanatory comment by which all is illustrated, we may actually lose for a moment our identity, and believe that we ourselves form one of the group in the picture, and are enjoying the reality of travel and adventure, in all save the fatigue of the one, and the peril that at times forms the startling ingredient of the other.

One of the most remarkable of the exhibitions of the season is undoubtedly the DIORAMIC VIEWS OF AUSTRALIA, illustrative, as the programme sets forth, of convict and emigrant life, and as accuracy in the scenes depicted is the FACT of value in paintings of this sort, we may observe that the views are all taken from sketches made on the spot by Mr. J. Skinner Prout, whose graceful pencil is not less a guarantee for the picturesque than his accuracy of delineation is for truthful representation in the painting.

Just now the subject of emigration engrosses much of men's minds, and these views of Australian emigrant life attract, and deservedly so, crowds of visitors.

With a large portion of the community the question has ceased to be, "Shall" I emigrate, but "where" shall I emigrate; and this beautiful diorama requires but to be seen, and the extent of Australian resources to be known, to influence a decision on this important question probably in the minds of many.

The estimated measurement of Australia exceeds 3000 miles from east to west, and its area is supposed to contain three millions of square miles; land in extent, if under cultivation, sufficient almost to find food for the present population of the world. As yet but a mere insignificant spec of this stupendous continent is settled, or even explored; but should the tide of emigration towards it progress in the ratio it has advanced during the present half of the century, a mighty empire, and of our own people, will have sprung into existence almost in the brief span of time allotted to the pilgrimage of man.

The opening views of this exhibition illustrate convict life and labour, a subject though of vast import in itself, yet so little attractive to dwell upon, that we purpose despatching it with haste, as we touch upon it with reluctance. A point of coast scenery of Van Dieman's Land, called Cape Raoul and Cape Pillar, is the first tableau, and it is by the pleasing means of dissolving views that the scenes represented are depicted. These two capes are rugged headlands of basaltic formation, and present all the appearance of the ruins of some old tumble-down feudal fortress; a vessel is rounding these capes,—we will accompany her a few miles up the Derwent, and anchor off the port of Hobart Town. There is a fine view of this city, and the landing on the quay, under military guard, of the expiatory humar freight of a convict ship is pictured with mournful reality. The probationary labour of the convicts is exhibited: they are at work, felling trees, clearing lands, road-making, &c., and we see the log huts in which they are canteened or lodged at night. Next is the penal settlement at Port Arthur, where the worst and most dangerous of offenders are kept. There is a large church at this place, at which these men attend, all heavily fettered the while, strong military guards with fixed bayonets and loaded arms, keeping anxious and wary ward during the service.

Eagle Hawk's Neck, as represented in a view, shews one of the singular precautions had recourse to, to prevent convict escape: the neck is a narrow strip of land separating the Derwent from the ocean; sentries are placed along the shore, but in addition to this, there are in particular localities a number of huge ferocious mastiffs, each the inhabitant of a tub, like the cynic of Sinope; these are so chained that no two can touch each other, while the tether is so cunningly contrived that no human being can pass the brute cordon without tumbling into the jaws, and being torn piecemeal by one or the other. Fixed in the sand, by the side of the tubs, are long poles bearing lanthorns; these at night serve to warn the unwary of the dreaded locality. The colony was at one time much harassed by the depredations of the Bush rangers—a name given to those escaped convicts who fled to the bush, and having procured arms, lived by pillage; these happily no longer exist, they have either been destroyed or captured, or been compelled to surrender. One of the most striking, perhaps the most picturesque, of the views on the diorama is a basaltic gully and waterfall on the crest of a huge mountain—a group of bush-rangers are seen encamped, gipsey fashion,

round a fire; dead game is beside them, which they appear to be on the point of treating after the comfortable fashion of the swarthy Meg Merri-les, of Dorncleugh. Many tales of excesses are related of these feared desperadoes, while others again are painted as perfect chevaliers, Claude Duvals of the bush, who robbed with all the grace of the highwaymen of our old roads. Leaving Van Dieman's Land we start for the continent, touching *en route* at Norfolk Island—a very paradise—the Valley of Rasselas, with the reality of blue waves in place of fabled mountain thicket. Every luxury of life springs up spontaneously on this ocean spec—for it is but five miles in length—the grape, pomegranate, orange, guava, peach, fig, banana, melon, pine, Indian corn, and coffee, while European vegetables thrive most luxuriantly. The beautiful Norfolk Island pine, introduced into England of late years, is a native of this island. A handsome specimen is shewn to visitors at the Royal Gardens at Kew. The distance of Norfolk Island from the main is 1,500 miles; it serves as a penal settlement; its complete isolation by distance, and the minuteness of this fairy isle (the "ocean flower" it has been called) prevented its becoming settled in any other way. The orange groves have been all rooted up by order of a governor, whose heart is hardly to be envied, as this unnecessary destruction had for its motive the fear that the convicts on their way to or from their labour should pluck and eat the fruit.

Leaving Norfolk Island, our voyage is made in a few minutes, and we arrive at the magnificent city of Sydney by way of Port Jackson, and enter one of the grandest bays and most commodious harbours of the world. The last census gave the stationary population as sixty thousand souls, and this where but fifty years back there was not a single hut. The town is shewn from different points, and the principal street, George-street, is well depicted. Of the religious edifices most remarkable in Sydney is the splendid Catholic cathedral, of which we have an interior view; it is gorgeous in the extreme, the officiating priest and attendants are at the altar, and the group of worshippers are painted with admirable exactness; it seems real life. Vessels arriving at Sydney with sickness on board, are compelled to undergo quarantine; a moonlight sketch shews the roadstead where the vessels anchor, and the quarantine burial ground. Rude crosses, memorials of affection, mark the site of emigrant grave. Over one of these, the grave of the suicide, lingers a sad and romantic story.

Away into the interior, and deep into the "SCRUB," and all the phases of emigrant life passes in review before us; groups of adventurous settlers with their families, with cattle, waggons, and all the appliances of bush life, are seen striking boldly through the forest; no idlers, no laggards these, they are on the road to independence—on their way to new and pleasant homes. At a bivouac, on the blue mountains, you come up with one of these many pioneer groups; they are settling down for the night, the animals unyoked are grazing at large; the camp fires are in bright light, and the camp kettle on. Father, mother, children, all busy in bustling cheerful employ; the good wife is making "damper," a sort of improvised cake made in an instant, and suited to the rough and immediate exigence; it is composed of wheaten flour and water hastily mixed together, and made hot on a "girdle," placed over red-hot embers. In these halts—and sometimes they are for days together—the emigrants never think of other covering at night beyond the canvass of their wagon, and such is the genial character of the climate that the most delicate

women, even those who in the fulfilment of duties, have left warm homes and the luxuries of artificial life behind them, never feel ill effects from thus roughing it in the Australian bush.

In the course of the diorama groups of the poor and harmless aborigines are depicted, living in miserable bark huts, but always friendly to the settler; they are expert fishermen, and willingly barter the delicious fish of the lakes, and the prawns, for which these waters are famed, for damper, of which they seem inordinately fond, and to possess an appetite of a most alarming kind. The woods of Australia are alive with gay plumaged birds, the parrot and the paroquet, but no feathered songsters are as yet known to be natives of the forest. The last tableau represents a distant forest clearing, the emigrant has reached his new home and is settled,—probably he is hundreds of miles from a village, with but a neighbour family or two in his own vicinity; here he is, left to his own industrial resources, and these applied with zeal, secure to him and to his children real substantial independence; the land is his own; the cottage he has raised with his own hands; all around is the evidence of his own labour; he works for himself. What a vision for the working man! for the doomed English peasant, or the harshly tasked factory slave. The emigrant's day's work over, he returns to his pretty homestead, to wife and children, *he has won an independence for himself*; and when "Saturday night" comes round, the emigrant "cotter" finds himself surrounded by comforts, and sees around him the most beautiful of all pictures—happy smiling human faces. One of the London exhibitions, but different in character, introduces us to another description of emigrant adventure, as shewn in the pleasing panorama of FREMONT'S OVERLAND ROUTE TO OREGON AND CALIFORNIA. In this the scenes and adventures portrayed are of the wild and the wonderful. Encounters with grizzly bears and savage Indians, wolf hunts, and battles between the "snake and the sioux," whose scalping achievements, as seen in the panorama, almost make the blood run cold to look upon. Colonel Fremont carries us over the fearful wilds of the Sierra Nevada, the snowy range of mountains which those who make the overland route must traverse on their way from the States to the newly discovered Ophir and the diggings in California. The personal adventures of Colonel Fremont would fill a volume, and he has the merit of being the first civilized man who penetrated to the districts he did, across routes before untrodden and deemed impracticable. The contribution to geographical science has been on all hands acknowledged, and independent of various honorary testimonials that awaited Colonel Fremont on the successful issue of enterprize (a geographical survey for the United States government), and return to his own country, the Geographical Society of England have, through Sir Roderick Murchison, communicated the intention of that body to confer upon this intrepid explorer the society's gold medal, a mark of distinguished consideration.

It would be impracticable to do more than glance at one or two of the features of interest in this exhibition. One of the foremost, however, will doubtless be considered a view of the great salt lake and MORMON CITY, where these extraordinary enthusiasts have fixed their principal seat of government and residence. They appear to be a very industrious people, to labour diligently, and consequently the land around their city is in a high state of cultivation. They raise a large surplus stock of

provisions, and traffic in their abundance with the adventurers, continually pushing onwards towards the Californian mines. Last winter no fewer than nine thousand emigrants waited and passed the cold season here, being too late to cross the snowy mountains.

We have views of several of the stations of the Hudson Bay Company, in particular of Fort Vancouver, and see the mode of barter with the Indians, and their coming in with their furs to dispose of. Of late years occasional accounts have reached us of the existence of vast ruins far away in the interior of the vast Mexican possession. Colonel Fremont's enterprise and enquiry have brought to light two of these localities, one of which is seen in the panorama, "the ruins of the Aztec." The buildings are composed of sunburnt bricks, in large masses; the ruins themselves occupy some seven miles in extent, but no light has hitherto been thrown upon the date of their erection, or to what nation this fallen city belonged, and the Indians have no traditions upon the subject. Excavation at a future period may possibly supply data to the enquirer.

The scenes at the Californian diggings give us a vivid idea of the eager pursuit of the gold diggers, but not a favourable insight into the habits of the adventurers themselves—drinking and the gaming table, varied by occasional playful interludes with bowie-knives or revolvers, seeming to be the only relaxation they permit themselves from their otherwise engrossing toil. Gold is found in the sand, in the rivers, in the mountains' streams, and in the rock itself; and if it be really as abundant as travellers' tales relate, streets paved with gold may, after all, cease to be the school-boy's vision, and become reality in the cities that will arise in the vast valley of the Sacramento.

A romantic episode on Colonel Fremont's adventures is well depicted. The departure of Mrs. Fremont and her daughter in search of her husband, who not having been heard of for twelve months, she had the courage to set off in the hope of finding, and attended only by a party of wild Indian guides. Mrs. Fremont's devotedness was repaid, and after many perils, and traversing the mountain and the prairies thus accompanied, she reached the city of San Francisco, and found her husband. The view of Mrs. Fremont and her daughter, with their savage but trusty allies, winding through a rocky gorge of the mountain, is the apt and concluding painting of the panorama.

We have thus far described two of the exhibitions, both illustrating the scenery of new continents, of lands until but yesterday untrodden by civilized man. From these new lands and new nations, we purpose taking a glimpse at a country and the earliest people, and the ruins of an empire, one of the oldest and most deeply interesting in its vicissitudes of any on the known globe. EGYPT was the land visited by Abraham in search of food, when there was a famine in his own country;—the land to which Joseph was carried as a slave, and which he governed as prime minister. From Egypt, Moses led the Israelites through the waters of the Red Sea. Under the shadow of the pyramids Jeremiah wrote his Lamentations. Here Solon, Pythagoras, and Plato came to study. Here Alexander the Great came as a conqueror; and here the infant SAVIOUR was brought to avoid the persecution of Herod. Egyptian hieroglyphics, in which the characters are taken from visible objects, are the earliest forms of writing; and the Hebrew and Greek alphabets were both borrowed from them. Egypt taught the world the use of paper—made from its rush the papyrus. In

Egypt was made the first public library, and the first college of learned men, namely, the Alexandrian Museum. Here Euclid wrote his elements of geometry, and Theocritus his poems, and Lucian his dialogues. The beauty of Cleopatra, the last Egyptian Queen, held Julius Cæsar, and then Marc Anthony, captive. In Egypt were built the first monasteries; the Christian fathers Origen and Athanasius lived there; the Arian and Athanasian controversies began in the land of the Pharaohs.

The buildings which now remain are the oldest in the world, and the largest in the world. On the banks of its great river may be seen the oldest arch, the oldest statue, the oldest column. Up this noble river sailed Herodotus, the most entertaining of travellers, and Strabo, the most judicious. And by a visit to the PANORAMIC PICTURE OF THE NILE, we are brought as it were into personal contact with every feature of interest on both sides of that ancient river. Upon the withdrawal of the curtain, a view of the banks of the river, and the ceremonies of the late Pasha's court, on the eve of a great national festival, forms a pleasing picture.

Mehemet Ali is seated in divan, surrounded by his councillors, his high officers of state, and his children, and to the plaintive music of the barcarolle of the Nile boatman, we commence the voyage up the Nile.

The great pyramids, El Gizeh, appears on the horizon, and we soon after arrive at the ruins of Memphis, called in the sacred writings Moph or Noph, now a mere mass of indistinct masonry and broken statues, the date tree and rank vegetation cover the wreck of the great but doomed city.

"Thus saith the Lord God: I will destroy the idols, and I will cause their images to cease out of Noph; and there shall be no more a prince of the land of Egypt."—Ezekiel xxx. 13.

Girgeh, formerly the capital of Upper Egypt, is shewn in the Panorama, its inhabitants are nearly all Christians, and from its name, that of the Patron Saint of England in the Arabic tongue, it has been surmised to be of Christian origin. The Coptic Church is dedicated to St. George. Three hours distance from this is the great temple of Rameses II., it is buried to its roof in the sand; the name of the place is This, or Abydos, and it was from here that the table in the British Museum was brought, containing the names of the Kings of Egypt, predecessors of Rameses II. As the pictures move on we come to the "Sitting Statues," those Colossi of the plain; one of these is the famed vocal statue of Memmon; it was considered by visitors and foreigners in the time of Strabo to be one of the most remarkable curiosities in Egypt; and on the instep of the left foot is an inscription (in Greek) recording the visit of the Empress Sabrina, the wife of Hadrian.

The temples and palaces of Medinet Harbou, are interesting also, as being surrounded by the ruins of houses once inhabited by Christians. The Greek cross is met with engraved upon many buildings; amongst the most ancient of these edifices is one bearing the name of Tirhakah, or Thearchon, the Ethiopian monarch mentioned in the Book of Kings, ii. 19; Isaiah, xx. 4—6.

At Bab El Kalabshee are some sculptures on the exterior of a rock temple, recording the conquests of Rameses II. Everything pertaining to this great King is above all interesting to the reader of Holy Writ, as he is the Pharaoh supposed to have perished in his pursuit of the Israelites in the Red Sea. One part of the inscription here is a space

occupied by a procession of tribute-bearers, and the ceremony of the investiture of the Governor of the newly acquired territories with the robe of fine linen and gold chain. This suggests to the observer the same circumstance in the history of Joseph, when he is put in high authority by Pharaoh:—

“And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, See I have set thee over all the land of Egypt.

“And Pharaoh took off his ring from his hand, and put it upon Joseph's hand, and arrayed him in vestures of fine linen, and put a gold chain about his neck.”—Genesis xli. 41, 42.

A temple at Koum Ombos has a remarkable peculiarity about it. It has two entrances leading to two distinct shrines, one dedicated to Aroeris, the hawk-headed divinity, the other to Savak, the crocodile-headed god of this particular district. The Ombites were opposed to the Tentyrites respecting the worship of the crocodile; and, according to Juvenal, a deadly hatred existed between the inhabitants of the two homes. The prophet Isaiah, xix, 2, on the confusion of Egypt, has—

“And I will set the Egyptians against the Egyptians, and they shall fight every one against his brother, and every one against his neighbour, city against city, and kingdom against kingdom.”

The last notice we reserve for a ruined town on the river bank, claiming more than ordinary attention, for it is traditionally held by the Eastern Christians to have been the spot where the early years of the SAVIOUR were passed, where MARY plied her distaff, and where Joseph laboured with his adze; the Coptic Christians hold these ruins in profoundest reverence, desire to be buried amongst them, and thousands, and tens of thousands of Christians' graves are crowded round its precincts, and attest the sanctity of its site.

The whole scenery of the panorama is of the grandest and most gorgeous description. Everything is invested with the deepest interest, and inspires both wonder and awe. We are carried back, as it were, to ages most remote, amongst people and races who have vanished from the earth, and left no trace of language—amongst dynasties that ran their course, whose very names have passed away, and are no longer remembered as having been, to a period coeval with earliest BIBLE record, to times that refer us to expeditions prior to Jason and the Argonauts. To martial adventure long before Achilles and Troy. To an ethical system that preceded Thales and Pythagoras. To a muse vocal before Orpheus and Hesiod. We are reminded of Judges who flourished before Consuls and Archons; of the feasts and gatherings that rejoiced the tribes when the Nemean games had no existence; and of Sabbaths and jubilees, when neither Olympiad nor Lustrum divided the Calender. We traverse the sites of mighty cities, of a stupendous empire, now desolate or in ruins, every stone of which presents an evidence of the fulfilment of prophecy, and authenticates the records of Holy Writ—of the BIBLE—of the wondrous TOMÉ that embodies the prophetic wish of the Athenian sage, for it scatters that darkness which covers our souls, and tells us to distinguish good from evil—for, like Nineveh, out of its wreck and rubbish of three thousand years, that has yielded up her ruins, so the VALLEY OF THE NILE has now uncovered its hieroglyphics to confirm and illustrate its claims, and to prove and to glorify the oracles of the Hebrew race.

THE VIEWS OF THE ARCTIC REGIONS, painted by Mr. Burford, could

not have been thrown open to public view at a more appropriate time, when so much interest is attached by all in England to the possible fate of Sir John Franklin, and his missing crews, who for five long years (if they still survive) have been locked in the frosts of the Arctic circle; nor is it amongst Englishmen, or in England, that anxiety is alone felt, or sympathy manifested as to the fate of these heroes of the Arctic Seas; Russia is pushing discovery to the utmost, in the noble hope of aiding our countrymen, while an expedition, the result of spontaneous private subscription has already sailed from our gallant friends of America in search of the coast explorers. Mr. Burford's views then of the Arctic Regions are opened at a most appropriate and favourable moment for conveying to the curious, and to those whose hopes and fears alternate as to the fate of long absent friends, some idea of the inhospitable regions where they were bound, and where the expeditions now on the way in search of them, yet indulge in a hope, though an anxious one, to discover Sir John Franklin and the crews of the "Erebus" and "Terror."

The present Panorama has been divided into two distinct subjects, the one representing the "Enterprise" and "Investigator" ice-bound, and fast in the bergs, at noon day, under all the severities of an Arctic winter, an appalling picture to contemplate. The other picture gives a summer view; a midnight scene, amidst the breaking up of the ice, bergs and glaciers, water and distant headlands, ships and men, with all the extraordinary appearance of objects as seen under the peculiar lurid glare, and pale mellow light of the Aurora Borealis. The hardy crews of the vessels are in boats preparing to tow the ships through the openings of the ice. "Desolation here reigns triumphant; all is in wild disorder. The sea piled into solid mountains of ice, strangely mingles its white pinnacles with the dark and frowning summits of rock that here and there raise to an immense height, and the earth, buried beneath its cumbrous load of frozen waters, blends its dreary shores, undistinguishable by any boundaries with the bleak deserts of the ocean; all seems one continued and vast pack of ice in close array—a sublimely picturesque scene, of which there exists no parallel. Towering ice-bergs of gigantic size and the most fantastic shapes; immense hummocks; huge masses of ice formed by pressure, columns, pyramids, and an endless multitude of singular forms, heaped together in the wildest disorder, threatening each moment as they are driven in mighty strife by the wind or tide, to crush the ships to atoms. In some parts, huge stalactites are gracefully pendant from the larger masses; others present sparry crystals and brilliant icicles, exhibiting a thousand nameless effects of light and shade, arising from proximity or distance, the prominent surfaces being tinged with vivid emerald and violet tints, whilst in clefts, crevices, and deep recesses, lurk shades of the most intense blue, strikingly contrasting with the alabaster-like fabrics by which they are surrounded. While in the summer scenery of the panorama, you are introduced amongst a party engaged in the exciting, but somewhat perilous sport of bear hunting. A winter sport is also given, almost the solitary one that can at that period be indulged in, namely, trapping the white fox, an animal that is found in abundance, though what these can find to live upon, is a mystery, although we learn that white mice (also in great numbers) form the staple delicacy of Reynard's larder, but then what in the names of Arctic wonders, do the white mice themselves subsist upon? This is a puzzle. A few aquatic birds visit these regions during the mild



season, and then wing their way southward ; ducks, too, are occasionally taken—but the visitor (until he receives the explanation) will doubtless be much astonished at a

#### CROW'S NEST.

which is pointed out to his observation,—a rookery, or a row of forest trees not exactly being one of the small matters we would expect to find where for three months out of the year the sun is never seen, and the thermometer occasionally falls as low as 40°, 50°, and occasionally to 60° minus. However, the "Crow's Nest" shewn in the picture, is the name given to a snug observatory, which is much in use amongst the northern whale fishers, and is said to have been invented by the elder Captain Scoresby to watch the motions of the fish. It consists of an open barrel, fixed to the maintop-gallant mast-head, in the bottom of which is a trap-door, approached by a ladder of ropes, with wooden bars for steps, instead of ratlins. It forms a safe look-out in all weathers, leaving the hands at liberty. Around the room are arranged some curious furs, an Esquimaux dress, and other minor matters of attraction, together with a likeness of Sir John Franklin, himself, who, with his companions in peril we trust, a Protecting Power may have shielded on the "deep waters," and that they may all be restored to home and country, in health and honour, after having seen and experienced so much of the "wonders of the Lord."

Both the views of the Arctic regions form striking and romantic scenes, the awful grandeur and sublimity of which cannot be contemplated without intense interest and enthusiastic admiration.

G. C. H.

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### PERMANENCE OF ENGLISH SOCIETY.

THERE are in the progress of great nations many marvellous things, to bewilder the vulgar and interest philosophers ; and the history of our own islands affords the latter class matter for deep thoughts upon the past, and anxious speculation about the future, in at least as great a degree as that of any other of the nations which now fill this busy world. Above all, "our glorious constitution" is, in its progress and the perfection to which it has been brought, one of the most interesting studies we can place before our mental vision.

It has been so long a theme for school boys and a cant for politicians, that the very mention of it, coupled as it usually is with that *glorifying* epithet, forces a smile from us ; not to laugh, would be now-a-days a sure mark of silly narrowmindedness. And yet, however, the outward countenance may change, in our secret soul we love and prize our constitution, that nondescript possession, the precise form and boundaries whereof no two of our statesmen would describe alike. How far some particular political measure would infringe upon it, or how far on the contrary it would tend to further the development of its true spirit, Whig and Tory never have, and never will, agree ; but the secret principle which pervades it, which first created, and still preserves it, finds an echo in all our hearts. Loyalty to the Sovereign, honor to the great, liberty to the

humble, that is the true British constitution : and those who mistake the outward form for the whole reality, will surely in time discover how vital has been their error !

Hence it is that a system of government praised and admired throughout Europe since the days of Montesquieu, and perpetually " altered and adapted " as our modern inventors say, ever since the revolution of 1789 shook the autocratic powers of the continent on their apparently secure thrones, has hitherto in the United States alone been so well imitated as to work permanently well. There, indeed, its form has been much changed in some respects, but from the success which has attended the formation of the Senate, it is probable that such a body elected for life, which would have approached very near to our House of Lords, would, if Washington had established it, have preserved its powers and influence unimpaired (and perhaps increased), to the present time, and would probably have much improved the tone of public morals and politics at the other side of the Atlantic, where both have been injured by the exclusive worship of Mammon and Mob. But although the Americans, emigrants from England, have preserved much of the spirit of England in both their political and their legal institutions, the other nations which have borrowed from us their constitutions, have seen these apparently well proportioned fabrics fall to pieces with unsound rapidity, whilst the model edifice has braved, and still with gallantry faces the most terrific storms which have assailed society and government since the days of the Huns and the Vandals !

Wherefore this singular contrast ? The causes are more than one—but one only will we attempt, in this necessarily brief paper, to consider.

From De Lolme, and such writers, the world of foreign statesmen had formed their ideas of the English system of government. They saw and studied the forms of constitutional action here ; the privileges and powers which the laws, *totidem verbis*, gave to each rank and body in the state were well known to them ; and all these they carefully transplanted to their own countries, changed only in some small, and most probably judicious, manner. But the spirit which animates the whole they could themselves hardly discover or appreciate, and it would certainly take some generations before it could pervade the society of any continental state as it does that of our happy land. The equality of powers, for instance, in King, Lords, and Commons, has struck most of the foreign observers as the mysterious principle which made the whole wonderful system work with smoothness. But we, who know our own history, cannot point to a single chapter in it when this theoretical equality really existed. The generation who are now just leaving the busy stage of life well remember each of these three powers able to outweigh the other two. The Peerage, when the Whig aristocracy, headed by what were known as the " revolution families," ruled the Sovereign as well as the state ; the Crown, when the firmness and youthful daring of William Pitt enabled George III. to conquer this potent oligarchy ; the Commons since the Reform Bill has upset the system then established by Pitt ; each of these orders of the state has in its turn enjoyed the lion's share of political influence. But as in married life it is practically impossible for husband and wife to possess precisely equal power, and yet that household is wisely managed where in their separate spheres each consort is independent of and respected by the other ; so, in the changeful progress of English political society, a prudent and salutary

moderation has caused the more powerful always to respect the rights of the weaker class, the majority not really to desire the oppression of the minority. This is clearly exemplified by the course of that most virulent and bitter of all our struggles, the great civil war; where the members of the abolished peerage were still permitted to use their no longer legal titles, and where the warmest of the Royalists were, when conquered, allowed to compound for their estates, whilst rights acquired under the Commonwealth were also whenever practicable respected at the restoration. In all these respects the reader will doubtless remark how different was the policy pursued by the French in 1792.

It is this regard for law and liberty, still powerful even when the advantage resulting from it is to belong to our enemies, that, like the unwritten common law in our system of jurisprudence, gives tone and consistency to our ever varying constitution. Hence arises the permanence of English society, a society based upon institutions of which many have descended to us from our Saxon progenitors, preserving their health and vigour in the rural villages where the conquered race dwelt, until the veneration in which the populace held them recommended them to the notice of the Norman nobility, under whose protection they gradually expanded, until they were so thoroughly engrafted upon the English mind that the disregard shewn to them by the Stuarts finally caused the ruin of that dynasty. Hence arises also the permanence of the classes by whom these institutions are carried into the active business of life. Count them all, the Noble, the Knight of the Shire, the Squire, the Merchant adventurer, the Burgess, the Yeoman, and the Freeholder; look round, and you will see them all about you, wearing Mr. Nicoll's registered paletot and Mr. Manchester's fustian jacket instead of the coat of mail, the velvet cloak, or the doublet of stout buff leather, but still thriving in the same positions, still performing the same duties and claiming the same rights as many of them did in the reign of Edward the Confessor, and all of them under the Plantagenets, the Tudors, and the Stuarts.

How different is this from the position of the several classes in the rest of Europe! We find in every continental state mighty sections of society who are hostile, and not only hostile, but active, open, and violent in their hatred, to the existing state of things. In Russia, the nobility are daily earning, by secret but betrayed conspiracies, exile to Siberia, that death among living lands; in France, the artizans have almost succeeded in overthrowing the whole system of society; in Spain it is the half educated clergy, in Germany the over educated students that must be kept by force obedient to the state; whilst here, although dissatisfaction often exists, and shews itself by that grumbling for which John Bull is celebrated, when it bursts forth into action it uniformly takes the form of a legal endeavour to abolish the cause of complaint with as little injury to others as possible. The truth is, that where the law has placed an Englishman in any particular position, he is satisfied with it in so far, that he will only strive to better it with the law and according to the law. And often he will not care to better it even thus. How numerous are the instances of generation after generation filling, each with perfect contentment, the place occupied by that which had just departed! No one in this right-thinking land is surprised that persons filling the high stations occupied, for instances, by the Countess of Jersey or Miss Burdett Coutts, should still continue connected with the celebrated banks that bear their

names, and of which one (Child and Co.) was among the first firms in London when William III. was King. No one is puzzled that Smith, Payne, and Co., should figure in Lord Carington's, or Drummond and Co. in Lord Strathallan's pedigree. No one speculates upon the speedy dissolution of the great house of Barrington and Co., because one of its heads is a peer, and another a cabinet minister. Those several persons have attained, by themselves or their fathers and grandfathers, to the highest position in the commercial world, and English feelings, perhaps English prejudices, expect them to feel proud of what their defunct ancestors have achieved.

Something of a similar kind is observable, as we before remarked, with all classes in this ever moving, but slowly moving country. Arundel Castle has been forfeited, a dozen of its owners have lost their heads, the religion they professed has been proscribed, their Earl Marshalship has been taken from them; yet, somehow or other, proud Arundel still owns for lord the heir of Queen Adeliza, the representative of Thomas of Brotherton is still Earl Marshal, the chief of the noble Howards is a Catholic still, and we earnestly hope we may safely add, that his Grace's head is quite safe from the axe. So amongst the gentry, Towneley still keeps house at Towneley, Shuckburgh at Shuckburgh, Dundas at Dundas; whilst in every English county is to be found the independent yeoman, who tills the farm, perhaps his own estate, which his ancestor left to follow Charles to Marston moor, or Henry to Bosworth field. The patrimony may not be increased, it has perhaps not diminished; the same number of acres support a family with the same blood, and bearing the same worthy name, in a style which bears perhaps a similar proportion to that of the neighbouring Peer or labourer as it did to that of the *Tenant in capite* and the villein in the days of Magna Charta.

All this is well known to those of our readers who reside in such counties as Northumberland in the north, Warwick in the midland district, Kent in the south—but to our citizen friends, and to those whose residence in Ireland has made them but too familiar with sweeping and permanent forfeitures, and constant changes in names and properties, an example would be interesting, and we shall seek for one. Not, however, among the yeoman class, though perhaps it would be there more interesting than in any other; but it would be necessarily impossible for the reader to test the accuracy of our description of such a family, unless he were, indeed, personally acquainted with the county where they flourished and flourish yet. Nor, if on the other hand, we sought it among the nobility, would it quite answer our purpose. The nobles of foreign lands were for many ages so protected by privileges, they so completely monopolized many of the paths to official wealth, and their patrimonies were so often enlarged by an unjust exemption from taxes borne by the untitled, that they have very generally preserved their estates as completely as has our own less privileged peerage. But our Commoners, who are not more favored by our laws than the humblest of their retainers, will furnish abundance of instances to answer our purpose.

Let us look over the list of Baronets. Go to your study or drawing room table, and do as we did; take up the ponderous and well filled volume with the crimson cover, so well known to the genealogical student, and throw it open. We did so, and the volume opened at "Knightley." Knightley of Fawsley, no bad name either! The *Times*

held it up last year as a true specimen of the old English squirearchy, and it may suit our purpose as well as another. So we looked over the pedigree there given, and as Baker's unfinished work upon Northamptonshire lay temptingly upon the library shelf near us, we pressed it into the service too, and tried what would be the result of comparing the position of the present head of that family with that of his predecessor four centuries ago. The comparison fully accorded with our previously adopted theory. There we found the present popular and worthy baronet representing in parliament in the year of grace 1850, that same shire for which his ancestor, Richard Knightley, Esq., was M.P. in 1420. The brilliant and victorious years that closed the reign of Henry V., the clouded and turbulent ones which soon followed when the infant hand of Henry VI. held the sceptre, the strict and well ordered reign of Elizabeth, the pedantic one of James I., each saw a Knightley answering for Northamptonshire in the great council of the realm. Richard Knightley sat for the same place in the parliament which first beheld the unfortunate Charles seated upon his trembling throne; whilst that gentleman's uncle and first cousin, both bearing the same Christian name, were successively knights of that shire during the fierce contests which attended the establishment of the Commonwealth. The latter had married the daughter of John Hampden, and adopted with warmth the political views of that celebrated man. Fawsley became a place of concealment for many of the earlier republicans, before the Parliamentarians had become sufficiently powerful to avow their principles. Here John Ap Henry, the Martin Marprelate of history, printed from a private press his violent and greedily perused attacks upon episcopacy, and the crown which supported it. Here Hampden, Pym, Lord Saye and Sele, and Mr. St. John met to concert, in council of war, their next moves in the war they were commencing against their King. The Earls of Bedford, Warwick, Essex, and Holland, Mr. Fiernes and Mr. Vane, joined at a subsequent period this republican council at Fawsley (*vide* Nugent's Hampden, *quoted in the History of Banbury*). Sir Richard Knightley, when the appeal to arms came, bore a very prominent part in the sieges and skirmishes which took place in his neighbourhood; and he would assuredly have lost his head at the Restoration, had Charles been an Austrian or a Russian. But he had to deal with a merry monarch, and the son-in-law of Hampden was created a K.B. at the coronation of that king, whose return to England, we must in fairness add, he had done much to assist. During the reigns of James II., William III., Anne, and the first George, his descendants do not appear to have sought the honor to which they had an almost hereditary claim; whether the perils and critical times which their family had encountered had given them a cautious unwillingness to meddle in politics as long as the succession was unsettled, or whether a feeling of gratitude to the Stuarts forbade their serving under a rival dynasty, we cannot tell. But soon after the unsuccessful termination of the rebellion of 1745 proved clearly that the rule of the house of Hanover was the only one possible in England, Knightley again appears on the rolls of parliament as M.P. for the county of Northampton. George II., George III., and George IV., our late excellent monarch, William IV., and our present most gracious Queen, whom God long preserve, have all been served by Parliaments in which the same name fills the same place, and so we hope it may continue to be, to the days of our children's children.

The reader will acknowledge that we have placed before him no bad example of what we sought, a family unprotected by privileges, and yet preserving for centuries the same exact position in the shire where it first cast root. During all the period of which we have been treating, the patrimony of this family, we may add, has been equally ample, the alliances equally noble; the fine old mansion of Fawsley has been their constant residence, and the splendid old hall for which it is remarkable is still adorned with painted glass which was first placed there to commemorate the marriage of its lord with the daughter of the Lord Protector Somerset, niece to the Queen of Henry VIII. A subsequent alliance gives the present Baronet a claim to the ancient Barony of Fitzwarine; but he is understood to be so imbued with that true English feeling which we have been illustrating, as to feel no wish that the time honoured name he bears should be concealed under even so ancient a title as that to which he is coheir. Before taking leave of him and his family, we will mention as a further example of how constantly they have supported the same station, that we find their names as High Sheriffs of the county of Northampton, under Edward IV. in 1475, Henry VII. in 1486 and 1507, Henry VIII. in 1510, Philip and Mary in 1553, Elizabeth in 1567 and 1580, Charles I. in 1628, William III. in 1699, Anne in 1712, George I. in 1721, George II. in 1743, and George III. in 1770, 1795 and 1817.

The careful genealogist, or even the *debutant* or *debutante*, with no further help than the "Peerage and Landed Gentry," will easily find numerous instances, more or less eminent for antiquity and position, of this permanence, as we have termed it, of position in our English commoners, a class whose pedigrees often shew descents unequalled by many of the noblest houses on the Continent. "Une fois noble, toujours noble!" is the maxim there; and all the younger branches take a title, which they transfer to their descendants. Such is not the case with us, and hence our list of commoners include such names as Ferrers of Baddesley-Clinton, O'Brien of Dromoland, Campbell of Dunstafnage, Beaumont of Stoughton Grange; all of whom would have been titled members of the "vielle noblesse" in France under the old regime, and would be so in Germany at present. It is from still finding them among its well filled ranks, that our squirearchy feels so much just pride, and is so imbued with a hearty spirit of self reliance, neither of which would probably exist in the smallest degree, if every family of antiquity or distinction was drafted out of it, to be added to an already sufficiently numerous and powerful nobility.

The village church, sheltering the feudal monuments which were the admiration of the parishioners since the mailed crusaders were first placed beneath them; the aged tree, whose branches have yielded before the successive attacks of two hundred winters, but round whose hollowed trunk the antique and mouldering seat still tempts the village maidens; the privileged forest, a memorial of olden times, standing in the centre of the cultivation of more money-loving days; the open common, the old established footpath; the parish charities and the manorial rights, both descended from the time when the roses of York and Lancaster united; these are but a few of those accidents which similarly attest "the permanence of English society!"

## THE OPERA AND THE FRENCH DRAMA.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**—The lyric drama at this theatre is at present in great force. There probably never was before congregated there, at the same time, so large an assembly of eminent vocalists. A few weeks ago this superb temple of music had on its roll the names of Sontag, Parodi, Catherine Hayes, Calzolari, Coletti, Belletti, Sims Reeves, and Lablache. These all remain, and to them have been added the names of three new and successful performers—Frezzolini, Ida Bertrand, and Beucardé. Of those already known, what more can be said than that they continue as excellent and as admired as ever? Signora Frezzolini is a valuable acquisition. Her fine voice and her exquisite pathos have irresistible charm. Signora Ida Bertrand supplies with grace and efficiency the absence of Albani; the loss of the moving tones of Gardoni is scarcely felt as one hangs with delight upon the insinuating melody of Beucardé's beautiful voice. With more natural vigour and compass, Beucardé has in his singing much of that sweetness which was so peculiarly the characteristic of Gardoni. Beucardé displays force and animation in his acting, and altogether he may be looked upon as one of the most successful tenors of modern years. The ballet has emerged with increased brilliancy from the cloud that hung over it. Three dancers—Carlotta Grisi, Ferraris, and Marie Taglioni—have combined, with incomparable skill, to give the ballet all its attractions again. Their impersonation of the Graces recalls the lines of the poet:—

“ Last came Joy's ecstatic trial,  
 He, with viny crown advancing,  
 First to the lively pipe his hand addressed,  
 But soon he saw the brisk-awakening viol,  
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best!  
 They would have thought, who heard the strain,  
 They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,  
 Amidst the festal sounding shades,  
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing.”

To describe the elastic vigour of Grisi, the grace of Taglioni, or the magic bounding of Ferraris is scarcely within the scope of written detail. Their art must not be told of, but be witnessed; their fascination is too ethereal for prosaic report; its influence must be felt and yielded to. Suffice it here to insist that Her Majesty's Theatre, both in opera and ballet, fully deserves the extensive and exalted patronage now bestowed upon it.

**THE ST. JAMES'S FRENCH THEATRE.**—This aristocratic arena of dramatic art in its perfection is as popular, if not more so, than ever. What charming performances are those of Mlle. Nathalie and Regnier;

to what an admirable school of comedy do they belong! No wonder that such acting as theirs inspires author after author to write for the stage. Their master skill embodying to the life the conceptions of the writer, fertilizes his brain, and multiplies the production of his genius. The Theatre Français—away with its republican alias, "Theatre de la Nation!"—the Theatre Français, as we would call it, for the name carries with it glorious associations, is a model to the world; the St. James's Theatre deserves the utmost encouragement in giving us such reproductions of an exquisite art. This will go far to revive the true dramatic taste amongst us, to drive away vulgarity and buffoonery, and to bring back that real wit which has the sparkling and the purity of the diamond, and which causes, to use an untranslatable French expression, "le rire de l'esprit." One of the comedies lately represented at the St. James's Theatre is a gem in its way. It is called *Gabrielle*, and its intent fully accords with our own notions of those finer feelings and ideas which French literature still really possesses, despite the vile rapsodies of irreligious immorality which the Eugène Sue class of writers pour upon the public. M. Emile Augier, a rising dramatist, is the author of *Gabrielle*; for the following lucid account of it we are indebted to contemporary criticism.

The intention of *Gabrielle* is an entirely moral one. In the present condition of French literature, dramatic or otherwise, such an announcement is likely to be met with some degree of surprise, and when it is added that the author has actually undertaken to inculcate fidelity to the marriage vows, and even to throw discredit upon the poetry and romance of their violation, surprise will probably merge into doubt. Yet such is the fact, the tendency of *Gabrielle* is to divest the wife who abandons her duty and intrepidly launches upon the troubled tide of illicit love of all the romantic charms to which she had acquired a prescriptive right in the eyes of French novel readers and playgoers, while, at the same time, an attempt is made to endow with poetical attributes the monotonous calm of conjugal rectitude. But for the intrinsic literary merits which the comedy possesses, one might venture to attribute its success to the sheer novelty of such a scheme. As we understand, however, the innovation has not passed unreprieved by the critics, one of whom raised his voice in indignation that M. Augier should have attempted the vindication of such an antiquated institution as marriage in the old-fashioned sense of the word!!!

The materials of which the five acts of *Gabrielle* are made up are extremely simple, and only in a French comedy, and that in verse, could they be made to occupy a canvass of the same extent. *Gabrielle* is a young wife whose aspirations soar above the commonplace humdrum existence into which, after six or seven years of marriage, she finds herself sunk. The conversation of her husband, when he deigns to honour her with it, is no longer of love, but turns upon sordid considerations of lucre and worldly advancement. Her poetical soul thirsts for a purer and more ethereal atmosphere. The husband fortunately has a young friend who possesses all the necessary qualifications to become her liberator from the bondage under which she lingers. He has at once seen the important part he is called upon to play, and has chivalrously accepted it by making a respectful declaration of his unextinguishable passion. Such is the state of things when the comedy commences. To these personages are added another married couple, the uncle and aunt of Julien, the cold-



blooded husband. By means of these, Gabrielle is to be saved from the abyss over which she is bending. The aunt discovers at a glance her niece's secret, and expatiates on the perils which threaten her, backing her exhortations by adducing her own sad experience. She had sinned and been pardoned, but has to endure the eternal suspicions of her husband. On the other hand, Julien is led to the discovery of his position by the uncle, who suspects his wife to be on too familiar terms with the lover of Gabrielle, and proposes that they should listen to a conversation between their wives. The result is that Julien is enlightened as to the calamity which threatens his domestic peace. Believing both his wife and his friend to be really estimable at heart, and the victims of thoughtlessness and folly, he determines on a course by which he hopes to recall both to a sense of duty. Towards the lover he redoubles his demonstrations of friendship, and confides to him that he is pained to perceive his wife's affection for him appears to have cooled. The young man is touched with remorse at the treacherous part he would be playing were he to continue in the same course under his friend's roof, but, instead of abandoning the object of his passion, determines to fly with her.

Meanwhile the husband has left the house under the pretext of a journey, and during his absence Gabrielle has consented to leave her husband. He returns unexpectedly, and finds the lovers together. Still persisting in his scheme of working on the better motives of the young man, he announces that he has obtained for him a post. But the offer is refused, and an explanation ensues, in which the lover states his case, though, of course, without naming the object of his attachment, thus informing the husband of the flight the lovers had resolved on. Julien then, as though a disinterested adviser, combats his project, and addressing both his wife and the man for whom she had consented to leave him, draws an eloquent picture of the misery which ever awaits such an act as that which they contemplate, and contrasts it with a purer and more solid felicity of a legitimate union. The wife is brought back to her senses, her poetical dreams vanish before the stern reality so impressively brought before her, and when he leaves them enjoining her to add her voice to his in dissuading the young man from his purpose, she calls upon him to leave her for ever, and is obeyed. A scene of contrition and reconciliation ensues, upon which the curtain falls.

As will be seen from this sketch of the march of the story, there is afforded a field for telling writing. Of this the author has availed himself to the full, and has shewn a remarkable faculty of producing with simplicity of diction the effects of brilliant eloquence. The verse throughout is easy and natural, and in the comic portions there is a graceful homeliness in the epigrammatic turns which renders them extremely fresh and racy.

The acting of Regnier and Madlle. Nathalie, the original performers of Gabrielle and Julien, is throughout perfect, and in the latter scenes powerfully dramatic.

Lafont ever the same exquisite comedian, is now also at the St. James's Theatre, and a rich treat may be looked for on his re-appearance in most of his favourite characters, which are of unceasing amusement and attraction.

We may be thought too earnest in our praise of the Opera and the French Theatre, but we leave it to those who frequent and understand

them both whether we are not right. We should feel still more gratified could we give an equally satisfactory account of the English stage, but since we cannot, we had better say nothing. Indeed, but for an article, not our own, which found its way last month into this Magazine, our silence on English theatres should have remained unbroken until some new life and energy had been infused into them. Nor is such a consummation to be despaired of. Let but an English manager lay aside all intentions of partial or selfish administration, let him be resolute against puffery and the pretensions of those whom puffery alone sustains; let him give place and opportunity to talent and talent alone, and then, but not till then, will the English stage have the sterling support of those higher and educated classes who can distinguish humour from coarseness, and wit from buffoonery. It is natural enough under present circumstances, that the more refined portion of London society should seek for musical and dramatic entertainment at the Opera and the French theatre almost exclusively.

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## MY COUSIN'S STORY.\*

### THE MURDERED HEIR.

BY ROBERT BIGSBY, L.L.D.

"The play's the thing,  
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King."

*Hamlet.*

SIR Walter Longueville, of East-Oldingham, in the county of S——, was the representative of an old equestrian family of the same name, which had been seated, for the long space of seven centuries, on the broad lands that environed their princely and time-honoured abode. The mansion, a structure of unusual pretensions on the score of architectural interest, bore evidence of the date of Edward VI., and, according to tradition, had been erected on the site of a still larger edifice, which had formed the earlier habitation of the ancient race. Being situate on the most commanding eminence in the vicinity, it possessed a bold and striking appearance when surveyed from the various lines of road that intersected the subjacent country. Its far extending and many-storied wings were flanked by vast and sombre woods, that sloped majestically downward on either side, to a remote distance, carrying the eye along a broad expanse of park-like grounds, which, though broken here and there into small ploughed enclosures, for the convenience of farming-occupation, had formed, at a still recent period, one fine uninterrupted sweep of verdant pasturage for the numerous herds of deer and cattle that ranged in almost boundless freedom, their ample and picturesque solitudes. From the front

\* Inscribed to M. S. W.

of the stately-looking manorial pile descended a wide carriage-road, winding its way gracefully, amidst groups of venerable trees, till it reached a well-proportioned bridge of Gothic design, whose noble arches were flung over a stream of blue and most transparent water. It then traversed, with a gently undulating sweep, the wooded intricacies of a rich valley, disappearing through the embattled gateway of a Gothic entrance-lodge, built in a style accordant with the character of the house. At either extremity of the landscape, where the stream became more contracted, was exhibited a series of majestic cascades, bursting and foaming over broken ledges of rock, and contrasting pleasingly with the solemn quietude of the dark and wide-spreading woods that bounded the horizon on every side. The ceaseless cawing of various large colonies of rooks, the plaintive coo of the more solitary turtle-dove, the sweet notes of the thrush, and the cheerful carol of the smaller denizens of the woodland-shade, greeted the ear of the passing traveller with a charm of lulling serenity, which was in itself a ministration of joy to the spirit, while it more gratefully enhanced the rich charms of diversified magnificence that spread so magic a grace and fascination over the wide and fertile prospect before him.

Such, gentle reader, was the aspect and appearance of Oldingham Hall and its *demesne*, on a bright summer morning of the year 1798, when a young and unaccompanied stranger, mounted on a spirited grey horse, of a peculiar foreign breed, pursued his way along an obscure bridle-path, which led from the main road, through a succession of fields or enclosures fenced off from the park, to the little village of Oldingham, whose scattered gables and dove-cots appeared at irregular intervals through the belt of plantations that skirted the north-eastern angle of the park.

As the traveller paused occasionally to take a survey of the distant mansion and its majestic accessories, a smile of solemn fervour distinguished his stately features. At times his dark eye kindled into an expression of energetic resolve; while the air of almost scornful impatience that pervaded his whole frame, seemed to speak of some near occasion that was calculated to call forth the enterprise of his manly and dignified spirit. Could the reader have been admitted, at the same moment, into the picture gallery of the ancient mansion of Oldingham, he might have recognised, with pleasing astonishment, the kindred features of a youth clad in bright armour, whose portrait, by Vandyck, *anno* 1641, might have been deemed a representation of the same individual. The flushed and haughty cheek, of a similar mould, was lighted up with the same peculiar smile of lofty enthusiasm; the dark eye glowed with the same magnificent expression of daring resolve; while the whole frame seemed to dilate with the same passionate excitement and energetic fervour that gave character and interest to the proud features and resolute bearing of the stranger-horseman of 1798.

"Lands of my fathers!" at length exclaimed the wanderer, while a tear of pious rapture stole down his youthful cheek, "ye shall soon know that the blood of the Norman chivalry still beats in the heart of a Longueville. Yes, I will rend the mask of specious villany from the face of yon upstart usurper, and spurn him from the threshold he has dared to pollute by his unhallowed intrusion. On, Saladin, my noble friend!" (apostrophising his sprightly steed, who acknowledged with a gentle snort and a graceful curve of the neck the kindly greeting). "The halls of my sires shall soon welcome their rightful inheritor, and thou shalt share with thy grate-

ful master the sweets of a long home-rest—fit sequel of the perilous and distressful wanderings we have also shared together. Ay, by Saint Agata, yon stately towers shall soon re-echo the joyful salutation of the *long lost heir!*"

Gaining at length the termination of the small bridle-path, the traveller reached a cross-road or lane, at the back of the village, presenting an obscure approach to the old and ivied church, which was situate at a short distance from the Hall, and almost hidden from the mansion itself by thick plantations of yews, sycamores, limes, and horse-chesnuts, that formed a boundary to the park and pleasure grounds, dividing them from the churchyard and small village-green.

The stranger soon afterwards stopped his horse at the door of a cottage, and, on enquiring of an aged man for the residence of the parish-clerk, found that he had by chance accosted the worthy functionary in question; from whom he now demanded admission into the church, stating that, as a tourist, he was desirous of inspecting the various objects of note and interest presented by the neighbourhood. Having then consigned his faithful steed to the charge of a boy who had quitted the less amusing occupation of throwing stones at the ducks on the near pond, in order to enjoy a stare of curiosity at the strange arrival, he proceeded under the guidance of the old villager, through an over-arching avenue of elms, that threw a sombrous shadow upon the path which conducted to the main entrance of the sacred building. The breeze, laden with the scent of distant flowers, the lulling murmur of the neighbouring rookery, and the various concord of pleasing sounds that breathed of rural and home-felt delights, shed a tranquillizing sense of enjoyment over his calmer feelings, as, with a short internal prayer, he entered the holy fabric.

The interior of the very ancient edifice was of an imposing character. A long succession of massive and elaborately ornamented pillars, supporting a richly-groined roof of lofty structure, carried the eye, through a varied perspective, towards a screen of Gothic carved-work, of the most intricate pattern, admitting, from beyond, the subdued blaze of a gorgeously illuminated window, which cast a far-reaching splendour along the walls on either side, rich with their spacious monuments and tablets, and other memorials of sepulchral grandeur. A diversity of scriptural designs and armorial devices, the latter accompanied by dates of remote derivation, gave free scope to the excited curiosity of the gazer, whose exploring eye loved to revel amid the luxurious contrasts of quaint and almost nameless hues that variegated the bright expanse of the window, and shewed to equal advantage the delicate tracery of its intersecting mullions. The wide area of the chancel, with its richly-draped communion table and Gothic chairs—its table-tombs of the days of the Plantagenets, with their proudly recumbent effigies—its armour and banners, hatchments and monumental brasses, addressed the observer with divided claims to notice, while it gave a crowning air of dignity and solemnity to the diversified perspective. On a mural tomb of stately character, in the north aisle, was a life-size effigy of the same distinguished youth whose portrait had been painted by Vandyck, and it would have been curious to remark the strange resemblance of the proud and handsome features of the young royalist leader of the days of the dethroned Stuart, to those of the unknown visitor who now regarded the strange image of himself, in armour, with

an expression of deep and passionate emotion. The same energy of spirit, the same look of heroic daring, the same restless throb of excited passion, the lip that thrilled with lofty scorn—all save the eye, that glanced with a more than earthly enthusiasm—were there, seeming to challenge the edicts of death, and to create an immortal companionship between the kindred spirits of remote generations.

The old attendant appeared to share in the unusual interest of the visitor, who continued to gaze, with increasing admiration, at the dignified records of his ancient line. "Yes, I, too, have the blood and lineage of the knights of the Norman Conqueror. I, too, am a scion of the house whose armoured forms flashed back the gory terrors of the field of Ascalon, and planted the sacred cross on the recovered towers of Salem!" It was at this moment that the aged conductor recognised, with a feeling that partook of awe as well as surprise, the singular identity of person and features that characterized the newly-arrived stranger, and the sepulchral figure before him. A flush of haughty feeling passed over the brow of the youth, as he perceived the awakened observation of his companion, thus divided between the two objects of scrutiny. In a moment or two, as if he wished to check any remark that might be intruded, he strode with an air of assumed indifference to a distant part of the church. Folding his arms, and curbing the impatience of his step, he meditated on the approaching hour, when, as the recognised lord of Oldingham, he should thrust from his stolen seat, the insolent vassal that had so long withheld from him the honours and privileges of his birthright—when (prouder thought!) he should stand before the eye of his compeers as the representative of all the lofty alliances of the chivalric house of De Longueville, and as the possessor of its almost princely domains.

At the invitation of the humbly-obsequious attendant, he then descended into a spacious vault beneath the north aisle, containing the coffins of fourteen generations of the ancient family to which we have seen that he claimed so important a degree of consanguinity. The well-known armorial ensign of "the Longueville" was repeated on every side of the damp and dreary chamber. Again it appeared on the coffin plates, and on the tiles of the very pavement. A mournful but sweetly solemn train of ideas passed through his sensitive bosom, as he continued, with bent-down head and a subdued bearing, to gaze upon the fading tokens of former grandeur. The early morning breeze, gently penetrating the narrow, wire-latticed, and deep sunk windows, sighed through the vault with a low, melancholy cadence, and as it waved the foliage of the dark ivy that coated the exterior of the fabric, caused a chequered play of light and shadow across the assembled coffins, seeming to say—"Such is life, O stranger! a few brief changes of sunshine and gloom, of pleasure and care, of joy and grief, and all—all will be over!" Under this humbling conviction the visitor ascended the worn steps of the crumbling sanctuary of death, and again entered the church, where, taking out his tablets and pencil, he busied himself for some moments in transcribing several of the later epitaphs; after which, on finding from the information of the clerk, that the register books were open to access, he proceeded to examine and copy some of the more recent entries with an appearance of close attention. When his curiosity or other motive was at length satisfied, he abruptly withdrew, presenting a modest gratuity to his obliging conductor, and throwing also a trifle to the lad who held

his horse. Then rapidly mounting, he disappeared in the same direction from which he first became visible to the reader and ourselves.

The worthy clerk, on retiring to his little domicile, grew eloquent in his expressions of wonder at the mystery which we have just recorded. As he was also the barber of the parish, he seldom failed to procure a wide circle of auditors for any novel communication, that might conduce to the social interest of the inhabitants. On the present occasion, he did not fail to amplify the grounds of the narrative by a few slight excursions into the realm of fancy, with a design to deepen the opinion of his own sagacity, and to impress his hearers with a belief, that in the event of "matters taking a strange turn up at the Hall," few persons would be found to be more specially interested in the change than his humble self. One mysterious hint succeeded another; to some he threw out promises of patronage; against others he fulminated threats of his high displeasure, when the day should arrive—as arrive it would—when a "new order of things" should be established. Thus, as one excited sharer of the worthy man's confidence dropped off after another, eager to disperse his knowledge of the remarkable occurrence, the house was successively besieged by fresh arrivals, all anxious to obtain some new fact or hypothesis for the indulgence of their craving curiosity.

Sir Walter Longueville was little liked as a landlord, a master, or a neighbour. With those of his own class he was decidedly unpopular; associating intimately with none; but leading a moody, solitary life—a life of gloomy austerity and querulous inquietude—apart from all cheerful communion with the world around him. Indeed, he was too often on terms of bitter hostility with the gentry of the neighbourhood, through the indulgence of a spirit of petty litigation, and coarse, unprincipled malevolence. In wrangling with his tenants, and scolding or maltreating his domestics, he appeared to find an agreeable relief from the occasional overburthen of his splanetic humours, and few days passed over without some new exemplification of this perverse condition of mind and habit. Hence he was universally disliked, and a story which had long ago got abroad that he was not the rightful heir of the title and property, was constantly revived at intervals, and always commented upon with undisguised ill will towards himself, and with a hearty desire that the lawful possessor should appear to claim his own, and cast down to a sphere of deserved obscurity, the spurious and contemptible representative of a time-honoured and most distinguished family. The rumour which we have referred to, was to the effect that the late baronet's only son by a first marriage, had died abroad in the lifetime of his father, leaving an heir, while the present baronet claimed only to be the issue of a second marriage, contracted, or said to have been contracted, late in life, with a woman of low condition, his former mistress, whose questionable character and debased habits gave rise to the insinuation that he was rather the son of the steward, or farming bailiff, than of his proper progenitor; a conjecture which the personal peculiarities of Sir Walter Longueville—his flaxen hair, and coarse, freckled skin—his snub nose and retiring chin and forehead, went far to confirm. However, twenty-two years had passed away since Sir Walter's accession to the title, and it seemed unlikely that any rival claimant would appear to dispute his right.

We now conduct the reader to the small house of a small attorney in the village of Owston, a parish adjoining that of Oldingham. Mr.

Peter Bremhill had been for many years located in his present abode, contriving to pick up a scanty subsistence amongst the neighbouring farmers and shopkeepers—unnoticed by the great—and apparently without hope of any new channel that might open opportunities of diversifying his fortunes for the better. It is said that lawyers, like some kinds of fruit trees, thrive best when planted double—that two in a place will reap a fair crop, where one could barely find a living; so it was, perhaps, with the subject of our present notice, who had never been able to induce a rival to settle in so remote and unpromising a locality; such small fees as he occasionally pocketed were ‘like angels’ visits,’ while his appearance, as no bad indication thereof, manifested a close assimilation to that of the poor apothecary in ‘Romeo and Juliet’ :—

“ Meagre were his looks,  
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones.”

It was late in the evening of the same day on which the stranger-horseman had visited the church of Oldingham, that Mr. Peter Bremhill, having sipped the last drainings of a small glass of the smallest ale, and put aside the elaborate accumulation of tape-tied papers which had been ambitiously paraded to catch the eye of some chance caller during the day, proceeded to see that his doors and windows were secured for the night (a superfluous precaution which he was strangely in the habit of using), and with many a grave yawn, and deep drawn sigh, contemplated the fact that another weary day had passed without the consolation of seeing a single new client in his dismal little office. He was ascending the stairs, and had reached the first landing, when, to his considerable surprise, a loud and seemingly impatient succession of knocks at his front door, gave indication of some late and unusual visitor. What could be the nature of the summons? Was he wanted to make the will of old Farmer Muggins, who was said to be near the final catastrophe that separates the doting miser from his idol hoards? Quickly descending, as the best means of obtaining an answer to the doubt, he threw open the lately fastened door, and beheld a gentleman of fashionable appearance, who had just alighted from a magnificent grey horse, and now politely begged for the favour of a few minutes’ consultation on a matter of extreme importance, apologizing for the lateness of the hour, as an accidental circumstance which he had been unable to avoid. The horse being secured to the paling, the stranger was ushered, with due ceremony and observance, into the little office-parlour, and the illumination of an additional dip-candle having been accomplished in honour of his advent, as well as the most eligible seat pointed out for his condescending occupation, the particulars which we are about to lay before the reader, were confidentially communicated to the respectfully attentive ear of the delighted attorney.

The visitor stated, with a grave and dignified elongation of manner, that he was the only son of the late Emericus Longueville, Esq., who was the only son of the late Sir Marmaduke Fleschampe Longueville, Bart., of Oldingham Park; that his father, while abroad, had married, at Geneva, during his grandfather’s lifetime, a lady of a distinguished Protestant family of Berne; that he himself had been left at an early age, to deplore the loss of both parents; and that he had only, at a recent

period, been made acquainted with the particulars associated with his family descent. We shall spare the reader and ourselves the needless trouble of entering into a circumstantial account of the previous life and adventures of the narrator, who, after favouring Mr. Bremhill with the story in detail, proceeded to say that he was desirous to secure the professional services of some gentleman connected with the neighbourhood, but not engaged in the affairs of the adverse party; and that he had some reason, from the casual information he had obtained, to put confidence in the ability and integrity of Mr. Bremhill.

We ought before to have observed that that able and upright 'gentleman,'—(attorneys, we believe, are 'gentlemen' by Act of Parliament) was most powerfully struck with the personal resemblance which the young stranger bore to the late baronet, and to others of the family whose portraits were preserved in the gallery at Oldingham, while that resemblance was, indeed, the more striking, as the physiognomy of the race was of a peculiar character. The lofty and convex brow, with its broad and transparent temples—the redundant and roughly curling eyebrow—the black and piercing eye—the bold aquiline nose, with its wide cut nostril—the haughtily curved and prominent lip—the darkly grained and deeply dimpled chin—the sanguine complexion, and jet-black ringletted hair—all conspired to form a type of no ordinary occurrence, and stamped the possessor as a veritable descendant of the old Norman stock, diversified by its admixture of Gallic blood.

To return from this slight digression. Mr. Peter Bremhill's soul was at once carried up into the seventh heaven of felicity by the great idea that his own fortunes, as well as those of his proposed patron, were about to take a prodigious leap, and to seat him, as it were, on a pinnacle of the loftiest prosperity. To be the steward and law-agent of the Longueville family had ever been a day-dream of his dotting fancy, occurring chiefly on those occasions which were marked by the enjoyment of an extraordinary glass of wine or punch at his neighbour's expense, and, like the barber of Oldingham, he already had visions of power that shook the depths of his soaring spirit with fervid potency. With the blindest deference did he again and again pour forth the most ardent protestations of secrecy and fidelity in the execution of the momentous trust so condescendingly committed to his humble and unworthy discharge. His professional knowledge, not inconsiderable, suggested that certain evidences, not yet procured by his client, would be requisite, and these, he was readily assured, could be easily obtained. The most eligible course of proceeding was then pointed out and illustrated by precedent and analogy, and the interview terminated with the stranger's intimation that all the necessary documents should be early submitted to the man of law, who agreed to secure the advice of the most able counsel, should any doubt or difficulty arise on an investigation of their contents. As a personal delivery of papers of such vast importance would be the safer course, a subsequent interview was appointed to take place on the 19th of the month (fourteen days from the date of the present meeting), and after mutually renewed assurances of patronage and service, the equally gratified attorney and client parted; the latter returning to London, in order to possess himself of the evidences suggested as necessary to the full restitution of his dignitary and territorial rights.

It happened that, a few days after the event which we have just



related, a gentleman of independent station and fortune, whom we will call Mr. Frankland, and who was connected by blood with the Longueville family, though openly at variance with its reputed head, had a necessity to call upon Mr. Bremhill, to make an enquiry respecting some fact or date of trifling importance, connected with a matter of business in which the latter had been employed by an opposite party. In this gentleman the wily attorney saw the promise of an excellent client, could he by any possibility attach himself to his confidence. He was accordingly profuse in his attentions, and most unsparing in his assurances of the deep anxiety he felt to subserve the interests of any member or connection of the honourable house of Longueville. Waxing warm in this exhibition of his zeal, and knowing from report the hostile attitude of his present visitor to the representative of the family, he could not resist the temptation, or rather, perhaps, he felt it to be a wise course of policy to throw out mysterious hints that he might have opportunities of evincing, in some very important manner, the reality of his desire to serve their interests. In short, whether he was carried beyond his usual habit of discretion, or whether he intended to execute a bold stroke of policy, we know not; but, after expatiating with all the resources of his natural and acquired eloquence upon the sincerity of his attachment to a set of people who, it must be confessed, were scarcely conscious of his own small existence, he ventured upon the extraordinary step of disclosing, under the seal of confidence, the fact of the young stranger's visit, with all the important particulars connected with the singular object to which it referred.

"That he is no impostor, sir," added he, "is most obvious from the remarkable resemblance of his features and bearing to those of the family; while, to prove his legitimacy, he states himself to be in possession, or within immediate reach of every document and oral evidence necessary to substantiate his claim to the representation of the ancient house of Longueville. Indeed, he has arranged to deliver personally all the papers into my hands, on the evening of the 19th instant, at my house; and should you incline to honour me, sir, with another visit, within a day or two after that period, it will afford me the greatest satisfaction to submit the whole chain of proofs to your friendly examination." Such was briefly the substance of the conversation that passed, when, after mutual expressions of renewed astonishment at the singular nature of the occurrence, the two speakers separated; Mr. Frankland repeating, at Mr. Bremhill's solemn request, his former promise of secrecy.

And now comes the conclusion of this strange and, as we shall see, melancholy story.

Mr. Frankland's curiosity being strongly excited by the communication he had received, he waited with eager expectation the arrival of the 19th instant. Not a whisper gave note of the impending fate that was so soon destined to crush the fortunes and position of Sir Walter Longueville. The deferred rent-day, for collection of the March rents, came and passed away, putting into his pocket, with fines for renewal of sundry leases, the vast sum of £23,000. But the 19th was fast approaching, when the overwhelming secret would be disclosed, with all its attributes of triumphant retribution. At length the day, so anxiously looked for, arrived, redoubling, by the near issue of its

revelations, the interest of the expectant. Mr. Frankland, after passing the night of the 19th instant in a state of restless disturbance, ordered his horses at an early hour, and drove rapidly to the house of the attorney, whom he fortunately found at home, though preparing for an immediate journey. Having passed into the office as before, he abruptly introduced an enquiry into the particulars of the stranger's second visit, and expressed his impatience to examine the documents adverted to on the former occasion, when; what words could express the degree of astonishment which succeeded, as Mr. Peter Bremhill, with a countenance that exhibited the most open appearance of candour, denied any knowledge of the circumstances, asking him what he could possibly mean by an attempt to implicate his name with any transaction of the nature, and denying in the most serious manner that he had ever alluded to such a case to Mr. Frankland or others. Indeed, he knew of no circumstance of the kind.

"What! did you not tell me of a stranger on a grey horse calling at your house on the 5th instant, and stating to you that he was provided with documents to prove himself the heir to the title and estates of Sir Walter Longueville?"

"Never, sir. The idea is your own."

"Then, fellow, you are an egregious liar; and I hold it degrading to exchange a further syllable."

The attorney bit his lip at the moment; but as Mr. Frankland turned away, a smile of deep significance clothed his ugly and famine-wasted features.

No claim was subsequently made by any party to the estates, and Sir Walter Longueville still enjoys them. But the following circumstance is worthy of deep observation. A few years after the events above described, Mr. Frankland taking up accidentally an old L— or N— newspaper of June, 1798, found a notice of a murder committed on the night of the 19th instant, or early on the morning of the 20th, from which it appeared that the unfortunate victim was a man of most gentlemanly appearance, fashionably attired, and that a grey horse of considerable beauty and value, which was found grazing at the distance of a mile from the ditch where the body was found, had evidently belonged to the deceased.

The throat of the traveller was cut from ear to ear, and his person exhibited the marks of a severe encounter. From that hour his identity was never discovered, no article being forthcoming that afforded the slightest clew to investigation. But the description conveyed to Mr. Frankland the dreadful assurance that the young claimant of the honours and estates of Oldingham and the murdered wayfarer were one and the same individual.

Mr. Bremhill, who, from the position of a starving village-attorney, became an opulent banker, and was made J. P. and D. L. of the county of S—, died in the course of the present year.

The barber of Oldingham long looked for the reappearance of the youthful stranger; but alas! he came not; nor did Mr. Frankland ever impart, save confidentially to a few very intimate friends, his terrible suspicion of the event which perhaps rendered his return impracticable.

Reader! gentle reader! draw no conclusions from this strange story—it is full of doubt and mystery.

"Deus omnia videt."

*Repton, Derbyshire, May 18th, 1850.*

## LITERATURE.

*A History of British Birds*, by the Rev. F. O. MORRIS, B.A. With an illustration of each species accurately coloured. Part I. Groombridge and Sons, Paternoster Row.

This work, beautiful in its pictorial illustrations, and interesting in its elaborate elucidations, promises to form a valuable addition to British Ornithology. Of all the portions of the science of natural history, the knowledge of birds is the most pleasing. The study of the subject never fails to charm, and therefore the more writers there are upon it the better. The very variety of description and detail that arises in a multiplication of works is of peculiar advantage to ornithology, for it is a kind of learning which has endless novelty, and may be all the more soundly acquired by taking different authors' different views of it. Thus as one naturalist after the other imparts his information in a new form, we are amused by the change, and arrive in the end at a more complete and intelligible conclusion. For instance, Linnæus grounds his system on the shape of the feet and bill—Vieillot, his upon the legs—Macgillivray was the first who applied internal investigation to the study of birds in its fullest extent. Here, too, comes a naturalist whose intention of adding simplicity to, and combining together former descriptions, must prove of infinite assistance both to the application of the student and the memory of the proficient. "My object, in the present history of British Birds," says Mr. Morris, in his introduction, "will be to endeavour to simplify former descriptions—to adapt them to popular wants and wishes—and by a more uniformly methodical arrangement than is, I think, to be met with in any previous work of the kind—to give to any student of our native ornithology who may from circumstances require it, every help that can be afforded to enable him to identify each species—all unnecessary particulars and redundant repetitions being avoided."

Mr. Morris commences his task with great spirit in the part now before us. It contains an able and lucid history of four lordly birds, the Griffon Vulture, the Egyptian Vulture, the Sea Eagle, and the Golden Eagle. Some of the details are very graphic; for example, the following description of the flight of the Golden Eagle:—

"The flight of the golden eagle when not pursuing its prey, is at first slow and heavy, like that of the Heron, and when sailing in the air much resembles that of the common Buzzard. It often ascends to a vast height when looking out for food, and on perceiving its quarry, descends upon it like a flash of lightning, though sometimes in doing so it will make several spiral turns at intervals, as if to break the extreme violence of the shock of its fall. If it does not then at once discern its victim, which has perhaps attempted to hide itself, it then peers about with its outstretched neck in every direction, when if it catch sight of it, as it is most likely to

do, it is down upon it directly with extended legs, and scarce seeming to touch it, bears it off in triumph. It usually thus secures the animal, seizing it before it can even attempt to escape, or perhaps paralyzed through fear, but occasionally as in the instances hereafter stated, follows in pursuit. One is mentioned which was seen hovering about a hare which it frightened from bush to bush, until at last it forced it to leave its cover and attempt to escape, when it was almost immediately overtaken and pounced upon."

In conclusion, we cannot but remark the exquisite style of the coloured portraits of the birds which the author describes. When complete Mr. Morris's book will form a very superb volume.

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*Philip the Second.* A Tragedy. By N. T. MOILE. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

This is evidently the work of one who is a novice both to poetry and the drama, and therefore we must not judge harshly. We are, indeed, the less inclined to do so, as here and there a line occurs which gives fair hope of much future improvement. Such verses as the following do credit to the intentions of their author:—

Is virtue ought but sympathy and love  
 For all that lives beneath us or above,  
 Aye, all that is—the mountain stream and wood  
 For all God's works are beautiful and good.  
 Men but in this each other's worth o'ercome:  
 They all love some one, and are good to some;  
 The bad love few, and them with fervour small  
 The good love many much; the best love all.

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*The Horse Guards*, with twelve coloured illustrations.

*The White Charger*, that cost me two hundred pounds; lost me seventy thousand pounds; drove me from society; eventually deprived me of my friends; and finally compelled me to quit the service. London: J. H. A. Darling, 126, Bishopsgate Street. 1850.

These amusing productions are from the pen of a humourist who has discovered a new vein of fun. We certainly never saw anything like it before. It is impossible to resist the mirth of his jokes, and not at the same time to observe the quiet sense and satire that lie under his burlesque lucubrations. "The Horse Guards" is a work, which, though biting severe, is able and sound in its animadversions; its object too, is very meritorious. "The White Charger" is a broad piece of merriment, ludicrous in the extreme. It excites laughter from the first page to the last, and, as we say, the entire newness of its comic style and incidents adds to the charm. The author, we are glad to see, has only begun his career, and means to go on with it, for he announces more droll-titled books, which hold out a fund of lively gratification.

*The Royal Militia, and Yeomanry Cavalry Army List.* By ARTHUR SLEIGH, Esq. 8vo.: London, 1850.

In a country like England where there always has been a jealousy, and a very proper jealousy, of a larger standing army than circumstances have rendered absolutely indispensable, the Militia and the Yeomanry Cavalry, become of the first importance. They are besides the legitimate armed force of the kingdom; they come to us with the sanction of our earliest history, and they are less divided from the general body of the nation than the regular soldier who to a certain extent must of necessity cease to be a citizen. In fact the militia is the fund from which the army itself may be most effectually and expeditiously recruited; the men taken from its ranks have not got to learn their duty, and though they may possibly be inferior to the veteran of many campaigns, no other kind of recruits can compare with them for a single instant. It is, therefore, no more than fitting that these should have their lists and records as well as the navy and army.

Mr. Sleigh has deserved well both of the yeomanry and militia by his labours in their behalf. He has taken his subject in its widest range, and we cannot help suspecting that he must have gone through an herculean labour that nothing short of the utmost devotion to his task could have enabled him to accomplish. But the best analysis of the work is its own title page. A list "containing the names and seniority of every regimental and staff officer in the militia and yeomanry cavalry, designating whether Lords or deputy lieutenants of counties, members of parliament or justices of the peace; exhibiting the services of such officers as have held commissions in the regular army; detailing the country seats, parks, and domains of the landed gentry serving in those corps. The regiments of militia, arranged according to seniority of number; regiments and corps of yeomanry cavalry, as heavy and light dragoons, hussars, and lancers. A copious alphabetical index of regiments according to county designation; as also, the names of every officer alphabetically arranged, with reference to the regimental page in the militia and yeomanry cavalry army list. A history of the services, organization, and equipment of the regiments of militia and yeomanry cavalry; together with an abstract of the militia acts; and yeomanry cavalry regulations, arranged and compiled from official documents corrected to date of publication."

As a book of reference, this work will of course take its stand by the side of the army and navy lists; but its highest use will be that of calling attention to a most important subject; at this moment it may be almost said without exaggeration that almost every Frenchman is a soldier; Prussia and Austria are little better than two armed camps, and the armies of Russia are upon a yet more gigantic scale; they hang like an avalanche suspended over Europe, and ready to fall and crush it. The slightest impetus from without may at any time set this tremendous body in motion, and where is the strength that shall stop it?—none, till it has rolled over nearly the whole of the civilized world, and exhausted itself by spreading.

This then, is the time when such truly national and legitimate forces as the militia and the yeomanry corps demand the most serious attention. A country that cannot defend itself must soon cease to exist, and how can shopkeepers and mechanics be expected to have either the habits, the knowledge, or the bodily strength, which alone can fit them to stand

up against the old and experienced soldier? The danger would be equally the same if the numbers of the regular army were doubled, or even trebled; in the example of Prussia, we see how a nation with the finest standing army that was ever collected, may be laid prostrate, shivered, humbled to the dust; while from what has happened in Spain, we may learn that when a people fight their own battles, though they may be defeated, they never can be conquered. In saying this, we would not be thought for a moment to undervalue a regular army; it is indispensable in times like these; but still it is not, and cannot be, all; something more is wanted to the safety of a nation, and that is, that every citizen should know how to fight for his own home and his own altars.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

### CURIOSITIES OF GENEALOGY.

*To the Editor of the St. James's Magazine.*

SIR,—In turning over the leaves of an old magazine for 1789, I came across the following obituary notice, which I extracted as a striking example of my crotchet as to the decadence of families.

“At St. Nicholas's Poor House, Newcastle, of which he was the keeper, Mr. William Umfraville. By several indubitable evidences in his possession, he appeared to be the sole representative of one of the greatest names and most illustrious families in the north. The pedigree traces back the family to Robert Umfraville, Lord of Tours and Vian, in the time of William the Conqueror. He had in his custody a sword which belonged to Sir Robert Umfraville, Vice-Admiral of England, about the time of Richard II. Mr. Umfraville died in very indigent circumstances, and has left a widow and one son.”

True enough the Umfravilles were “one of the greatest names and most illustrious families in the north.” Their first English ancestor, Sir Robert de Umfraville, otherwise Robert with the Beard, obtained from the Conqueror, his kinsman, the lordship of Reddesdale, in Northumberland—to hold, by the service of defending that part of the country for ever, from enemies and wolves, with the sword which King William had by his side when he entered Northumberland. Is it not possible that this was the very weapon that the poor workhouse keeper possessed, and that it had been guarded, with religious care, by his family, amid all their misery, as the last relique of their brilliant ancestry? Poor Umfraville seems to have inherited no small share of the pride of birth, and held to the last, as his dearest possession, the evidences of his illustrious descent.

A melancholy contrast is offered in the reckless profligacy of the representative of another great northern house. Sir William Reresby, Bart., son and heir of the celebrated author, succeeded, at the death of his father in 1689, to the beautiful estate of Thrybergh, in Yorkshire, where his ancestors had been seated, uninterruptedly from the time of the conquest, and he lived to see himself denuded of every acre of his broad lands. Le Neve states, in his MSS. preserved in the Heralds' College, that he became a tapster in the King's Bench Prison, and was tried and imprisoned for cheating in 1711. He was alive in 1727, when Wotton's account of the Baronets was published. In that work he is said to be reduced to a low condition. At length he died in great obscurity, a melancholy instance how low pursuits and base pleasures may sully the noblest name, and waste an estate gathered with labour and preserved by the care of a race of distinguished progenitors. Gaming was amongst Sir William's follies—particularly that lowest specimen of the folly—the fights of the game cocks. The tradition at Thrybergh is (for his name is not quite forgotten) that the fine estate of Dennaby was staked and lost on a single main. Sir William Reresby was not the only baronet who disgraced his Order at that period. In 1722 Sir Charles Burton was tried at the Old Bailey for stealing a seal; pleaded poverty, but was found guilty and sentenced to transportation, which sentence was afterwards commuted for a milder punishment.

In Ireland the vicissitudes of families have been the most remarkable. The civil wars of Cromwell and William III. doomed many of the old native houses to utter spoliation, and reduced the descendants of royal and noble lineages to the lowest grade in the social system. Under the frieze coat of many an humble peasant may flow the blood of Ireland's ancient kings; and in the sunburnt, starving mendicant, a genealogical enquirer might discover the representative of the O'Rorkes, the O'Reillys, the O'Briens, or the O'Sullivans, of those times

When her kings, with standard of green unfurl'd,  
Led the red-branch knights to danger;—  
Ere the Emerald gem of the western world  
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

Fifty years hence, when the Encumbered Estates Act shall have worked its course, a future genealogist may add some curious instances to those I have cited, and to him I will now bequeath this melancholy duty.

My next letter shall record the wondrous rise of many a noble stem that has sprung from a very obscure root, and yet flourishes in pride and verdant foliage.

I am, sir,  
Your well wisher,  
HERALDICUS.

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*To the Editor of the St. James's Magazine.*

SIR,—Can you find space in your valuable periodical for the following brief narrative? Its details will, I believe, interest some of your readers, and illustrate the proverb that "truth is strange—stranger than fiction."

About the year 1728, a female infant was born at Bushy Park, and was there baptised by Dr. Crane, the chaplain to the Earl of Halifax of that period. During the early part of her childhood she was placed under the care of a Mrs. Bradley, a wet-nurse, to whom also the charge of Frederick, the son of the Earl of Guilford, and afterwards the celebrated Lord North, was committed. The girl and boy were foster children. While the former was with Mrs. Bradley, she was known as "Mary Bradley." On leaving the nurse's care she was received into the household of Mr. Edward Rice (who then resided in the neighbourhood of Grosvenor-square) and was educated with his children, George\* and Lucy. At this date Lord Strange was a frequent visitor to Mr. Rice's, and would occasionally take the child known as Mary Bradley to a confectioner's, and there "treat" her with sweetmeats. On one occasion his lordship was in company with Francis Lord North (afterwards Earl of Guilford), and the girl, when he said that the child much resembled her mother. The remark drew tears from Lord Francis, but no answer in words.

While under Mr. Rice's guardianship, the subject of this notice was confirmed by the Bishop of Durham (Richard Trevor), in company with George and Lucy Rice. Afterwards she again became an inmate of the mansion at Bushy, where she was placed under the immediate care of the Ladies Montague, in whose society she visited Arundel Castle and other places. When at Bushy she was instructed in all the accomplishments becoming a lady of rank and fashion.

At this time, or shortly after, "Mary Bradley" formed an attachment for Mr. Brett, a nephew of Sir W. Smith, an alderman of London—a circumstance which gave great umbrage to the Montagues, who favoured the pretensions of another and more aristocratic suitor. In order, it is supposed, to erase from her heart the attachment for Mr. Brett, her friends sent her on a visit to a provincial town, where the report reached her that her lover had been drowned at sea in crossing the British channel. The shock created in her mind by this intelligence (which proved to be false), and the annoyances to which she was exposed, threw her into a melancholy and desperate state of mind; and while in this condition she declared to her foster mother she would marry the first man who offered himself to her. Mrs. Bradley had then in her house a nephew—a young tradesman, who had taken his lodgings in the metropolis, with a view to improve his knowledge of his business—to whom she communicated the declaration of the unfortunate lady. The issue of the story is, that she became the wife of the young man (Thomas Bradley), in the year 1750, and returned with him to his home, where, deserted by all former friends and relatives, she died, after the lapse of a few years, in an impoverished condition. True it is, that some slight presents were made to her by persons unknown to her, in the early part of her married life; but nothing beyond these ever reached her.

The poor lady afterwards lived to learn that the object of her early affections was not drowned.

Lord Strange publicly recognised in the humble tradesman's wife an "earl's daughter." Mary Bradley herself, however, *never knew either who was her father or who her mother.*

\* This George Rice afterwards married Mary Countess Talbot, and was the father of the present Lord Dynevor.



My object in trespassing on your space is, to ask whether any of your readers can throw any light on this subject, or place the writer in a position to trace the origin and parentage of the person known as Mary Bradley. The writer would esteem any particle of information, suggestive or confirmatory, as a favour.

I am, Sir,

Yours obediently,  
S. N.

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*To the Editor of the St. James's Magazine.*

SIR,—Allow me to send you a metrical translation of the Epitaph of William De Warren, which appeared in your last number.—HIPPEUS.

Here, good Earl William, is the place  
Where thy true praise we brightly trace,  
Founder of this, the holy seat  
Of piety,—its patron great.  
Thy funeral marble decks the pile,  
Pleasing the poor of Christ the while.  
The chosen Pancrace, thy blest heir,  
Preserves thy ashes with deep care,  
Who placed thee 'midst the saints above,  
Where star-built worlds for ever move.  
And, O good Pancrace, aid him now  
Who gave thee glory, and bestow  
On him a lasting seat on high,  
Who thus, endowed thee 'neath the sky.

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*To the Editor of the St. James's Magazine.*

PRE-ADAMITE PRODUCTIONS.

SIR,—The globe which we inhabit, though to the uninitiated presenting every indication of permanence and stability, is nevertheless proved, by the unerring results of geological inquiry, to have been the theatre of a series of physical revolutions, marked by a magnitude so overwhelmingly vast, and involving periods so stupendously extensive, as almost to preclude the possibility of human knowledge, in reference to time or to change, affording any criterion by which to estimate the one or comprehend the other. Every cycle would seem to have had its limits, its vegetable, climatic, and zoological phenomena. The present, though the latest, may not be the last; analogy forbids the supposition. Its antecedents of mutation and subversion point with mysterious significance to a future, whose characteristics and evolutions will be so startlingly distinct from existing realities as these are from all precursive phenomena. Rocks of adamantine firmness and apparent indestructibility of character constitute the volume, on whose pages Nature has imprinted those hieroglyphics, which, when deciphered, are found to be the truthful records of wonders and of mysteries, in comparison with which, the wildest dreams, the most extravagantly daring imaginings, become tame, flat, and prosaically dull. 'Time was,' says an Egyptian tradition, 'when there was

no moon," in confirmation of which, the results of refined modern analysis may be quoted. Time was, when the tropics included the latitude of Iceland, of which fact the abundant fossil remains of solstitial animal and vegetable products found in the soil of that country, and the *ascertained progress* of tropical contraction, are conclusive testimony.

Time was, when "a shoreless ocean tumbled round the world," of which the enormous quantities of marine depositions accumulated on the loftiest mountains and most elevated steppes, are convincingly demonstrative. Time was, when the megatherium, the martodon, the ichthyosaurus, and a host of giant birds, enormous reptiles, and "vast misshapen monsters," "grim and terrible" in aspect, enjoyed "this world of ours," of whose veritable existence fragmentary skeletons found entombed in the hardest rock, and imbedded in the deepest strata, are so many attestations. Time was, when these and more astounding wonders were 'familiar things,' and yet between the period in which the most recent of these monstrous generations existed, and the date of the creation of the first of the human family, at least one hundred thousand years must have intervened. On the occasion of a recent lecture pronounced at the Royal Institution, by Dr. Mantell, with respect to the fossil remains of colossal birds of New Zealand, several bones of an extinct bird of the tridactyle tribe were exhibited, which indicate an altitude of fourteen feet. Dr. Mantell stated his conviction, "that there is every reason to conclude that these stupendous birds formerly ranged over a vast continent, now submerged beneath the ocean, and of which the islands of the Pacific are the culminating points; thus realizing the idea of the poet—

"Art, nature, earth itself, to change is doomed:  
Earthquakes have raised to Heaven the humble vale,  
And gulfs the mountain's mighty mass entombed;  
And where the Atlantic rolls, wide continents have bloomed."

The learned lecturer also placed before the Institution, the fossil arm bone of a land-lizard, which was four feet and a-half in length, and thirty-two inches in circumference. Estimated by the proportions of a living crocodile, the creature to which it belonged must have been ninety feet in length! As this is a subject on which volumes might be written, and which, as a science, is only in its infancy, it may be merely necessary to observe, that the following sonnets refer to Pre-Adamite creatures and conditions.

From ages unto ages unrecorded,  
Years that by myriads may be dimly guessed,  
The astounding Saurian reptiles grimly lorded,  
O'er all the soulless world, from east to west,  
From north to south, through their domain unblest,  
In shapes more scaring than were ever worded  
To human ears, or human sight confessed,  
Gliding like phantom dreams to fear accorded.  
And on the desert marshes, which are land,  
Stalked birds of towering stature and vast wing,  
Whose screams made concert with the howling wind.  
They passed. Then came the empire brief and grand,  
The mightier king, the wondrous puny thing,  
Called man—the dawn of everlasting mind.

Here the enormous dragons reigned and raged,  
 Within their watery and shoreless hell  
 In their astounding joyance, and assuaged  
 Their monster-hearts with carnage, where no yell  
 Rose, as they crunched, the lesser demons fell  
 Between their wondrous jaws, or when they waged  
 War o'er the warring billows' roaring swell,  
 And bellowed thunderously; or yet engaged  
 'Midst the foundations of the world as well,  
 Far, far, below the unfathomable deeps,  
 Where punier scaly fiends yet gorged their prey,  
 Safe from that lord who holds a grander sway.  
 What hath *his* world become? Within it sleeps  
 All bestial rage, all serpent guile for aye?  
 Or is it but a sunnier hell to-day?

HIPPEUS.

## CLASSES OF SOCIETY.

*To the Editor of the St. James's Magazine.*

SIR,—In the article upon "The Different Classes of Society" in the May number of your Magazine, it is stated that "John Beaufort Earl of Somerset was created on the 29th September, 1397, Marquess of Dorset. From that period this dignity appears to have remained dormant till the reign of Edward VI."

I am inclined to think that the printer has made some mistake in the name of the King mentioned, as I cannot otherwise understand how a writer evidently so well informed upon the subject, could have forgotten the remarkable instances of that title being, subsequently to 1397, but previous to Edward VI., conferred upon personages well known in history. The very title, Dorset, named in the text was twice revived in the intermediate time; in 1442, when it was granted to Edmund Beaufort, and held by him and his sons Henry and Edmund, the last of whom was killed in 1471, at the battle of Barnet; and in 1475, when it was conferred upon Thomas, third Lord Grey de Groby. George Harry, present and seventh Earl of Stamford, would now be the eleventh Marquess of Dorset, premier of his rank in England, but for the forfeiture which followed the claim to the throne unwillingly made by his illustrious kinswoman Lady Jane Grey: and now that the family of Sackville is extinct, perhaps the crown will honor the memory of that excellent woman by reversing the attainder passed against her and hers.

Another Marquess fell at the bloody battle of Barnet, John, Marquess of Montagu. He was so created as a compensation for surrendering the Earldom of Northumberland, in 1470, Edward IV. being desirous of restoring the Percies to his favor, and with it to their lost honors and estates. He took the title of Montague, his mother being heiress of the Montacutes or Montagues, Earls of Salisbury. His father was Richard, first Earl of Salisbury of the noble line of Nevill, and his brother, the celebrated *King maker* Earl of Warwick, whose splendid fortunes and subsequent ruin he shared, both brothers falling on the same field the year after Montague obtained his title. It was forfeited, and his eldest son, the Duke of Bedford, the intended husband of a royal Plantagenet, degraded from his honors on the cruel excuse of poverty; poverty caused by the attainders and tyranny with which the crown visited his noble house!

Besides these, I can remember five other creations of Marquises prior to the reign of Edward VI. William, fourth Earl of Suffolk, had that rank given him in 1444. He was of the family of De la Pole, one whose rise was only equalled in rapidity by that of the Dudleys, Dukes of Northumberland, and the Villiers, Dukes of Buckingham; Michael de la Pole, the first Earl, and grandfather to William, having been a merchant in Hull, whilst William himself shortly attained to a Duke's coronet, and his son married a king's sister. William, seventh Baron of Berkeley, was made a Marquess by Henry VII. in 1489. He most unjustly marked his gratitude by settling his feudal castle of Berkeley and the accompanying estates upon that monarch and his heirs male, thus disinheriting his own brother Maurice. Of property which has once got within the royal grip it may generally be said,

"Vestigia nulla retrorsum!"

But strange to say, in this instance it was not so; for when Queen Mary came to the throne on the failure of the heirs male of Henry VII., the castle and estates peaceably returned to the ownership of the descendants of Maurice, by whom they are still possessed. Another of the illustrious extant houses of England, the imperial Courtenays, received the Marquise of Exeter in 1525, and Anne Boleyn was created Marchioness of Pembroke, in 1532, the year before her ill-fated marriage.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

SCRUTATOR.

#### A PROPHECIC DREAM.

*To the Editor of the St. James's Magazine.*

SIR,—Many of your readers have doubtless seen Mr. Washington Irving's amusing life of Goldsmith, and have remarked that the story which appeared in the *St. James's Magazine* for March, under the above name, is there told differently. All are of course aware, that in order to make a readable anecdote out of the dry materials which generally come down to us from bygone days, a writer must to a slight degree fill up the lights and shades of the picture he is making, out of his own fancy. But I think your readers have a right to expect that in the matter of proper names this "Magazine" should be as far as possible perfect, as it is chiefly addressed to lovers of Historical Genealogy, and might consequently be hereafter referred to as establishing some particular fact or date in the life of an individual there mentioned. I consequently feel it right to convince those who have seen the story in both forms that the manner you have painted it is most according to its true nature.

Boswell in his "Life of Doctor Johnson" first relates it; and it is evidently from him that Mr. Washington Irving has taken it. The two particulars in which he differs from you are:—

Firstly—He styles the officer Prendergast, which Washington Irving has changed to Colonel Prendergast, whereas with you he is Sir Thomas. In a note, however, of Mr. Wilson Croker's, (Boswell's Johnson, vol. 3, p. 221, ed. 1835) he states, on the authority of Sir Henry Hardinge, the present gallant Viscount, and then Secretary at War, that the Prendergast slain at Malplaquet was Sir Thomas, Colonel of the twenty-second foot, and we may add commanding a brigade at that battle. Reference to Burke's

"Extinct Baronetage" will shew that he was created a Baronet in 1699, being then a Knight, as appears by the Rolls of Parliament, where he is qualified "Knight and Baronet," when M.P. for Monaghan.

Secondly—Boswell heard from General Oglethorpe, who heard from Colonel Cecil, who took possession of the effects of Sir Thomas, that it was Sir John Friend who was to meet him. Mr. Wilson Croker feels much suspicion as to Colonel Cecil, no trace of any officer of that rank and name being then in the army. If there was, we may add it is impossible he would have had anything to say to the effects of Sir Thomas, as William, first Earl of Cadogan, his executor and brother-in-law, was a Lieut.-General in this very army, and present at the battle which cost his relative his life, and to him, in either capacity, the papers of the unfortunate officer would have been given up.

Whether the pocket book may still exist, we cannot tell, but the following is given as a copy of the entry made by Thomas in an old manuscript which we have seen, and which was drawn up for John Prendergast, Esq., M.P. for Carlow, in 1777, and grandson and heir to the gallant brigadier.

"Being in bed with my wife last night in this my house in the city of London, I dreamt that James Cranwell, a native of Clonmell in Ireland, and who died in my service three years ago, appeared in my livery, and told me to prepare for death, for that I would die this day year. Though having no superstition on the subject, I note this as a curious memorandum, if such an event should happen me.

"February 11, 1708."

"THOS. PRENDERGAST.

There was a Colonel Prendergast engaged in the wars of Marlborough besides the Baronet, but he was opposed to our armies, and commanded a regiment of horse in the Irish Brigade. He was Edmond Prendergast, who forfeited vast estates for adhering to James II., and was either the elder brother or the uncle of Sir Thomas. He was taken prisoner by the Dutch in 1710, but subsequently exchanged. See the Marlborough Dispatches, vol. v, p. 245, where the Duke writes to have him given every facility to return to France. The same necessarily authenticated work would at once settle the question as to the name of our hero, Marlborough giving orders to General Murray (vol. iv, p. 95) to "cause Sir Thomas Prendergast to march with his regiment to Oudenarde."

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

BOOKWORM.

#### FAMILY OF DAWSON.

*To the Editor of the St James's Magazine.*

Mr. Roger De Coverdale presents his compliments to the Editor, and begs to be allowed to correct an error in his letter which appeared in the *St. James's Magazine* for this month. Mr. De Coverdale ought to have said that the *branch of the Dawsons descended from Roger Dawson of Carlton in Coverdale*, whose descendants for ten generations possessed property in the Dale is extinct in the male line. Mr. De Coverdale has no doubt but that male descendants of the original stock still exist since Barthnam or Barchnam Dawson, son of Sir Roger Dawson, of Dalton, had no less than *eleven* sons.

Coverham, on the River Cover, Coverdale,

May 15, 1850.

THE  
ST. JAMES'S MAGAZINE

AND

HERALDIC AND HISTORICAL REGISTER.

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JULY FRUITS.

Then came hot July boiling like to fire,  
That all his garments he had cast away,  
Upon a lyon raging yett with ire  
He boldly rode and made him to obey;  
It was the beast that whilom did forray  
The Nemean forest 'till th' Amphitronide  
Him slew, and with his hide did him array;  
Behind his backe a sithe, and by his side  
Under his belt he bore a sickle circling wide.

SPENSER.

FASHION is doubtless a very fantastical lady at most times, and much more likely to lead a man into absurdity than into any act of taste or common sense; but this cannot be said of her when in the hot month of July she trips off into the country or to the sea side, and invites all, who can, to follow her. Who would abide in that huge sultry brick-field, London, with a dull canopy of smoke above his head, and the reverberation of the heat from the pavement scorching up his eyes, if he could by any means go forth and look upon the green leaves, or, what to my thinking would be a thousand-fold beyond it, the deep blue waters?

“ I 'm on the sea,  
The open sea,”

as a cockney poet daintily singeth; and that not in the way of metaphor, my kind friends, but really and corporeally, penning down the odd quirks and quibbles of the brain as they simmer up like air-bubbles in a trout-stream. “ What ! ” cries your cunning sceptic ever on the look out for rents and darns in his neighbour's jerkin—“ what! do you pretend to write or read in a boat that is dancing up and down upon the waves ? ”—but our boat is not dancing up and down, most sagacious infidel; on the contrary, it could not glide more gently upon the Cam or the Isis, or, for your better comprehension, if we were sailing in London's mighty drinking bowl, the New River; and even were it not so, were we dashing along at the rate of twelve knots an hour, by Sanctus Jacobus—and that oath is

as sacred to us as the juramentum by Styx was to Jove—we should write as much at our ease as in our arm-chair. But here it comes—the breeze, I mean,—you may see it a mile off, walking like some dark shade upon the waters, and slightly rippling them as it advances. And now it has reached our little skiff—stand by sheet and tack, boy—she ruffles her wings bravely like a wild duck preparing for its flight; her mast bends gracefully to meet the rising waves, and off we shoot, her keel tearing up the waters, her bows plunging, dashing, and scattering the foam on all sides. Hurrah!

“I'm on the sea!  
The open sea”—

And as the sun sets, and the sea bares her bosom to the moon, I can't help thinking that the scene grows more and more beautiful. Talk of the ocean being monotonous and lonely? they have monotonous souls who dare affirm any thing of the kind—

“I'd rather be  
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn  
So might I standing on the pleasant lea  
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;  
Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea  
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.”

It would be no difficult matter in such an hour to follow out the poet's creed, and fancy Neptune with his attendant Nereids, solemnly or gaily dancing over the waters, while Arion on the dolphin's back was harping to them; but what need have we to draw upon imagination, when the reality affords so much for admiration?—the blue sky, the silvery moon, the myriads of stars which seem to be both in Heaven and in ocean at the same time—their forms sparkling high above while their delighted spirits are bathing in the green sea below. Oh, how often have I watched to see if it were possible to catch one of these little twinklers at the moment when it emerged from the depths of space into visibility!—but no—watch as I might I never could detect this mysterious birth; there they were, bright and beautiful as ever; but how or when they got there was a thing which sight could not fathom.

Lonely too?—yes, I have indeed heard some people talk of the sea being lonely, with about as much truth as they prate of the nightingale's song being melancholy. At all events, it is not the case with me just now, for the white sails of the fishing smacks are gleaming and glancing far and near, to say nothing of the pleasure-boats on their return home, and some half-dozen colliers that come looming heavily up from the horizon. Yonder, too, goes a whole fleet of mackarel-boats—

“Good luck to your fishing—Heaven speed you to-night;”

I am not a little bound both to pray and sing for your success, being an especial admirer of mackarel—upon the table. By the bye, I never could understand the taste of Isaac Walton and his followers, impaling

worms and maggots, *filthifying*—there's an excellent new coinage—*filthifying* their paws 'till quite beyond the shake of a Christian hand, and all for the sake of catching a few watery perch and roach, or a coarse uneatable jack. "My gorge rises at it, Horatio."

Farewell awhile to the blue flood. Time and the hour call me away to Shrewsbury; and after flying along the road, at Heaven knows how many miles an hour in a railway-carriage, it was pleasant enough to find myself once again depending upon the steadiness of four horses, who took matters much more leisurely, and after a pleasant day's journey deposited me at my own desire within a mile of that city.

The sky had for some time been getting overcast, and now the clouds grew thick and lurid, when suddenly the sun broke out, and upon the dark mass there appeared a spire and battlements as of some church or cathedral. At first I rubbed my eyes, in doubt whether to believe their strange testimony or not. I looked again. The spire and battlements were still there beyond all possibility of mistake, and as the sun descended they grew larger and larger until they became colossal. This spectacle soon attracted others beside myself, both townsmen and people who were working in the fields, and numerous were the fancies to which it gave rise—all, however, agreeing that it boded something extraordinary. But a little consideration sufficed to shew me the cause of this phenomenon, and to make me rather ashamed of my own surprise. It was plain enough to see that the setting sun had projected the spire and battlements of St. Mary's church upon the cloudy mass above, which thus acted as the disc or cloth on which are thrown the images of a magic lantern. I was still more satisfied of this upon calling to mind a somewhat similar story related by Dr. Haygarth, though his solution would not apply in all its details to what I was beholding, since he talks of the agency of ice-particles, the scene with him having occurred in February. The following is his account, a few points only of no particular consequence being omitted:—

"On the 13th of February, 1780, as I was returning to Chester, and ascending at Rhealt the mountain, which forms the eastern boundary of the vale of Clwyd, I observed a rare and curious phenomenon.

"In the road above me I was struck with the peculiar appearance of a very shining cloud, that lay remarkably close to the ground. The sun was nearly setting, but shone extremely bright. I walked up to the cloud, and my shadow was projected into it, when a very unexpected and beautiful scene was presented to my view. The head of my shadow was surrounded at some distance by a circle of various colours, whose centre appeared to be near the situation of the eye, and whose circumference extended to the shoulders. The circle was complete, except what the shadow of my body intercepted. It exhibited the most vivid colours, red being outermost; as far as can be recollected, all the colours appeared in the same order and proportion that the rainbow presents to our view. It resembled very exactly what in pictures is termed a *glory* around the head of our Saviour, and of saints; not indeed that luminous radiance which is painted close to the head, but an arch of concentric colours which is placed separate and distinct from it. As I walked forward, this *glory* approached or retired just as the inequality of the ground shortened or lengthened my shadow. The cloud being sometimes in a small valley below me, sometimes on the same level, or on higher ground,



the variation of the shadow and *glory* became extremely striking and singular.

"To add to the beauty of the scene, there appeared at a considerable distance, to the right and left, the arches of a white shining bow. These arches were in the form of, and broader than, a rainbow, but were not completely joined into a semicircle above, on account of the shallowness of the cloud. When my chaise came up, I could observe no peculiar appearance round the shadows of the postilion, horses, or chaise. But the postilion was alarmed to an uncommon degree by the very singular apparition, which indeed might excite terror or delight in the beholder according to the disposition of mind with which it was viewed.

"When I returned to the chaise, a bright radiance appeared close to its shadow, but no separate coloured circle was formed.

"In order to investigate the cause of these curious appearances on optical principles, it may be useful to note some peculiar circumstances. The cloud was specifically heavier than the air of that region where it was placed, for it descended with considerable velocity down the side of the mountain. It was very close and shallow, being in part compressed by its own weight, the air of that altitude being too rare to suspend it.

"I have seen at other times, but not frequently, clouds of the same appearance.

"In some cases the cloud, in which a similar appearance has been observed, was thought to be composed of frozen particles. It probably was so in the present instance. For, some hours later the same evening, being on horseback, and passing through a like cloud, icicles had formed on my hair, which by the motion of riding produced a sound like the ringing of bells.

"No coloured arch like a rainbow, I believe, has ever appeared in a hail or snow shower; the frozen drops are probably too opaque, too distant, and too large to exhibit such colours. But the proximity and the minuteness of the frozen particles in the cloud above described might probably allow the rays of light to be reflected and refracted in a coloured circle."

But these wintry illustrations of a summer subject have led me too far astray from the aristocratic city of Shrewsbury, which in the high tone of its society somewhat reminded me of my favourite place, York. And here too comes the most pluvius Saint Swithin, that regular hydropathist, whose unaccountable taste it is to paddle in wet and mire for forty days together if he can possibly contrive it. When the rain falls lightly upon his day, the rustics in these parts will tell you that Saint Swithin is christening the apples, but whatever they may opine in this matter, I like not such a weeping godfather, and rather hold with the Devonians who christen their apple-trees with good brown ale from the full wassail-bowl.

"There is nothing new under the sun," sayeth Solomon; and truly it would seem so when we find a story, the exact counterpart of the cranes of Ibycus, haunting the fields and cottages of Shropshire. If the Shropshire tale were a fiction, or were there the slightest probability of the assassin, who is the hero of it, having heard of the Rhegian, there would be no cause for wonder. But neither of these things could have been the case; the raven-haunted George Elkes was an ignorant peasant who could have known no more of Ibycus and his cranes than he did

of the New Jerusalem, which must have been little enough; and as to fiction, the story in its main points stands upon indisputable record, although tradition may as usual have been busy in overhanging them with its ivy, and giving them a more romantic appearance. I heard the tale both here and at Worcester, in the neighbourhood of which the tragedy was enacted upon a heath called KNOCKIN HEATH, and I have since met with it in a county historian. But the spirit of Verdun, Kotzebue's rhyming butler, is upon me; or, to be classical, "vellit Cynthius aurem;" and here is the result:—

### Our True and Wonderful Ballad

*Of the murder of a child of five years' old, for the sake of his lands, by his wicked grandame and three uncles, assisted by one George Elkes; and how two of the murderers were hanged by the neck at Knockin Heath till they were dead, a third was pressed to death at Bridgenorth, and two others were executed at the same place.*

They sate on the turf, the uncles three,  
 With the grandame old and gray,  
 And a rugged carle, who, with darkening eye  
 Watch'd the child in his thoughtless play.  
 "Now boldly declare your mind to me,"  
 The wicked grandame cried,  
 "For no tree is near, save yon leafless oak,  
 And the heath spreads far and wide.

There 's not a house for a mile or more,  
 There 's not a green hedge nigh;  
 And walls have ears as the saw declares,  
 And the hedge has oft an eye."—  
 "There 's not a house, and there 's not a hedge,"  
 The rude carle then outspoke;  
 "But the raven watches on yonder tree,  
 I like not his deadly croak."

But they laughed to scorn the raven's cry,  
 Of his watch they took no heed;  
 They said, at night the child must die,  
 And George should do the deed.  
 He should take the child to the dark green wood,  
 That shut out moon and sun;  
 And they gave him gold, and they promis'd more  
 When the sinful deed was done.

'Tis shadeless night, and the moon is full,  
 The day is not more fair;  
 But the trees are tall, and the leaves are thick,  
 And her beams they cannot come there.  
 He has ta'en the child to the deepest wood—  
 "Oh, George! this place is murk."—  
 "Be still, be still; there 's light enough,  
 And too much for our work."

“ Oh, George ! it is so very cold ! ”—  
 “ Be still, be still, I say ;  
 You will be colder when you're laid  
 Beneath the stiff damp clay. ”—  
 “ Oh, George ! what mean you by such words ?  
 I am not going to die ;  
 And when I do, 'neath the pleasant turf  
 In church-yard shall I lie. ”

“ Be still, I say ; you're going to rest,  
 And not in holy ground— ”  
 A sudden splash in the pool close by,  
 And now when to-morrow's sun is high  
 A corpse will there be found.  
 But over head the dark raven croaks—  
 “ By hell, he is there again ! ”  
 Forth into light where the moon shines bright,  
 And away from this hated glen.

“ Away ! away over stock, over stone,  
 Through the marsh however deep ”—  
 “ Till at length as the sun in night goes down  
 He would gladly sink to sleep  
 He would sink to sleep 'neath the spreading boughs  
 Of the elm the churchyard nigh ;  
 But sudden he starts ere his eyes can close  
 At the raven's fatal cry.

“ Away ! away ! shall I ne'er be freed  
 From that boding cry of ill ?  
 It follow'd me then ; it follows me now ;  
 On the gallows 't will haunt me still ;  
 For I must die on the gallows tree,  
 No earth will cover my bones ;  
 I know it well by that croak of thine—  
 But away over stock and stones. ”

Three days he flies, but the hounds of law  
 Are following sure and fast,  
 And now he hides 'neath the new-mown hay  
 'Till the vengers of blood are past.  
 But they do not pass, for the raven croaks  
 On the hay that is o'er him flung,  
 And in wonder they turn the mow to learn  
 What is hidden the pile among.

In Bridgenorth cells is the cry of one  
 Who is fearfully press'd to death ;  
 At Bridgenorth gates is a scaffold rais'd  
 Where two brothers must yield their breath.  
 On Knockin heath is a gibbet high  
 Where two murd'ers swing in chains ;  
 And perch'd on their heads a raven croaks  
 As they're beaten by wind and rains.

But to return to Shrewsbury, from which the fiend of digression has led me all the way to the neighbourhood of Knockin Castle. There are few parts of England wherein July shews itself to more advantage than

the country round this antico-modern city, for if much cannot be said in favour of its narrow streets and indifferent pavement, still its situation is eminently beautiful, standing as it does upon a circular peninsula of some height formed by the windings of the Severn. On every side it presents views for the poet and the painter, and its public promenade, called the Quarry, is not a little calculated to delight any one, who has been sated with the bustle, noise, and glare of a London winter. This Quarry occupies a tract of about twenty acres, sloping down to the Severn, with several shady walks, the whole being rendered yet more solemn by the steep banks on the opposite side of the river. Some have compared it to a convent-garden. If the similitude be real, all I can say is that convent gardens must be very charming places. Only just now our Quarry with its noble lime-trees wants one thing; I listen in vain for the music of the birds, for July, like August, is a *silent month*, a month that is in which the songs of the feathered tribes are heard no longer. Not a single note from the nightingale; not a cry from the cuckoo; though the swallows are in numbers upon the wing, skimming the water and wheeling about in all manner of fantastic circles.

I have never heard Shropshire much talked of by tourists and home-bred travellers, and yet it has a very decent share of lions; and a few traditions, though of a meagre kind, still cling to some of its localities. Thus we are told that the *Shelton Oak*, about a mile and a-half from Shrewsbury, is the identical tree into which Owen Glendower, that celebrated evoker of spirits, ascended to reconnoitre the royal forces, when finding the nut too hard to crack he wisely retreated. It is in a complete state of decay, being hollow in its larger ramifications, and having a cavity at the bottom large enough to hold a dozen persons with ease. Next there are the remains of Houghmond Abbey, formerly tenanted by regular canons of St. Augustine, but now occupied by crows as well as martlets; at least I saw the former sailing about the battlements, so that if not actually denizens of the ruins they must have been upon a visit to their friends the martlets whose nests may be seen in "every coigne of vantage." But far more remarkable in its recollections is a place called the Birches, though why or wherefore it is so designated I profess myself unable to explain, for not a single birch is growing there that I could see. In the May of 1773 this spot was the scene of a strange natural commotion, for it can hardly be called an earthquake, since it wanted some of its most striking phenomena. And yet commotion or earthquake, or whatever else it is to be named, it changed the course of the Severn, as well as every feature of the ground in the neighbourhood. Mr. John Fletcher, the vicar of Madeley, who the next day preached a sermon upon this occurrence to a vast multitude amidst the ruins, has left us a minute account of it, but it is too long for repetition.

*Siste viator*—stop a minute, traveller, when having mentioned one thing more, we will bid adieu to Shropshire and with it to July till another year shall bring him back again. It is not to speak of Ludlow Castle, nor of Ellesmere, nor any of the many beautiful lakes, large or small, that I linger yet a moment when on the very threshold to depart; it is to mention a small neat town, about twelve miles from Shrewsbury, and two from the Wrekin, which may be seen to great advantage from it—WELLINGTON—a place which has given its name to him, who even in his old age occupies the same space in the world's regard that he did in his

young and palmy days. Go where we will, to the Park or the Exchange, to London or Bath, east, west, north or south, we are sure to meet with something to remind us of him; he stares at us from the printshops; he haunts us like the Commandant in Don Giovanni from his horse of marble, but unlike the murdered Don, he is confined to no one place; we meet him on Waterloo Bridge, and again in Wellington Street, or Wellington Square, or in one of the innumerable places that bear his name; the papers talk of him, the theatres represent him, while poets, great and small, attempt to immortalize themselves by immortalizing the Iron Duke; we can neither stay at home, nor stir abroad, without in some way coming across him.

And now the public attention has been more particularly directed to him by a splendid picture of Landseer's, probably the most splendid that ever came from the easel of that glorious artist. It records an incident in the hero's life, of no very great importance, and yet not without interest. According to the story, a few years ago the Duke paid a visit to the scene of his crowning victory, with his daughter-in-law the Marchioness of Douro. The lady remarked that it must have been a dreadful scene.

"It was indeed a dreadful scene!" replied the veteran.

What a host of glorious yet painful recollections must have rushed in upon him at that moment! There is nothing in the Duke's life to warrant our supposing him a man of high imagination, or one likely to be much excited by any circumstances; sound sense, inflexible determination, imperturbable coolness, and a promptitude of judgment that never forsakes him, however great or sudden may be the exigency—these are his most distinguishing characteristics; yet there is a deeper tone of feeling in those few simple words than the world has usually given him credit for.

And now what a change comes over the spirit of our dream! At the time of the great battle, which achieved the freedom of Europe against France, he was in the full vigour of manhood; at the time of his visit to Waterloo he was in a green old age; and now—the other day only—he stood before this record of himself at the advanced age of eighty-one, his hair silvered o'er with age, his brow furrowed, his form somewhat bent, but still unbroken. He is indeed a wonderful man!

It is impossible to resist so strong a temptation to scribbling something upon the subject—we will not call it poetry on the score of our excessive modesty—but rather give it for title the ballad of

#### THE GREAT DUKE.

FULL many a day had passed away  
 Since the fight of Waterloo;  
 Corn waved o'er the dead, whose bones were dust,  
 Who had raised war's wild halloo.  
 And many were straying in idlesse there  
 To talk what they did not feel;  
 And some who glowed with the poet's fire,  
 Or burnt with the patriot's zeal.

But who is that stranger, stern and high?  
 Not of common mould is he;  
 You'd have marked him amongst the busy crowd  
 Or the ranks of chivalry.  
 And who is the lady that rides at his side,  
 Like a rose by the old oak found,  
 Whose eye in wonder follows his hand  
 As it traces the battle-ground?

'Tis the "Iron Duke," whose strong right hand  
 The freedom of earth has won;  
 That lady in wedlock's bonds is joined  
 To the warrior's high-born son.  
 She hears, and shudders to hear him tell  
 How from morn till eveningtide  
 The cannons roar'd, and the sabres flash'd,  
 And brave men by thousands died.

Now her cheek grows pale, and her breath comes thick,  
 At a battle well nigh lost;  
 Now kindles her eye at the foes hurled back,  
 Like weeds on the ocean tost.  
 "What a dreadful day!—but to hear it told  
 Makes the heart within one bleed."  
 And for once was that man of sternness mov'd—  
 "A dreadful day indeed!"

Many years have fled, and the scene is chang'd;  
 In the halls of art we stand;  
 And a gorgeous crowd is gather'd round,  
 The foremost of all the land.  
 And many a scene from nature's page  
 Is bright on the canvas there;  
 With the shadowy forms of those whose names  
 Fame tells to the common air.

But there is one which above the rest  
 Attracts every gazer's eye;  
 'Tis Waterloo-field, but not as when  
 The bravest met there to die.  
 Now peasants are grouped at the peaceful meal  
 Or plough up the stubbly ground;  
 And a lady rides by a warrior's side,  
 Like a rose by the old oak found.

All eyes are fixed on the painter's art,  
 And he too is gazing there,—  
 The leader who broke the long-worn chains  
 Of the nations in dull despair.  
 He looks, and his brow grows dark awhile,  
 As the shades of the past succeed;  
 Though his lips move not, yet his glance repeats,  
 " 'Twas a dreadful day indeed!"

After the record of this hero of the age, every other subject would be stale, flat, and unprofitable ;

“As in a theatre, the eyes of men  
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,  
Are idly bent on him who enters next—  
Thinking his prattle to be tedious.”

Farewell therefore to thee, hot and fruitful July, and if I should never again have the pleasure of meeting thee in life, be good enough to scatter a few of thy roses—I ambition not laurels—on the green turf which covers me, or which at least I hope will cover me, for right odious to my fancy is the ponderous monument. No, let the earth have its own, while the freed spirit mingles with the elements of which it is a portion.

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## THE ROLL OF PEERS.

STRUCK by the peculiarities in the Roll of Peers, when lately perusing it, we jotted down a few notes of what Mr. D'Israeli senior would have called, “Curiosities of the Peerage,” and having so entered them in our memorandum book, it has subsequently struck us that they might amuse the readers of this Magazine, and so we offer them our notes, hoping they may spend a passing moment agreeably conning them over, but hoping also they will not be very severe upon us for any small error or omission in our hurried remarks.

The “Roll of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in the third session of the fifteenth Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland,” does not include peeresses, or any Irish or Scotch peer without a seat in Parliament. Minors, however, appear upon the Roll, as also the Earldom of Berkeley, though its honors are now unclaimed. The names upon it are 458, the Prince of Wales being at the head, the Lord Dufferin, by his new title of Clandeboyne, at the foot of the list. The Baronies of Overstone and Londesborough have been conferred by the Sovereign since the Roll was printed; which would bring up the collective number of the peerage to 460. Nine names, however, are twice repeated; the Chancellor, President of the Council, Lord Privy Seal, Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Steward, are found in the place belonging to them in virtue of those high offices, and again in that which they fill as peers; whilst the Duke of Athol appears as Earl Strange and Baron Glenlyon, the Earl of Gosford as Baron Worlingham and Acheson, the Earl of Charlemont as an Irish representative Earl, and subsequently as Baron Charlemont, and Viscount Melbourne as Baron Melbourne and Beauvale. Out of the remaining 451, we will again take

the spiritual peers, (3 Archbishops and 27 Bishops) and the House then consists of 1 foreign potentate (Hanover,) 2 Princes of the blood royal, (Wales, and Cambridge) 20 Dukes, 22 Marquesses, 133 Earls, 27 Viscounts, and 214 Barons. The small number of Viscounts will be remarked; but it must be remembered that the title is one used by almost all the eldest sons of Earls, and some of those of Marquesses and Dukes.

Of these 419 Peers, 27 (Lord Charlemont being excluded) represent the Irish, and 16 the Scotch peerage, leaving England apparently 385. But of these, a considerable number enjoy titles in Ireland and Scotland superior to those they possess in England; and are in truth Irish and Scotch peers with a mere "voting title" in the peerage of England or of the United Kingdom. We can count 47 Irish and 25 Scotch peers so honoured. The Duke of Leinster; the Marquesses of Downshire, Londonderry, Waterford, Donegal, Drogheda, Ely, Sligo, Conyngham, Ormonde, Clanricarde and Headford; Earls of Donoughmore, Clancarty, Darnley, Cork, Bessborough, Egmont, Shannon, Courtown, Clare, Carysfort, Sheffield, Granard, Enniskillen, Limerick, Roden, Kingston, Longford, Mornington, Ranfurly, Clanwilliam, Fingall, Sefton, Leitrim, Meath, Gosford, Charlemont, and Kenmare; Viscounts Gage, Clifden, Middleton, Melbourne, Massareene, Strangford and Lismore, in Ireland—and in Scotland, the Dukes of Buccleuch, Montrose, Atholl, Roxburgh, and Argyll; Marquesses of Huntly and Lothian; Earls of Aberdeen, Kinnoul, Moray, Galloway, Eglinton, Lauderdale, Hopetoun, Glasgow, Wemyss, Crawford, Haddington, Rosebery, Errol, Dunmore, Kintore, Stair, and Elgin; and Viscount Falkland. Some of these, as for instance the Earl of Sefton, have nothing in common with Ireland or Scotland except the fact of their ranking in the peerage of those countries: but on the other hand there are many noblemen who are possessed of English titles which exclude them from the above list, and nevertheless should fairly be considered as belonging to the sister countries. Say, for Ireland, the Lords Abercorn, Huntingdon, Gough, Audley, Plunket, Templemore, Cloncurry, Rossmore, Carew, Lurgan, De Freyne, Mont-eagle, Keane, Stuart de Decies, Dartrey and Clandeboye; for Scotland, the Duke of Brandon, the Lords Ailsa, Breadalbane, Dalhousie, Rosslyn, Cathcart, Minto, Camperdown, Zetland, Melville, Douglas, Abercromby, Erskine, Panmure, Lovat, Dunfermline, Campbell, Rossie, and Hamilton.

Thus there are 35 Scotch peers who have no seat in the Upper House. None of these sit in the Lower House either, but of the 95 Irish peers who do not sit with the Lords, 6 have seats in the House of Commons, leaving 89 excluded from either house, from the one by the laws, from the other, by their own will. Of the peers who have a right to sit in the Parliament of the United Kingdom, 8 British, 2 Irish, and 3 Scotch are minors.

The Acts of Union for Scotland and Ireland differed essentially as regards the peerage of both countries. The Scotch Act contains no provision with regard to keeping up that body by new creations. Despite Scotch limitations, therefore, every noble in the Union roll will most probably have eventually a seat in the imperial legislature, as even a step in the peerage, where judged advisable, can only be given to a Scotch peer by granting him a title in the peerage of the United Kingdom. In Ireland the crown may, (and uniformly does) confer one title for every three that become extinct, until the whole number not possessed of British



peerages shall be reduced to 100; and then the number can be kept up to that. When once brought down to 100, however, it is likely the number will be permitted to become gradually smaller, as after all a peerage without seat or voice in Parliament is an unconstitutional anomaly. The present number of peers, including the representatives, exceed the magical number by 22. As far as a cursory glance through the list of names enables us to make a guess, we see but 11 of those of the extinction of which in our generation there seems any likelihood: Tyrconnell, Glengall, Netterville, Palmerston, O'Neill, Blayney, Riversdale, Rancliffe, Nugent, Downes, and Fitzgerald. But these are merely the ones to which the heir is not now visible. It is evident to our readers that several of the peers named are likely themselves to continue their noble race, whilst claimants will doubtless appear hereafter to succeed some of the others. The Marquisates of Westmeath and Thomond, should they become extinct, will not diminish the number of peers, the former becoming an Earldom, the latter making way for the Barony of Burren. As for Scotch peerages, the entails and remainders are so varied, complicated, and numerous, that with most of them it is utterly impossible to say when they will become extinct. Thus have we seen within the few last years the Earldoms of Crawford and Winton successfully claimed by Lords Balcarres and Eglinton, after these titles had been separated from their lines for many generations. We need only refer to the claims to the succession of the Dukedom and other titles of Queensberry, those to the Dukedom of Roxburghe, and the remainders to the Earldom of Breadalbane to convince the reader of the impossibility of foretelling the history of any Caledonian title. There is another respect in which the Acts of Union made a difference between Scotland and Ireland. In the former country the elections to the representative peerage take place anew for each Parliament, the lords meeting at Holyrood House. In Ireland they occur on the death of any representative peer, whose successor is nominated for life. This latter plan is very open to objection. Many a nobleman, eminently fitted at the time to represent his fellows, becomes later in life from age and infirmity quite unfitted for the purpose. Some years ago also several of the representatives, as is the case with Lord Charlemont now, were English peers—and one was a lunatic. Besides, all the peers elected belong to the majority, so that if 60 peers think one way, and 50 the other, the 28 representatives will all belong to the party of 60. Let the reader glance over the list of the present representatives and he will perceive how rare are the exceptions to one set of opinions. An election for each Parliament, as practised in Scotland, allowing each peer sixteen or eighteen votes, would ensure an efficient body of representative peers, who would partly represent the minority as well as the majority.

Among the peerages there are many duplicates, which can in general be readily distinguished from one another by those much used to hearing the names, or reading about them. But to others, this occasional similarity causes much perplexity. Sometimes, the similarity is between the first title of one peer and the second, or eldest son's title of another; sometimes, between either of these and the title in right of which an Irish or Scotch peer votes in the British House of Peers. Thus, the Marquess of Townshend has, as his second title, the Earldom of Leicester, which has been again of late years conferred on Mr. Coke of Holk-

ham, and he also holds the ancient baronies in fee of De Ferrers and Compton, which may in time be disconnected from the Marquisate; Shirley being now Earl Ferrers, and Compton being the title of the eldest son of the Marquess of Northampton. There is an Earl de Grey and an Earl Grey, a Scotch Baron Grey, and a Baroness Grey de Ruthyn; whilst Grey de Groby and Grey de Wilton appear in the list of eldest sons. Devonshire, the Earldom of the Courtenays, is now styled Devon, to distinguish it from the Dukedom granted to the Cavendishes; and we also find Buckingham and Buckinghamshire, Downe, Downes, and Downshire. The death of the late Duke of Queensberry has separated the Marquisate, now possessed by his heir male, from the Dukedom, which fell to the Duke of Buccleuch; whilst his Earldom of March, duplicate of the second title of the Duke of Richmond, was inherited by the Earl of Wemyss. The Marquess of Hastings holds a Barony in fee of the same name; Sir Jacob Astley has claimed with success another Barony of Hastings; and the eldest son of the Earl of Huntingdon, who has no second title, is similarly styled by the courtesy of England. The distinction between Lord Willoughby de Eresby and Lord Willoughby de Broke, Lord Howard of Effingham and Lord Howard de Walden, Lord Clifford of Chudleigh and Lord Clifford of Lanesborough, is generally kept up in conversation; and it is only a very tyro in fashionable life who would allow the similarity of sound to cause him to confuse Newborough and Newburgh, de Lisle and Lisle, Kenmare and Kenmure, Orford and Oxford, Lifford and Lilford, Lanesborough and Londesborough, de Freyne and Dufferin, Dysart and Desart; and yet we have often seen it so happen. More usual and excusable is the mistake frequently happening between Midleton and Middleton; Lindsey and Lindsay also, cannot possibly be distinguished in conversation. The Earl of Glasgow sits as Lord Ross; the Earl of Rosse is an Irish representative peer; and Rossie is the Barony of the United Kingdom lately granted to Lord Kinnaird. The Earl of Bessborough sits as Baron, his cousin as Viscount Ponsonby; the Marquess of Sligo as Lord Monteaigle, which title has been again given to Mr. Spring Rice; Hamilton is the first title of the Duke who stands at the head of the Scottish peers, the second title of the Marquess of Abercorn, and the voting title of Lord Belhaven. The Earl of Moray has taken as his title in the British peerage, Stuart of Castlestuart; but there was already a peer with the title of Castlestewart in Ireland, whose eldest son is Viscount Stuart: the Earl of Galloway sits as Lord Stewart of Garlies, Mr. Villiers Stuart is now Lord Stuart de Decies, and the eldest son of Traquair, Lord Stuart of Traquair. And so we find the Marquess of Douglas and Lord Douglas of Douglas, the Marquess of Stafford and Lord Stafford, (besides the Earl of Strafford, more easily distinguished,) Earl Talbot, and Lord Talbot de Malahide, Lord Stanley of Bickenstaffe and Lord Stanley of Alderley, Viscount St. John and Lord St. John of Bletsoe. The eldest son of the Duke of Buccleuch is styled Earl of Dalkeith, though his grace bears the higher title of Dumfrieshire, and the senior Earldom of Drumlanrig; but the Marquess of Bute ranks in the Scottish peerage as Earl of Dumfries, and the Marquess of Queensberry's eldest son is Viscount Drumlanrig. When the possessor of Holland House obtained a peerage with that historic title, the Earl of Egmont, who represented an ancient Baron Holland, obtained

the Barony of Lovell and Holland to which he was gazetted the day subsequent to the ennobling of Lady Georgina Fox. Erskine appears as a Baron, and the eldest son of Lord Marr, Gifford as a Baron and the eldest son of Lord Tweeddale, whilst Lord Clanwilliam's eldest son is Lord Gilford; Kinnaird as a Barony and the second title of Newburgh; Forbes as a Barony and the second title of Granard; North as a Barony and the second title, in courtesy only, of Guilford. The Duke of Buckingham and his brother are both enrolled among the nobles of Ireland by the title of Nugent: there is a Scotch Earl and a Viscount Melville, and an Irish Marquess and Earl of Waterford, the latter title belonging to the Earl of Shrewsbury, who has no inferior one, and whose eldest son would therefore be necessarily called Lord Talbot, despite the two peerages already existing with that style.

It is naturally much more common for peers to bear the same name than for them to use the same title. Among our nobles the most frequent surname appears to be Stewart or Stuart; which numbers altogether eight peerages. The descendants of the Chief Butler of Ireland come next, possessing six peerages, all in the sister country. The Douglasses, including the Duke of Hamilton, the Hamiltons, excluding his Grace, the Hills, Howards, Murrays, and Scotts, including the family of Buccleuch, number five peerages each. So do the Campbells, but two of these belong to husband and wife. The Curzons, including Earl Howe, and the Brownes and Plunkets in Ireland, possess four each. So would the name of Manners, had not the Dysart branch assumed the surname of Tollemache only. Beresford, Boyle, Cavendish, Dillon, Erskine, Fitzgerald, Gordon, Leveson-Gower, Hay, King, Ponsonby, Stanhope, Talbot, Wellesley, appear three times; as also Montagu, though the Lords Rokeby add a letter to the name.

Duns are unfortunately often considered by our dramatic composers necessary attendants upon nobility on the stage, and it is strange that they should afford the most common commencement of titles. Dunally, Dunboyne, Dundonald, Dunfermline, Dungannon, Dunmore, Dunraven and Dunsany among the peers, Duncan, Duncannon, Dundas, Dungarvan, Dunglass, Dunkellin, Dunlo and Dunwich among their heirs apparent, form a fearful catalogue. The last is the only English title among the long list, the word signifying a fortified hill in Celtic, and the peers who bear it all belonging to Scotland or Ireland. Dunraven, though the title is Irish, is situated in Wales, another Celtic district. Kill, which in Celtic means a Church, is also a common prefix. One of the second titles which commences with this syllable, Kilkenny-West, with Boscawen-Rose and Newtown-Butler, are the only instances we remember in our peerage of the double name in a title so universal in Germany and so common formerly in France. It is singular that the first and second titles of one peer, Pomfret and Lempster, should both be contractions, standing for Pontefract and Leominster. There are seven of our titles taken from places which were never, like Tancarville or other Norman baronies, incorporated with the dominions of our monarchs. Of these, we cannot account for the introduction of Amiens. Lovaine, has been chosen in memory of the descent of the ancient Percies from the Dukes of Lorraine and Counts of Brabant, from whose ancient city of Lovaine, now Louvain, their ancestor was surnamed de Lovaine, before he wedded the richly portioned Percy. All the other foreign places which

figure in our rolls of titles have been the scenes of brilliant achievements in arms, where the English flag waved in triumph over our conquered enemies. Mahon commemorates the gallant capture of Port Mahon, and with it the conquest of Minorca in 1708 by James, first Earl Stanhope, a scion of the noble house of Chesterfield; it is unnecessary to remind our readers whence Wellington got the title of Douro, or what claim Jervis, Nelson, and Duncan, have to St. Vincent, Trafalgar, or Camperdown.

Enough about names. Of the first thirty baronies on the list, one fifth are still enjoyed by the direct male descendants of the first possessors; Stourton, St. John of Bletsoe, Petre, Arundell of Wardour, Dormer and Byron; that of North is now held by the direct female descendant of the first Baron, but after her demise will necessarily be inherited by her children, and thus brought into another family: all the rest, (including Paget, called up by writ for his father's Barony) are heirs general of the original peers. Some of these Barons far exceed many Dukes in antiquity of lineage; unlike the French peerage, where the Dukes alone were formerly peers, with us the maxim of the Lords as regards the several ranks in their noble house is

“Nobilitate pares, quamvis gradû impares.”

Following up our ducal houses in the male line, it will be found that the period at which they first became ennobled, is often very different from what a superficial glance would lead one to expect. The direct male ancestors of the Duke of Newcastle were ennobled in 1299, and the title (Clinton) they then possessed is still extant, though it has since passed from the male into the female line. His Grace of Newcastle stands in this respect at the head of our ducal families; the first peerage obtained by the Howards being in 1470, nearly two centuries after the Clintons had sat as barons. Next to Newcastle comes the Irish house of Leinster, whose earldom of Kildare bears date from 1316. Thirdly, the illustrious family of Douglas, in Scotland; their chief, the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, being Earl of Angus, under a creation of 1326. The Clintons obtained the earldom of Huntingdon eleven years after that date; but it was granted to the youngest son of the first Baron Clinton, and consequently not to a direct ancestor of the extant family, whom alone we can count. Argyll and Montrose in Scotland were first ennobled in 1445; Norfolk, as we have already mentioned, in 1470; and Rutland first inherited the ancient barony of De Ros, and Belvoir Castle and estates, in 1487. But though the Howards are thus excelled in mere antiquity of family, the rapidity with which they rose to the highest title in the realm, their representation of the illustrious Warrennes and Mowbrays, their inheritance of the earl-marshalship from the Plantagenets, and eventually of the premier earldom of England from the Fitzalans; and finally the brilliant place which their rank, bravery, talents, and great possessions have enabled them to fill ever since they first took their seats among the mailed barons of Edward IV., fairly entitle them to their universally acknowledged rank, as the first noble house of England. The most recently ennobled of our ducal families is that of Roxburghe, Sir James Innes-Norcliffe, of Innes, Bart., having inherited that title in 1805, in right of the marriage of his ancestor, Sir

James Innes, Bart., in 1666, to Margaret, third and youngest daughter of Harry, Lord Ker, second son of Robert, first Earl of Roxburghe. The family of the Duke of Buckingham, the Grenvilles of Wootton, inherited the earldom of Temple in 1752, on the demise of the celebrated Hester, Countess Temple, wife of Richard Grenville, of Wootton, Esq., M.P. Two years previously Sir Hugh Smithson, of Stanwick, in Yorkshire, Bart., had inherited the earldom and estates of Northumberland, on the death of his father-in-law, Algernon, Duke of Somerset, son of Charles, sixth Duke of Somerset, and of the Lady Elizabeth, only child of Josceline Percy, eleventh and last Earl of Northumberland. And again, four years before this succession, that is, in 1746, Richard Colley Wesley, Esq., M.P., had been raised to the peerage of Ireland as Baron of Mornington; hence the brilliant house of Wellesley. The family of the Duke of Sutherland was ennobled in 1702, and that of the Duke of Cleveland in 1699; the favourite Bentinck was made Earl of Portland by William III. in 1689, and Sir Thomas Osborne, Bart., M.P., afterwards Duke of Leeds, was created Baron Osborne and Viscount Latimer, in 1674. Contemporary to him in elevation to the peerage were the illegitimate infant sons of Charles II., of whom St. Albans was ennobled in 1676, Richmond in 1675, and Grafton in 1672; whilst the Dukes of Buccleuch are descended in the male line from the celebrated Duke of Monmouth, ennobled in 1662. The first title enjoyed by the ancestors of the Duke of Manchester was conferred in 1620, by those of the Duke of Devonshire, in 1605, and of the Duke of Atholl, in 1604. The Earls of Sutherland who now hold the Duchy of Marlborough, first sat as peers in 1603. The first Earl of Bedford, the favourite of Henry VIII., was made a peer of Parliament by that monarch, in 1539. Three years previously he had conferred the Viscounty of Beauchamp upon the brother of his Queen, Jane Seymour, or St. Maur, as the name was anciently spelt, and as the present Duke of Somerset uses it. Beaufort alone remains to be fixed in date; and we find that Charles Somerset, illegitimate son of Henry Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, marrying Elizabeth, only child and heiress of William, Earl of Huntingdon, Lord Herbert, of Ragland, was summoned to parliament in that barony, "*jure uxoris*" in 1510, and three years afterwards created Earl of Worcester, the progenitor of a brave and loyal race.

It would be interesting to make, among all the ranks of the peerage, an examination similar to that we have here made among the Dukes only. But the task is, for the present, beyond the limits we have prescribed to ourselves. We will therefore only remark that if one or two arbitrary forfeitures were reversed, the first ranks both of Marquesses and Earls would be changed, the Earl of Stamford and Warrington ranking as Marquess of Dorset, above the Marquess of Winchester; whilst the Earls of Devon and Abergavenny would stand at the head of the Earls,—the former by his present title, but with precedency as of 1336, and the Earl of Abergavenny by the famous title of Westmoreland. James I. seized upon all the noblest titles in England to gratify the ambition of his upstart favourites, and thus opposed a serious obstacle to the removal of forfeitures which were otherwise shewn to be unnecessary, as the heirs of the forfeited families were among some of his most faithful subjects. In another article we will give an account of the forfeited titles we have named, and which we hope we may yet see restored to

their ancient places in our peerage, where also, if forfeitures were generally reversed, the Duke of Buccleuch would rank as the successor of the amiable and popular Duke of Monmouth ; and the noble family of Fitzjames in Spain and France would send a representative of the gallant and chivalric Duke of Berwick. It is singular that the only illegitimate sons of the Stuarts who have filled a page of history, should be those whose titles lie under attainder, though in the Duke of Monmouth's case some of the titles have been subsequently restored. The noble house of Fitzjames are Dukes of Leiria and grandees of the first class in Spain, and Dukes of Fitzjames in France, where they still uphold with energy and faithfulness those principles in matters of religion and royal authority which cost Berwick's father his three kingdoms ; and opposing which that monarch's nephew, the Duke of Grafton, lost his life, fighting in the army of William III., at the siege of Cork.

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## THE ARISTOCRACY AND THE PEOPLE.

WHEN we compare the changes that have taken place in the constitutions and governments of the different kingdoms in the world—changes not confined alone to the ancient times or referable to remote periods, but constantly taking place, hurling from the summit of greatness and power, those who had long basked in the sunshine of public favour and compelling others of the noblest lineage to seek on foreign shores the hospitality denied them in their own country ; when we compare these great and terrible changes, seldom accomplished without bloodshed and rebellion, to the peaceful progress of our own country, even the most apathetic must feel desirous to examine the means by which this has been effected.

If, with this object in view, we trace the history of the peerages in different countries we shall generally find them proud, selfish, and arrogant—living distinct, and at a distance from the bulk of the people, and looking upon any intermixture with them, as a disgrace to their name ; in some countries, like the Grandees of Spain, claiming an immunity from taxes, and an exemption from most of those services which the subject owes to his sovereign, or country ; in other states like the *Ancienne Noblesse* of France, claiming as their hereditary right almost every office or place in the kingdom of emolument or honour. But in England

we shall constantly find the greatest and most talented of the commonalty elevated to the peerage, whilst again the younger branches of the noblest families of the land are constantly falling back into, and uniting again with the mass and body of the people. Our peerage therefore comprises in its ranks, not only descendants of those who were great and noble in their day, but also the best and most conspicuous among the statesmen, lawyers, naval and military commanders of the present time. To it all distinguished individuals may look forward as the ultimate reward of their services, assured that no petty jealousy or class prejudice will shut the gates of preferment upon deserving merit.

To this liberal policy adopted in the earliest ages as a principle of our constitution, we may trace the spirit of liberty, which has always flourished in so congenial a soil. To it too, we may trace the possession, in its full force and vigour, of the most ancient aristocracies in the world, embracing in its ranks not only those who have distinguished themselves in our own country, but many whose names were once illustrious in other lands, like the Courtenays and de Montmorencys, and whose noble lines would probably have perished had they not been received and encouraged by us when misfortune or royal jealousy compelled them to abandon the land of their fathers.

As the preservation of our Aristocracy to the present day, as well as the high place they hold in the affections of the people is altogether due to the liberal spirit with which they have been always animated, and as the prosperity or power of a privileged class in a civilized country is incompatible with the degradation of the mass of the people, we propose in the following pages to develope the slow but certain progress of that movement which terminated in the annihilation of the last vestige of personal slavery or bondage in this country, convinced that few things shed more honour on the British Aristocracy, than their constant efforts to extend the blessings of the freedom they enjoyed to the lowest ranks in this kingdom.

Slavery appears to have originated in a regard for human life. The prisoner taken in battle, was generally doomed to death; but it was at last ordained that none should kill another, but that he that was taken in battle should remain bound to his taker for ever as his proper goods and chattels, and that he who killed his villeines, should have the same judgment as if he had killed a free man. They were accordingly called slaves—*servi—quia servabantur à dominis et non occidebantur, et non a serviendo*; and the name villeine is derived from the French *villa* an estate or town-land, because they were generally attached to the soil. This was the only species of slavery ever permitted in England, or recognised by the laws. The position, however, of a villeine was little better than that of a slave. His services were uncertain and indeterminate, such as his lord thought fit to require, or impose upon him. He knew not in the evening what he should do in the morning. He was bound to do whatever he was commanded; and was liable to every punishment the lord chose to inflict, short of maiming or killing. Whatever was acquired by the villeine was acquired solely for the benefit of the master—*quidquid acquiritur servo acquiritur domino*, said the law; and again, *qui a le villain il a sa proye*. He could be bought or sold, and descended as freehold or chattel property, sometimes to the heir, and sometimes to the executor

of the lord ; and the son of a free woman married to a villein became the property of the lord.

This was the state of the law previous to the Conquest ; but immediately afterwards many things concurred to abolish slavery in England. The custom of enslaving captives taken in war was put an end to, and thus the creation of new villeines was for ever prevented ; whilst in the mean time every possible facility and opportunity of establishing their freedom was presented to the villein and every possible legal impediment and technicality was thrown in the way of the lord in asserting his right. Thus the courts always presumed in favour of liberty, throwing the *onus probandi* upon the lord, as well in the writ of *Nativo habendo* where the lord was plaintiff, as in the writ of *Homine replegiando* where he was defendant. A non-suit of the lord in a *Nativo habendo*, which was the writ for assisting the title of slavery, was a bar to any other writ of a similar nature, and consequently amounted to a perpetual enfranchisement of the slave ; but a non-suit of a villein in a *Libertate probanda* which was one of the writs for assisting the claims of liberty against the lord was no bar to another writ of the same kind. If two plaintiffs joined in a *Nativo habendo* a non-suit to one was a non-suit of both ; but a contrary rule was adopted in a *Libertate probanda*. The lord could not prosecute for more than two villeines in one *Nativo habendo* ; but any number of villeines of the same blood might join in one *libertate probanda*. Manumissions were inferred from the slightest mistake or negligence on the part of the lord, or from the most trifling omission which legal refinement could strain into an acknowledgment of the villein's liberty. If the lord vested the ownership of land in the villein, received homage from him, or gave a bond to him, he was enfranchised ; suffering a villein to be on a jury, to enter into any religious order, or to be possessed or to stay a year and a day in ancient demeene without claim enfranchised him. Bringing ordinary actions against him, joining with him in actions without protestation of villeinage, imparling in them, or assenting to his imparlance, or suffering him to be vouched without counter-pleading the voucher, were all followed by the enfranchisement of the villein by implication of law ; and most of these constructive manumissions were the received law of the land as early as in the reign of the first Edward. Here then the quirks and quibbles of the law, which so often work injustice and delay, were honorably employed in emancipating their fellow countrymen from the degradation of serfdom and the shackles of slavery. Villeinage finally ceased to exist at the conclusion of the reign of Elizabeth, or at the commencement of the reign of James, under the combined operation of extinction of race, manumission, and the implication of law.

Slavery had not, however, received its final blow by the extinction of villeinage. It was openly tolerated in many neighbouring countries and it required something more to be done before the existence of slavery in England in any form should be rendered quite impossible. The first case relating to imported slaves that is noticed in our books since the extinction of villeinage is one mentioned by Rushworth in his *Historical Collections* ; and it is there said that in the 11th year of Elizabeth, one Cartright brought a slave from Russia and would scourge him, for which he was questioned ; upon which it was resolved that *England was too pure an air for a slave to breathe in.*



The next case that occurred, and the first mentioned in our printed law reports is the case of *Butts v. Penny*, which was argued in the King's Bench in Trinity Term in the 29th year of the reign of Charles II. It was an action for trover for ten negroes and there was a special verdict that the negroes were *infidels*, subjects to an infidel prince, and usually bought and sold in India as merchandise by the custom among merchants; and that the plaintiff had bought them and was in possession of them, and that the defendant took them out of his possession. The court finally held that the negroes being usually bought and sold among merchants in India, and *being infidels*, there might be property in them sufficient to maintain the action; but in this case it does not clearly appear—or rather the presumption would appear to be that the action was brought to recover the value of the negroes of which the plaintiff had been possessed, not in England, but in India.

The next case involving this question was that of *Gelly v. Cleve*, in the 5th year of the reign of William and Mary. In that case the Common Pleas decided that trover will lie for a negro boy *because negroes are heathens*. But in this case it is not quite clear whether the cause of action did not arise in America.

The only other case reported is that of *Smith v. Gould*, brought in the Queen's Bench in the 4th year of the reign of Anne to recover the price of a negro in England; when the court finally decided that trover did not lie for a negro.

These questions appear to have been finally set at rest, by the decision of the case of *Smith v. Browne*. The plaintiff brought his action for £20, the value of a negro sold by him to the defendant; and the court decided that there was no cause of action, as the plaintiff should have averred in the declaration "that the negro at the time of the sale was in Virginia, and that negroes by the laws and statutes of Virginia are saleable." Thus directly deciding that negroes were not saleable in England. In this case Mr. Justice Powell said: "In a villeine the owner has a property; but the law takes no notice of a negro." Lord Chief Justice Holt is still more explicit for he says that "one may be a villeine in England; but that as soon as a negro comes into England he becomes free."

The last occasion upon which the freedom of any individual who had once placed his foot upon British soil was questioned, arose in the case of *James Somersett*, a negro, which was as follows:—

On the 3rd of December, 1771, affidavits were made by Thomas Walklin, Elizabeth Cade and John Marton, to the effect that James Somersett, a negro, was confined in irons on board a ship called the *Ann and Mary*, John Knowles, Commander, lying in the Thames bound for Jamaica.

Upon an application to Lord Mansfield supported by these affidavits he issued a writ of *habeas corpus* directed to Mr. Knowles, and requiring him to return the body of Somersett before his Lordship with the cause of his detainer. Knowles accordingly on the 9th of December produced the body of Somersett before Lord Mansfield, and returned as cause of detainer that he was a negro slave of Charles Stewart Esq., who had delivered him into his custody in order to carry him to Jamaica and there sell him as a slave. Affidavits were also made by Stewart and others to prove that he had purchased him as a slave in Virginia, and had after-

wards brought him to England where he left his master's service, and that his refusing to return was the occasion of his being carried on board the ship and confined there. The case was argued at great length and with great ability and concluded by the judgment of the court in favour of the slave, who was immediately liberated by the directions of Lord Mansfield.

This was the last case that ever occurred relative to the introduction of slavery into England ; and when we reflect upon the period at which, and the circumstances under which that decision was pronounced, we have the strongest reason to congratulate ourselves on that spirit of freedom that has always characterised England as a nation.

It was in allusion to this that Curran said :—

“ I speak in the spirit of the British Law which makes liberty inseparable from and commensurate with British soil ; which proclaims, even to the stranger and sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of *Universal Emancipation*. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced ; no matter what complexion incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burned upon him ; no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down ; no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery ; the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust ; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty ; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains that burst from around him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled by the irresistible genius of *Universal Emancipation*.”

J. P.

## NOTES FROM NORTHUMBRIA.

BY W. H. LONGSTAFFE, ESQ.

## II.

"Such is this world's changing, hiding things of yore,  
 Us from those estranging who have passed before :  
 So, when death receives us, will work equal change,  
 Others may believe us shadowy—dark—and strange  
 As the Ancient Hall."<sup>\*</sup>

THURSDAY, MARCH 21.—The stranger on entering Newcastle instantly feels himself in a differing atmosphere and class of thought. A few paces in "Croakupshire town" will readily satisfy him that he has indeed sprung upon legitimate descendants from the subjects of the old Danish kingdom of Northumbria, which was allowed to subsist under the very noses of the Saxons. There is the *burr* conspicuous in the mouths of nearly all the members of the lower ranks of society, and the cries, albeit musical, are of a stentorian and afflicting tone. A mystic place is that said Newcastle. It has subsisted since the Roman times, at all events, as a citadel. Roman coins testified that old Tyne-bridge which was swept away by the flood of 1771 stood upon the foundations of the Roman Pons Ælii. There is the massive honeycombed and minutely chambered Norman keep, the *old new castle*. There is the matchless spire of St. Nicholas. Look up at the quaint projecting dwellings, timber upon timber, of its ancient "marchant adventurers," and then upon the long rows, as it were, of palaces, which mark the enterprise of Richard Granger, the charity boy. You will feel in no ordinary mood.

The Newcastle people have their Literary and Philosophical Society, Natural History Society, and Society of Antiquaries. These have extensive museums and admirable libraries. The last have in all proper taste taken up their abode in the deserted keep. There they have their Roman altars, their armour and relics of all sorts. There, in the great chamber, have they caused the banners and the pennons of the Fenwyke, Hylton, Percy, and all the great houses of the North once more to float over fair foreheads and devoted squires. The literati of the metropolis of the North have their own peculiar style of literature. They love red lettering and creamy tracts. Their most unimportant imprints are brochures. The Richardsons have carried this taste to the extreme of country perfection, and, in a private way, Sir Cuthbert Sharp, John Trotter Brockett, and John Fenwick (who seems to be surviving all his

\* W. G. M. J. Barker, the poet of the Gore.

cotemporary chivalry), have exercised no small influence over the printers of their minutiae.

This day I was hailed at Newcastle with the most fervent hospitality, but my friends must forgive me if for one moment my thoughts were with the dead. I went back, and go back now to the memory of a tall, gentlemanly old man with hoary hairs, to his kind manner, and courteous clinging to his junior comrades in the paths of history. I go back to his reception—his immediate production of what he thought would interest me most—my eager extracts—and the pleasure, as I afterwards found, it gave him to witness my furor, whether well directed or not. I go back to his deep affections. The soul of Surtees was flown to the land of joy, and love, and peace, and his remains were quietly mouldering in the rock where he wished to be lain; \* but Sir Cuthbert Sharp had not forgotten him. At the mention of Surtees, his lip quivered. "I thought," said he, "that when Surtees went, I should never have touched these things again. I laid them all aside for years. But the Bowes papers came before me, and I insensibly returned to the study." Sir Cuthbert had his failings, but he was a terse and amusing chronicler, and the mildew of antiquity had not settled in a cold cloud on his heart. Yet what profiteth a man all the labour he hath under the sun. His MSS. have left the North, where each familiar name would have been a pearl in the eyes of his successors, have gone to where no interest will attach to them, and where they may be little cared for. I sincerely trust that the gentlemen to whose custody they are confided will not allow this always to be.

I spent the day in the company of John Fenwick, Esq., G. Bouchier Richardson, the young and ardent topographer of the town, and that "varry moral of a man," as Teasdale folks say, Mr. Robert White, the Scottish minstrel of ballad fame. I was also introduced to Collingwood Bruce, the learned discussor of the Roman wall, whose work I long to dip into. My worthy host, Mr. Fenwick, may boast of lineage "blushing with the blood of kings and queens," but he was my father's early companion, and I linger over such associations, and like him, for the feeling his gentle stem has left him, more than for the stem itself. I would I could tear myself in these pages from such personal matters, but they form a part of me, and my readers must be like the lady of my love, and take me for better or worse, or lose sight of me altogether.

The "fierce Fenwyke" compose a clan too well known to need any allusion here, but I must for once take the liberty of printing a domestic anecdote of the present time. I am stricken with its beauty, and I think no one will blame me for placing it on record, or accuse me of needlessly invading the privacy of the domestic circle. Through the knightly race of Clervaux, the Fenwicks derive the rich blood of Percy. It will be remembered that Agnes Percy, the heiress of her house in the 12th century, compelled her husband—albeit he was the brother of a queen—to assume her name. Mr. Fenwick's daughter, when expiring, was asked what the name of her infant should be. The soul was about to depart—wealth, power, rank, and lineage were as bubbles—but it went back in

\* The resting place of Surtees is a grave in the churchyard of Bishop Middleham, marked by an iron "hearse," on the model of that over the effigy of Richard Earl of Warwick, in the Beauchamp chapel at Warwick, having his initials, R. S., inserted at one end, and his age, "54," at the other. His grave also resembles that of Warwick in being hewn out of the natural rock.

that last hour to a cherished descent from a noble house—a decent pride, which will, I hope, always preserve its children from the touch of dishonour or meanness. She thought of her remote ancestors, and answered, "Agnes Percy." It is needless to say that her afflicted husband strictly complied with the dying mother's request—and the object was worthy of the name so affectingly bestowed. God shower his richest blessings on that fair haired and beautiful child, that genuine flower of Northumberland.

We talked of Ralph Spearman of Eachwick, in Northumberland, the Jonathan Oldbuck, as some considered, of Sir Walter Scott. In his youth he had become contaminated with all the orgies of Seaton Delaval, and his conversation and letters (some of which I have seen), partook of the loose character of his early companions. In his old age he had an extraordinary fund of anecdote, but it was, in truth, a cesspool of slander. Every tale at all reflecting against a family was duly chronicled in his mind; but he was forgetful and imaginative, and many of his histories are to be taken *cum grano salis*. Nevertheless, Ralph had his good points, and was certainly the receptacle of a vast treasure of local tradition, which with the exception of that which antiquaries have noted from his lips, has totally passed away. Surtees repeatedly thanks him, though perhaps the best tribute to Spearman's memory occurs in an epistle to John Bell, a wondrous collector of all things, handbills, ballads, and MSS., good, bad and indifferent: picked up in the street or sent from gentle fingers; clean, dirty, and of neutral tint. After something about Adam Bell of Inglewood, he proceeds:—

"And from that wood so dark and dorn,  
 One sapling straight and tall,  
 Was borne away with mickle care,  
 To bloom in bower and hall.  
 At Belsis grew this goodly graft,  
 And flourished free and fair,  
 And bourgeoned forth with flower and fruit,  
 That woo'd the summer air;  
 And right across that sapling straight,  
 A baldric bright was slung,  
 Whereon, within a bloody field,  
 Three azure bells were hung.

And hence old Eachwick's lords we trace,  
 By virtuous true descent,  
 And hence old Fenwick's martial name,  
 With Border Bell is blent.  
 Hence too thy line, high Aspramont,  
 Nor dost thou blush to bear,  
 Upon thy ermine cheveron bright,  
 The blue bells passing fair.  
 Dear Ralph of Eachwick, honor'd lord,  
 True tongue, sound head, warm heart;  
 Of ancient honour, modern worth,  
 Thou type in every part.  
 When I forget thee, honor'd Ralph,  
 And all thy storied lore,  
 My mind must lose the dearest half  
 Of memory's treasured store."

The Spearman maintain a descent from the Lords or Counts of Aspramont, a castle and county betwixt the Maes and the Moselle, on the confines of Lorrain and Bar. The Counts of Aspramont occur until the close of the French monarchy. The *homo prepositus* of the Durham family, Robert, (a younger son of the ancient race of Spearman of Dunnington, co. Salop, seated there from the Conquest, and descended as aforesaid) came into the north with the troops that suppressed the Pilgrimage of Grace. Ralph of Eachwick obtained a grant of three bells (in allusion to his mother being sister and coheiress of Edward Bell of Eachwick,) in augmentation of his paternal coat. He left his property to a person of no blood connection, directing him to assume the arms of Spearman. A question arose whether this direction alluded to the arms usually worn by the family, or those registered by Ralph with the bells, and the heralds were of opinion that the former were proper to be used by the legatee.

There is a curious account in the register of All Saint's Church, Newcastle, of the various monuments in the church about 1680. One of the *lairstones* covered the remains of the wife of one of the regicides who sprung from the Norton family of Blakiston; "Susannah, late wife of John Blaxton, one of his late *Majesties judges* [a term equivocal enough] was buried under this stone, it being her first husband's, Roger Chambers, merchant."

The register of St. John's contains numberless singular entries, the plagues being very minutely chronicled.

- "A poore crepell of the almhouse in the Puding chaire, buried 1588.  
 Alice Stokoe buried 13 May 1589. She was servant to Thomas Hodgshon butcher and did put downe her selfe in her master house in her own belt. [This would be the belt used in carrying meat, and which was strapped round the head.]  
 William Foster, yeoman, a poor man buried. The first which died in the plag 4 July 1589.  
 John Phiff [Fife] servant to Mr. Simpson drowned in the river at the Close yait going to swime, buried 29 July 1589.  
 Robert Reatlage millner drowned at the Close yait going to swime, buried 1 August 1589.  
 Edward Errington the townes fool, buried 23 Aug. 1589, died in the pest.  
 A poor woman which died in a tower off the walles which cam fro wedow Hind, buried 1589. [Such entries are very frequent; for, strange and barbarous as it may appear, the townsmen when they saw the plague spot appear, took the unfortunate victims to the failing towers, and left them to perish.]  
 Wm. Linsayes maid which died in a tower, buried, pest, 18 Sep. 1589.  
 Robert Trot began to be gravmaker 20 Oct. 1589. [Perhaps an additional one for the emergency, as no burial of the former one occurs.]  
 Margaret, daughter of Nicholas Crages *lowrye maker* buried, pest, 23 Oct. 1589. [A *lowrye maker* was probably a maker of *lowreapes*, i.e. ropes used for lighting a fire to make a *lowe* or flame.]  
 Died in the monethe of October 1589, in the plague (Mr. William Selbye, chosen to be maior bot cam nott then, Mr. Roger Nicholson continuing in the place), buried in St. Johns on hundred twentye eight wheroff threscore and 3 was children 32 yong men and maids 33 of married folks.  
 Died in thys monethe December [1589] (Mr. Willm Selbye maior and John Gibson sheriffe) 11 persons in the plage so that in all which hath died befor this daye being the first of January in this towne it is counted by all the records in number to be in all 1727 persons, wheroff iij hundred and

40 persons in St. Johns, 5 hundred and 9 persons at the chapell [of Benwell] iij hundred at Alhalowes, iij hundred at St. Andrewes, and one hundred and iij persons at St. Nicholas.\*

I saw at Newcastle one of Randal's MSS. containing extracts from the accounts of the chapelry of Crossgate, Durham, from which take one or two excerpts.

"1672, For ringing for the Bishop's corps 2s. 6d.

1674, Easter Tuesday. Ordered that at the humble request of Mr. Sam. Martyn, the minister of the chappell, that *in respect of his present indigence* the churchwardens for this present yeare (not to be called into precedent) shall pay him 3s. 4d. to satisfy his procuration fees now due.

1703, Easter Tuesday. Memorandum that Michael Knaggs did then present to and for the use of the chappell four linnen towels to be used upon occasions *for bringing of corps, or at the sacrament or any other necessary occasions.* Memorandum, in May after, Mary Taylerson wife of Tho. Taylerson (attorney at law) did present to the said chappell for the use thereof, one communion table-cloth firbelowed with striped musling, and one other firbelowed cloth for covering the elements and the vessels containing the same at the Holy Sacrament."

On my return to Cleadon I was told that a great excitement had been caused among the domestics of the village a day or two before, by a boy hawking mould candles about at one penny each, warranted to burn *eighty hours*!—and—that he had been believed.

FRIDAY, MARCH 22. At Hylton Castle nearly all day.

SATURDAY, MARCH 23. Proceeded from Cleadon to "the Half Moon, shining all so fair" at Gateshead, and thence in the mail to Medomsley. On passing Gibside, the romance of the Countess of Strathmore and "Stony Bowes" came vividly to my recollections. It has been immortalized by Jesse Foot and Howitt,† but the exact purport of the articles exhibited by the injured wife will be new to my readers.

"In Hillary term, 25 Geo. III., 'Mary Eleanor Bowes, (commonly called the Countess of Strathmore,)' wife of Andrew Robinson Bowes, par. St. Geo., Hanover-square, Esq., exhibited articles of the peace against him. The drift of the articles was, that she had been married eight years, and for seven years of that time she had been treated with great cruelty and barbarity without any provocation. On one occasion he struck her with the hilt of his drawn sword and with a silver candlestick, in a very severe and violent manner, and left marks of cruelty on her head, eyes, arms, and shoulders, which continued several days. In the evening of the 9th Oct. last, he put himself into a violent passion at Buxton, because she had not written a letter as soon as he expected, and in the presence of her daughter Anna Maria, took a lighted candle and violently put it to her face, by means whereof she was burnt upon her face in four places, and suffered great pain, and he immediately after thrust the nip of her pen against her tongue, which put her to great torture, and blood issued from her tongue which filled her mouth, and her tongue was afterwards very much swelled, and he also gave her a violent blow on her face from which she suffered great pain and torture, and one of her cheeks, as well on the outside as the inside, was very much swelled. On the 3rd of Nov. the two returned from Strickland ‡ Castle, whither they had gone from Buxton, to their house in Han-

\* From my friend G. Bouchier Richardson's copies.

† Visits to Remarkable Places, 2nd series.

‡ Sic. but Streatlam, co. Durham, seems to be meant. It was her own inheritance.

over Square, and on the 8th or 9th she requested Mary Reynett who had been frequently at the house and had resided there with her approbation, to bring her youngest daughter to visit the exhibitant, when on that account he put himself into a great rage, and beat her with clenched fists in a violent manner on her head and mouth, insomuch that the blood issued from her mouth and ears. In Dec. at his house he took up the tongs and *thrust*\* them with great violence at her, as if to strike her on the head, when she screamed out, and thereupon he forced her into a corner and with his clenched fist and with a stick beat her on her face, head and arms, in a violent manner, and with very cruel expressions *declared he would learn her to be beat without crying out.* On the 27th Jan. last the said M. Reynett with his approbation, came to his house to dine and spend the evening, and he having conceived displeasure at M. Reynett, for her having brought her dog with her at the request of the exhibitant, called the latter into one of the rooms, and without any other provocation kicked the exhibitant with great force several times, and immediately after in a violent manner pulled her by the ears and declared he had a great mind to strangle her: he then ordered her to kneel down, and she apprehending he meant to take away her life fell on her knees, thinking she was to say her last prayers, upon which he put a book to her mouth and said, 'swear never to do the like again,' and then he with vehement expressions declared that if she ever did the like again he would certainly strangle her, and that he had a great inclination to do it then. Within the space of 12 months he had often threatened to murder her or confine her for life, and on the 3rd of that month instant February, was obliged to leave his house to obtain protection from the laws for the preservation of her life, and now prayed the court to order him to find securities for keeping the King's peace towards her." The document of which I have given the pith from a copy *penes* R. H. Allan, Esq., is signed "M. E. Bowes, Strathmore."

The fortune of the lady in money only was above £100,000. She was born in 1749, and had married John Lyon, Earl of Strathmore, on her birthday, 24th Feb. 1767.† She treated him with great levity, but if her conduct was reprehensible, her punishment was great. Her father is thus described‡:—"George Bowes, Esq., died of a lingering disorder at his seat at Gibside, on the 17th of September, in the 60th year of his age, 1760, being the last heir male of that branch of the Bowes. He was a tall personable man, handsome and well shaped, a very good Englishman and lover of our constitution, had prayers regularly in his family, which he commonly read himself daily, and oftentimes sermons. Excepting a little tincture of vanity which did no body any hurt, he was a very unexceptionable man."

So abundantly wooded was the beautiful country I am entering upon that living witnesses attest the fact that a squirrel, leaping from tree to tree, could travel from Axwell Park to Shotley Bridge, without touching ground.

Medomsley is approached by an incline of such unbecoming length, that if my cousin the parson wishes for solitude, I do not think his Newcastle friends are likely to be blamed for opposing it. I suppose the village itself will be at some 1000 feet height above the level of the sea, and is about the *ultima Thule* of the county where corn can be grown. Pontop pike opposite is about 1,100. The day of my advent at this

\* "Threw" is written above "thrust."

† Randal's MSS.

‡ Ibid.



bleak spot, was a frosty mirky day, on which the snow fell at intervals, not in genial flakes, but in gusts of small icy fragments which cut one to the skin. I tried to be amused with a Scotchman in the coach who was giving me some idea of the barbarous agriculture at Tow-Law, in this county, where a few weeks before he had seen a horse and an ox ploughing in unison, but in spite of all my efforts, I could not help thinking of an epitaph (1658) at Branford in Suffolk, commemorating one Ralphe Copinger, a citizen of London,

“ Who, coming hither, health for to repair,  
Changed earth for heaven, by changing of the ayer.”

I afterwards found, that Medomsley was very unlike Branford, or that I had no kindred constitution with Ralph Copinger, but of this anon. However, I was very glad to alight at the old hall, in which my cousin had settled—to warm my toes with a walk—to comfort my declining day with a good dinner—and while my companion was tumbling into the arms of Morpheus, to plunge with equal fervour into my old friends the registers.

The register of Medomsley begins thus :—

“ A register booke of all christenings, weddings, and burials that is within the parish and chapelrie of Medamsley, by the now churchwardens, Anthony Hunter, Georg Currey, Thomas Merley, and Robert Richardson, which was disbursed by them for the parchment of this booke sextene grotes, and for the covering and bynding of the same two shillings and sex pence, paied unto the handes of John Hall, of Consett, gentleman, in the yeare of our Lord God, one thousand sex hundreth and seaven.—PER ME, JOHN HALL.”

The covering here spoken of is still to the fore ; it is of black leather, handsomely stamped. The son and heir of this John Hall, also named John, was *fatuus et idiota* ; but the third son and eventual heir was father to John Hall of Gray's Inn, the friend of Hegge and Davies of Kidwelly, who came to a premature end, by indulging in too many glasses of wine. See Wood's *Athenæ*, i. 455, for some account of him. John of the Register was also of a literary taste ; he was compiler of a catalogue of the Bishops of Durham and Lindisfarne, now in the Dean and Chapter library.

The first leaf of the register contains the autograph. “ Matthias Wrightson : et vicarius de : Meddemsly et Ebohester. curat. Favour is Deceitful and Beauty a vaine Thing, May ye 30th, 1680.”

#### CHRISTENINGS.

Mary, the daughter of John Rippon's wife, to a husband called Blenkishipp : the said Mary Blekishipp was baptised the 27th of January, being about sixteen dayes of age this present daite, Anno Dom'i, 1681-2.

Mary, daughter of Amos Lamshaw and *Easter* his wife, 1694.

Andrew, the son of Andrew, a Schotshman pauper, 1703.

Mary, daughter of Henry *Duglas*, a stranger, living in the parish of Nether Witton, in the county of Northumberland, was bap. the 12th of April, 1705, at Snawsgreen.

Ann,\* the *reputed* daughter of John Fawcet, born of Margaret, the *reputed* wife of Joseph Young, received private baptism, 10th Oct., 1734.

\* A lady of much *reputation*, certainly. Nevertheless, the register throws a doubt on her having had either father or mother.

Isabel, daughter of John *Vasci*, 1777.

## WEDDINGS.

Anno Dom'i 1614, mor mariges in this yeare in this church [only one having been previously entered.]

John Hineson *and his bride* were married 1706. [This absurd and useless mode of entry often occurs in this register.]

*Claudius* Forster and Jane *Curruddus*, both of this parish, 1733.

## BURIALLS.

John Hopper of the Dik, 1610. [Dike in this locality is a customary name for a boundary between ancient enclosed lands and common.]

John Stephenson *Innosaint* [i. e. idiot.] 1662.

Mister Ambrose Stevenson, of Buyerside, the younger, died the sixth day of October *at night* and was buried the 9th day *at night* in the chappell yard of Meddamsley, 1689.

Mrs. Barbary Stevenson, wife of Mr. John Stevenson of Buyerside, departed this life the 30th of July, and was interred in the quier within the chappelry of Meddamsley, the first of August, *about the houres of 3 or 4 of the clock in the afternoon*, 1690. Ambrose Stevenson, sonne to the said John Stevenson and Barbary his wife, was baptized the first day of August, in the year 1690, as aforesaid.

Mary *Bowmer a begger*, 1700. [Some *Bulmers* or *Bowmers*, as the word is pronounced, occur in scattered array through the register, but this is a miserable finale indeed.]

Ann Joplin, 1736-7, aged 100 years.

Thomas *Radclyff*, 1 Feb., 1748."

The Stevensons and Hunters usurp all the regularity of the register, and the former are commemorated on an altar tomb in the church-garth in quite as consequential a manner as is displayed in their burial entries.

"Here lyeth the body of Iohn Stvenson gentelman *lord and master of Biersid* who departed to the marcy of God the 17 day of September in the morning, and was *buered* the 18 day *at night*, An'o Domin, 1639.

"Hear lies the body of Ambreas Stevenson of Biersid the younger departed this life the sixt day of October in the yeares of our lord god ano 1689."

In the first portion of the inscription on this tomb (which, by the way, has been eked out by the appropriation of an early blacksmith's gravestone, marked with pincers), being in capitals, the medieval form of the letters H and A is retained. This might be owing to the slow progress of fashion in so remote a place, but we must remember that the A retains its ancient form in worsted-work samplers to this day. The night burial among these semi-gentle yeomen might pass, and very solemn it must have been; but when introduced into higher grades, it formed a staple cause of lamentation and complaint with the heralds, who lost many a fee for marshalling the funeral in proper ensignal pomp according to the rank of the righteous deceased. The short interval between death and burial is very remarkable, and unless the funeral necessities were in active preparation before the poor creatures breathed their last sigh, or were kept generally in much greater readiness than at the present time, one can scarcely comprehend the circumstance, as it is certain that funerals were solemnized with much feasting and pomp.

There seem to have been distinct families of Hunter in the village from an early period. One resided in the Hall, my place of sojourn, the other at a mansion nearer the church, commonly called the Manor-house. Of the latter was the late General Hunter. A member of his family, John, was of Benfieldside, and was a Quaker.

The first register was faithfully transcribed by Thomas Hunter of the Hall family in 1727. He adds many genealogical notes, and sometimes particulars of another description, of which the following in italics are samples from the burials.

“ Robert White, 1681, *famous for telling storeys.*

A very poor man, 1700, *pauperrimus.*

Charles Smith, 1711, *Haud sanus erat.*

William Hunter of the Middles in the parish of Lanchester, 1712, *known by the name of Crafty.*

Widow Hunter of Sedgfield, 1718, *Barbara relict of Crafty Hunter.*

John Hunter, 1719, *call'd Collier John.*

Jane, wife of Thomas Beckworth, 7, May, 1723, *Drown'd herself.”*

Of the Hall family was the famous Dr. Christopher Hunter, the celebrated Durham antiquary, who married in 1702, Elizabeth, one of the co-heirs of John Elrington, Esq. of Espersheales. There is a story of his having spilt a bottle of ink over a valuable copy of Magna Charta and being expelled the Dean and Chapter library in consequence, which it may be hoped, is apocryphal. His handwriting was of exquisite beauty. He was extremely mild, simple, moderate in respect of his medical fees, and so extremely disinterested in worldly matters, that in spite of a handsome provision from his father, a good landed estate by his wife, and an extensive practice, he lived and died poor. A severe fall from his horse checked a youthful conviviality, he never afterwards tasted anything but water, and his old age was “frosty but kindly.” He however in consequence of his abstinence had recourse to some 24 cups of coffee per day, an abundance which probably produced the slight epileptic fits which formed the only exception to perfect health, but which left him in a few minutes as well as before. He died in 1757, aged 83, and within a few years of his death experienced no extraordinary fatigue from a walk of 8 or 10 miles.

The last male of this family is thus commemorated in the register:

“Buried on the 21st day of June 1796, the Rev. George Hunter M.A. second son of the late John Hunter of Medomsley Esq., and his wife Elizabeth (the eldest daughter of Timothy Whittingham, late of Holmside New-hall, Esq., deceased) Fellow of Christ's College Cambridge and a Proctor of that University in the year 1793 who died at Bath on the ninth instant in the thirty-sixth year of his age.”

His niece Ann, the heiress of the family, married Major Stamp Brooks-bank.

The family of Whittingham originated, as far as this county is concerned, in William Whittingham, Dean of Durham 1563, *inter Puritanos Antesignanus Iconcolastes*, and according to his family's own admission, traditionally styled *The Dean's Dean*. He is said to have descended from Seth Whittingham of Swallow, co. Chester, and among his own descend-

ants are the unequivocally scriptural names of Daniel, Deborah, Stephen, Timothy, Judith, and Zachary. One of them, Captain William Whittingham (buried at Durham 1728) was taken by the Moors, carried into Sallee, and apparently ransomed, as his cousin Thomas Cradock, Esq. leaves him in 1689, thirty pounds, to be paid towards his redemption. Bishop Pilkington, who I suppose will stand as *the Devil*, and his *Dean* rowed together capitally in their opposition to sacerdotal vestments, maintaining that the collegiate square cap should not be used *because the head was not square!* They had both imbibed ultra-protestant notions abroad when in exile at the time of the Marian persecution. The latter is universally styled by his cotemporaries "*the unworthy dean.*" The ancient monuments of the cathedral were dispersed and desecrated in all manner of ways even to the steeping beef and salt fish in holy-water basins. His own monument, by a righteous retribution, was miserably defaced by the Scotch in 1640, and no memory left of the place "where his carcase was lodged."

His son, Sir Timothy Whittingham of Holmside is recommended by Bishop Neile in 1631 as "a grave ancient knight and a *severe justicer*," which is a very proper expression indeed, if we give full credit to the tradition that he slew three wives, a notion which derives strength from the strange entry in All Saint's register, Newcastle, "Dame Whittingham, murdered by her husband,\* buried 17th April, 1604."† Two Timothys followed, the latter of whom quarrelled with his son Tim, on account of his marriage and also for the same reason with all his other children. He kept Mr. Clement Fulthorpe, a dissenting Protestant who cheated him of a great sum; and young Tim swore he thought it vext his father as much as if it had been done by a Papist. The old gentleman, in his will of 1681, mentions "that grand miscarriage of Fulthorpe's and irrecoverable loss." He also mentions (in terms that might better suit Mahomet) "that grand impostor William Brass." The will scattered the seeds of dissension among his children, by the disposition of estates, but the old gentleman in his innocence recommends them "to keep unitie and love amongst them, for charitie is the highest step in all the *leather* [ladder] to heaven."

The hall of the Hunters still bears scanty marks of antiquity in a few loophole and mullioned lights but generally it has been much modernized. There is some handsome old oak panelling in the interior, presenting to my fancy the acme of comfort, but the grim portraits of the Hunters and Gills had been taken away, and were wanting to complete the pleasant picture of bygone felicities. Yet one room upstairs retains some of its former state. Gloomy tapestry covers the walls, and between the windows,

"There yet looks a maiden from the canvas down,  
Her white forehead shaden with rich ringlets brown;  
Lovely as when living many a year ago—  
Deeper interest giving to all we would know  
Of the Ancient Hall."

\* "And here the Knight of Holmside slays his wife,  
Brave Timothy! by wedlock 3 times bound—

And thrice he snapt the chain the villain priest had wound."—*Surtees*.

† Another wife died 13 March, 1614, and was buried at Lancheater. "There are more ways," says Surtees, "to break a woman's heart than one."

Beautiful the roses on her cheeks that lie,  
 Her small mouth discloses pearls—and in her eye  
 Love's bright flame is gleaming with a ray serene—  
 Ah! we turn in dreaming to what MAY have been  
 In the Ancient Hall.

Oh did ever weeping dim those glorious eyes?  
 Were the dark curls sweeping o'er her mantle's dyes  
 Blanched by years or sorrow? Never must we know,  
 Fancy may not borrow potent art to show  
 At the Ancient Hall.

etter far to think her soon released from toil,  
 Than in thought to link her with earth's rude turmoil,  
 Let the green turf cover those we love the best—  
 So, life's struggle over, is the maid at rest  
 Near THE ANCIENT HALL."

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## THE WHITE KNIGHT'S VOW,

A TALE OF THE DESMOND WARS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "BLACKWATER GUIDE."

EVENING closed round the Castle of Kilkenny;—the day had been calm and hot, and every object around was distinct to the sight, and every sound struck the ear in that death-like stillness in which nature is wrapt when the summer heat prevails. The shades of coming night seemed to increase the size of the towers, while wreaths of ivy on the battlements were silvered by the moonlight as it glanced through the thickly loop-holed walls or flickered from the deep mullioned windows. To the right glanced the river Funcheon sweeping round the bawn of the castle—to the left were brown forests climbing the mountain sides, while beyond their dark masses ridge rose on ridge—height mounted on height—where stood the Galtees in the majesty of lofty array. The castle, seen from a great distance, caused a travel-stained horseman who had hitherto urged his gallant grey at his utmost speed, to pause and admire the scene. He was a fine soldierly looking man in the prime of life. His countenance noble and full of dignity, to which his elaborately trimmed moustache and peaked beard contributed. His habiliments denoted his profession a martial one. Over his doublet glanced a steel breast plate, while thick buff gloves came high up his arms—plates of armour covered his thighs, and were met at the knees by long trooper's boots, a broad brimmed hat, looped at the side with a richly jewelled buckle, from which

gaily fluttered a plume of white ostrich feathers, gave an air of gallantry to a *tout ensemble* bold and chivalrous. He was well armed, pistols protruded from the holsters of his saddle, the long rapier of the period hung by his side, while the short dagger, called in the days of knight-errantry *misericorde*, was fastened in his broad belt.

"By our Virgin Queen," cried the soldier, "our doubtful ally has a noble nest." He suffered his eyes slowly to traverse the lovely landscape as though it was a luxury to rest on the green glens—the bold swelling hills and the foliage of the summer woods. "How sweetly my gentle Spenser tuned his verse to meet the praises of this splendid scenery in the Faerie Queene. But these fierce villains could not suffer him to dwell amongst them. They drove him hence, and my poor friend sleeps with the poets of old. The tear which fell on the cheek of the stranger told of a sensitive heart, yet he dashed it hastily aside, and, as though chafed at his weakness struck the rowels into his fiery steed, and once more held on his rapid way. And in good time had he done so, a sudden rippling of the river's surface which hitherto lay glossy as a mirror, faithfully reflecting sky and moonlight, denoted a breeze stealing from the hills. The clouds resting on the hill tops rolled down the valleys, and soon hid them in mist. The rain now began to fall on the traveller, a vivid flash of lightning followed by the bellowing thunder lighted up the gloom, and shewed the Castle within a short distance. While the mounted traveller approached the walls from the west, two footmen drew nigh from the opposite direction. Notwithstanding the hurry both were in to avoid the thunder-storm they walked not abreast; for one, considerably the elder, remained a pace behind his companion whom he addressed with marked deference, though he used no title to shew his rank.

"How truly fortunate to have accomplished our work so well," observed the younger and foremost.

"True for you, Clan Gibbon," replied the other, "but *monuar*\* to think what a fate for the likes of him. Instead of his great castles and his retinue of nobles and knights, to be lodged in the cave of Slievegorr, just as if he was a badger or a fox; and sure he is run to earth."

"Well Shawn†, cheer up, who knows what may come when the White Knight takes heart again. Hark! is not that a bugle horn?" and now arrived at a small wicket leading into the castle, the two men paused outside, and listened to the shrill blast of a horn wound at the draw-bridge gate. "There it is again," whispered the younger man, "and if my ears deceive me not, I can well tell whose breath gives that one proud note. I marked it well before."

"Whose, dear master?" asked his companion.

"That minion of England's Queen who contrived to get more than three fair baronies of my kinsman's property for his own share, curse him."

"Ah! you mean Sir Walter Raleigh!"

"The same, or he is no living man," he replied, as the third long and peculiar blast was wafted on the breeze. A short conference with the warden called forth the lord of the castle, and warmly receiving the stranger, all entered the dwelling. Within the lofty vaulted hall of Kilkenny Castle sate the White Knight and his guest. The name well suited the aged chieftain, for his hair was white as snow, and over his

\* Alas! a word of pity.

† John.

shoulders he wore a loose woollen cloak or mantle of fleecy hue, secured at the neck by a silver clasp. An ample board was spread with good cheer. Around the spacious apartment were ranged weapons of the chase and war in endless profusion, while favourite dogs for hunting wolf or deer, lay crouched at their master's feet.

"Now White Knight," said the stranger, addressing the lord of the castle, "having done justice to thy good cheer, I must beseech thee to do justice to thyself; where hast thou hid the traitor Desmond?"

"I, Sir Walter Raleigh!" demanded the chieftain with a start of surprise, "I have had no communication with Desmond since my fealty, so help me heaven." The other surveyed him with an expression of incredulity.

"Clan Gibbon," said the younger man, "I am loth to let slip any word hurtful to your age or rank, but if another said so my answer would be prompt. I cannot believe you are ignorant the arch rebel is now in your territory."

"But I am utterly ignorant of it on my hopes of salvation," replied the chief.

"How can that be when we have tidings to the contrary?"—Raleigh continued. "A party of my Lord Barry's soldiers stole upon the Earl ere yesterday, they came upon him at supper, and he escaped without his mantle, so close were the pursuers. They actually tracked him into these glens of yours, and I am now deputed by the Lord President to say, that he holds you answerable with life and lands if you let him slip through your fingers. He bade me tell you he reckons it most culpable in you to continue succour and shelter to your common foes, and one who has often disquieted the reign of our Sovereign Lady the Queen, and that he regards you, Clan Gibbon, bodily accountable for any fault in your men who may be accessory to the Earl's escape by reason of your not assisting in pursuing him."

"That you have tidings of Desmond being in my territory I do not gainsay since you vouch it, Sir Walter Raleigh," replied the knight, "but I swear to thee on my allegiance the fact is wholly unknown to me."

"I would wish for some stronger assurance than a tie which binds thee so loosely, Clan Gibbon," said Raleigh, while the knight winced beneath his words.

"Well, Raleigh, hear me," cried the veteran chief; "from you at least the taunt comes badly, as you could testify how I stood by you. Remember who bore the challenge to the Seneschal of Imokilly for the passage of arms between him and his captain? But since the past is forgotten, I vow to thee, Raleigh, that ere to-morrow's sun sets I shall deliver Desmond into thy hands, alive or dead, if he be in my country, or else I shall deliver myself to be dealt with as beseems fit to the Queen's Majesty—here's my hand."

"I accept the conditions, White Knight," rejoined Raleigh, clasping the extended palm, "and shouldst thou succeed in capturing the rebel, a thousand pounds of gold are thine."

"To enable thee to rise betimes on thy search, I repair to my night chamber with thy kind permission, and command thee to do so likewise," said Sir Walter. The host summoned an attendant with a lamp and marshalled his guest to his couch.

On his return to the banquetting hall the White Knight was joined by the two men of whom mention is made already.

"Where on earth have you been Geoffrey, all the night long?" he enquired.

"In the castle," replied the young man.

"And wherefore not at the evening banquet, my son? it lacked thee."

"There was one at it I could scarcely trust to meet in amity," said the youth.

"You mean Sir Walter Raleigh."

The other nodded assent.—"What news brought he hither," he enquired.

"Heavy news an it be true, which God forbid," replied his sire.—"He warns me the Earl of Desmond lurks somewhere in our territory, and that the Lord President holds me accountable in life and lands for his capture."

"Then up with our banner and down with our foe," said the young man gaily.

"What mean ye, Geoffrey," said the White Knight in perplexity, "you do not say that the news is true?"

"Indeed I do father," said the son. "The Earl is now in our territory."

Then indeed the poor old knight was in sore distress. He tore his aged hair in a perfect frenzy, and cursed the hour he first drew breath.

"Father," expostulated the young man, "refrain from this lamentation. Surely it costs thee but little to give up the alliance with England's haughty Queen, and succour our liege lord."

"Geoffrey," groaned the afflicted knight, "harken to what I have done. Believing in the utter impossibility of the Saxon's story being true, I have vowed a vow that ere to-morrow's sun sets I shall deliver Desmond into Raleigh's hands alive or dead if he be in my country, or else deliver up myself."

"And what is your resolution?"

"To keep my vow."

"Yes, but how? there is an alternative."

"I mean to deliver up Desmond of course," said the White Knight.

"Then shame on thee, Clan Gibbon," cried the youth deeply moved, "greatly art thou fallen. Time was when other sentiments were thine, and basely wouldst thou have spurned the notion of betraying a noble who put his trust in thee and thine."

"Alas! my circumstances permit no other course."

"Thank heaven I shall be no party to so base an act," retorted the youth, "but mayhap thou never can find where we have concealed the Earl."

"What do I hear," exclaimed the White Knight. "Oh! tell me Geoffrey, where is he?"

"Never," replied his son, "my tongue shall first be torn out."

"I charge thee on thy duty, sir, to tell me."

"My duty is to prevent eternal infamy falling on our noble name," proudly replied the young man.

"It is no disgrace to yield a rebel to justice."

"Ha! 'rebel' and 'yield' are new terms in the mouth of the White Knight, laughed the youth scornfully, "and the justice which our Lord of Desmond will receive at the hand of the English enemy, are summed up in a strong rope and a short shrift—and possibly they dispense with the latter as being papistical."

"I seek not to argue with you, sir," urged the knight angrily, 'nor care



I what punishment an outlawed rebel shall receive—my duty is to deliver him, and I demand of you his place of refuge.

"With me at least the secret is safe," replied Geoffrey, "I refuse to tell,"

"Nay this is past bearing," cried the knight, losing temper. "Shawn!" The attendant who waited in an anteroom appeared. "Summon two of the wardens, and do thou convey this obstinate boy to the western turret, where it is my strict orders he be kept under bolt and bar until he gives me the intelligence I asked of him."

The servitor, accustomed to the despotic orders of his chief, obeyed; he returned, accompanied by two grim gallowglasses, who quickly laid hold of the young Clan Gibbon. "I obey the chief," he doggedly answered, "in all that befits a gentleman, but I shall never betray the Earl of Desmond. Lead me to my dungeon." Many curious looks were cast on the White Knight, as he waved his hand impatiently for the removal of his son. The clatter of the guards across the stone-paved castle-yard aroused the English soldier's curiosity; he opened his chamber case-ment, and demanded the cause of the marching of armed men?

"The knight sent his son to prison for refusing to betray the Earl of Desmond, I hear," was the reply.

Raleigh shut the window, and muttering, "He is in earnest, then. I may sleep soundly," took from his pillow a weapon of curious construction. To a long rapier was combined a pistol, the barrel of considerable length running along the blade, and the lock so constructed that the hilt of the rapier seemed as the handle for both.\* He uncocked the pistol, and returning the rapier into the sheath, which also received and concealed the pistol-barrel, placed the sword near his bed, and soon fell into a sound slumber.

Not so the aged chieftain; long ere the morning's light he was astir, watching for the dawn. He beheld the crimson flush of the sky heralding the sun-rise. Day broke in all its glory. The light fell first on the mountain tops, then stole swiftly down the sides until the dark tinge of twilight rolled from the plain. A mist floated over the course of the Funcheon; but no sooner did the rays of the sun gather power than it also disappeared, and the rain flashed and glittered in the golden glow.

Collecting a band of confidential retainers around him, the White Knight briefly stated the necessity he was under of redeeming his pledge, and concluded—"I solemnly declare my readiness to give, and hereby offer any of my people who will conduct me to the hiding place of Desmond, the sum of fifty pounds and the inheritance of a ploughland of fertile ground to him and his heirs for ever!"†

All professed their readiness to oblige their lord, if in their power, but declared their utter ignorance that the Earl was in the country, at all.

Here Shawn, who had overheard the dialogue between the knight and his son the previous evening, desired to speak a word in private with the chief.

"For all that has passed," said Shawn, "I can hardly credit my

\* A friend of ours was shewn a weapon of similar construction a few weeks since in the interesting collection of arms and armour possessed by the Rev. P. Drew, Strand-house, Youghal.

† *Vide* Smith's Hist. Cork, vol. 2, p. 77.

senses, but I see you are in trouble, and have come to help you out of it. Would you surely give up the Earl if he was in your power?"

"I would surely, Shawn; but where am I to find him?"

"Leave that to me. I know where he is?"

"Then, Shawn, I shall reward you well; twice fifty pounds and the ploughland are yours when we have the Earl a prisoner at the castle."

"Follow on, then," said Shawn, riding forward, and the White Knight and his retainers were speedily out of sight. The route lay along verdant valleys and fertile plains ere they entered on a rocky mountain *boughereen*, or bridle track; even this, too, was left, and a wild hill country was traversed.

"Do you see that small hole?" said Shawn, pointing the White Knight's attention to what seemed the entrance to a fox-earth.

"Yes," he replied.

"Within that opening," said Shawn, "is the Earl of Desmond."

Arrived at the narrow entrance, the troop dismounted. The chief advanced to the cavern, and called at the entrance, "Desmond, come forth; you are my prisoner."

"Who calls?" quickly replied a voice, which all recognised as that of the Earl.

"I am Clan Gibbon, the White Knight."

"Then you are doubly a traitor," said the Earl, boldly advancing from the cave, and turning to the knight's men, who, on the first emotion of their awe at the presence of so renowned a noble, had doffed their helmets; "for being Clan Gibbon, you are my kinsman, and as White Knight you and yours are my natural followers; and as you are doubly a traitor, I call on my liegemen to arrest you."

The knight's men looked one upon the other, but no one stirred.

"My lord," said Shawn, drawing his sword and seizing the Earl, "that day is gone by, and we are friends with Queen Elizabeth now, and you are her foe."

The others also did the same.

"Enough," cried the Earl, "I yield. When my own desert me, I have no care for freedom."

So saying, he mounted Shawn's horse, while that attendant rode behind one of his fellows, and ere sunset the White Knight redeemed his vow.

For this service, adds the historian,\* the White Knight was rewarded with £1000 sterling. The Earl being attainted on the 10th March preceding, he was, at a session holden at Cork, indicted, arraigned, condemned, and adjudged a traitor; and on the 14th August, 1601, he was sent into England. The earl died in the Tower of London in 1608, and was interred in the chapel thereof, his life being spared in policy of state; for while he lived his brother could not be set up to raise new disturbances. His lady had a pension of £100 a-year, allowed her by King James, anno 1623, and lived to be over 140 years old.

\* Blackwater Guide, 39.

SINGULAR TRIALS CONNECTED WITH THE UPPER  
CLASSES OF SOCIETY.

No. XIII.—THE TRIAL OF JAMES STEWART, OF THE CLAN STEWART  
OF APPIN.

THIS trial which took place before the Circuit Court of Justiciary, at Inverary, on the 21st, 22nd, 23rd, and 25th of September, 1752, created a great sensation throughout Scotland. It arose out of an ancient and deadly feud, which had existed for ages, between the Stewarts and the Campbell clans, and which the forfeitures and confiscations consequent on the rising of 1745 tended not a little to aggravate; the Stewarts, on such occasions, being generally losers in favour of the Campbells.

In the present instance Charles Stewart of Ardshiel, in Argyllshire, had been attainted as a traitor, and was confined in Fort William. His estate in Ardshiel was forfeited to the crown, and a factor was placed upon it. The gentleman chosen for this office was Colin Campbell, Esq. of Glenure, a scion of the family now represented by Sir Alexander Campbell, Bart. of Barcaldine and Glenure. Mr. Colin Campbell, while in the execution of the dangerous duty he had undertaken, was shot dead by some unseen hand. James Stewart the natural brother of the attainted Charles Stewart of Ardshiel, was arrested for this murder and tried accordingly; though to this day there is much doubt upon the fairness of the proceedings against him. From the fact of the great head of the house of Campbell sitting in the judgment seat, and the jurors being mostly Campbells, and from the very violence exhibited in the conduct of the prosecution, Stewart was held by his relations and friends, with certainly some grounds for their belief, to have been sacrificed to party spirit and revenge. In the following account care has been taken to avoid as much as possible, the overcharged statements of either side, and to obtain from the evidence an accurate narrative of the transaction. The affair is curious in itself as giving an insight into the manners of the highlands of Scotland at a time when the agitation and animosity of a fierce and warlike population had scarcely subsided from the effects of the two defeated insurrections which decided the fate of the empire,

Mr. Stewart's trial commenced on the 21st Sept. 1752.

Archibald third Duke of Argyle, Lord Justice General, with the Lords Elchies and Kilkerran, sat as Judges: and in this case alone did a Lord Justice General, and a Lord Advocate, ever make their appearance at a circuit. The Right Hon. William Grant of Preston Grange, was then Lord Advocate.

The indictment, a very long one, was raised at the instance of his Majesty's Advocate, and of the widow and children of the deceased. Both the prisoner and one Allan Breck Stewart were charged in it as guilty of the murder; Allan Breck, otherwise Vic Ean Vic. Allister, as the actual

murderer, and the prisoner as being *art* and *part*, or an accomplice. The former not appearing, sentence of outlawry was pronounced against him; the trial went on against the latter.—The indictment endeavoured by a very long chain of circumstances, to fix the guilt upon the prisoner. It first set forth his having conceived a resentment against the deceased on account of his having, in quality of factor upon the forfeited estate of Ardshiel, turned the prisoner and other tenants out of their possessions; then it stated that the prisoner, in repeated expressions, threatened vengeance against the deceased: that he conspired to murder him; and instigated Allan Breck Stewart, a man of desperate fortune, to this enterprise; that Allan Breck did accordingly waylay the deceased, and murder him in the wood of Lettermore, in the afternoon of Thursday the 14th of May last, by shooting him through the body, so that he died upon the spot; that Allan Breck immediately absconded; and that the prisoner applied to his friends, and procured a little money, which he sent to Allan Breck at a place appointed, to enable him to make his escape.

The trial began by long speeches upon the *relevancy of the indictment*, *i. e.* whether upon such indictment, the prisoner could be brought to trial for life. This on the part of the prisoner was extremely ill-judged; for the only objection urged to the procedure of the trial, which in the least consisted with law or common sense, was, that Allan Breck Stewart, the alleged actual murderer, ought to be tried and convicted ere the prisoner could be tried as his accomplice. And the argument was attended with this bad consequence, that it afforded an opportunity to the counsel for the prosecutor to prejudice the jury, by dressing up a tale of guilt; by making an artificial arrangement of circumstances tending to criminate the prisoner; so that in a country where the minds of men were exasperated against each other by political resentments, family feuds, and a long train of mutual injuries, the jury might naturally confound the declamations of a lawyer with the testimonies of a witness.

The harangues of the prosecuting counsel were remarkably violent and inflammatory.

From the speech of Mr. Walter Stewart, one of the advocates for the prisoner, or pannel, as he is called in Scotch law, the following passage is here extracted as one of striking eloquence:—

“In the entry of this trial, my lord, I cannot help complaining of most intolerable hardships, which this pannel has undergone since May last, when he was first incarcerated. My lord advocate's humanity, his tenderness to pannels, I can, from my own little experience in trials, subscribe to. The unjustifiable steps I am now to complain of, I must therefore lay to the charge of the private prosecutors. I dare say my lord advocate as little knew of them, as he will now when he hears, approve of them. The pannel since the month of May last has been kept in the closest confinement. For the first six weeks, no mortal was allowed access to him: after that, indeed, for some short time, admittance was given to his wife, and one or two more; but any who could be thought proper persons to prepare defences for his trial, were carefully denied access to him. And again, for a considerable time before his trial, he was close confined, and all admittance refused. When his counsel came to this place, and wanted to see him, we were told that nonewere to be admitted without a warrant from the Duke

of Argyll ; and a petition was actually drawn, to be presented to your grace, when a message came allowing us access. His sons and his servants too have suffered the same close imprisonment. And all this not only contrary to humanity, but directly in the face of the act of parliament 1701, which discharges close imprisonment after eight days, under the severest penalties. By the precaution of this private prosecutor too, the bar has been in a manner shut up against this pannel; all the old experienced counsel, though not brought to maintain the charge against him, have been retained from giving him their assistance ; otherways, in all probability, I had not now been employed to open his defence. The pannel's house and his repositories have been three several times searched, and papers carried off by near relations of the prosecutors, attended by a military force, and without any warrant. His wife and his sons, who by the laws of God and man cannot be called as witnesses against him, have been examined upon oath ; some of them five different times, to catch at any discordance, had there been any, in their declarations ; and these very declarations are now proposed to be brought in proof against the pannel, while the declarants themselves are alive, and ought by the fundamental laws of this kingdom, to be examined in presence of the pannel and jury. These are hardships, my lord, which, thanks be to God ! meet with no encouragement in this now a free country. The time was, indeed when the feeble law was unable to protect the innocent, when the rules of justice were broke to pieces by the ruffian hands of power ; then our unhappy country groaned under the intolerable yoke of arbitrary power ; then was scarce the form of a trial ; the best, the greatest of our country, even an Argyll, fell a sacrifice to the will of tyranny. But now, my lords, the days which our fathers wished to see, and did not see, we have the happiness to enjoy. A fair trial, which the noblest could not obtain, the meanest are now entitled to, under the protection of laws guarded by a government ever watchful for the good of its subjects, under which the keenness of private prosecutors will meet with no countenance or encouragement. The pannel, enjoying the privileges of every free-born Briton is now to stand trial before the judges and jury of his country ; and as his judges will shew the greatest impartiality, he expects the same from the gentlemen of the jury. They will judge of the proof brought before them, having in their eye the example of Almighty God by whose holy name they have sworn to do justly, before whose awful tribunal there is no judgment formed from names or personal prejudices, but every man is judged according to his works. They will consider, that as they are to answer to God, so they have to answer to the world, who will make a narrow and impartial scrutiny into their verdict. At the same time I cannot help saying, that amid all the hardships this pannel has suffered, I hope it is one piece of good fortune that he is to be tried by gentlemen of the same county with himself, who from their more particular knowledge of the pannel, and his character in the world, should be best judges what proof is necessary to fix upon him so black a crime."

The argument on the relevancy being finished, the court pronounced their interlocution to effect that they "Repel the objections to the libel, and find the libel relevant to infer the pains of law ; that, time and place libelled, the deceased, Colin Campbell, of Glenure, was murdered, and that the pannel, James Stewart, was guilty actor, or art and part thereof ; but allow the pannel to prove all facts and circumstances that may tend to exculpate him ; and remit the pannel, with the libel, as found relevant, to the knowledge of an assize."

At the assize or investigation of the facts, a vast number of witnesses were produced. The main evidence, however, which bore against the prisoner was as follows :—

“ Mungo Campbell, writer in Edinburgh, deposed that he set out from Edinburgh on the 7th of May last, in company with the deceased, Mr. Campbell, of Glenure, to assist him in ejecting some of the tenants upon the forfeited estates of Ardshiel and Lochiel, over which the deceased was factor ; which tenants, it was apprehended, would not remove till legally ejected ; that they went to Fort William ; and, in their return, they arrived on Thursday the 14th of May, at the ferry of Ballachelish, proposing next day to eject some of the tenants of Ardshiel. The deceased, after waiting about an hour, and communing with some of the tenants, crossed the ferry between four and five in the afternoon. Glenure and the deponent entered the wood of Lettermore, and coming to a part where the wood was pretty thick upon both sides, so that the murderer could have easily concealed himself in the bushes, and where the road was so rough and narrow that they could not ride conveniently two horses abreast, the deponent went foremost, and might have been about twice the length of the court room before the deceased, when he heard a shot behind him, and heard Glenure repeatedly cry out, ‘ Oh ! I am dead.’ The deponent immediately returned to Glenure, alighted from his horse, and also took the deceased off his horse ; then run up the hill from the road to see who had shot him. He saw, at some distance, a man with a short dark-coloured coat, and a gun in his hand, going away from him ; and there was so great a distance between them that the deponent thinks he could not have known him although he had seen his face. As the deponent came nearer he mended his pace, and disappeared by high grounds being interjected between them. After Glenure was taken from his horse, he leaned a while upon the deponent’s shoulder, endeavoured to open his breast to see where the bullets with which he was shot came out of his body, and was not able ; but there were two holes in his waistcoat, over the stomach, where the bullets had come out. After continuing upwards of half an hour in agonies, Glenure expired. Deposed, that there are places in the wood so situated that a person standing there might see most part of the road from the ferry to the wood, and even part of the road from the ferry to Fort William, some of which places are not a musket-shot from the place where Glenure was murdered.

“ John Mackenzie, servant to Glenure, deposed that on the 14th of May last, when he was riding about a gun-shot behind his master in the wood of Lettermore, he heard a shot, which he took to be the report of a musket. It neither alarmed him nor did he know whence it came ; but, when he came up he saw the preceding witness wringing his hands, and his master lying on the ground with a great deal of blood about him, just breathing, and not able to speak. The deponent was desired by the preceding witness to go in quest of Mr. Campbell, of Ballieveolan, and his sons, to inform them of what had happened, and entreat them to come immediately to the spot where the deceased lay. He was directed by a neighbouring tenant to go to the house of James Stewart, the prisoner, in expectation that he would learn from him where Ballieveolan was. The prisoner seeing the deponent weeping inquired what the matter was ? the deponent told him his master was killed ; upon which the

prisoner asked him by whom, and how it was done? to which he answered, he did not know by whom, and believed it to be by a shot from a gun or pistol. The prisoner wrung his hands, and expressed great concern at what had happened, as it might bring innocent people to trouble, which he prayed might not be the case. Deposed, that when his master and he were about three miles on their way, coming from Fort William, the day of the murder, they met John Beg Maccoll, a servant of the prisoner's, going there, and Maccoll had performed his journey and returned to the ferry of Ballachelish about the same time with the deponent, his master and he having stopped about an hour and a half, or two hours on the road: that Maccoll was impatient to be ferried over, and did cross the ferry about half an hour before Glenure (*i. e.* Mr. Campbell, of Glenure).

“Donald Kennedy, sheriff's-officer, deposed, that when Glenure and his company were at the ferry of Ballachelish, the deponent saw John Maccoll, the prisoner's servant, who seemed to be in a hurry to cross the ferry. Glenure said to him, “Sir, you travel better than I do.” To which he answered, “I am in haste;” and so went over the ferry about an hour before Glenure crossed it. The deponent, who was in company with Glenure, for the purpose of executing the warrant of ejection, crossed the ferry along with him, and went on before. When he had got about half a mile into the wood of Lettermore, he heard a shot, which he did not regard, till hearing Mungo Campbell make a great noise like one weeping, he returned, and Mungo said to him, the villain has killed my dear uncle; adding, that he had only seen one man; and that he, the deponent, asked no questions, being in confusion and dreading the same fate himself. Deposed that, some time after, when the people were gathered about the corpse, John Maccoll was among them.

“John Roy Livingstone deposed, that on Thursday the 14th of May last, he saw Allan Breck Stewart, in Ballachelish, in the forenoon, dressed in a dun coloured great coat. In the evening he saw John Maccoll, the prisoner's servant, travelling at a good rate from the ferry of Ballachelish to his master's house. The deponent joined him, asked him where he had been? and got for answer, at Maryburgh (the village of Fort William) for Charles Stuart, notary public. Maccoll further told him that Glenure was to be that night at Kintalline. About two hours after, the deponent, who was then in the wood of Lettermore, heard a shot, and on going up found that Glenure was murdered.

“Duncan Campbell, change-keeper, at Annat, deposed that one day in April last, when Allan Breck Stewart was in his house, Allan said, that he hated all of the name of Campbell; and bid the deponent, if he had any respect for his friends; tell them, that if they offered to turn out the possessors of Ardshiel's estate, he would make black cocks of them; which the deponent understood to mean he would shoot them. Allan Breck said, that he had another quarrel with Glenure, besides his turning the people of Ardshiel out of their possessions, viz. his writing to Colonel Crawford, informing him that Allan Breck was come from France, but that he was too cunning for Glenure; for that when at Edinburgh, he had made up his peace with General Churchill, and got a pass. Deposed that Allan Breck said twenty times he would be upsides with Glenure, and wanted nothing more than to meet him in a convenient place: that Allan Breck was not drunk, for he could walk and talk as well as any man; but it could be observed he had been drinking.

“ Robert Stewart deposed, that some time in April last, he was in company with Allan Breck and the preceding witness. Allan complained much of Glenure's and Mr. Campbell, of Ballieveolan's, conduct towards him, and particularly of Glenure's sending notice to Fort William of his being in the country, so that he might be apprehended ; but he would be upsides with him ; and take an opportunity to dispatch either him or Ballieveolan before leaving the country. Allan Breck was much in drink when he uttered these expressions.

“ Malcolm Bane Maccoll, change-keeper at Portnacrosch, deposed, that in April last, Allan Breck Stewart and John Stewart, in Aucnacoon, sat up all night in his house drinking. Next morning John Maccoll, servant to the deponent, came into the room in a shabby condition. Allan Breck asked him who he was ? John Stewart answered, an honest poor man with a numerous family of children, and it would be great charity in any body to assist him : upon this Allan Breck desired John Stewart to give him a stone of meal and he would pay for it. He then gave Maccoll a dram, and said, “ If he would fetch him the red fox's skin, he would give him what was much better ; ” to which the said John Maccoll answered, “ that he was no sportsman, and that he was much better skilled in ploughing or delving.” The deponent took little notice of these expressions at the time ; but after hearing of Glenure's murder, he believed that Allan Breck meant Glenure, as he was commonly called Colin Roy, i. e. Red Colin.

“ John Stewart, of Fasnacloich, deposed that he told Allan Breck that Glenure was come from Edinburgh to remove the tenants ; to which Allan Breck answered, if he had a warrant there was no more to be said ; but if he had not a warrant, he would not be allowed to remove them.

“ John Stewart, son to the preceding witness, deposed that Allan Breck, after a visit of three days at his father's house, left it on the morning of Monday the 11th of May. He was then dressed in a long blue coat, red waistcoat, and black breeches, and had a feather in his hat ; but when the deponent met him next day at Ballachelish, he was dressed in a short black coat, with round white buttons, with a dark green coat over it ; and he had on trowsers and a blue bonnet. The deponent observed to Allan, that he had changed his dress, who answered, he did it because the day was warm. John Stewart, younger of Ballachelish, swore that he saw Allan Breck at the deponent's father's house on Tuesday, the 12th of May last, and heard him ask questions about Glenure's travelling to Lochaber.

“ Catherine Maccoll, servant to the prisoner, deposed, that on the afternoon of Monday, the 11th of May, Allan Breck Stewart came to the prisoner's house dressed in a long blue coat, red waistcoat, and black breeches ; but the prisoner was from home, having gone to Keels, to meet Mr. Campbell of Airds, and it was late at night before he returned : the family waited supper for him ; and he supped in company with the said Allan Breck, a daughter and a nephew of the laird of Fasnacloich, and the prisoner's own family. Allan Breck did not lie all night in the house, but in a barn ; and next morning left her master's house. Allan Breck, when he left the house, had on a dun-coloured great coat. On the evening of Friday, the 15th of May, she saw Mrs. Stewart, the prisoner's wife, put into a sack a long blue coat and a red waistcoat, which she took to be Allan Breck's clothes, and was desired by her to hide them without the house, which was done



accordingly. On Saturday evening, her mistress desired her to go for what she had hid, and leave it at the back of the brewhouse; she did this also, and has not seen the clothes since.

“Archibald Cameron, deposed that on Monday, the 11th of May, he came to the house of the prisoner, who was not then at home, but arrived before night-fall. Allan Breck came there a little after the deponent. The prisoner and his family, Allan Breck, and the deponent, sat in one room and supped together: and he did not observe Allan Breck and the prisoner speak in private that night. The deponent and Allan Stewart, a son of the prisoner's, lay in one bed, and Allan Breck and Charles Stewart, also a son of the prisoner's, lay in another bed in the same barn. They all went to bed much about one time, and rose together next morning; and the deponent did not see the prisoner about the house.

“Alexander Stewart, of Ballachelish, deposed that Allan Breck came to his house in the afternoon of Wednesday, the 13th of May, and staid with him till next day between eleven and twelve o'clock, when he went a fishing in a neighbouring rivulet, and did not take leave of the deponent, since which time he has not seen him. As the murder happened that night, and as Allan Breck did not return to the deponent's house, he next morning really thought that Allan Breck Stewart might be the actor in this murder. Allan Breck was dressed in a great coat, and under it a short black coat with white buttons.

“Donald Stewart, in Ballachelish, deposed, that on Friday, the 15th of May, he met the prisoner, and, upon expressing his regret at Glenure's murder, the prisoner joined with him; and added, that one Serjeant More, who, to the deponent's knowledge, had not been in the country these ten years, had threatened harm to Glenure in France. On the preceding evening the deponent received a message, that a person at a little distance from the house wished to see him. He went, and found it to be Allan Breck Stewart, dressed in a great coat, and a short dark coat under it, with white metal buttons. The deponent challenged him with being guilty of the murder; he said he had no concern in it, but believed he should be suspected; and on this account, and being a deserter, it was necessary for him to leave the kingdom: and therefore, as he was very scarce of money, he requested the deponent to go to the prisoner, and acquaint him, that he, Allan Breck, was gone to Coalisnacooan, and desire him, if possible, to send him money there. The deponent promised to deliver the message, and did deliver it to the prisoner, who, without saying whether he was to send the money or not, asked why Allan Breck himself did not come for money if he wanted it? to which the deponent answered, that Allan told him he would be suspected of the murder, and was a deserter. The prisoner replied he hoped in God Allan Breck was not guilty of the murder. On the Sunday after, the deponent met Alexander Bane Stewart, packman, who told him he had been at the prisoner's house of Aucharn, and had got either three or five guineas, to be left with John Breck Maccoll, in Coalisnacooan, for Allan Breck's use if he called there.

“John Macdonald, of Glenco, deposed, that on Friday, the 15th of May, Allan Breck came to the deponent's house between three and four in the morning, when the family were all in bed, knocked at the window, and did not stay above a quarter of an hour, and gave him the first notice of Glenure's being murdered, the evening before, in the wood of

Lettermore. Allan Breck said he was going to leave the country, and had come to bid him farewell.

"Mary Macdonald deposed that on Sunday, the 17th of May, a little before sun-set, she saw Allan Breck sitting in the wood of Coafisnacoon. On her approach he started to his feet; the common salutation passed between them, but she was alarmed at meeting a man in a place so remote.

"Alexander Campbell, in Tcynaluib, deposed that in the end of April, the prisoner stopped at his house to get his horse fed. He called for a dram; and one Maclaren, a merchant in Stirling, asked the prisoner to a dram; to which the prisoner answered, 'he did not know any thing he would help the deponent, or any of his name to, if it was not to the gibbet.' The deponent replied, saying, it seems if any of the Campbells were at the gallows, the prisoner would draw down their feet; to which the latter rejoined, 'those of some of them he would, and of some of them he would not.' The deponent then said, he supposed Glenure was the man of the name with whom the prisoner had the greatest quarrel, but he had no good cause for it; to which the prisoner answered, if Glenure had used the deponent as ill as him, by turning the deponent out of his possession, he would have had no less quarrel with Glenure than the prisoner had. Being interrogated for the prisoner, deposed that the prisoner was perfectly sober, and the deponent thought these expressions proceeded from malice; and this witness was confirmed by two others, except in the assertion of the prisoner being sober.

"Dugald Maccoll, servant to the prisoner, deposed that on Thursday evening, the 14th of May, after notice of Glenure's murder came to Aucharn, Allan Stewart, son to the pannell, desired the deponent and John Beg Maccoll, to hide a large Spanish gun that used to stand in the brewhouse; and told them that he himself had concealed a lesser gun that used to stand at the end of the girdel, in the barn, under the said girdel, where he thought it would be safe. They did so accordingly, but next day the prisoner, not thinking the place where the arms were concealed as sufficiently secret, ordered the deponent and John Beg Maccoll to carry them from the place where they were hid, and hide them in the moor; and they accordingly lodged them in the cleft of a rock. Deposed, that the arms so hid, were a large Spanish gun, loaded with powder and small shot, which Allan Breck was in use to carry, in order to shoot black cocks; a small gun not loaded, which Allan Stewart, the prisoner's son, was in use to carry in the morning for the same purpose, and four swords. Deposed, that before the arms were thus hid, it was reported at Aucharn that soldiers were coming into the country.

"John Beg Maccoll, servant to the prisoner, deposed, that late on Thursday evening, after the news of Glenure's murder had arrived at Aucharn, the prisoner's wife ordered Dugald Maccoll and the deponent to hide all the arms that were about the house, as it was probable a party of soldiers would be ordered into the country. They accordingly took a large loaded gun out of the brewhouse, and hid it under the thatch of the sheep-house. They inquired at the same time, for the little gun that used to lie in the barn, and were told by Allan Stewart, the prisoner's son, that he had hid it under the large girdel; and they concealed four swords under a parcel of thatch. Next day they were desired by their mistress to hide the arms better; and they took the large loaded gun and

the swords from the places where they had concealed them, and the little gun which was not loaded, from under the giruel, where Allan Stewart said the night before he had laid it, and hid all of them at some distance from the house. Deposed, that he saw the little gun either on the Tuesday or Wednesday preceding the murder, and gave as the cause of his not seeing it on Thursday, that he was from home almost all that day. He did not see the little gun loaded since the month of March, when the black cocks were crowding. At that time he saw Allan Breck carry it one morning loaded with small shot, who told the deponent that it missed fire thrice when he presented it to a black cock, and went off the fourth time without killing the bird. Deposed, that neither of the guns were in good order; for the large one, when the trigger was drawn, used to stand at half cock, and the little one had an old worn flint, and often missed fire.

“ Captain David Chapeau, of General Pulteney’s regiment, deposed upon information given by Mr. Campbell, of Barcaldine, that there were some arms hid among the rocks, near the prisoner’s house, he went thither with a party of his men, and found the arms above described. The large gun was loaded with small shot; the little gun was not loaded, and appeared to have been lately fired; for he put his finger into the muzzle, and it came out black. Being interrogated by the prisoner, whether a musket being put by foul will not give that appearance to the finger, a month after it had been discharged? deposed, he cannot tell, not being accustomed to see arms used so. Deposed, that the lock of the unloaded piece had but one screw nail, and the other end of the lock was tied to the stock with a string. That a gun in such a situation may be fit enough to be fired with. That he took the fuzees along with him to Fort William, and delivered them to the adjutant; and the deponent does not know by what means the lock now missing, which belonged to the little gun, was lost, but believes it to have been by accident.”

Further evidence proved that after his apprehension, the prisoner sent five guineas to Allan Breck, who received them from a pedlar while concealed in a wood. Several witnesses also deposed to their having seen Allan Breck dressed occasionally in a black short coat, and white buttons; and John Cameron, of Strone, and Ewan Cameron, his servant, deposed, that they heard one Serjeant More threaten to shoot Glenure on account of his hard usage of the tenants of Ardshiel.

The jury found unanimously the pannel, James Stewart, guilty, art and part, of the murder of Colin Campbell, of Glenure.

The court adjudged the prisoner to be taken, on Wednesday, the 8th of November, to the south side of the ferry of Ballachelish, to be hanged on a gibbet till he be dead, his body to be hung in chains, and his personal estate to be forfeited.

The Duke of Argyll, Lord Justice General, then addressed the prisoner in a speech of considerable length, which, from the party feeling that ran through it, did his grace but little credit. The duke began by telling the prisoner that he had a most impartial trial, and that he had been prosecuted with all the moderation consistent with the crime of which he stood accused.

After descanting upon the different rebellions raised by the partizans of the house of Stewart, and particularly that of 1745, the duke pro-

ceeded :—" If you had been successful in that rebellion, you had been now triumphant, with your confederates, trampling upon the laws of your country, the liberties of your fellow subjects, and on the Protestant religion : you might have been now giving the law, where you have now received the judgment of it ; and we, who are this day your judges, might have been tried before one of your mock courts of judicature, and then you might have been satiated with the blood of any name or clan to which you had an aversion.

" Though you don't now stand accused as a rebel, nor am I permitted to call you a traitor, because his Majesty's undeserved mercy to you, did several years ago, restore you to the state of an innocent man ; yet I may say, with great force of truth, that this murder has been visibly the effect and consequence of the late rebellion."

The prisoner then addressed the court in these words :—" My Lords, I tamely submit to my hard sentence. I forgive the jury, and the witnesses, who have sworn several things falsely against me ; and I declare before the great God, and this auditory, that I had no previous knowledge of the murder of Colin Campbell, of Glenure, and am as innocent of it as a child unborn. I am not afraid to die ; but what grieves me, is my character, that after ages should think me capable of such a horrid and barbarous murder."

On the fatal day the prisoner was escorted by a strong military guard to the place of execution. He produced three copies of a paper, containing his dying speech ; one of these he delivered to the civil magistrate, another to the commander of the troops which guarded him, and the third he read with a distinct voice to a great multitude of spectators, which had come to witness his execution. And in his speech, which was very minute, he denied all accession to, or previous knowledge of, Glenure's murder. The minds of the spectators, already engaged with the circumstances of this extraordinary trial, and the awful scene which was before them, were struck with superstitious terror, at the tempest which raged during the time of the execution.

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## HEROINES OF THE PEERAGE.

## No. II.—JOAN, COUNTESS OF SALISBURY.

"Of all the men respected and admir'd,  
Of all the dames, except herself, desir'd,  
Why not of her? preferr'd above the rest,  
By him with knightly deeds, and open love profess'd."

HAVING already commenced in a former number, our series of "Heroines of the Peerage," we now resume the thread of our narrative, though, as the reader will observe, without much regard to chronological order. Indeed, as we have no idea of shackling ourselves by such considerations, but have rather determined to allow fancy to hold her sway, we hope no apology will be expected, when we state, that having ensconced ourselves some few evenings ago, within the friendly arms of our easy chair, and having in view the subject-matter, though not the Heroine of the Paper, we gave a loose rein to our historic reminiscences; being thereby transported with the rapidity for which thought is so famous, through many a stirring scene in the annals of the Peerage.

Having taken a whole-of-the-way ticket of conveyance, from the Conquest to Victoria, we had swiftly traversed over the reigns of some eight or ten of the early Norman kings, when we suddenly found ourselves within the very heart of Chivalric History, the long and glorious reign of Edward III. Here, thought we, we shall find the brilliant star we are in search of. We have her, we exclaimed, as the fair Joan of Salisbury suddenly passed in review before our mental eye.

In a moment, such is the force of association, our thoughts wandered to the origin of the Garter. Taking up our pen, we immediately commenced inditing a series of rhapsodies in honour of that most noble order. We wrote of its immense influence over mankind—of the noble struggles it had given rise to—of the illustrious great whose colossal qualities had been called into action by the high distinction which its award conferred. Having concentrated these truths, so that their reflected brilliancy should cast a halo of glory around the brow of our Heroine, the Lady Joan, we had made up a very pretty and effective tableau, when on reference being required to ASHMOLÉ'S History of the Garter, we there found to our utter astonishment, that the foundation of the magnificent edifice we had raised was in air, and that consequently its fair proportions must crumble into dust.

In other words, we found, that that matter of fact writer in narrating the popular story of the origin of that order's insignia, too well known to be recapitulated, declared it to be a "vain and idle romance, derogatory both to the founder and the order; first published by Polydore Virgil, a stranger to the affairs of England, and by him taken upon no better ground

than *Fama Vulgi*, the tradition of the common people, too trifling a foundation to so great a building, common bruit being so infamous an historian, that wise men neither report after it, nor give credit to anything they receive from it. And yet hath it so fallen out, that many learned men, for want of reflection, having incautiously swallowed, and run away with this vulgar error; whereupon it hath come by degrees to the vogue it is now in." Such is the opinion of Elias Ashmole of the Middle Temple, Esq., Windsor Herald at Arms, as he describes himself in the title page of the work, from which we have just quoted. With every respect however, for that learned and distinguished antiquary, we must very humbly crave permission to be allowed to take exceptions to two sweeping assertions contained in the foregoing extract, namely, 1st, that "*Fama Vulgi* is so infamous an historian that wise men neither report after it, nor give credit to anything they receive from it;" and secondly, that the legend which he repudiates is "a vain and idle romance." While we cannot on the one hand but admit that too great a readiness to place implicit credit on every popular tradition that comes to our ears, without staying to inquire either as to its possibility or probability, is calculated to lead to the most absurd conclusions: we must on the other hand be allowed to express our conviction, that we should err as much in the opposite direction, were we not to place a certain degree of faith in such popular legends, as are not opposed to, but rather tend to illustrate historical facts. If such then be the fact, and *Fama Vulgi* not always to be despised, it remains to prove that in the case especially under our consideration, its influence is to be hailed. This naturally brings us to the consideration, as to whether the tradition in question is, or is not a "vain and idle romance." We incline to think not. For admitting Ashmole's argument, that so important an order as that of the Garter must have originated in a more lofty idea than the one suggested by a lady's garter, we contend that though King Edward had previously determined, beyond a doubt, to form a knightly band, in imitation of the Round Table of King Arthur, and had not fixed upon any particular ensign by which it should be distinguished, he may reasonably be supposed to have adopted one, arising indeed from accident, but felicitously suited to his purpose. A garter has always been associated with sentiments of gallantry; and to wear a lady's favour, her glove, her riband, or anything which belonged to her, was a common practice of the age.

Having thus far proved that garters were a species of commodity much more highly valued by our chivalric ancestors, than by Mr. Elias Ashmole, we will now proceed to shew, that as in our own times the said articles of female apparel vary considerably in value, it is highly probable that the same was the case *in temp.* Edward III. This, however, being the age of pounds, shillings, and pence, and the age to which we refer being that of chivalry and romance, it is most probable that the texture of the article was then a matter of secondary consideration; while its chief merit was derived from its wearer. Such then being the case, we can very readily understand how the owner of that garter, which was chosen as a badge for the knightly order of which we have spoken, must indeed have been a lady of no ordinary cast. This consideration brings us more immediately to our subject.

The Countess, our heroine, was the daughter of William de Grandison, a Burgundian knight, a favourite of Edmund, Earl of Lancaster, who prevailed on Sibyl, heiress of Lord Tregoz, of Wilt-

shire, to marry his friend, Grandison, who possessed nothing in the world but a handsome person, and martial fame. Katherine the Fair, was the only child of this couple, and was endowed richly with her mother's wealth and her father's comely exterior. These she bestowed on the brave Earl of Salisbury, to whom she would appear, as we shall have presently to narrate, to have been most devotedly attached. Her wealth and her beauty constituted, however, but the smallest part of her dowry. Gifted indeed with those soft and amiable qualities which a woman can alone possess, she at the same time, as we are told by Froissart manfully knew how to defend her husband's castle and the fortress of his wife's virtue.

Many months had not elapsed after the marriage of the Earl and Countess of Salisbury, when the former being actively engaged in the wars of his country was captured by the garrison of Lisle, thus leaving his wife to protect his castle of Wark, situated on the Tweed, in a part of the country which was at that time much harassed by the Scots. Here, it would appear, she was very closely besieged by King David, and would most likely have been compelled to surrender, but for the timely arrival of the English King. At the approach of Edward, the King of Scots raised the siege of Wark. The royal hero's interview with the countess follows. In the words of Froissart—

"The moment the Countess heard of the King's approach, she ordered all the gates to be thrown open, and went to meet him most richly dressed, insomuch that no one could look at her but with wonder and admiration at her noble deportment, great beauty, and affability of behaviour. When she came near King Edward, she made her obeisance to the ground, and gave him thanks for coming to her assistance, and then conducted him into the castle, to entertain and honour him, as she was very capable of doing.

"Every one was delighted with her, but the King could not take his eyes off from her, so that a *spark of first love* struck upon his heart, which lasted a long time, for he did not believe that the whole world produced any other lady so worthy of being beloved. Thus they entered the castle hand-in-hand. The Countess led him first to the hall, and then to the best chamber, which was very richly furnished, as belonging to so fine a lady. King Edward kept his eyes so fixed upon the countess that the gentle dame was quite abashed. After he had sufficiently examined his apartment he retired to a window, and leaning on it fell into a profound reverie.

"The Countess left him to order dinner to be made ready, and the tables set, and the hall ornamented and set out, likewise to welcome the knights and lords who accompanied the King. When she had given all the orders to her servants she thought needful, she returned with a cheerful countenance to King Edward, and said—

"Dear sir, what are you musing on? Such meditating is not proper for you, saving your grace! you ought rather to be in right spirits, having freed England from her enemy without loss of blood!"

"The King replied, 'Oh, dear lady, you must know that since I have been in this castle, some thoughts have oppressed my mind, that I was not before aware of; so that it behoves me to reflect. Being uncertain what may be the event, I cannot withdraw my attention.'

"'Dear sir,' answered the lady, 'you ought to be of good cheer, and east with your friends to give them more pleasure, and leave off ponder-

ing; for God has been very bountiful to you in your undertaking, so that you are the most feared and renowned prince in Christendom. If the King of Scotland have vexed you by the mischiefs he hath done in your kingdom, you will speedily be able to make reprisals in his dominions. Therefore come if it please you, into the hall to your knights, for dinner will soon be served!

“Oh, sweet lady,” said King Edward, ‘there be other things which touch my heart, and lie heavy there, than what you talk of. For, in good truth, your beauteous mien, and the perfections of your face and behaviour have wholly overcome me, and so deeply impress my heart that my happiness wholly depends on meeting a return to my flame, which no denial from you can ever extinguish.’

“Oh, my dread lord,” replied the Countess, ‘do not amuse yourself by laughing at me with trying to tempt me, for I cannot believe you are in earnest as to what you have just said. Is it likely that so noble and gallant a prince as you are, would ever think of dishonouring either me or my husband, a valiant knight who has served you so faithfully, and who now lies in a doleful prison on your account. Certainly, sir, this would not redound to your glory, nor would you be the better for it, if you could have your wayward will.’

“The virtuous lady then quitted the King, who was astonished at her words. She went into the hall to hasten dinner; afterwards she approached the King’s chamber, attended by all the knights, and said to him,

“My lord King your knights are all waiting for you to wash their hands, for they, as well as yourself have fasted too long!’

“King Edward left his apartment, and came to the hall, where, after he had washed his hands, he seated himself with his knights at the dinner, as did the lady also; but the King ate very little, and was the whole time pensive, casting his eyes, whenever he had the opportunity, on the Countess. Such behaviour surprised his friends, for they were not accustomed to it, never having seen the like before in the King. They supposed it was his chagrin at the departure of the Scots without a battle.

“The King remained at the castle the whole of the day without knowing what to do with himself. Thus did he pass that day and a sleepless night, debating the matter with his own heart.

“At daybreak he rose, drew out his whole army, raised his camp, and made ready to follow the Scots. Upon taking leave of the Countess, he said,

“My dear lady, God preserve you safe till I return, and I pray that you will think well of what I have said, and have the goodness to give me a different answer!’

“My gracious liege,” replied the Countess, ‘God of his infinite goodness preserve you, and drive from your noble heart such villanous thoughts, for I am, and ever shall be ready to serve you, but only in what is consistent with my honour and with yours.’

The King left her, quite astonished at her answers. This is the only instance, says Miss Strickland, in which the fidelity of King Edward wandered from his beloved Queen Philippa.

Shortly after the occurrence of the events which we have just narrated, a truce having been concluded between the Kings of England and France, the French monarch released the Earl of Salisbury upon condition that Edward’s prisoner, the Earl of Moray, should also be set at liberty. It



is then related, that Edward being returned to London, and the time having arrived for the accomplishment of the great object that had so long absorbed his attention, he issued a proclamation for the holding of those solemn jousts which were to herald in the noblest of all the Orders of Knighthood in the world.

“ Behold an order yet of newer date,  
 Doubling their number, equal in their state ;  
 Our England's ornament, the Crown's defence.  
 In battle brave, protectors of their Prince ;  
 Unchanged by fortune, to their Sovereign true,  
 For which their manly legs are bound with blue.  
 These of the garter call'd, of faith unstain'd,  
 In fighting fields the laurel have obtain'd,  
 And well repaid the laurels which they gain'd.”\*

To these festivities were invited the Earl of Salisbury and his beautiful countess, who appears on the occasion to have been attired with the utmost simplicity, in order to avoid attracting the sovereign's regard, and to discountenance his improper affection. On the occurrence of the event, to which popular tradition ascribes the origin of the order's insignia, we can easily comprehend, when we remember all that had previously transpired between the king and the lady of Wark Castle—the generous and manly burst of indignation with which Edward met the ill-timed jeers of his courtiers—and which has been perpetuated in the ever memorable words—

HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.

And now we have answered to the best of our ability Ashmole's objections to the Legend of the Garter, we hope we have shewn that legends may sometimes be depended upon, and that even the most fastidious admirers of the order of which we have been treating may, without in the slightest degree tarnishing or detracting from its historic glory, be proud of attributing the origin of its insignia to the Lady Joan, who, as we have seen, was indeed a heroine in every sense of the word. A woman who was proof against the common fears of her sex—a woman whom neither the terrors of war, nor the insidious, yet flattering wooings of the chivalrous Edward, could succumb. Let imagination soar its highest. Let it seek a fantastic heroine of its own creation ; still do we defy it to find a rival to the lady whose name has graced our pages of this month.

\* Gentlemen of every class were held eligible to the Garter in former days ; but we need hardly observe it has long been practically restricted to the nobility—with very rare exceptions to the Peerage. No Commoner received it after the death of James I. until Charles II., when returning from exile in Montagu's flag-ship, bestowed a ribbon on the converted Admiral of the Republic. But this was rather a particular occasion, and the new K.G. became also Earl of Sandwich immediately on the king's landing. The next person whose ordinary style and title ever marked him as a Knight of the Garter was Sir Robert Walpole ; and the reverend author of the “ Night Thoughts ” invoked the shade of the departed heroes of the order to descend and yield sanction to so unusual an inauguration.

“ Ye mighty dead ! ye garter'd sons of praise !  
 Our morning stars ! Our boast in former days !  
 While hovering o'er your purple wings display,  
 Lured by the pomp of this distinguished day—  
 Stop, and attend ! By one the knee be bound ;  
 One throw the mantle's crimson folds around ;  
 By that the sword on his proud thigh be placed,  
 This clasp the diamond girdle round his waist ;  
 His breast with rays let just Godolphin spread,  
 Wise Burleigh plant the plumage on his head,  
 And Edward own, since first he fix'd the race  
 None press'd fair Glory with a swifter pace.”

## RAMBLINGS IN MANY COUNTIES.

## CHESHIRE.

It is no doubt true that England has a reasonable proportion of ruined castles and decayed abbeys, by which in general must be understood little more than the bare walls; but these ruins are no longer tenanted by their legitimate inhabitants, namely ghosts, fairies, and hobgoblins; the legends which used to attach to them, have with few exceptions passed out of men's memories, for that they must have existed at one period cannot, I should think, be a matter of question; superstition abounded here as elsewhere, and it seems but fair to presume that the bold barons, who built or inherited these castles before they went to ruin, must have done many a deed in their time that ought not speedily to have been forgotten. But notwithstanding all this, the legendary antiquity of England though not quite a blank, is not much better when compared with that of its Scottish or Irish neighbours. While the poet and the painter in travelling through England find inexhaustible materials for their respective arts, the unlucky antiquarian is condemned to plod as through a waste, no better than the desert of Sahara; here and there, it is true, he meets with an oasis where the leaf is green, and the fountain is flowing, but this only happens to him after days of empty weariness, and by no means makes amends for the rest of his pilgrimage.

It was in this grumbling mood, which after all is not without its pleasures, that I entered Cheshire, a county retaining more of ancient customs than any part of England, excepting perhaps three or four of the northern districts. These however have reference chiefly to the winter months, and as my visit was towards the end of spring, and prolonged through a part of summer, I had no opportunity of seeing them in actual practice, and probably might never have heard of them had not Fortune in one of her kind moments made me set up my staff at a small farm-house near Nantwich. Here I had the good luck to fall in with a rustic Scheherazade in the person of an old grandame, who, so far as I could discover, did nothing but knit stockings from the time she got up 'till the time she went to bed. Except at meals, I doubt if the knitting needles were ever out of her hands for a single moment. If the day were fine she might always be found seated in a high-backed, rush-bottomed arm-chair before the cottage-window with a very white cap upon her head, but no bonnet, as though she never could have too much of the sun, crooning old songs if she had no one to talk to—but still knitting; towards evening she was equally sure to be seen posted in a corner of the huge fire-place, imbibing her share of smoke with the bacon that hung in the chimney above her head—but still knitting. Of a truth she might well have parodied the old Scotch song;

“We are all knitting:  
 Knit, knit, knitting:  
 For we are all knitting  
 At our house at home.”

To be sure there were half-a-dozen grand-children hopping and skipping round, so there may have been some cause for this everlasting occupation, which she seemed to pursue mechanically, never allowing it to interrupt conversation. The meeting with such a living record of bygone times induced me to stop three or four days at the farm-house quite contrary to my first intention, for I had merely sought refuge there at night from a sudden storm, fully purposing to leave my hospitable entertainers—paid hospitality by the bye—at an early hour the next day.

The burthen of the old woman's song was constantly, "Ah, sir, you should come and see us in the winter-time. I don't say but what the green fields and the bright sun are pleasant things to look at, but winter's the time for merry-makings and most of those old fashions you seem so fond of hearing me talk about."

It might be tedious were I to repeat one half of what I learnt from my friend, the knitter, but I will mention two or three of the popular customs, as I received them from her, and which in some trifling respects differed from what I remembered to have previously read upon the subject.

On All Souls' Eve the *soulers* go about from parish to parish, *souling*—that is to say begging for *soul-cakes*. But this custom may perhaps be best explained by the song they are in the habit of chaunting on the occasion; otherwise the song is not worth much, and, quaint as it is, might have been made yesterday.

"You gentlemen of England, I would have you to draw near  
To these few lines which we have wrote, and you soon shall hear  
Sweet melody of music all on this evening clear,  
For we are come a souling for apples and strong beer.

"Step down into your cellar and see what you can find,  
If your barrels are not empty I hope you will prove kind;  
I hope you will prove kind with your apples and strong beer,  
We'll come no more a souling until another year.

"Cold winter it is coming on, dark, dirty, wet, and cold,  
To try your good nature this night we do make bold;  
This night we do make bold with your apples and strong beer,  
We will come no more a souling until another year.

"All the houses that we've been at we have had both meat and drink,  
So now we're dry with travelling I hope you'll on us think;  
I hope you'll on us think with your apples and strong beer,  
For we'll come no more a souling until another year.

"God bless the master of this house and the mistress also,  
And all the little children that round the table go,  
Likewise your men and maidens, your cattle and your store,  
And all that lies within your gates, I wish you ten times more;  
I wish you ten times more with your apples and strong beer,  
For we'll come no more a souling until another year."

Upon All Souls' Day, Old Hob may be seen in lanes or any other lonely spots such as ghosts and goblins generally choose for their earthly visitations. And who is Old Hob?—"the answer is as ready as a borrower's cap"—Old Hob is neither more nor less than the head of a dead horse, covered

with a sheet, and borne about to frighten those who have weak nerves and a sufficient belief in walking spirits.

Another custom, but almost confined to the interior of the county is *corn-begging*. It begins three weeks before Christmas, and ends on Christmas Eve. The poorer sort wait upon the farmers, especially those of their own township, to beg corn, when they are generally presented with a quart for each member of the family; sometimes meat and flour are given instead of corn. About the same time, in the neighbourhood of Chester, the lanes are filled with female beggars, chiefly Welsh, who go from house to house asking for money. This is evidently the remains of some very ancient custom, the meaning of which is now lost to us—probably a sacred one, for it implies no degradation; genuine beggars no doubt avail themselves of the opportunity to pursue their usual trade with more advantage, but there are many of those who ask alms at this particular season that would never think of such a thing at any other time of the year.

At Easter the children go round in the same manner, and sing a short song addressed to the farmer's wife, the burthen of which is,

“ And I pray you, good dame, an Easter egg.”

They are however reasonable mendicants, and will take bacon, cheese, or apples, or, as they themselves express it, “ any good thing that will make us merry.”

On Easter Monday and Tuesday a custom yet more singular prevails in this county, called *lifting*, which is of ancient origin, and is supposed to bear no very becoming allusion to the resurrection. On the first day, the men carry about a chair decorated with flowers and ribands, and compel every young woman they meet with to seat herself in it, when they lift her as high as their hands will reach; she is however at liberty to commute this *lifting* for a kiss, or a small fine in money proportioned to her circumstances. The next day the women turn the tables upon the men and treat them in the same manner. Though the custom is now confined to the people it was not quite obsolete some thirty or forty years ago amongst the higher classes. It was then the custom in many of the Cheshire mansions for the servants to place a chair ready in the breakfast-room, in which the master and mistress would allow themselves to be *lifting*, and afterwards reward the *lifters* with a small gratuity.

May-Day also has its full share of observances amongst the people of Cheshire, and more than I remember to have seen or heard of elsewhere. Even these seem to be only a small part of the Easter customs that were in use a few years since, if I might believe the old woman who told me that many games and sports were practised when she was a girl that had since gone quite out of fashion, and were well nigh forgotten by all except a few cronies like herself. Thus an alder-bough was stuck over the door of any house that was occupied by a noted scold, while in the same way a branch of hazel was used to reproach the lazy for their sluttishness. The birch was a more honourable testimonial, being placed by the young men over the doors of the girls whom they were courting. In all these customs we may see a manifest reference to very ancient superstitions, for amongst our Saxon ancestors every kind of tree had a connection for good or evil with the world of spirits; the elder for instance was in especially bad repute; others again were holy, and to hew a branch from them was sacrilege, for according to the beautiful belief of paganism there was a soul in all living

things, and man claimed a kindred with all the works of nature. A very pretty essay might be written upon this chapter, but that it would carry me too far away from the immediate subject.

Another custom, which the old knitter dwelt upon with peculiar satisfaction, doubtless from its close connection with her own youthful days, was one that prevailed at her native place, Knutsford. Upon the occasion of marriages, and other such joyful events, it was usual to cover the streets with brown sand, upon which devices were figured in the same material, but of a lighter colour; or, if it happened to be the summer season, they employed flowers instead. At these times, voluntary contributions were paid to the bell-ringers of the parish by the neighbouring farmers, as well as by the friends and tenants of the nuptializing family; and, as the sums thus collected were often very considerable, the ringing would last for a week together, or even longer, so that the newly married couple had full leisure to quarrel before the bells had well done pealing out their happiness.

I have dwelt too long, perhaps, with my friendly hostess, though not half so long as I should have done, had I yielded to the flood of pleasant recollections that rushed in upon me from the moment I began to speak of her. On then to Nantwich, so celebrated for its salt springs, or which, at least, used to be so at one time, although its estimation has of late years much declined, its trade with the usual caprice of that fickle source of wealth, having betaken itself to other places. There was a time, and that not so very long ago, when the brine-springs of Nantwich were held in such veneration, that upon Ascension Day the people used to meet about them, and there chaunt hymns of thanksgiving, or of blessing. On these occasions the ancient salt-pit, called the Old Biat, was bedecked with flowers and ribands, and the young people danced around it. And here again we see unmistakable traces of a religious ceremonial, for in most of the sacred rites of the earlier ages dancing was very generally used, and seems to have formed a principal feature.

This part of the road to Nantwich had not much perhaps to attract the attention of one who had now been walking for three hours or more under a hot sun, yet I could not help noticing the number of small square pits that were to be met with in every field. For what earthly purpose could they be intended? surely not to hold the rain-water for the cattle? no, they were too numerous for such an object, and besides there was a pond close by. I might have gone on guessing till doomsday, had it not been my fortune to stumble upon a party of labourers—*marlers*, as I afterwards understood they were called—busy in digging one of these same mysterious excavations. Now I have always found the best *open sesame* on these occasions is a small gratuity, and I therefore prefaced my enquiry by giving one of the men a shilling to be divided amongst them, but no sooner had I done so than the whole gang flung away spade and mattock as if they had been bewitched. In an instant they had joined hands and formed a circle, when one of them cried aloud, “Oyez! oyez! oyez! A stranger living in Lunnun has come here to-day, and has given my lord and his men part of a hundred pounds. I hope another will come by-and-by, and give us as much more, and we will return him thanks therefore, and shout, *largo!*”—which in truth they did to the full extent of their lungs, ending with a prolonged cadence. The shout, with the cry of *largo*,—meaning no doubt *largess*—was repeated

six times, and each time they bowed to the centre. The last shout was so tremendous it might have been heard a mile off. It appeared however, that the ceremony was not by any means a new affair got up on the spur of the moment, but was a common and long established custom. Had my donation been no more than sixpence, I should have been honoured only with four shouts; had it exceeded a shilling they would have roared till they could roar no longer. As it was, I felt quite satisfied I had received a good shilling's worth, and by no means desired any more.

The lord, for it seems they always elect a lord of the marl-pit, keeps the money that is thus collected 'till the next Saturday, when it is spent at the nearest ale-house, and the shouts are there renewed as the names of the donors are repeated in succession. But they do not altogether trust to what Fortune may choose to send them; when their work is finished, our *marlers*, as they are called, have another way of collecting money, which they term *carrying the garland*, that is, they decorate a pole with flowers and ribands, hang upon it their silver spoons and watches, or anything else that may make a glitter, and with this they go about, soliciting the bounty of their wealthier neighbours. As to the pits which led to my witnessing this odd ceremonial, they are the result of excavations made for the purpose of getting up the marl, a favourite manure in this county. It consists of clay, sand, and lime, intimately united, but in unequal proportions.

It may lower me in the estimation of all those who love to "babble of green fields," but though I cannot say I was absolutely weary of fell and wood, yet I was by no means sorry to find myself in the giant-built town of Chester, for to no less a personage does the monk Ranulf in his *Polychronicon* attribute its foundation; though it must be owned that Henry Bradshaw, a monk of Chester, in his life of Saint Werburg, flatly contradicts brother Ranulf:

"The founder of this city, as saith Polychronicon,  
Was Leon Gawer, a mighty strong giant;  
Which builded caves and dungeons, many a one,  
Ne goodly buildings, ne proper, ne pleasant;  
But King Leir, a Briton, fine and valiant,  
Was founder of Chester by pleasant building,  
And was named *Guer Leir* by the King."

Which of the two holy men is right, brother Ranulf, or brother Bradshaw, and whether the Giant or King Lear founded Chester, is more than any degenerate modern may take upon himself to decide.

Britton, in speaking of Chester, calls it *respectable*. What he exactly means by the phrase, I cannot pretend to say, but it has something of a contemptuous sound with it, as if he could see nothing to admire in this singular old city. If so, the antiquarian is much to be pitied, for in its own way Chester can substantiate as good claims to our admiration as any other city in the kingdom. It stands about eighteen miles from the sea, upon a rocky eminence overlooking the river Dee, and consists principally of four streets, running from a centre at the cross towards the four cardinal points of the compass; each of these is terminated by a gate called respectively North-gate, East-gate, Bridge-Gate, and Water-gate. The walls around it, which extend to nearly two miles

are wide enough in all places to allow of two persons walking abreast, and in some parts will admit of even three or four, the entire circuit affording a great variety of beautiful prospects ; it will be sufficient only to mention the river Dee winding its way below, Beeston rock with its castle, Broxton and Peckforton hills, and the mountains of Flintshire and Denbighshire. Internally, also, Chester has many claims upon the traveller's notice, but the greatest singularity of this city is its so called *Rows*. These cannot, I think, be better described than as galleries occupying the front of the first floor of each house, the buildings over which are supported by columns, while below them are either shops or vaults for the stowing away of goods. They are supposed to have been originally built for the purpose of defending the citizens against any sudden incursions of hostile cavalry, to which at one time they were peculiarly subject from their vicinity to the turbulent Welsh, who proved as bad neighbours to Chester as the Scotch borderers did to the northern counties. In the present day these galleries are no less useful though for more pacific objects ; they afford a dry walk for the people in all weather, extending through a great part of the city, at the same time that they form a safe and convenient road for the foot-passenger by placing him out of all danger from carriages and horses.

One old writer, William Smith, Rouge Dragon Poursuivant, in describing these rows observes in his usual quaint style, "this is a manner of building I have not heard of in any other place of Christendom. Some will say that the like is in Padua in Italy ; but that is not so ; for the houses at Padua are built as the suburbs of this city be, that is, on the ground upon posts, that a man may go dry underneath them, like as they are at Billingsgate in London, but nothing like to the Rows."

Rouge Dragon, however, is not quite correct in this account, for at one time other places might have been found in England that were built much after the same plan. The antiquarian, Leland, observes of Bridgenorth, "There is one very fayre street going from north to south, and on each side this street the houses be gallered soe that men may passe dry by them if it raine, according to some streets in Chester cittye."

As I have no intention of inditing a handbook, that most fashionable commodity of our fashion-mongering days, I shall pass over in silence the castle, the bridges, the churches, and the hundred other lions that may be found here, and all more or less worthy of notice. And yet it is not without a feeling of regret that I turn my back upon Chester ; it seems to recall what I really experienced upon leaving the place bodily and not as now metaphorically, after a brief abode of little more than a fortnight.

It might be too much to ask my readers to accompany me on my prolonged tour through flood and fell, over hill and dale ; but there is one place at which I would fain have them pause with me for a brief space, and this is the little isle of Hilbree, in the Irish sea, at a short distance from West Kirkby. Like the Holy Islands of Lindisfarn, it was once the object of devout pilgrimage, and like them,

"With the flow and ebb its stile  
Varies from continent to isle ;  
Dryshod o'er sands twice every day  
The pilgrims to the shrine find way ;  
Twice every day the waves efface  
Of staves and sandal'd feet the trace."

Leland, in speaking of it tells us that "at the floode it is al environed with water as an isle, and then the trajectus is a quarter of a mile over, and four fadome deep of water, and at ebbe a man may go over the sand. It is about a mile in compase, and the ground is sandy, and hath conies. 'There was a cell of monkes of Chester and a pilgrimage of Our Lady of Hillbrye.'"

Of this conventual building there is not at present a vestige; but I picked up a tale on the very spot where it had once stood, which, indeed, was the cause of my asking the reader's company to Hilbree Island. It may be true, or it may be false, for my informant was like enough to have resembled those ingenious folks in Italy, who *make* the antiquiti they *find*, much to the benefit and satisfaction of English dilettanti. But to begin with the beginning. I was indulging, *more meo*, in certain delectable visions, rebuilding in fancy the ancient cloisters, and peopling them with grey-frocked friars, when I suddenly became aware of something that moved under the shadow of a rock at no great distance. "A lover of night and solitude like myself," thought I. But no; the figure, as it came into the full moonlight, proved to be an object infinitely more in keeping with the time and place, for it was a female gypsy, rather, as it seemed, beyond the heyday of youth, but with eyes as dark as the deepest violets amid the wet grass, and sparkling as the dews that hung upon them. There was something in her arch smile that bespoke no less roguishness than good humour, and then she was handsome—decidedly handsome—that is, after the peculiar beauty of her tribe, for gypsy was stamped in every feature.

"Cross my hand with a piece of silver," said she, stepping from the ruins, "and I will tell you the future."

"And what good would that do me?" retorted I, "since I could not alter it, however unpleasant it might be? If indeed you can take a peep into the past—"

"I can do that too," interrupted the gypsy; "I can tell you a story of the old monks, and how the devil outwitted the old baron, Sir Hugh de Montville."

A bargain was quickly struck between us. I sate myself down upon a stone that lay half buried in the earth, a piece no doubt of some outer wall, of which time had left no other vestige, while the gypsy stood opposite to me, leaning upon an ashen staff, and appearing very much to my fancy like some sybil. What was more strange, she not only spoke well and fluently, but threw herself so completely into the different characters of her tale that each one seemed to rise up before me a distinct and living personage: and yet, at times, there was a slight touch of ridicule in her tone and eye as if she were laughing at what she wished me to believe. So far as my recollection serves, I will give the legend in her own words, for, bating some few provincialisms—and even they lent an antique air to the recitation—I am quite sure that I could not mend it.

"It was a stormy evening in February, and the sea below us, for as quiet as it now seems, was rolling its waves so high that not a single boatman would willingly have trusted himself upon it. Vespers were over, and the abbot, who had an odd taste for such scenes, was walking on the bank yonder with his sub-prior looking out upon the troubled waters, and it may be listening to the hooting of the owl. I love to hear that, myself; aye more, ten times more, than the sound of the pipe and tabor.



Well, as I was saying, the abbot looked out upon the wild, dark waters, and the sub-prior thought to himself how small was their chance of any fish from the sea for the next day's dinner, when to the surprise of both they saw a skiff crossing over from the opposite shore, and actually carrying sail enough, one would have imagined, to have upset her every minute. The little bark plunged, tossed, and tore along through the boiling foam like some mad thing.

" 'Heaven for its mercy!' cried the abbot, 'they will never reach this shore.'

" 'No more chance,' replied the sub-prior, 'than we have of any fresh fish to-morrow.'

" But the fish-loving sub-prior was no true prophet. The boat ran safely into the shelter of an artificial cove formed by mounds of stone,—you need not look for it now; it exists no longer—when out jumped a handsome young fellow in a forester's habit, and helped ashore a strippling, a lad, as it seemed, of fifteen or thereabout. The next moment the forester was kneeling before the abbot.

" 'Holy father, we crave sanctuary; they who seek our blood are behind us.'

" 'In the name of all the saints!' exclaimed the younger, in a voice of agony.

" 'Tis granted,' replied the compassionate abbot.

" 'Beware what you do,' interrupted the sub-prior, hastily, 'for we walk in ticklish times. No one would have ventured across yonder waters upon a night like this, save in the fear of some powerful foe, and such it were no wise or safe policy in us to provoke.'

" But the abbot, who was somewhat wilful as well as compassionate, and loved to uphold the privileges of mother-church, persisted in granting an asylum to the supplicants. Despite the sour faces of his sub-prior, he led them straightway to the chapel, where they flung themselves on their knees before the high altar, and returned thanks to the Virgin, who had saved them from the dangers of the flood and of their pursuers. The benevolent monk cast a look of peculiar meaning at his councillor; he felt that he had done a good work; and, what was more, that the sub-prior had been in the wrong.

" Nearly two hours had thus passed when a furious beating was heard at the abbey portals. The forester instantly started up and laid his hand upon the hilt of his sword, but the abbot held his arm, and gave him to understand that if he had a fancy for fighting he had better turn out upon the grass in the moonlight, it was altogether out of the question where he then was. In the meanwhile, the gates having been opened, in rushed the Baron Hugh de Montville with his retainers, who had hesitated some time before he could bring himself to embark upon such a stormy sea, short as the distance was—a lucky hesitation for the fugitives, as they had thus got the start of them.

" 'Seize me the scoundrel and his paramour,' was the unceremonious salutation of the baron.

" The abbot stepped before the fugitives, and in the blandest manner possible informed Sir Hugh and his friends that they would burn to all eternity if they dared to violate the rights of sanctuary.

" 'But my daughter!' shouted the baron.

" 'Daughter?' replied the abbot, 'I see no signs of a petticoat here. Heaven forbid!'

“Zounds, you mumping old idiot,” exclaimed the baron, ‘are you so blind that you cannot tell Joan from Jack with all these lamps and candles burning about you! I tell you that demure thing in the white hose and green jerkin is my modest daughter.’

“Is she?” said the abbot coolly.

“Is she?” cried Sir Hugh. ‘I tell you what, Father Boniface; you have no right to harbour women in your walls, whether they wear petticoats or breeches; and if you do n’t give her up this instant, I’ll write to your master, bluff King Hal, and we’ll hear what he’ll say to it.’

“And I,” replied the abbot, ‘will write to my very good friend, the Cardinal Archbishop of York, and we’ll hear what *he* ’ll say to it. In the meanwhile, as your mood is none of the most agreeable, you will do me a favour by retiring.’

“The extreme politeness of the abbot well-nigh drove Sir Hugh frantic. He cursed most shockingly, and rounded off a tremendous volley of oaths by saying, ‘I’ll not stay here another moment, but may the devil fly away with me, body and soul, if I lose sight of these walls so long as that rascal Josceline is within them.’

“As he said this, all were startled by something that sounded very much like an unearthly laugh; so at least it seemed to them, though perhaps after all it was only the hooting of an owl.

“The fiend has heard, and accepts your impious challenge,” murmured the abbot raising his hands in horror.

“The monks, including the sub-prior, did the same, and the baron, stout-hearted as he was, turned deadly pale, and rushed out of the chapel, followed by all his people.

“Oremus!” said the abbot.

“Oremus!” responded the brotherhood, setting up an anthem; but their voices quavered from fright, and they sang so dreadfully out of tune that the owls in the neighbourhood mistook it for the cry of their companions, and answered with hoots of satisfaction.

“In the meanwhile Sir Hugh had ordered his tent to be pitched before the abbey-gates, set a regular guard under every window, and despatched a trusty retainer to bluff king Hal. On his part the abbot sent an especial missive to the formidable Wolsey, conjuring his eminence to uphold the privileges of Mother Church, and pointing out how needful it was to put a strong curb into the jaws of such refractory laymen as the bold baron. With all convenient haste—which in those days certainly did not mean less than a week for a hundred and odd miles of ground to be travelled over—came back both answers. From these it appeared that Hal and his cardinal-minister had made a sort of compromise for the preservation of their respective dignities, the king consenting that the young squire Josceline should, in respect to the church’s rights, stay where he was ’till he grew tired of long prayers and short feasts, while his eminence on the other hand graciously admitted that a handsome young damsel was no fitting companion for pious monks, whereupon the baron should be at liberty to carry off his daughter when and how it liked him.

“If Father Boniface was only half satisfied with this decision, Sir Hugh was still less pleased. The weather had become exceedingly cold, wet, and tempestuous, and most gladly would he have beaten a retreat with bag and baggage, but that he remembered his exclamation in the chapel, and was sorely afraid the devil might keep him to his bargain. So completely was his usually domineering spirit cowed by this reflection that

he resolved to ask advice of his enemy, Father Boniface. To him, therefore, he despatched a civil epistle, requesting his immediate attendance upon a matter of much import, with an addendum, wherein it was stated that the baron had sent for half a dozen flasks of his richest and raciest Canary to assist them in their deliberations.

"The abbot considerably mollified by the postscript—for Sir Hugh was far and wide celebrated for his Canary—returned for answer, that he was pleased to hear of the baron's penitence, in consideration of which he would gladly afford him his best advice. He went accordingly, and after they had discussed as much wine as made them both forget their ancient grievances, Sir Hugh proceeded to state his case.

"'Tis a difficult matter to advise in,' said the abbot.

"'I know it,' replied the baron; 'fill your cup again.'

"The abbot did so, remained in profound cogitation 'till it was emptied, and then sighed as he set it down, and repeated 'tis a difficult matter to advise in.'

"'So you said before,' retorted the baron, with difficulty restraining his impatience.

"'I did,' replied the abbot, 'and I say it again, being a thing that admits not of question. Yet hold; a sudden thought occurs to me. Suppose you give your gold and lands to the abbey, and become one of us, living and dying within our walls, and so defeating Satan. It will be much pleasanter than lying here in the cold and wet 'till it pleases the young falconer to come forth, which of course he never will do, so long as he knows you are waiting for him.'

"At this proposal the enraged baron swore worse than ever, and things came to such a pass that the abbot fled in terror lest a worse thing should happen. His wrath however had one good effect; as the scum of his temper boiled over, there came up with it from the very bottom of his mental cauldron a most brilliant idea—he would forge a letter, as from his daughter, stating that she had escaped from the paternal castle, and had taken refuge amongst the outlaws that were known to infest the neighbourhood of Kirkby, where she expected Josceline to join her.

"The man, to whom this letter was entrusted, was both shrewd and faithful, and on placing the notes in the hands of Josceline managed matters so cleverly that he had no suspicion of the cheat. Even the abbot, whom the young squire consulted, was deceived by it, and pointed out how he might escape unperceived by Sir Hugh, notwithstanding all his vigilance.

"'There is,' he said, 'a subterranean passage communicating from our kitchen to the shore about a quarter mile off. I will myself open the way for you without trusting to any one—especially the sub-prior who, I fear, loves you not half so well as he does the bass in yonder sea, as to be sure they have a delicate flavour with them when caught at the proper season. But you had better wait 'till night-fall, lest any of the baron's people should be loitering about the castle.'

"Now it so happened that the monk, whose office it was to ring the abbey bells, had for several days been ill of indigestion from over indulgence in potted lampreys, and, as the duty in his absence was but negligently performed, the devil, who hates the sound of bells, had been able to keep a closer watch than usual upon the abbey. Hence he did not fail to get scent of this project, which if it could be executed would

effectually deprive him of his expected share in the baron. To defeat it, therefore, a little before the appointed time he assumed the squire's form, and showed himself not far from the place where he knew the Baron lay in ambush. The latter immediately started up to seize him. The fiend fled—the Baron jumped upon his horse, and spurred after him, forgetting his vow in the eagerness of the chase—a dark cloud covered the moon, the abbey walls could no longer be distinguished—and in the same moment the horse stumbled, and the rider broke his neck.

“By this chance the daughter of Sir Hugh became an heiress, and, in consequence, the king's ward, who was likely enough to bestow her upon some courtier. But fortune ever favours the bold, and love had made the young squire of the boldest. He posted off to London, scarcely stopping on the road for food or rest, and found, or forced, his way into the royal presence. The bluff king, as you may have heard, loved to look upon a man of thews and sinews, and the young squire had no lack of either; it was plain to see that he was strong of hand, while the fire in his eye gave sufficient token of the inward spirit. Moreover, the Cardinal had showed himself his enemy, and this, which, a few days ago, would have been his ruin, was now an additional recommendation; for Hal had just despoiled Wolsey of all his honours, and driven him forth to die of a broken heart. So he gave his royal assent to the marriage, and even pardoned the forest-outlaws, who according to some accounts had played that part in the business which other stories attributed to the devil.”

“And how the deuce,” said I at the conclusion, “did you become possessed of so strange a tale? who related it to you?”

“Oh, an old friend of mine,” replied the gipsy.

“Oh, you mean the devil, I suppose.”

“And if it were the devil, he must have possessed the old sexton then, for it was he that I heard tell it more than a score of times to visitors like yourself, who always seemed to swallow it as readily as I would a poached egg; aye, and they would give him a crown for his lies, when they would not cross the hand of a poor gipsy with so much as a single sixpence. May Beelzebub have the picking of their stingy bones.”

As I had no wish to come to such an end, I forthwith crossed her hand with a shilling, for which I received a handsome benediction—*valeat quantum valet*.

## HERALDIC NOTES.

In several former articles an endeavour was made to discover the origin of names and surnames, and to trace the slow progress by which they advanced to the importance they have at present attained. It is probable that heraldry had an origin almost similar, that is to say, that the same circumstances from which a surname had its derivation originated also some sort of device or sign, as a particular distinction which in process of time gave rise to armorial bearings. Thus we find that the snarling propensities in which Diogenes and his followers indulged, earned for them the unenviable name of *Cynici*, a *canina mordicitate*, yet far from feeling offended at the name it was adopted by the sect as their designation; and we find at the death of Diogenes the inhabitants of Sinope, who were his ardent admirers, raising statues to his memory, and placing upon the summit of a high column erected over his tomb the marble figure of a dog; and from thenceforth the word "Cynic" was used as the name, and a dog as the symbol of that sect of philosophers. An heraldic device that bears an allusion to the name of an individual is called a *rebus*, and the time of such adoption is generally attributed to the date of the Croisades; however their origin appears to have been far more remote; for instance in Sir William Gell's admirable description of Pompeii we find an example of the kind:—In the *Natatio*, or public baths of Pompeii are several seats. They are inscribed with the name of the donor, Marcus Nigidius Vaccula, whose heraldic cognizance, if that expression were admissable, was a *pun* upon his name,—the legs of the seats being those of a cow, whose head formed their upper ornament, and whose entire figure is the decoration of the *foculare*. The inscription runs thus:—

" M. NIGIDIUS VACCULA, P. S."

Now it is somewhat unfortunate, so far as this inscription is concerned, that P. S. in ancient inscriptions stands indifferently for *pecunia sua*, or for *Publico Sumptu*,—so that it is quite impossible to tell from the inscriptions whether these benches were erected by Vaccula with *his own*, or with the *public* money—a very material variance. Thus this gentleman whose name was that of a heifer, and whose seat resembled a cow, placed upon it an inscription that bore a striking resemblance to an Irish bull.\*

\* It is a curious coincidence that the late Right Rev. Dr. Wm. Abernethy Drummond, a Scotch Bishop, had the following inscription placed over a seat upon a rock in commemoration of his kinsman and predecessor; and also of Mr. Drummond the poet. "To the memory of Sir Lawrence Abernethy, of Howthornden, second son to Sir Wm.

The reference in the coat of arms to some great event in the bearer's life, or in the lives of some of his ancestors occurs so frequently that we are almost obliged to admit that, as the name was generally derived from some bodily or mental attribute, so also armorial bearings had their origin in some analogous circumstance. The man surnamed *Cœur de Lion* from his valour would most probably adopt a lion as his crest or standard in battle. And again the knight whose crest—a hawk perhaps or a stag—was ever conspicuous to his fellow soldiers in the field of battle, would in all probability be at last better known by his crest or escutcheon than by his surname—his surname would, in fact, take its origin from it.

The ancient heraldic terms for various devices differ so much from their modern names, and so many of them have become totally corrupted, that the constant similarity that occurs between the surnames of different families and their escutcheons is apt to escape the observation of the general reader. Two or three examples will suffice:—Wingfield—Argent, on a bend gules cotised sable, three pair of wings conjoined and inverted of the first; Hunter—Argent, three bugle horns in bend gules garnished and stringed vert; Hawkridge—gules, a bend wavy argent: in the sinister chief point a falcon standing on a perch or.; St. Clere—Azure, the sun in his meridian proper; Talbot—Argent, a chevron gules between three talbots passant sable; Fisher—Or., three kingfishers proper; Chabot—Or., three chabots haurient gules; Wood—Or., on a mount in base an oak acorned proper; Barnack—Argent, three barnacles gules; Basnett—Argent, a chevron gules between three helmets (anciently called *Basnets*) proper; Trapps—Argent, three galltraps sable; Gedde—Azure, three gedds (the Scotch name for a pike) hauriant argent; Trott—sable, a horse argent, bridle gules; Spence (evidently corrupted from Pence) azure, three penny-yard-pence proper; Trevett—Argent, a trevet sable (a trevet was a sort of three legged stool, or tripod);—so also the families of Sturgeon, Herondon, Eglefelde, Arches, Ball, Fitzcourse, Bell, Camel, Bowes, Cockaine, Pine, Chambers, Hearthill, Treener, Harrow, Salmon, Ramsay, Teuton, Armstrong, Shuttleworth, Whalley, Rose, Palmer, Skein (the heraldic name for a dagger) &c., and many more whose name is Legion.

There are few things, perhaps, that would throw greater light upon the past annals of families, or prove of greater value to the historian, than an examination and collection of the different circumstances that attended the first grant or assumption of particular arms by the founders of our noble houses. To how much interesting research and speculation has the simple motto, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*" given rise; and what treasures would the depths of knowledge disclose, if every escutcheon and every motto was to lay down before us its honourable load? How well

Abernethy, of Salton, a brave and gallant soldier, who at the head of a party in the year 1330, conquered Lord Douglas five times in one day, yet was taken prisoner before sunset. Ford. Lit. xiii. Cap. 44.

And

TO THE MEMORY OF

William Drummond, Esq., of Hawthornden, Poet and Historian, an honour to his family, and an ornament to his country, this seat is dedicated by the Rev. Dr. Abernethy Drummond, spouse to Mrs. Drummond, of Hawthornden, and second son of Alexander Abernethy, of Crookie, Benfshire, heir male of the Abernethys of Saltoun, in the year 1784." And see Grosse's Antiquities of Scotland.

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sued is the motto "Pro magnâ chartâ," to one of the oldest Baronies in England (Le Despencer); and the motto "Templa quam dilecta"—How beloved are thy Temples—to the Duke of Buckingham and Earl of Temple? Again, Lord Vernon's motto, *Ver non semper vires*, like the Pythian oracle, declares in the same line the greatness and permanence of the family, whilst it warns them to make hay while the sun shines. The plaintive motto of the Courtenays, *Ubi lapsus! quid feci?* still seems to deplore the partial fall of that once regal family;\* as well as the equally sad *Fuimus*, of the Elgin and Ailesbury families. *Crede Byron* seems almost prophetic. *Crom-a-boo*, the present motto and ancient war cry of the Geraldines, brings us back to the days when an act of parliament made it treason to repeat that time honoured motto; and Lord Henniker's motto—*Тов Аѣистевев еревака*—in order to excel—must ever act upon the family as a spur to exertion, and a stimulus to virtue, as soldiers ever display more bravery when they belong to a distinguished corps.

Writers have attempted in vain to discover the origin of heraldry; but it is evident that a science that grew slowly and imperceptibly can have had no distinct or perceptible origin. Sir J. Ferne is of opinion that the heralds first borrowed the science from the Egyptians. Sir George Mackenzie ascribes it to the age of Charlemagne, and says that it began and grew with the feudal laws, but took its origin, perhaps, from the circumstance of Jacob, who, blessing his sons, gave them marks of distinction, which the twelve tribes afterwards bore on their ensigns. The value set upon external marks of honor in those days, is sufficiently evident from the indignation and jealousy kindled in his brothers' breasts by the gift to Joseph of a party-coloured coat. The Indian tribes bear at present upon their heads and dresses fantastic devices, feathers, &c., which are often signs, or commemorative marks of rank or valour. Each warrior also wears the scalps of the enemies he has slain in battle, and is respected in proportion to the number of scalps he possesses, while no person, who is not entitled to do so, is permitted to wear these ensigns of nobility; and in some tribes the colours with which the warriors paint their bodies are regulated by the same rules. All these practices originate from the same feelings that gave birth, in more civilised nations, to the science of heraldry.

Those who attribute the origin of heraldry to the Egyptians, maintain that the Thebans and Æthiopians in ancient times represented their conquests by a species of hieroglyphical or emblematical writing. Thus Ammon was painted with ram's horns to commemorate his conquest of Lybia, a country abounding with sheep; his father, Amasis, with a scythe, to commemorate his conquest of Lower Egypt, a country teeming with corn; his son Osyris, with an ox, because he taught the conquered nations to plough with oxen; Bacchus with bull's horns for the same reason, and with grapes because he instructed nations to plant the vine, and upon a tiger, because he subdued India. For the same reason, the eagle signified dominion or sway; the harp, skill in music; the doves that drew the chariot of Venus, gentleness and love; Pan, with his pipe, and legs of a goat, piping and dancing, &c.; † and so, too, in the Egyptian hiero-

\* This motto, according to Gibbon, was adopted by the Powderham branch of the family after the loss of the earldom of Devonshire.—Cap. lxi.

† See Newt. Chron. 225.

glyphics, a ring signifies eternity; a serpent, subtlety; and every quality or attribute is represented by its particular symbol. Caius Agrippa, in his treatise on the vanity of sciences, and Plutarch, in his life of Marius, have collected many instances of marks of distinction anciently borne by kingdoms and states as well as individuals. The Egyptians bore an ox, the Phrygians a swine, the Goths a bear, the Romans an eagle, the Franks a lion, and the Saxons a horse; which last was, until comparatively modern times, borne upon the arms of England. The standard of the Roman empire was not, however, always an eagle. In the earliest ages a wolf was the standard, in honour of Romulus, the founder of the city; after that a hog was adopted as a device, because that animal was generally sacrificed at the ratification of a treaty, and it therefore indicated that the war was undertaken with the desire of securing peace. A minotaur was sometimes the standard, to intimate the secrecy and skill with which the general was to act by an allusion to the labyrinth; and sometimes a horse or a boar was used, until the time of Marius, when the eagle was finally adopted and retained, with the exception of a short interval in the reign of Trajan, when a dragon was made use of, ever after.

All the heathen deities were accompanied by some peculiar device. Jupiter was represented with the eagle; Diana with her bow; Juno with the peacock; and Venus with the doves. Homer is very particular in describing the armour, weapons, and helmets of his heroes, and the shield of Achilles may be looked upon as his coat of arms, and proves conclusively that shields, even in those days, were ornamented with heraldic devices; vessels, too, in the most remote times had particular signs. The ship of Alexandria, in which Paul departed for Melita, had the sign Castor and Pollux (Acts xxviii). And it is probable that particular figures, representing either the name of an individual or his particular calling, were much more generally used in ancient times before reading and writing were so generally understood. The three balls of the Medicis were, and still are, used by pawnbrokers. The Messrs. Hoare still display the golden bottle over the entrance to their place of business; and Childs, the bankers, bore the marigold in former times, which may still be seen inside their office.

The first sovereign, according to Ferne, that ever gave coats of arms to his soldiers was Alexander the Great, who, after the manner of his ancestors, desirous to exalt by some special mark of honour his stoutest captains and soldiers above the rest, to provoke them to encounter their enemies with manly courage, and by the advice of Aristotle gave to the most valiant companies certain signs or emblems, to be painted upon their armours, banners, and persons, as honourable tokens, commemorative of their services in war. Thus the growth of heraldry, like all other human institutions, was at first slow and irregular, till, after many ages had elapsed, they were perfected and fixed by the crusades.

If we dive into the darkest depths of time we shall constantly find some traces of heraldic devices even among the most ancient and rudest nations. In history allusions to mottoes, seals, and rings constantly occur: but before seals and seal-rings could have come into use, it is plain that some sort of figure or sign must have existed as the peculiar distinctive emblem of the individual; and that the members of the same tribe, or the people generally, were acquainted with it, either by its being displayed as a standard in war, or exhibited conspicuously upon the



helmet as a crest, or upon the armour or shield as a coat of arms, for otherwise the seal would have carried with it no authority or evidence of authenticity. We find Pharaoh, after Joseph had interpreted his mystic dream, taking off his ring from his hand and putting it upon Joseph's hand (Gen. xli. xlii.) This was most probably the King's signet, and Joseph was thus constituted what we would call *Chancellor*, or *Keeper of the Privy Seal*—for he added, "Only in the throne will I be greater than thou." In the same manner Ahasuerus gave his ring to Haman, and decrees were written in the name of the King, and sealed and sent out through all the people. In ancient times the privy seal was almost always worn upon the finger of the sovereign. It was the case with several of our kings; and we often find the dying monarch nominating his heir by the simple ceremony of putting his ring upon his finger. It is rather curious that among the Nimrod sculptures is a statue of their Venus holding in her hand a flower of the lotus, the stalk of which is twisted round her finger in the form of a ring; and this occurs in several ancient statues, which would appear to account for the use of the ring in our marriage ceremonies, as it was peculiar to the goddess of love; and it might also have been typical, like the Egyptian hieroglyphic of eternity—of the eternal duration of the marriage compact. Tippoo Sultan used always to wear his signet-ring upon his hand. It was a large sized ring deeply engraved in silver, and set in a massy carriage of gold. This custom was very common in the east. "The writing which is written in the King's name and sealed with the King's seal may no man reverse." (Esther viii. 8.) When Daniel was cast into the lion's den, a stone was brought and laid upon the mouth of the den; and the King sealed it with his own signet and with the signets of his lords, that the purport might not be changed concerning Daniel. The same precautions were taken by the Jews in the case of the burial of our Saviour. In early English times the arms or seal of an individual were so much more familiarly known to the people than his writing, that many acts of Parliament made the affixing of the seal indispensable to the validity of very solemn instruments; and such continues, in many cases, to be the law to the present day. This was also an ancient practice, and it was in allusion to it that the apostle said, "He that hath received his testimony hath set his seal that God is true."

It was, however, only in more civilized times, when the compact armour and gloomy vizard completely concealed the person of the knight, that some distinguishing badge became indispensable. It was necessary that one commander should be discoverable from another, and at the same time that he might be easily recognised from his followers; but as it is evident that the colour of the dress would not be capable of infinite variation, it was necessary for each knight either to wear a device that could be easily distinguished, or to have a standard borne, by which his followers would be enabled to recognise him in the hour of victory or alarm.

In tilting and tournaments it was the custom, we are told, to carry the coats of arm, helmets, &c., into the monastery before the tournament began; and to offer up at the church after the victory the arms and the horses with which they had fought. A herald, or *poursuivant at arms*, named to the ladies the persons to whom each belonged, and if among them there was found one of whom a lady had cause to complain, she touched the helmet or the shield to demand justice, by which means she

commended her cause to the judge of the tournament, by whom inquiry was made and justice awarded.\* It is, however, from the time of the crusades that heraldry dates as a science. All knights and military men had their particular coats of arms, which were generally marks of honour, and which received the name of "coats of arms" from their being principally worn at war or tournaments. They were engraved, embossed, or depicted on shields, targets, banners, or other martial insignia; and were always embroidered on the coats they wore as heralds do to this day.

Where so many conveniences concurred with the romantic spirit of the times, it is not surprising that heraldry flourished under the reign of the crusades, and attained the highest position. A multitude of new figures before unknown in heraldry were adopted; bezants, martlets, alerons, escallops, shells, besides great numbers of crosses, of every possible form, now made their appearance, and may still be traced through every part of Europe. And as, in the empire of Romulus, the statues of their ancestors were carefully preserved by the Romans, and were carried before the funeral, clad, if they had been consuls, with the *prætexta*, or long white robe edged with purple,—if censors with purple robes,—and if they had triumphed, with robes adorned with gold flowers, and with the *fascæ* and spoils taken from the enemy,—so in the romantic ages of the crusades analogous rules and practices were adopted; Kings and Princes, however they died, were represented on their tombs in their armour with their escutcheons, crowns, crests, supporters, and all the marks of royalty. Knights and gentlemen could not have their effigies after that manner unless they lost their lives in battle, or died within their own lordships. Those who died in battle, or the victorious party, were represented with their swords naked and their helmets on their heads. Such as died in battle on the vanquished side were represented with their sword in the scabbard, their vizard lifted up, their hands joined on the breast, and their feet resting on a dead lion, probably to shew that they had died without yielding—an idea so elegantly expressed in the motto of the family of O'Grady—*Vulneratus non victus!* The son of a general or a governor who died in a place during its siege was represented with his head resting upon his helmet instead of a pillow. If a veteran joined a religious order before his death he was represented, the lower part in complete armour, and the upper part in the habit of the order he had professed. A man who had been slain in single combat was represented with his battle-axe out of his arms, and lying by his side; but the victor was represented with the battle-axe in his arms. These and a multitude of other similar rules and customs prevailed, which will be found enumerated in most standard works upon heraldry, and which are sometimes of the greatest use to the antiquary or the genealogist in studying the records of the past; but these classical practices were unfortunately neglected, till at last they came into total disuse.

Let us conclude this paper with two short historic anecdotes that are, as it were, recorded for ever upon the family arms. The arms of Lord Brereton were: Argent two bars sable: crest—a bear's head proper muzzled or. issuing out of a ducal coronet. The origin of the muzzle upon the bear in the Brereton arms was as follows:—Once upon a time in a battle of uncertain date, the Brereton of the day, a stalwart knight,

\* See *Memoirs of Ancient Chivalry*, p. 93.

was guilty of an excess of ardour, and pushed an advantage too far. The King who witnessed the brave fault, and thought it called for a mild rebuke, exclaimed, "I shall put a muzzle upon that bear;" and directed it to be so notified to the herald's college.\* Again, the family of Douglas bear, argent a man's heart gules ensigned with an imperial crown or. on a chief azure three mullets of the field. The origin of which singular device is, that one of the family was sent to the Holy Land, A.D. 1328, with the heart of Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, which at his request was buried there.

Thus the coat of arms in its quaint devices and often obscure figures conceals, like the ancient arrow-headed characters, or the Egyptian hieroglyphics, many treasures of history at present wrapped in darkness, and waiting only for the magic wand of the herald to usher them into light.

J. P.

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## Robert the Bruce,

### THE PAGE AND THE TRAITORS.

#### Historical Ballad.

"THY bow, thy bow, my little Page!  
And is that arrow true?  
To give thee freedom I'd engage  
Could'st thou but find me two."  
"Why should the Bruce more arrows crave?  
For danger none is near,  
See! Donald and his sons so brave,  
Are now approaching here."

"Ah bonny Page! thou little know'st  
How oft a fair outside  
That loves of loyal faith to boast  
A Traitor's heart may hide;  
Thou'st seen the April sunshine bright  
And flattering in its ray,  
Anon as black, and dark as night;  
It smiles, but to betray."

"False Donald!" thus the Bruce did cry,  
Keep back, thy King commands,  
If nearer thou should'st dare,—then die,  
Aye die by Bruce's hands."  
Then forth the trusty bow he drew,  
And swirtly as the light  
The arrow whistled as it flew  
Unerring in its flight.

\* Memoir of the Brereton family, by Sir F. Dwaris, published by the Society of Antiquaries.

“Through Donald’s eye with madd’ning pain  
It dashed the flesh aside,  
And quivering pierced ev’n to the brain;  
He tottered, groaned and died.

“Revenge, revenge!” his sons exclaimed,  
“We still are two to one—  
With vengeance are our hearts inflamed,  
The fray is but begun.”

“One heart that’s true is worth a score  
Of traitors in the fight,  
Come on, I’d meet that number more;  
For Heav’n will aid the right.”

Thus cried the Bruce;—their fierce attacks  
Blanched not his cheeks with fear;  
One son was armed with battle-axe,  
The other fought with spear.  
Now shunned the King a heavy blow;  
And ere his foe could gain,  
His guard, the Bruce had laid him low  
And dead upon the plain.

“Oh!” cried the Page—“would I could fight!  
The spearman presses hard!  
His fierceness fills me with affright,  
My King! be on thy guard.”  
“Nay, never fear,” said Bruce, “the foe,  
We’ve odds, thou seest me laugh.”  
He waved his sword, and dashed a blow,  
And cut the spear in half.

To stab then little did he reck  
The baffled traitor through,  
And bade him, treading on his neck,  
Confess himself untrue.  
“I do,” he groaned, with fainting breath,  
“And hall before my eye;  
For gold we doomed our King to death,  
He lives, the traitors die.”

Before the sun at early day,  
Three vig’rous swordsmen stood;  
Ere noon had passed they lifeless lay,  
And wel’ring in their blood.

“And now,” cried Bruce, “my little Page,  
For aid we’ll hie away,  
Nor must we longer keep our rage  
When over is the fray.  
In holy ground shall be their bed,  
The mournful bell shall toll,  
And prayers and masses shall be said  
For mercy on their soul.”

W. M. S. M.

POPULAR RHYMES, SAYINGS, PROVERBS, PROPHECIES,  
&c., PECULIAR TO NORTHUMBERLAND.

KEILDAR STONE.

HAS RIDDEN WITHERSHINS ROUND KEILDAR STONE.

The Cowt of Keildar or Keeldar, was a powerful chieftain in the district wherein Keildar Castle is situated adjacent to Cumberland. He was the redoubtable enemy of Lord Soulis, and perished in an encounter on the banks of the Hermitage. Being encased in armour he received no hurt in battle; but falling in retreating across the stream, his opponents, to their everlasting disgrace be it chronicled, held him beneath the water till he was drowned. That portion of the river in which he perished is to this day known as the *Cowt of Keeldar's Pool*. A grave too of gigantic extent on the banks of the Hermitage, at the western angle of a vale surrounding the cemetery-garth of a ruined chapel, is pointed out as that of the Chief of Keildar.

The Keeldar Stone, which no doubt obtained its name from being the *gathering place* of the retainers of this powerful northern chieftain, when on the eve of a foray into Scotland, is still pointed out, and forms at this time a boundary mark on the confines of Jed forest. It is a rough insulated mass, of considerable dimensions, and it is held unlucky to ride *withershins* (i.e. in a direction contrary to the course of the sun) three times round it.—See *Leyden's Ballad*, "*The Cowt of Keeldar*, in *SCOTT'S Border Min.*," vol. iii. p. 283. *Edin.* 1821.

BERWICK ON TWEED.

1.—THE MIDDLE ARCH OF BERWICK BRIDGE IS AT ONE END.

This is a genuine *English Bull*, which, I have been told, strangers are often guilty of; in truth the loftiest and widest arch, (which is the central one in almost all bridges) is, if my memory serves me, the second from the north;—the gross number being fifteen. This bridge was finished on the 24th of October, 1834; and was twenty-four years, four months, and four days in building. The parliament gave the sum of £14,960 1s. 6d. towards this great public work.

2.—THE BURGHERS O' BERWICK GET WARM BOLLS AND BUTTER EVERY  
MORNING FOR THEIR BREAKFAST.

The above saying has most evidently been invented not only as a gibe, but also as an exercise for the organs of speech of the Northumbrians, who, on account of the *burr*, will, no doubt, feel an extreme difficulty in articulating the words which compose the above sentence.

3.—FROM BERWICK TO DOVER  
THREE HUNDRED MILES OVER.

Parallel with the scriptural expression, "From Dan to Beersheba."

4.—THE SOW HAS FARROWED.

The siege of Berwick under Edward II. commenced on the 1st of September, 1319. On the xii. day a general assault was begun wherein the English employed a great machine called a *sow*, constructed for holding and defending men, who were moved in it towards the foot of the wall in order to undermine and sap its foundation. Devices were used for to burn it, but by throwing a stone of vast weight from an engine the *sow* was split and her occupants dislodged. This incident gave rise to the above saying, which is still occasionally heard in Berwickshire, and even in Northumberland, when any apparently deep laid scheme ends in something even less substantial than smoke.

5.—I AM A BRIGG AS TRAVELLERS WEEL DO KEN,  
FOR ENGLISH, SCOTTISH, AND ALL OTHER MEN.

A rhyme said to be inscribed upon the bridge of Berwick-upon-Tweed; but the truth is, it must only be supposed to exist: still it is worthy of preservation.

6.—M SETEL, ET C TER, SEMEL X, SEMEL V, DABIS I TER;  
CAPTO BERVICO. SIT LAUS ET GLORIA CHRISTO."

*Ford, b. 12, c. 37.*

The taking of Berwick was recorded by some Scottish monk in the above rhymes.

7.—THE GOOD TOWN O' BERWICK.

In several MS. documents of olden time the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed is so designated; but I take it to be nothing more than a mere compliment parallel with the phrase,—"*The good men of Newcastle.*"

8.—WHAT WENYS K. EDW. WITH HIS LONG SHANKS,  
TO HAVE WONNE BERWICK, ALL OUB UNTHANKS?

Gaas\* pykes hym,  
And when he hath it  
Gaas dykes hym.

In the year 1297, while Edward I. was besieging Berwick, the Scots made the above rhymes upon him, as saith Fabyan. However, the Scots were beaten in this instance, both with sword and song. Berwick was soon taken, and shortly after they suffered a signal discomfiture at Dunbar. "Wherefore the Englishe menne, in reproache of the Scottes made this rime following:—

\* Various readings give "gas."

“THESE SCATTRAND SCOTTES  
HOLD WEE FOR SOTTES  
OF WRENCHES UNWARE;  
ERLY IN A MORNING  
IN AN EIVILL TIMING  
CAME THEI TO DUNBAR.”

*Wright's Essays, Vol. ii. p. 261.*

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#### NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

##### 1.—AS OLD AS PANDON YATTS, (GATES.)

This proverb originally stood, “As old as Pandon.” Since Gray’s time, who wrote in 1640, the saying has been altered to the form in which it stands in the text. Pandon was anciently spelt *Pampedene*. In the year 1795, this ancient fortified tower was demolished. In Newcastle, and the whole of the North of England, that it was ancient to a proverb is well known, nothing being more general than the above saying, when a person would describe the great antiquity of any thing. Pandon Gate is believed to have been of Roman workmanship. It had large folding iron gates, but no port-cullis; and was ascended by a flight of stone stairs, two yards wide. Camden remarks, at “Panton-gate there still remains one of the little turrets of Severus’s Wall.” Recent discoveries have proved the “Nourice of Antiquity” to be in error here, as the Roman-Wall passed in almost a rectangular direction with that of the town wall, and in a line with the gate called Sallyport. Still this does not disturb, or gainsay, the *traditional dogma* of the extreme antiquity of Pandon Yatts.

Pandon was anciently a distinct town from Newcastle; and was united thereto by a charter of King Edward I. The Kings of Northumberland, after the departure of the Romans, are said to have had one of their palaces in Pandon.

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##### 2.—THE NINE TRADES OF NEWCASTLE.

There are, or were, Nine Trading Companies in Newcastle, to wit:—three of Wood; three of Thread; and three of Leather. “The Meeting of the Nine Trades.”

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##### 3.—SANDGATE CITY.

A burlesque name for Sandgate, Newcastle. It is a place of great antiquity. *Note*, Sandgate is the Billingsgate or Wapping of Newcastle.

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##### 4.—LIKE CARRYING COALS TO NEWCASTLE.

To give to those who have more than a sufficiency. In the environs of Newcastle are most of the Coal Mines which supply London and numerous other places. This common proverb is quoted by D’Israeli, to shew, that scarcely any remarkable saying can be considered national, but that every one has some type or corresponding idea in other languages. In this instance the Persians have, “*To carry Pepper to Hindostan*;” the Hebrews, “*To carry Oil to the City of Olives*;” which is exactly the same metaphor in Oriental language. In Scotland they have, “*To carry saut to Dysart, and puddings to Tranent*.” In conclusion, take the follow-

ing extract from a modern writer, a certain Irish-looking "operation, and the traffick going on at Newcastle, are a practical refutation of two old sayings, which express a reversal of the right order of things; for here the honest folks literally prove that it is very good sense "to put the cart before the horse," and to "Carry Coals to Newcastle."

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5.—A SCOTCHMAN, A RAT, AND A NEWCASTLE MILLSTONE, WILL TRAVEL ALL THE WORLD OVER.

A commendable spirit of enterprize and industry induces the natives of Scotland to seek their fortunes in all climates and kingdoms under the sun. The following epigrammatic couplet is from the pen of Churchill:—

"Had Cain been a Scot, God would have alter'd his doom,  
Nor forc'd him to wander, but confin'd him at home."

This propensity of our Northern neighbours is further celebrated in proverb lore by the following:—"The Englishman greets, the Irishman sleeps, but the *Scotchman gangs till he gets it.*"

Mr. Southey, in his "Literary Pastimes," Vol. vii., describes the Rat as the enemy of man, "a bold borderer, a Johnny Armstrong, or Rob Roy, who acknowledges no right of property in others, and lives by spoil. *Wherever* man goes, Rat follows, or accompanies him. Town or country are equally agreeable to him. The adventurous merchant ships a cargo to some distant port, Rat goes with it. Great Britain plants a Colony in Botany Bay, Van Dieman's Land, or at the Swan River, Rat takes the opportunity of colonizing also. Ships are sent out upon a voyage of discovery, Rat embarks as a volunteer. He doubled the stormy Cape with Diaz, arrived at Malabar in the first European vessel with Gama, discovered the New World with Columbus, and took possession of it at the same time; and circumnavigated the globe with Magellan, and with rake, and with Cooke."

Newcastle grindstones (magnified into millstones by the popular proverb), being the best of their kind, are therefore known and carried every where. In one year upwards of eighty-four tons of Grindstones were exported from Newcastle to foreign countries. They are chiefly won at Byker Hill, Wickham Banks, and Gateshead Fell.

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6.—GOTHAM.

A cant name for Newcastle.

"Heaven prosper thee, *Gotham!* thou famous old town,  
Of the Tyne the chief glory and pride;  
May thy heroes acquire immortal renown,  
In the dread field of Mars, when they're tried."

Song—"Kiver awa."

I should suppose that Newcastle acquired this unenviable name about the year 1649, when the Common Council commissioned two of the town-serjeants to go into Scotland for the *Witch-finder*.—See Hone's *Year-book* col. 376.



## 7.—CROAKUMSHIRE.

A cant name for the whole county of Northumberland, in which Newcastle may be included, arising from the peculiar croaking in the pronunciation of its inhabitants. Grose says that the *Northumberlanders* are born with a “*burr*” in their throats.

## 8.—BÜRCASTLE.

The capital of Croakumshire.

## 9.—IF WE CANNOT WIN THE OLD CASTLE, WE MUST BUILD A NEWCASTLE.

Spoken by those who from ill success in one business are forced to try another. The saying had its origin thus:—

“Rufus, the son of William the Conqueror, being sent by his father against the Northumbrian insurgents, then in possession of Prudhoe Castle (about ten miles west from Monkchester), is said to have deferred the siege of that fortress till the ensuing spring, and to have garrisoned his troops during the winter at Monkchester, where he employed his soldiers in building the castle; on which occasion he remarked, that, “*If we cannot take the OLD, we will at least build a New Castle.*”

After the completion of the castle the ancient name of Monkchester was disused, but received the name of Newcastle, which it retains to this day.

10.—My altitude high, my body four square,  
My foot in the grave, my head in the ayre,  
My eyes in my sides, five tongues in my wombe,  
Thirteen heads upon my body, four images alone;  
I can direct you where the winde doth stay,  
And I tune God's precepts thrice a day.  
I am seen where I am not, I am heard where I is not—  
Tell me now what I am, and see that you misse not.

Grey, in his “*Chorographia*,” or a Survey of Newcastle-upon-Tyne (1649), attributes this enigma on the steeple of St. Nicholas's Church to Ben Jonson; and further says,—“It lifteth up a head of majesty, as high above the rest as the cypress tree above the low shrubs.”

## 11.—CALF-YARD.

A proverbial phrase made use of in Northumberland, expressive of the place of a person's birth. It is likewise the Newcastleman's fireside.

“Aw've leern'd to prefer my awn canny *calf-yaird*,  
If ye catch me mair fra'et ye'll be cunnun.”

Song—“*Canny Newcastle.*”

## 12.—CANNY NEWCASTLE.

In the dialects of the north the word *canny* means fine, neat, clean, handsome, becoming, honest, &c. &c. This expression is spoken jocularly to the natives of Newcastle, as a gird on them for their partiality to their native town.

“God bless the King and nation,  
Each bravely fills his station,  
Our *canny* corporation,  
Lang may they sing wi' me.”

Song—“*The Keel Row.*”

By the pitmen, Newcastle is esteemed as the centre of the world of civilization.

## 13.—NEWCASTLE CASTLE WON'T STAND FOR EVER!

Spoken in reply to those who give utterance to expressions of astonishment at the short duration of anything.

## 14.—BARGE-DAY.

Ascension-day. So called in Newcastle from the annual procession of the Corporate body on that day.

## 15.—A QUAY-SIDE SHAVER.

That is, a mighty cunning personage. This saying evidently alludes to the ancient practice of shaving on the open quay by men and women; which latter, curiously enough, appear to have followed the same capacity for two hundred years or upwards. Early in the xvii. cent. we find them accused of "*letting of blood*,"—a procedure which raised the ire of the Barber Chirurgeons, who of course counted all phlebotomy private property. Shaving was anciently, and I think very properly, considered a *surgical operation*; it, of a truth, being an amputation of a certain portion of the human frame. There are many curious notices of ancient surgery, as practised in Newcastle from 1600, downward; and it is a manifest mistake to confound the modern hair-dresser, perfumer, friseur, and perriwig-maker with the *Barber Chirurgeon* of antiquity; who, though they must of necessity have been far behind the surgeons of our day, both as to talent and opportunity, yet, from the nature of some of their appliances and remedies, they (with all due deference) might not inaptly be termed *barbarous* chirurgeons.

"Henry King complained of for trimming mr. Fox upon ye Sabaoth Day, he confessing he carried wash-balls and combed his perriwig; and a stranger affirming that he washed mr. Fox. Fined xx. s." *Barb. Chir. Bhs. Oct. Nov. 1648.*—[Extracted from the MSS. of Mr. G. Bouchier Richardson, de Novo Castro (r. sup.). Tynam. 1847.]

Qy. Is this "mister Fox" the celebrated George Fox, founder of the Society of Friends?

There is an excellent local song called the "Quay-side Shaver," from which the following lines are extracted:—

"On each market-day, sir, the folks to the quay, sir,  
Go flocking with beards they have seven days worn,  
And round the small grate, sir, in crowds they all wait, sir,  
To get themselves shav'd in a rotative turn.  
\* \* \* \* \*

No sooner the razor is laid on the face, sir,  
Than painful distortions take place on the brow;  
But if they complain, sir, they'll find it in vain, sir,  
*She'll* tell them, 'There's nought but what patience can do.'  
And as *she* scrapes round them, if *she* by chance wound them,  
They'll cry out as tho' *she'd* bereav'd them of life—  
'Gd smash your brains, *woman!* aw find the blood comin'  
Aw'd rather been shav'd with an aud gully knife!'"

M. A. D.

P. B. nr. D. in com. Dunelm.

## LITERATURE.

*Darlington: its Annals and Characteristics.* By W. H. LONGSTAFFE, Esq. Parts 1 and 2., 8vo. Darlington. 1849.

IT is seldom that the antiquary is any other than what is sarcastically implied by the romancer when he gives a character of that kind the very distinctive appellation of Dr. Dryasdust; few of the dusty genus have the feelings of a poet, or the eye of a painter, but it may be said of them as of Peter Bell—

“ A primrose by a river's brim  
A yellow primrose was to him,  
And it was nothing more.”

The more remarkable, therefore, are the rare exceptions to the rule, and high amongst these must we place W. H. Longstaffe, whose work on Darlington, notwithstanding its plain and unpretending appearance is full of profound research and information communicated in the most agreeable manner. If we mistake not he was intimately acquainted with the nearest friend of the lamented Surtees, and he was worthy of being so, for theirs are kindred spirits.

The Darlington of our antiquarian must not be confounded with either of the places so called in Devonshire and Nottinghamshire. It is, as Lambarde tells us in his dictionary, “ a market town in the bishoprike of Durham, being a central station on the course of the great line of road from London to Berwick, and one of the eight grand thoroughfares set out in Harrison's description of England prefixed to Hollinshed.” The country round about it is compared by the German traveller, Reaumur, to the countries on the Elbe and in the valley of the Elbe between Pilsnitz and Dresden.

The north of England would seem at all times to have more abounded in legends and superstitions than any other part of the country, and there too they may still be seen to linger in a more perfect form than elsewhere, although their traces are growing fainter and fainter every day. For matters of this kind our author has an especial liking. Truly Master Slender did not take a greater delight in seeing Sackerson, the bear, loose; a legend is meat and drink to him, and where other antiquaries would have given us only a bundle of dry names he is sure to connect something with them to excite and interest the imagination. Take, for instance, the way in which he speaks of the closes called “ *Glassensikes*.”

"The word is probably composed of Glassene, blue or grey, and sike, the old legal term for anything less than a *beck*, which in its turn is anything less than a *river*. The former word is still used for blue or grey in Wales, and the following extract from the valuable notes to the *Lays of the Deer Forest, &c.*, by the Stuarts is too appropriate to be omitted. After remarking that grey was anciently the badge of the churl and peasant, they observe that there was another cause for which it was peculiarly disagreeable to the Highlanders when first introduced among them.

"Among them grey was to their imagination what black is to their neighbours, a personification of sombre, superstitious and ghostly ideas, and hence associated with phantoms and demons. Thus, an apparition is called *an Riochd*—the grey or wan; the spectre foreboding death, *am bodach glas*—the grey carl; a phantom in the shape of a goat, *an Glaslig* or *Glasdidh*\*—the grey; and as in the South, the great enemy is named familiarly "the black gentleman," so in the Highlands he is called *Mac-an-Riochda*—'the son of the Grey.' In the ideas of the old wives and children of the last century, all these personifications, except one, were as nearly as possible those of the modern dubh-ghall deer-stalker in his hodden grey—wanting only the *Jim Crow, ruffian, or crush hat*, enormities which had not then completed the masquerade of Death and Satan.

"It is easy to trace the origin of this association. The ancient Caledonia hell, like that of Scandinavia, was a frozen and glassy region, an island named *Ifrinn*, far away among the 'wan waters' of the Northern ocean, and inclosed in everlasting ice, and snow, and fog. In this dim region the appearance of the evil spirits, like that of mortals in similar circumstances, was believed to be wan and shadowy, like men seen through a frosty mist.'

"Sir Walter Scott, in his 'Lady of the Lake,' alludes to the same superstition :

"His dazzled eye  
Beheld the river demon rise;  
The mountain-mist took form and limb  
Of noontide hag or goblin grim;"

and adds, in a note, that 'the *noontide-hag* called in Gaelic *Glas-lich*, a tall, emaciated, gigantic female figure, is supposed, in particular, to haunt the district of Knoidart.'

"Now, though I by no means intend to assert that the glassene gentleman or lady (for I am unable to define the ghost's gender) haunting Glassensikes is seen at noonday, I will maintain that Glassensikes has goblins as grim as any river-dæmons of Scottish land. Headless gentlemen, who disappeared in flame, headless ladies, white cats, white rabbits, white dogs, black dogs; 'shapes that walk at dead of night, and clank their chains;'† in fact, all the characteristics of the Northern Barguest were to be seen in full perfection at Glassensikes. It is true that these awful visions occasionally resolved themselves into a pony, shackled in an adjoining field, or Stamper's white dog, or a pair of sweet-hearts 'under the cold moon,' (Qy: Did poets ever hear of persons walking above the moon, be she hot or be she chill?) but still a vast amount of *credible* evidence exists about the fallen glories of the night-roaming ghosts of Glassensikes. The Glassensikes witnesses are not all thoughtless and superstitious

\* "It has pleased a writer of the Cockney School of Highlanders to convert this word into *Glaslig*, which, we take leave to observe, is unknown in the Highlands, and did not exist before the year 1841."

† "What does Grose mean by saying that 'dragging chains is not the fashion of English ghosts; chains and black vestments being chiefly the accoutrements of foreign spectres, seen in arbitrary governments; dead or alive, English spirits are free?' for in the North, the chain-dragging is one of the grand characteristics of unhousselled spirits."

men. An old gentleman of Darlington, was at the witching hour of midnight returning from Oxeneyfield. It was a bright moonlight night, and the glories of the firmament led him, as he says, to possess a more contemplative turn of mind than he ever felt before or since. In such a frame he thought that if nothing was to be seen in the day, nothing could well haunt Glassensikes by night, and in firm faith, but without any wish to exercise an idle curiosity, he determined to look to it very narrowly, and satisfy himself as to the fallacy of the popular notion. Accordingly, when he came to the place where the road to Harewood Hill now turns off, he looked back, and was greatly surprised to see a large animal's head popped through the style at the commencement of the footpath, leading by the present Woodside to Blackwell. Next came a body. Lastly, came a tail. Now my hero, having at first no idea that the unwelcome visitant was a ghost, was afraid that it would fly at him, for it bounced into the middle of the road and stared intently at him, whereupon he looked at it for some minutes, not knowing well what to do, and beginning to be somewhat amazed, for it was much larger than a Newfoundland dog, and unlike any dog he had ever seen, though well acquainted with all the canine specimens in the neighbourhood; moreover it was as black as a hound of hell. He thought it best to win the affections of so savage a brute, so cracked his fingers invitingly at it, and practised various other little arts for some time. The dog, however, was quite immovable, still staring ferociously, and as a near approach to it did not seem desirable, he turned his back and came to Darlington, as mystified about the reality of the Glassensikes ghost as ever. Of late years, this harmless spirit has seemingly become disgusted with the increased traffic past its wonted dwelling, and has become a very well-behaved domestic creature. The stream, however, loves to make new ghosts, and by its stagnant nature does every thing in its power to obtain them."

Long as this extract has been, we might have extended it through many pages, for upon the subject of spirits, black, white, and grey, our learned antiquary is inexhaustible; ghosts and goblins are as plentiful with him as the gnats and midges amongst the willows by some river on a sultry summer evening. By their side, too, we meet with strange murders, moving accidents, plagues, famines, and tales of mighty floods, or the capricious tricks and meanderings of the beautiful Tees, until, as Camden says, "it throws itself at a wide mouth into the sea."

Amongst other causes of celebrity the Tees is, or was—we hardly know which is the correcter phrase—not a little famous for having been haunted by a water-spirit, who rejoiced in the unromantic name of Peg Powler. Not that Peg confined herself to the running waters; the neighbouring ponds were also honoured with her presence.

The Kent, which joined the Tees at Neasham, had also its spirit, called Hob Hedeless, that is, Headless. He was exorcised and laid under a large stone, formerly on the road side, for ninety-nine years and a day, on which stone, if any luckless passenger sate, he would be glued there for ever. When the road was altered it was removed by some infidel hands, and strange to say the charm had lost its effect, greatly, no doubt, to the surprise of all true believers. Our author observes that, "Hob is a name for many spirits of very varying characters;" but the same remark might with equal truth be applied to one-half of the race of supernaturals. In the present instance this is the less surprising, as Hob, or Hobgoblin, meant nothing more than the spirit Rob, or Robert—the Ruprecht, and Ruppert, or Rupert of the Germans, Rupert, as it is hardly necessary to say, being invariably anglicised into Robin. From being the specific name of a familiar goblin, it in process of time came to be applied to a variety of household spirits.

Again, upon the subject of the *white ladies*, we are somewhat at variance with our antiquary. He says :—

“Lady ghosts are favourite accompaniments of water in the North. Both my former residences, Norton and Thirsk, had white ladies near them, on melancholy streams; indeed, in the latter case, the runner took a name from the circumstance, and is called the White-lass-beck. Like the Glassensikes spirit, the White-lass is rather protean in her notions, turning into a white dog, and an ugly animal which comes rattling into the town with a tremendous clitter-my-clatter, and is there styled a barguest. Occasionally, too, she turns into a genuine lady of flesh and blood, tumbling over a stile. The Norton goblins are equally eccentric. Two gentlemen (one, a very dear friend of mine, *et est mihi saepe vocandus*, now deceased) saw near a water an exquisitely beautiful white heifer turned into a *roll of Irish linen*, and then, when it vanished, one of them beheld a fair white damsel. The Thirsk maid was murdered; and, some years ago, when a skeleton was dug up in a gravel pit near the beck, it was at once said to be that of the poor girl.”

We cannot bring ourselves to believe much of what is here set down—not that we mean to doubt for a moment the existence of ghosts and goblins, since we hold it part and parcel of the true poetical faith to believe as implicitly in them as in the gods of Olympus or Walhalla; but we cannot fancy that these *white ladies* are in the least entitled to claim kinship with either the barguest—more properly *bahrgeist*, i.e. spirit of the bier—or with any ugly animals whatever. When they are not actual ghosts, as the last-mentioned damsel unquestionably is, they are the legitimate descendants, not of the *weisse-frauen*, or the *white-women*, though their names sound so similar, but of the *nixies*.

Another subject of too much interest to be passed over unnoticed is the *Hell-kettles*. Of these Harrison says :—

“What the foolish people dreame of the Hell-Kettles, it is not worthy the rehearsall, yet to the ende the lewde opinion conceyved of them maye growe into contempt, I will say thus much also of those pits. Ther are certeine pittes or rather three litle poles, a myle from Darlington, and a quarter of a myle distant from the These bankes, *which the people call the Kettles of Hell, or the Devil's Kettle*, as if he should see the soules of sinfull men and women in them: they adde also that the spirites have oft beene harde to crye and yell about them, wyth other like talke, savouring altogether of pagane infidelitie. The truth is (and of this opinion also was Cuthbert Tunstall, Bishop of Durham) that the colemines in those places are kindled, or if there be no coles, there may a mine of some other unctuous matter be set on fire, which beyng here and there consumed, the earth falleth in, and so doth leave a pitte. In dede the water is nowe and then warme as they saye, and besides that it is not cleere, the people suppose them to be an hundred faddame deepe, the byggest of them also hath an issue into the These. But ynough of these wonders least I doe seeme to be touched in thys description, and thus much of the Hel-Kettles.”—Harrison in Hollinshed, 1577, i. 94.

In attempting to explain the meaning of the word, our antiquary has fallen into the same mistake as his predecessors, by confounding two things alike in sound, but derived from totally different roots, and having meanings no less distinct. He says :—

“A verse from Herrick's *Hesperides*, alluding to a pleasant forfeit in the old game of Barley-break, in which three couples played. One went to each end of the ground, and ran across, when the couple in the middle (or Hell) caught, if they could, one of the running couples and placed them in Hell instead. In

names of places the word is equally various in its signification. It may mean a hill, or a hole, or water, and as a place may be seated on a hill by the side of water, or *vice versa*, and if by water, in nine cases out of ten, must be low also, in the same proportion it is almost impossible to state the origin of a name with *Hell* in its composition. The confusion is made still worse by the word being often corrupted into *hill*, as in Hylton (anciently Heltun) by the Wear; Hellegate afterwards Hylgate, now Water-row, in Morpeth, leading from the Wansbeck; Hilton, near Staindrop, formerly Helton (on a hill); Hilton Beacon, in Westmoreland, formerly Helton Bacon (under a hill), &c. Again, *helle* is still used as a verb, "to pour out in a rapid manner," hence probably Helvellyn, a cascade on the Glaamsen, in Norway, and Helvellyn, in Cumberland, down which a cataract rushes. Lastly, it means solitary, lonely, as in Hellebeck."

The real truth is this; *hell* is derived from the old Friesisch *helle*, or, as it is also written, *hille*, the two forms prevailing in different parts of Friesland, so that it cannot well be said to be corrupted into *hill*. But *helle* is only another mode of the German word, *höhle*, a hole, nor did *hell* ever mean any thing else, except metaphorically. In no case did it signify either *hill*, or water; although *to helle* may possibly mean, as he asserts, "to pour out in a rapid manner," in which sense it would probably be derived from the old German verb, *hellen*, i.e. *hallen*, to sound, which, by an easy metaphorical transition might come to signify *rushing*, since water could hardly sound without such a concomitant action.

In the present instance there cannot, we think, be any doubt that *hell* has precisely the same meaning as that assigned to it in the *hell-broth* of Shakespeare, and what name could have been better applied to these waters boiling up from the very bowels of the earth?

We have now gone through the first division of this work. The second is headed, "Regal, Noble, and Military," and exhibits the same minute accuracy of research, and the same power of lending grace and animation to the driest details. It is divided into six chapters. The first of these includes annals from the earliest æra of English history to the death of Richard III.; the second is occupied by the Tudors; the third by the Stuarts; the fourth embraces the period from the accession of George IV. to the present time; the fifth relates to the title of Darlington; and the sixth is simply designated *Characteristics*.

The third division is the Ecclesiastical, of which we have as yet only three chapters, namely the Papal and the Protestant, and "Charities belonging to this parish." The last of these, however, is scarcely begun before it is interrupted by the conclusion of the part itself.

Brief and hasty as the preceding sketch has been, it may yet enable the reader to form some idea of this interesting work, which, to its other merits, adds that of being written in a style of unusual simplicity and elegance.

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"*A Merry Christmas*," by the Author of "Only," "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," "Old Jolliffe," &c. London, W. N. Wright, 60, Pall Mall.

A FEW months since we had the gratification of recommending the beautiful Tale of "Only;" and it is now with equal pleasure, that we call attention to the little work before us. The story is prettily conceived and well told, the characters, especially the old misanthrope Peter Pringle, naturally drawn, and the moral, admirably inculcated, and yet

the space occupied is but a tiny volume of less than fifty pages. The fair Author of "Only" never fails to awaken our kindest sentiments, to throw a charm and freshness round the scenes she describes, and to enlist our best feelings in the cause of benevolence and truth. We will give no insight into the plot of "a Merry Christmas" but leave the wee tome to win its own way to the cordial and well merited favour of the public. To add to the attraction, Mr. John Tenniel, whose recent fresco of St. Cecilia in the House of Lords is so much admired, has ornamented the cover with a very tasteful design.

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*The County Seats of England, delineated in a series of Views, executed from Original Drawings; the historical and topographical descriptions by EDWARD TWYXCROSS, Esq., M.A. London, Chas. J. Skeet.*

ONE of the most peculiar features in the frame-work of English society is the Country Gentleman, a class to which no other land presents the exact counterpart, though of course every nation has its landholders distinct from the mere courtier or citizen. With equal truth it may be said that albeit Castles abound upon the Rhine, Chateaux in France, and Estates in Russia, compared to which all Shropshire would be a speck in the map of the world, still they, none of them, are precisely synonymous with the Halls and Seats of England. The beauty of the latter is of a kind peculiar to themselves, derived in part from the so much abused climate, in part from a happy combination of hill, wood, and water, and partly from the highly cultivated state of the adjoining country. A work, therefore, which has for its object to exhibit the views of such delightful spots, the green gems as it were in the crown of Ocean's Island Queen, cannot fail to be interesting to all who take a pleasure in rural scenery. The first part of Mr. Twycross's splendid work commences with Hertfordshire, and contains a record, elegantly written and carefully drawn up in regard to facts, of the territorial possessions of the respective proprietors, whose seats are depicted. As the undertaking proceeds—and a second part is announced for early appearance—there will be given a comprehensive map, in which the situation of each park, mansion, and seat will be minutely noted, accompanied by an Index describing the names of the several proprietors. From the evidence of this first part, we are led to augur a work as valuable for the extent and variety of the information conveyed in it, as for the beauty of the illustrations, which may be had either plain or coloured. "The County Seats of England," will we feel confident, gain extensive and well merited support, and eventually form the most splendid History ever produced of the stately Homes of the aristocracy.

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*The Lives of the Speakers of the House of Commons.* By JAMES A. MANNING, Esq., of the Inner Temple. 8vo. London, Churton.

There is a singular mixture in this volume of history, anecdote, and gossip, that is inexpressibly delightful. It is precisely the book one would most desire upon a long and tedious railway journey, with the certainty of obtaining much useful information while only seeking to beguile the time. Nor shall we do Lord Campbell any wrong, but rather pay him a compliment, in placing this able work by the side of his *Lives of the Chancellors*.



To write the Lives of the Speakers is in a certain degree to write a history of the House of Commons. In passing from one Speaker to another we see how the house gradually increased the sphere of its duties, till from having been the organ of taxation and of the king's will, it became what it now is, the grand bulwark of the popular liberties, a power which fully balances all the privileges of the Lords, and all the prerogatives of the Crown. The time is long since past when a speaker in addressing the monarch would say as we find even the bold Sir Thomas Crewe saying to the first James, "Da, domine, quod jube, et jubes, quod vis," a humble speech indeed to come from one who had openly declared in parliament that "our privileges are our inheritance, not matters of grace nor toleration."

They who are acquainted with the sources, from which information of this kind can alone be drawn, will easily see how much time and labour Mr. Manning must have expended upon the subject, though with great good taste and judgment he keeps his learning out of sight as much as possible; chronicles of all sorts, records, registers, diaries, family muniments, monumental brasses, and the various other materials usually found in the workshop of the antiquary, or historian must have been called into requisition; without them such a mass of facts could never have been brought together.

It may seem almost useless, when the dinner has been excellent, to descant upon the form and elegance of the platters in which it was served up, yet there are some readers whom it may perhaps gratify to learn that this volume is handsomely printed, and is an octavo of the largest size; a true bibliographer indeed would think of nothing else, but like the late Dr. Dibdin would forget the inside of the book while dilating in ecstasy upon uncropped leaves and flowing margins.

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*The Pianista.* London: 67, Paternoster Row.

THE *Pianista* is a musical publication of considerable merit, and very comprehensive nature; in it will be found, besides collections of waltzes, quadrilles, &c., the pianoforte arrangement of entire operas, from the overture to the finale; these may be thus had, in an easy and elegant form, for less than the price of a single song, as songs are usually sold by our leading publishers. The parts are two shillings each, and we need only quote the contents of one to show the general nature and value of the work. No. 83, contains the songs (English and Italian words) sung by Jenny Lind, with her embellishments, in Donizetti's opera of *La Figlia del Reggimento*, including the popular canzonet, &c. In some cases the *Pianista* gives the operas arranged as solos for the pianoforte; out of a tolerably extensive list, we may name, *Le Prophète*, *Puritani*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, by Mendelssohn; *Don Giovanni*, *Semiramide*, *Robert le Diable*, *La Gazza Ladra*, *Il Barbiere de Seviglia*, *Le Nozze de Figaro*, *Norma*, *Crown Diamonds*, &c. &c. For the young, a work of this kind is invaluable, as making them acquainted with the style of the various great masters, at the least possible expense of time and labour. These few remarks have been suggested by a cursory inspection of the operas of *Le Prophète*, *The Huguenots*, and *Roberto*. Next month we purpose giving a fuller and more analytical notice.

THE  
ST. JAMES'S MAGAZINE,  
AND  
HERALDIC AND HISTORICAL REGISTER.

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NOTICE.

THE Editor begs respectfully to announce, that he reluctantly relinquishes the continuance of the ST. JAMES'S MAGAZINE, beyond the present number, which concludes the second volume. His reason for doing so is simply this. His other avocations,—more strictly confined to Heraldry and Genealogy,—have increased of late so much, in labour and extent, that he cannot, with due regard to their proper performance, devote further time to the editorship of a monthly periodical.

In making this announcement, however, he would observe, that that portion of the Magazine termed the HERALDIC REGISTER will not be abandoned, but will be carried on according to a plan, the arrangement of which is under consideration. Encouraged by the great favour this Heraldic Register has already experienced, Mr. Burke hopes to render it in time a very complete record of Arms and Heraldry.

In conclusion, he has to express his warmest thanks to those kind subscribers and able contributors who have so kindly aided him in this among his other endeavours, to further that honourable love of family history and ancestral reputation, which goes so far to keep this country ever mindful of its long-existing greatness and dignity—ever anxious to preserve the stability of its fame.

It may be also further mentioned that the series of "Trials connected with the Upper Classes of Society," which has formed so popular a feature of this Magazine, will be shortly republished by Mr. Benning, of Fleet-street, in a separate volume, which will contain not only the Trials that have appeared in this periodical, but also a great many more, so as to complete the subject and bring it down to the present time.

## RAMBLINGS IN MANY COUNTIES.

The eighth was August, being rich arrayed  
 In garment all of gold downe to the ground ;  
 Yet rode he not. but led a lovely mayd  
 Forth by the lily hand, the which was crown'd  
 With eares of corne, and full her hand was found.  
 That was the righteous Virgin which of old  
 Lived here on earth, and plenty made abound ;  
 But after wronge was loved and justice solde  
 She left th' unrighteous world and was to Heaven extolled.

SPENSER.

WE have now come to the *vintage*, and with that to the close of *our* year, though not of *the* year, for the *St. James's Magazine* commenced with the month of August.

Amongst the three hundred and sixty-five days of which old ANNUS is composed, the first of August is certainly not the least distinguished, nor the least worthy of distinction. To say nothing else, has it not the signal honour of being Lammas-day ? was it not also the *gula* of the Egyptians, the commencement of the year, the day on which the mighty sun retraced his steps, and as such celebrated with bonfires and festival rejoicings ? \* do not all good Christians hold it dedicated to *St. Peter ad Vincula* ? the Feast of St. Peter's Chains—and, more than all this, is it not the precise day on which Juliet—Shakspeare's Juliet—was born ? "On Lammas-day at night shall she be fourteen ; that shall she, marry ; I remember it well." With such claims to notice Lammas-day may hold up her head proudly amongst her brethren. Much however, depends upon the *when* and *where* we meet her, most ladies having a very different aspect according as they are seen in the glare of a London ball-room, or upon the yellow sands, all redolent with health,—

"And their free tresses dancing in the wind ;  
 With no more diamonds than their eyes are made of,  
 No brighter rubies than compose their lips,  
 Nor pearls more precious than inhabit them,"

in short, *simplex munditiis*, as the Roman poet more concisely expresses it. And even so it is with my Lady August. She looks, it must be confessed, rather hot and blowsy in the close streets of the Metropolis ; nor is the matter much improved in the squares and parks. Let me then recommend all who wish to admire August as she should be admired, to visit her with me in the pleasant regions of the Derbyshire Peak,

\* See a very curious and interesting article upon this subject in Soane's "New Curiosities of Literature."

where if she is less gay and sparkling than in crowded drawing rooms, she is a thousand times more lovely, especially in this melting season.

With the exception of the sea when beheld for the first time, I know of nothing so likely to fill the mind with new sensations as a summer or autumnal tour through Derbyshire. It is a county that in its peculiarities may be said to stand alone; it resembles no other part of England, and even Lord Byron, who had travelled all over Europe, could yet say that the giro of the Peak—the English Appennines, as it is called by Camden—surpassed, or at least equalled, anything he had ever seen in the most favoured of other lands.

When I came in sight of the Peak for the first time, the setting sun gave some indications of a storm, the tops of the mountains being invested with a deep purple hue, so dark, and yet so bright, that to me the spectacle was altogether novel. Had I met with it in a picture I much fear that with more haste than judgment I should have pronounced it *unnatural*. How different from the soft blue tints which I afterwards saw enveloping these heights when seen from a distance, wrapping them round as it were with the robe of some ocean-nymph.

Rain—rain—rain—for three days successively, and for my more especial comfort the landlord of my little Inn at Buxton, informed me that this was nothing; he would not be at all surprised if it lasted for three weeks, such a thing being by no means an unusual occurrence, but quite the contrary. Well; if it would not have surprised him, a rainy season of half the length would have robbed me of the few grains of patience that still remained to me, and they were few indeed. What! be condemned to sit all day long in the sanded parlour of an Inn looking out upon the half drenched poultry, that crouched under the waggons out of employ, or reading for the twentieth time the musty pages of some old magazine with only one cover, and sundry leaves missing. Such a state of things would not bear reflection for a moment, so I persuaded myself that fine weather must return ere long, and luckily I proved a truer prophet than my landlord. Towards the evening of the third day the rain ceased, and bright gleams burst through the opening clouds, which soon rolled rapidly away before the wind, leaving a sky of the deepest azure. And upon what a strange scene—strange at least to me—did the sun shine! The lime-hills beyond Buxton appeared like an array of tents placed upon a steep acclivity in regular stages, one above another, and while I was admiring their singular appearance my wonder was yet farther heightened by observing that the whole mountain was on the sudden alive with human beings that swarmed out of the holes and caverns in its side like so many rabbits in a warren. Having taken a long stare at a party of travellers in advance of me, this strange crew dived back again into their burrows, a humble pedestrian like myself being, I suppose, of too little importance to engage their attention. Looking more closely into the matter I discovered that these hills abounded in excavations, which served the poorer people for dwellings, and in one instance five or six different habitations occupied a particular cone, with a single chimney common to them all. Upon the very roof of this cluster of subterranean houses, an ass was quietly luxuriating amongst the ferns and thistles, so that no one can say the ground is not made the most of.

At the foot of this height lies *Pool's Hole*, a name which, according to the old tradition, it received from a robber, who, in the good old times

of rugging and reiving, made his abode in its recesses; nothing however is now known of this illustrious candidate for the honours of the gallows, beyond the fact of his name, and of his having once lived here. The mouth of the cavern is so narrow, that for the first twenty or thirty yards you must stoop, or almost crawl when entering, but within, it suddenly becomes capacious, the roof and sides abounding in stalactites that bear a greater or lesser resemblance to natural objects. In the middle of the cavern is a large stalactitical mass, called the *Flitch of Bacon*; and having passed this singular pile, the cave again contracts for a short distance, when it once more expands not a little, both in height and width, and so continues till you come to a second heap of stalactites, which, from some old story of the Scottish Queen's having been here, has obtained the appellation of the *Queen of Scots' Pillar*. This is the greatest curiosity of the cavern, and as the space beyond it is difficult of access, and contains nothing to repay the labour of scrambling over disjointed rocks and slippery crags, it is not often visited.

Upon emerging from the robber's den, I took my way to *Bar Moor Clough*, about six miles off, to pay my respects to the ebbing and flowing wells, about which I had heard so much talk. But this Derbyshire wonder turned out to be no wonder at all, for it sulkily refused to ebb and flow while I was there, so that I saw nothing more than a turbid pool, surrounded with mud and weeds, the ground being beaten into a paste by the cattle that came to drink of the water. It is situated in a field by the road side, at the foot of a steep hill. My guide, who it seems was deeply concerned for the honour of his county, would fain have persuaded me to wait for the appearance of the phenomenon, assuring me that, as there had been a heavy fall of rain the day before, it would be sure to flow in an hour, or even in less time. But I turned a deaf ear to the voice of the charmer, though he charmed full wisely, and took my way to Glossop, where, if report spoke truly, I might have the good luck of witnessing the *rush-bearing*, a ceremony not yet exploded in this part of the world, notwithstanding its manifestly pagan origin. Fortune, they say, favours the bold, but on this occasion the giddy damsel was pleased to favour the curious, for, just as I came in sight of the lowly little parish church on one side, the rush-bearers were advancing in grand procession upon the other. The ceremony is not much, and yet as a relic of other days, I could not help feeling considerably interested in it. Public notice had been given some time before by the churchwardens, that the rushes were mown and properly dried, in some marshy part of the parish, where the young people assembled, with a cart provided for the purpose. A pyramid of rushes, ornamented with wreaths of flowers, and surmounted with a garland, occupied the centre of the car, which was bestrewed with the choicest flowers of Glossop Dale, and liberally furnished with flags and streamers. The young peasants too, that accompanied the car, were dressed out in as many ribbons as an Italian bandit upon the stage. They had been, as I understood, parading the village, preceded by groups of dancers, and a band of music, and the waggon now stopt at the church-yard gates, where it was dismantled of its floral honours. The rushes and flowers were then taken into the church, when the former were strewed amongst the pews, and along the floors, and the garlands were hung up near the entrance into the chancel, in remembrance of the day. The ceremony being

ended, the merry-makers marched off in joyous procession to the village inn, and there I left them.

Something akin to this, is the very pretty custom of *well-flowering*, which takes place on Ascension day, or Holy day, as the people about here more generally call it. I know not whether the custom is in the present day confined to Tissington—indeed, I should think not—but it was there that I heard of it, though I did not see it put in practice. Upon this occasion, all the wells in the place, and they are five in number, are decorated with wreaths and garlands of fresh flowers, disposed in various devices upon boards. These are cut to the figures intended to be represented, and covered with moist clay, into which the stems are inserted to preserve their freshness, the flowers being so arranged as to form a beautiful mosaic, no less tasteful in design, than vivid in colouring. On this occasion the villagers put on their best attire, and open their houses to their friends. There is a service at the church, where a sermon is preached, after which a procession takes place, and the wells are visited in succession. The psalms for the day, and the epistle and gospel are read, one at each well, and the whole concludes with a hymn, sung by the church singers, and accompanied by a band of music. This done they separate, and the remainder of the day is spent in rural sports and holiday pastimes.

This custom, which has now well-nigh disappeared from the country, was at one time common enough, being no doubt a relic of paganism. From the earliest ages wells were considered sacred, and the fathers of Christianity, unable to root out the popular belief, did with it as they did in so many other cases; they converted it into a Christian ceremonial, and springs as well as rivers were honoured with this *flowering*, while to the former in many instances were given the names of saints. It is to this custom that Milton alludes in his *Comus*, when speaking of the Severn:—

“The shepherds at their festivals,  
Carol her good deeds loud in rustic lays,  
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream,  
Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.”

I have already spoken of Poole's Hole, but though the entrance is gloomy enough, and promises a second cave of Montesinos, it by no means equals many other of the Peak caverns—the nameless cave for instance, which is approached only through the Speedwell mine at the entrance into the Winnats, at something less than a mile from Castleton. A descent of more than one hundred steps leads to a narrow canal, and you are ferried along till you have left the entrance far behind, when the level opens upon a tremendous gulf, across which the canal has been carried by flinging a strong arch over a part of the fissure where the rocks are least distant from each other. Here you find yourself in a world of utter night, for the torch carried by your guide illuminates without dispelling the darkness that closes you in, as if it were a wall, substantial and impenetrable. Upon leaving the boat you ascend a stage or platform above the level, and firm indeed must be the nerves of him who can stand here unmoved, listening to the roar of the water as it dashes into the unseen depths of the abyss. It has been said that upon one occasion a party of travellers, deter-

mined to learn, if possible, the extent of the cavern, flung up lighted rockets, which rose and burst, as if in open space, without affording a glimpse of the distant roof above them.

I was much struck by a rural custom that still prevails at Baslow on the 4th of August. This is the festival of *kit-dressing*, the kit, as I hardly need explain, being a milk-pail; and though, as some of the older villagers assured me, the ceremony upon this occasion was nothing to what it used to be in their young days, it struck me as being exceedingly pretty. The maidens of the village, attired in their holiday dresses and carrying their kits on their heads, marched in gay procession, attended by a multitude, both young and old, from all the neighbouring country. Twigs of willow were bent over the tops of the kits, and entwined with ribbons and flowers; and many fanciful ornaments of muslin and silk, mingled with trinkets of silver and gold, composed the garlands, which were also formed upon a frame-work of willow-twigs interwoven together. Flags of course were not wanting, and the day terminated—as usual on all such occasions—at an inn, with singing, dancing, and the other indispensables of an English merry-making.

But after all, the mines and their productions are the most curious, if not the most interesting part of Derbyshire to the tourist. I had often heard of that extraordinary phenomenon in the mineral world, the *Slickensides*, but strange to say, I could no where find any traces of it, yet though seldom to be seen even in our best cabinets, the external appearance of this species of galena is well known. Rhodes, in his "Peak Scenery," gives a very minute and amusing account of it, which may supply the place of what I had not the good fortune to meet with. "In those mines," he says, "where it has most prevailed, it exhibits but little variety either in form or character. An upright pillar of limestone rock, intermixed with calcareous spar, contains this exploding ore; the surface is thinly coated over with lead, which resembles a covering of plumbago, and it is extremely smooth, bright, and even. These rocky pillars have their polished faces opposed to each other; sometimes they nearly touch, sometimes they are farther apart, the intervening space being filled up with smaller portions and fragments of spar and particles of lead ore; and a number of narrow veins, of a whitish colour and a powdery consistency, intersect and run in oblique directions amongst the mass.

"The effects of this extraordinary mineral are not less singular than terrific. A blow with a hammer, a stroke or a scratch with a miner's pick, are sufficient to rend those rocks asunder with which it is united or embodied. The stroke is immediately succeeded by a crackling noise, accompanied with a sound not unlike the mingled hum of a swarm of bees; shortly afterwards an explosion follows, so loud and appalling that even the miners, though a hardy race of men and little accustomed to fear, turn pale and tremble at the shock. This dangerous combination of matter must consequently be approached with caution. To avoid the use of the common implements of mining, a small hole is carefully bored, into which a little gunpowder is put, and exploded with a match; the workmen then withdraw to a place of safety to wait the result of their operations. Sometimes not less than five or six successive explosions ensue at intervals of from two to ten or

fifteen minutes, and occasionally they are so sublimely awful that the earth has been violently shaken to the surface by the concussion, even when the discharge has taken place at the depth of more than one hundred fathoms.

"When the Haycliff mine was open, a person of the name of Higginbottom, who was unused to the working of *Slickensides*, and not much apprehensive of danger, was repeatedly cautioned not to use his pick in the getting of the ore. Unfortunately for himself, he paid but little attention to the admonition of his fellow miners. He struck the fatal stroke that by an apparently electrical communication set the whole mass instantaneously in motion, shook the surrounding earth to its foundation, and with a noise as tremendous as thunder scattered the rocky fragments in every direction through the whole vicinity of Haycliff mine. Thick boards of ash, at the distance of twenty or thirty paces, were perforated by pieces of rock six inches diameter. The poor miner was dreadfully cut and lacerated, yet he escaped with life."

Some attempts have been made to account for the wonderful properties of this fulminating ore, but hitherto with little success. A very intelligent miner, with whom I have conversed on the subject, supposes the exploding power to reside in the white powdery veins which fill up the fissures of the rocky substance that produces *Slickensides*; a suggestion that may probably assist in the development of the strange qualities of this mineral phenomenon.

The loudest explosion remembered to have taken place in Haycliff mine, has been mentioned by Whitehurst in his "Theory of the Formation of the Earth." It occurred in the year 1738, and he affirms that the quantity of two hundred barrels of materials were blown out at one blast, each barrel being supposed to contain from three to four hundred pounds weight. During the explosion, the ground was observed to shake as if by an earthquake.

But it is high time to leave this inflammable part of the country.

"Away, away, my steed and I,  
Upon the pinions of the wind,  
All human dwellings left behind.  
We sped like meteors through the sky,  
When with its crackling sound the night,  
Is chequered with the northern light."

In this instance my steed was the steam-engine, that went tearing along at the rate of five and thirty miles an hour, or perhaps more, but certainly not less by the slowest going watch in all England. My intention was to visit Stonehenge, that prodigy of Wiltshire; it has however been so often described and descanted upon by others, that I cannot find in my heart to tax the reader's patience by explaining my own crude notions in regard to it. Let me rather invite him to a quiet stroll along the banks of the Wily, and a visit to Great Wishford Church; not that the building presents anything very remarkable in its external appearance; but I have an odd fancy for wandering amongst old monuments and tombstones, and it rarely happens that I do not pick up some quaint legend attached to them, even when the bones below have mouldered into dust. Such was the case in the present instance. I was much struck by a recumbent stone effigy in the nave of the church, which a



young man—an artist no doubt—was transferring to his sketch book. Upon entering into conversation with him, I found that the monument he was copying had other interest than what belonged to it either as a work of art, or a relic of antiquity. There was a curious legend which he had picked up in the county historian, and which I took down, as he read it to me, from a private memorandum.

“There is a very old monument in memory of one Bonham, lord of the manor, in solid stone, at full length, dressed in pilgrim’s habit, with a leathern belt round his waist, and pouch or scrip by his side; and, as report says, was the father of the seven children born at one birth, and all brought to church in a sieve to be baptized. The occasion of this wonderful event was said to be, that their family coming on very fast, they were mistrustful that they should not be able to maintain them, and so agreed to part for seven years, and if neither party was seen or heard of, to be at liberty to marry again. He went abroad, and she was in England; the time was nearly expired, and the lady on the point of marriage. The news was made known to him (report says), by a witch, who conveyed him home instantly, and found his lady to be married the next day. He was denied admittance, for he had not shaved himself, and no one remembered his person until he produced the ring they had broken. Then he was introduced to his lady, and at the next birth she had seven children, and it is said was buried in the church, and a representation of them laid in brass, which is now to be seen.”

There is certainly nothing new under the sun. I have read a story precisely similar in a collection of popular German tales, and although I cannot call to mind the name of the work, I remember perfectly well that the title-page had a vignette which exhibited seven or eight little ones sprawling, not in a sieve, but in the hollow of a shield. At the same time I would not dispute the truth of the English tradition, because it has found a counterpart in fable. No doubt it is as true as one half that history has handed down to us, and which is never called in question.

Some fairy traditions yet linger in Wiltshire, but they are few in number, so far as I could learn, nor do they appear to have anything particularly new, or that can distinguish them from the kindred lore of other counties. Some that Mrs. Bray found in Devonshire, are current also here with little variation, as indeed might be expected from the nearness of the counties to each other. In general therefore, they would be little worth repeating. One however that I picked up in an evening’s ramble caught my fancy, and whether it was the setting sun, or the distant grandeur of Stonehenge, or an unlucky facility of rhyming, I know not, but I could not resist the temptation of turning into a sort of crambo verse the tale I had just heard, and if the reader find only half as much pleasure in the perusing as I did in the writing, of a truth he will have no great occasion to complain.

### *The Fairies of Stonehenge.*

THERE was a time—I wish ’t would come again—  
 When if our Lady Night were not too damp  
 Nor given to vapours,  
 As soon as she had lit her bed-room lamp—  
 The moon of course I mean—  
 And all her lesser tapers,  
 The fairies then would haunt the hill and plain,  
 All drest in green.

The houses, too, they oft frequented,  
 And with the servants if contented,  
 And nothing seen that they resented,  
 They 'd leave a silver piece behind,—  
 It was not much, but yet 'twas very kind.

In those good times there was a seat.  
 Or rather I should say a cottage neat,  
 Which the *good people* loved to visit at night,  
 Because the maids were tidy;  
 And ever on a Friday—  
 I am not sure that I have named the day aright;  
 Certes it was not Sunday,  
 It might be Saturday or Monday;  
 But that you know is very little matter,  
 And therefore on such points I will not chatter;  
 And only say  
 Whate'er the day,  
 The maids, or the old farmer's daughter,  
 Would set a bucket of fair water  
 For our small elves  
 To drink, or if they chose it  
 To wash themselves,  
 But which I will not say, 'cause—no one knows it.

The maids were two, and two heads as they say  
 Should wiser be than one,  
 For so old proverbs run;  
 And in a common way  
 The rule no doubt holds good;  
 But at the fair the twain had been all day,  
 And in their merry mood  
 Forgot, as they had used o' nights,  
 To set a jug of water for the sprites.

Great was their elfish indignation  
 At this neglect,  
 This want of due respect;  
 And straightway through the key-hole skipping,  
 Into the lasses' bed-room tripping,  
 Each on a bed post took his place,  
 And though unseen began to state the case  
 In tones of angry objurgation.  
 Now both the damsels heard this accusation,  
 For both were wide awake,  
 And one proposed  
 To rise and remedy their late mistake;  
 The other vowed she would not stir  
 For all the fays in Devonshire.  
 The damsel best disposed  
 Thought to herself how hard 'twould be and wrong  
 If the poor fairies thirsted all night long;  
 It really was too shocking;  
 And slipping on her shoes without a stocking,  
 Down stairs she ran,  
 And with fresh water filled the fairies' can,  
 And swept the floor,  
 And strew'd it o'er  
 With bright and golden sands,

Hereon arose a clapping of small hands,  
 And tiny voices cried "bravà,"  
 Which proves they knew the opera ;  
 For had they vulgar been, as all folks know  
 They would have cried "*bravo!*"  
 Because the *plebs*—the *vulgar*—cannot reach  
 The genders of your nice Italian speech.  
 But this being o'er—applauses ne'er last long,  
 Except when they're particularly wrong—  
 Although the damsel nothing saw,  
 She heard them, like grave sages of the law,  
 Discuss what punishment befitted  
 The girl whose laziness had not submitted  
 To fairy regulation.

First one, a roguish-looking sprite,  
 Who, it was plain, in mischief took delight  
 Without much moderation,  
 Suggested they should whip the lazy Molly  
 With birch or holly.  
 To this a prudish fay,  
 Who for her nicety was much respected,  
 Begged leave to say  
 That she decidedly objected ;  
 She did not like such exposition,  
 And would propose instead  
 That they should paint her nose a fiery red.  
 But at this proposition  
 A clamour from the younger part arose—  
 "What ! give her a red nose !  
 It was too cruel an idea  
 For any one to entertain ;  
 Besides, 'twould bring a stain,  
 Both far and near,  
 Upon the fairy fame,  
 Ruining for ever their good name.  
 What maid could they suppose  
 Would set the cream-bowl for her household spirit  
 Ever at night,  
 Or key-hole leave unstopt  
 For elves to enter in,  
 If 'stead of the rewarding penny dropt,  
 She only got a drunkard's nose ?"

Amidst this horrid din  
 The queen stood up, and having silence pray'd,  
 Declared that she  
 With the last speaker must agree ;  
 'Twas cruel to spoil the nose of any maid ;  
 She would suggest a lighter punishment,  
 With which she hoped they all,  
 Both great and small,  
 Would be content.  
 What if they struck her lame, and that to last,  
 Till one of mortal mould,  
 No matter young or old,  
 This spell should o'er her cast,  
 Or rather speak without a single let  
 "*Hippo-hoppo-hoppo-quoli-bet.*"

Be pleased to lay an accent strong  
On the last word, or else you break  
The rhythm of my song,  
And that were pity for the music's sake.

The motion was received with much applause,  
And carried by a vast majority,  
Although the small minority  
Contended stoutly for a whipping clause ;  
While one or two  
Thought that to pinch the sinner black and blue,  
Sparing her face,  
Would answer best the merits of the case.

The fairy-sessions, it seems, were done  
For the voices were silent all and one,  
So Jane has hurried back to her bed ;  
And not a word to Molly she said,  
But tried o'er and o'er to keep in her head  
The charm she had heard from the fay-queen instead—  
“*Hippo-happ, and quoli bet—*  
I shall do very well, I remember yet.”  
So she thought no more, but went fast asleep,  
While her nose breathed a music mellow and deep—  
Snoring in fact, but the word is low,  
Though really a better I do not know,  
Or one that the thing I mean can tell  
Half so truly, or half so well.

Jane is asleep, and she dreams a dream,  
And tries, she's so frightened, to scream a scream ;  
A cat of huge size,  
With fiery eyes,  
And monstrous paws,  
Armed with terrible claws,  
Upon her breast like an incubus lies,  
Swearing as only cats can swear,  
When they mean to scratch and they mean to tear,  
And do anything but what is pleasant and fair.  
Puss whisked his tail  
As a farmer his flail,  
And the blows that he dealt fell down like hail,  
Thick, thwack,  
Now on sides, now on back,  
As he tumbled her this way, and tumbled her that,  
Till really poor Jane knew not what to be at.

When the night had been spent in this terrible way,  
You can't be surprised if on waking by day,  
She had quite forgot all she heard the queen say.  
“*Hillo hullo—no, that I'm sure's not the word—*  
“*Hoitytoity—no; dear me; how very absurd;*  
It began with an H, that I know very well,  
But how it went on I'm sure I can't tell.”

These things well considered Jane's not much to blame  
If Molly continued henceforth to be lame ;  
The doctors, 'tis true, were called in by dozens,  
But Death and the doctor we all know are cousins ;  
And like false allies that turn round on their friends  
The doctor will help the disease he pretends  
To frighten away with his dog-Latin ends.

However this lameness taught sense to Miss Molly,  
 Who saw, and repented, though late, of her folly ;  
     And always takes care  
     The cream-bowl is there  
 At the time when the elves to supper repair ;  
     And speaks much in praise  
     Of the " dear little fays,"  
 In the hope some may be at the time standing near,  
 And relax in their wrath when such praises they hear.

Thus three years had passed, and I need hardly say  
 Her patience was oft about to give way,  
 And an oath, not a large one, would rise to her lip,  
 But yet large enough had it happened to slip,  
 To make matters worse with the elves than they were,  
 By showing her false when her words had been fair.  
 Howe'er with a gulp she would swallow it down,  
 • And smooth in a trice every wrinkle and frown.  
 Now you all must allow it had been very hard  
 If patience like this had not met its reward.  
 One evening—I think it was somewhere in June,  
 The hour I know was much after noon—  
 As she made in the fields a little excursion,  
 Picking up dandelions—how they're my aversion !  
 A boy with a face that I fear to call *rum*,  
 The phrase being voted vulgar by some,  
 Came quickly towards her, and how did he come ?  
 He rode not on horseback, he rode not on ass,  
 He ran not, he walked not, on gravel or grass,  
 He sailed not on stream, he sailed not in air,  
 For wings he had none, and no river was there ;  
 But tumbled, and tumbled, head over heels,  
 And Molly you'll guess all in wonderment feels.  
 A minute he stands bolt upright then before her,  
 And says by the elves he is sent to restore her.—  
     " *Hippo-hoppo-happo-quoli-bet* ;  
     Henceforth don't forget  
     The cream-bowl to set,  
 The hearth to sweep and the cans to make bright,  
 Before you go to bed every night ;  
     For if you do,  
     Black and blue  
 The fairies will pinch you, be sure, for the slight."

So saying he tumbled away as he came,  
     Head over heels  
     Rolling onward like wheels  
 And Molly the Milkmaid no longer was lame.  
 But could dance with the best either jigs or Scotch reels.

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Here then I conclude my rambles. For many months we have met,  
 kind reader, as I would fain hope to our mutual satisfaction. But the  
 hour of parting is come that must come to the best friends, and now in the  
 words of the old Roman actors, " plaudite et valete."

## SINGULAR TRIALS CONNECTED WITH THE UPPER CLASSES OF SOCIETY.

### No. XIV.—THE ASSASSINATION OF Miss KNOX, OF PREHEN.

THIS dreadful affair, which occurred in Ireland, is in all its details a painful and melancholy story. The perpetrator of the crime, John Macnaghton was descended from a Scots family of that name, which is supposed to have come over with King William the Third to Carrick-Fergus at the Revolution, and to have settled at Benvardon in the county of Antrim, the north-east extremity of Ireland, about six miles from Coleraine, and two from Ballymony. The family enjoyed an hereditary estate, of about five hundred pounds a year, and lived in the highest reputation. Macnaghton's father was a magistrate of the county of Antrim, where he was much honoured and beloved; his uncle, of the same name, who was also a magistrate, and a cornet on half pay at the time of Thurot's landing, was the first gentleman who distinguished himself upon that occasion, and appeared in arms at the head of two hundred militia, all stout men and well appointed; Macnaghton's mother was the daughter of Henry Mac Manus, Esq; alderman of the city of Londonderry.

John Macnaghton was born in the year, 1722; his father died when he was about six years old, leaving one other son and three daughters. At a proper age, he was sent to the public school of Raphoe. From the school of Raphoe he went to Trinity College, Dublin, where he continued till he came of age, and was put in possession of his estate: from this time he began to evince a taste for gambling. He had a good person, a polite address, and by no means a contemptible understanding: these qualifications recommended him to the notice of Clotworthy, first Earl of Massareene, who introduced him to some of the leading people in the kingdom: by favour of this introduction, he became acquainted with several persons who were remarkable for their love of play, and was generally one in parties of the best company. In this school he is said to have made rapid progress, and to have pursued his favourite study with great success for about two years; when being still at college, and of sufficient standing, he took his bachelor's degree. He was not, however, long contented to move in so narrow a sphere; he visited all the public places, both in England and Ireland: he played with less reputable company, and for still larger sums; so that in a few years his debts were more than his whole estate would pay: some of it, therefore, he was obliged to sell, and to mortgage the rest; yet his friendship and connection with Lord Massareene enabled him to retrieve his affairs, by marrying a daughter of the late Very Rev. Richard Daniel, Dean of Down, to whose only other daughter his Lordship was himself married. The lady's fortune, however, which was £5,000 was settled to portion their younger children; what remained of Macnaghton's own estate was left to descend to his heir; and he bound himself by a solemn oath,

never to play again at any game either of chance or skill, except for a trifling sum at a sitting; which oath was, by the lady's friends, made the condition of his marriage.

To his wife Macnaghton made an affectionate husband, and kept his promise to abstain from gaming about two years; but being uneasy under the restraint, he pretended to his wife, that on a certain night he might have won a thousand pounds, if he had not been tied up from play; and alleging that opportunities of equal advantage might again offer, he prevailed upon her, and Mrs. Daniel, her mother, then a widow, to absolve him from his oath, which he supposed to be no longer binding than whilst those who exacted it desired it should. In consequence of this fatal liberty, thus artfully procured, he returned to the gaming table, with yet greater eagerness than before. In a short time he was involved in new distresses, more hopeless than the first, as his credit was less, and many of his resources were cut off. Several suits were now commenced against him for large sums of money: and some sheriff's officers, having a writ to execute against him, got intelligence where he was spending the evening, and beset the house: he staid till it was very late, and then went into a sedan chair, in order to go home; the officers did not think proper to stop the chair, but followed it till it came to his house; but as it was necessary they should execute their writ before he went in, as it would be difficult afterwards to get admittance, they came up to him when the chair stopped and told him their business: Macnaghton declared he would not be arrested, and the officers proceeding to use force, he resisted: the scuffle that ensued made a great noise, and happened unfortunately to be just under the window of Mrs. Macnaghton's chamber, who had then lain-in about a fortnight, and was impatiently expecting him home: the noise first alarmed her, and upon hearing the occasion of it, she was so terrified at the apprehensions of his danger, and so shocked at the desperate situation of his affairs, that she fell into a nervous disorder, which, in a very short time, put an end to her life.

Some years after the death of his wife, Macnaghton having partially improved in circumstances, paid his addresses secretly to Mary Ann Knox, daughter of Andrew Knox, Esq., of Prehen, in the county of Derry, a gentleman possessed of an estate of about fifteen hundred pounds per annum; and as by the marriage-settlement five thousand pounds had been settled on the younger children, Miss Knox, having only one brother and no sister, was entitled to the whole of five thousand pounds even though she disobliged her parents by marriage. The beauty, sweetness of temper, and other accomplishments of the young lady were remarkable. She was then about fifteen.

Mr. Macnaghton, who became an intimate friend of the Knoxes, and a constant visitor among them, obtained a promise from the young lady to marry him, if he could get her father's consent. He soon after spoke to Mr. Knox on the subject, who not only absolutely refused his consent, and gave his reasons for it, but showed his resentment, by forbidding him his house.

Mr. Macnaghton then begged Mr. Knox would permit him to visit as formerly (as he said it would look strange to the world to be prevented visiting a family all the neighbours knew he had been so intimate with,) and solemnly promised upon his honour, never more to think of, or mention this affair; and added, that as he had not spoken of it to the young

lady, Mr. Knox need never do so, and thus the affair would drop of itself. Macnaghton obtained the leave he sought, and made use of the favour to continue his addresses to the daughter, and told her Mr. Knox had promised him his consent; but, desiring, however, that no further mention might be made of the affair, for a year or two, till some material business was decided, which he would acquaint him with. The young lady again promised she would marry him as soon as that consent was obtained. He remained some time, constantly watching his opportunity to complete his design. One day, being in company with Miss Knox and a young gentleman (a mere boy) in a retired room in the house, he pressed her to marry him, protesting he never could be happy till he was sure of her; and with an air of sprightly raillery, pulling out a prayer book, he began to read the marriage service, and insisted on the young lady's making the responses, which she did, but to every one she added, "provided her father consented."

Some short time after this, Miss Knox going to a friend's house on a week's visit, Mr. Macnaghton who was also an intimate there, soon followed her. Here he fixed his scene for action; here he claimed her, and calling her his wife, insisted on her living with him, which the young lady absolutely refused, and leaving the house, went directly and informed her uncle of the whole affair. On this Mr. Knox wrote a letter to Macnaghton, telling him what a base dishonourable villain he was, and bade him avoid his sight for ever. Upon the receipt of the letter, Macnaghton advertised his marriage in the public newspapers, cautioning every other man not to marry his lawful wife. This was answered by a very spirited advertisement from the father, with an affidavit of the whole affair from the daughter annexed.

Mr. Knox then, by the advice, and under the direction of Doctor Ratcliffe, a very celebrated civilian, commenced a suit in the ecclesiastical court of the diocese of Londonderry, with a view, first to get the contract proved, and then to set it aside by virtue of an Act of Parliament, which made all such contracts, with respect to persons under age, *ipso facto*, void: but Macnaghton defeated his first intention of proving the contract, by keeping Mr. Hamilton (the young gentleman present at the sham marriage) the only witness, out of the way, and therefore no pleadings were had in that court on either side. While this suit was depending in the ecclesiastical court of Londonderry, Mr. James Knox heard that Macnaghton was at Ballybofey, a village in Donegal, not far from Strabane, and had threatened to waylay him there; upon which he obtained a warrant from Alderman Hog to take him into custody. This Macnaghton treated in a ludicrous manner, and printed and dispersed a great number of hand-bills, in which he represented the warrant as obtained not against him but his shadow, as he himself neither was nor could have been at Ballybofey at the time pretended; this warrant, however, was executed upon him, but it was immediately superseded and had no consequences. Soon after Macnaghton thought fit to remove the cause that was depending in Londonderry court, to the metropolitan court of Armagh; but with what particular view does not appear, as he still continued to keep Mr. Hamilton from being examined. Mr. Knox, who was in earnest in the cause, and impatient to bring it to an issue, removed it from the court of Armagh to a court of Delegates in Ireland, where Mr. Hamilton was obliged to appear and give his testimony; and



after several hearings, the contract being proved, was afterwards declared to be void, and Mr. Knox obtained five hundred pounds damages.

After the determination of this suit, Macnaghton's affairs became every day more desperate: he had often been heard to vow vengeance against Mr. Andrew Knox, Mr. James Knox, and others of the family; upon which they obtained Bench warrants against him of Mr. Justice Scott; and they had also sued out a writ against him, as the foundation of a suit to recover the damages which had been awarded in the court of Delegates. From this time, therefore, he appeared no more in public, but skulked about the country by stealth, and in disguise, so that Mr. Knox could never get either the warrants or the writ executed.

In this situation was Macnaghton in the month of November, 1760, at which time he came over into England, as he pretended, to lodge an appeal in the court of Delegates there, against the sentence which had been pronounced against him in the court of Delegates in Ireland: he, however, did not take any steps relating to the appeal.

After returning to Ireland, recrossing to England, and again going back to Ireland, during the whole of which time he persevered in his foul persecution of Miss Knox and her family, Macnaghton attained the acme of his criminal conduct by perpetrating the murder of the young lady in the following manner.

About the latter end of October 1761, knowing that Mr. Knox, of Prehen, would be obliged shortly to set off from thence for Dublin, to attend the business of parliament, Macnaghton caused it to be given out, that he was at Benvardon; but on the first of November he repaired to the country in the neighbourhood of Prehen, near Londonderry, in the character of a sportsman, as if to shoot game, and assumed the name of Smith. He set out with no less than twelve associates, all of whom deserted him one by one, except his own groom, one George Mac Dougal, his plough-driver, James Mac Carrel, and one Thomas Dunlap, his tenant.

In this character, with these attendants, and under this name, he went to the house of Mr. Irwin, which was situated on the banks of a considerable river, called the Burndermit, and is distant from Prehen about eight miles, being near the road from thence to Dublin. Mr. Irwin was a gentleman of family, in the hearth-money collection, whose known hospitality rendered his house the common resort of gentlemen, who came as sportsmen into that part of the country, who were all welcome, whether he had a personal knowledge of them or not.

While he was at Mr. Irwin's he received intelligence from one of his scouts, that Mr. Knox was to set out from Prehen on the tenth of November in the morning, and that he would take his daughter and the rest of his family with him.

As soon as he had received this notice, he reconnoitered the country adjacent to the road through which Mr. Knox and his family must pass, in his way to Dublin, to a considerable distance; and he pitched upon a spot on the lands of Cloughean, about a mile from Mr. Irwin's, about a quarter of a mile from the banks of Burndermit, and about three miles from Strabane. This spot was thought most convenient for his purpose, because there were at least ten different avenues to it, by any of which he might escape, and because there was a very narrow pass, through which Mr. Knox's carriage must come, between a large dunhill and a

cabin belonging to one Keys, that was also under a bank of oak, behind which, as well as behind the dunghill, he or his accomplices might lie concealed till the very moment when the carriage should come up.

Before day-break on the morning of the 10th of November he repaired to Keys cabin with his accomplices on horseback, bringing with him in a sack six fire-locks, nine pistols, with several ropes, and a long leathern strap, which he declared was to tie Miss Knox on horseback behind himself or one of his people.

When this apparatus was safely lodged in the cabin, Macnaghton and those who were with him took their stations, and waited for the appearance of their prey.

Mr. Knox had been told that Macnaghton was lurking about, and that he had declared he would leave nothing unattempted to get Miss Knox into his hands, throwing out at the same time the most terrible menaces against any that should oppose him : he said he would cause a scene of blood in Mr. Knox's family which should make the ears of the child that was yet unborn to tingle ; and that, though he had begun with a comedy, yet he would end with a tragedy, confirming his menace with an oath. This had determined Mr. Knox to take the young lady with him to Dublin, and to arm himself and the servants that attended him. His brother, Mr. James Knox, who was also at this time with him at Prehen, was to be of the party.

Accordingly Mr. James Knox set out in a single horse-chaise, with a servant behind him on horseback ; young Mr. Knox, the brother of the young lady, on horseback, with his servant also on horseback ; Mr. Knox, Mrs. Knox, Miss Knox, and Mrs. Knox's woman, in a coach attended by one MacCullough, Mr. Knox's blacksmith, armed with a blunderbuss, and a case of pistols in his surtout-coat pocket ; and James Love, Mr. Knox's own servant, armed with a fusee ; Mr. Knox himself being also armed with a case of pistols in the coach.

Mr. Knox was so confident that Macnaghton, notwithstanding his declarations and menaces against him and his family, would not dare to attack him, when he saw him attended by persons properly armed, that neither Mr. James Knox, nor young Mr. Knox, nor either of their servants, were armed at all ; nor did Mr. James Knox think it necessary for him to keep pace with the coach ; he therefore, with his servant, went on before, and Macnaghton saw him pass by the cabin, where he was lying in wait, about eleven o'clock.

This served them as a signal to prepare more immediately for action, as they knew the rest of the family could not be far behind. At about half an hour after eleven they saw young Mr. Knox and his servant on horseback, both of whom they suffered to pass on, and immediately afterwards discovered the coach at about twenty yards distance behind, and close behind the coach the two attendants, who were armed.

As soon as the coach had passed the door of the cabin, Macnaghton and two of his accomplices rushed out, each armed with pistols and a gun. Macnaghton presented his gun at the coachman, and threatened him with instant death if he did not stop the horses ; the coachman thus terrified complied, and Macnaghton's servant coming up to him presented his gun, and threatened that if he offered to put his horses on again he would shoot him. The coach being thus stopped and detained,

Macnaghton hastened round the horses' heads to the coach-door, in order to force out the lady; but Mac Cullough, the blacksmith, coming up to him at that instant and presenting his piece, Macnaghton fired at him, and wounded him in the hand; the fellow, however, snapped his blunderbuss, but it unfortunately missed fire. Macnaghton then fired a second shot at him, which wounded him in the knee and the groin, and totally disabled him. In the meantime Mr. Knox snapped a pistol at Macnaghton from the coach-window, but the cock flying off, that missed fire also. While this was doing, one of Macnaghton's accomplices was charging guns in the cabin, and handing them out; and Macnaghton having received one from him in the room of another he had discharged, advanced upon the fore part of the dunghill opposite to the cabin, towards that side of the coach where Miss Knox sat, and with his gun presented fired into the coach, and lodged no less than five bullets in her left side; he then went round by the wheels to the other side of the coach, but as he was going about, James Love, Mr. Knox's own servant, fired at his back from behind a turf-stack, and lodged three swan shot in his shoulders, Mr. Knox at the same time firing again from the coach, but without effect. Macnaghton, though he felt himself wounded, having got round, received another pistol from the cabin, and fired that also into the coach, with an intention to kill Mr. Knox, but providentially the shot missed him. After this Macnaghton and one of his accomplices fired each of them a random shot through the coach, probably with a design to kill every creature that was in it, for all the guns were loaded with swan-shot; yet in all these discharges the poor young lady only was wounded.

After the last random shots through the coach, Macnaghton and his accomplices walked off towards Mr. Irwin's, without any apparent concern, and without certainly knowing what mischief they had done. What became of young Mr. Knox and his servant during the rencounter does not appear; but it is supposed that being unarmed, they were kept at bay by the fellow that overawed the coachman; nor does it appear that there was any interchange of words between the parties during the whole time.

As soon as Macnaghton and his accomplices were gone off, young Mr. Knox, who was well mounted, rode away to Strabane, about three miles distant, where the Londonderry troop of Sir James Caldwell's regiment of Inniskilling Light Horse were quartered, to obtain their assistance in the pursuit.

Miss Knox was carried into the cabin, where she expired in about three hours. She had received five wounds, three of which were mortal. The murderer and his accomplices fled, but the country was soon raised in pursuit of them, and amongst others some of Sir James Caldwell's Light Horse, who were directed to search the house and offices of one Wenslow, a farmer, not far distant from the horrid scene of action. But though some of the family knew he was concealed there, they pretended ignorance; so that Macnaghton might have escaped, had not the corporal, after they had searched every place, as they imagined, without success, and were going away, bethought himself of the following stratagem. Seeing a labourer digging potatoes in a piece of ground behind the stables, he said to his comrades in the fellow's hearing, "It is a great pity we cannot find this murderer; it would be a good thing for the discoverer, he would get three hundred pounds." Upon which the fellow pointed to

a hayloft. The corporal immediately ran up the ladder and forced open the door; upon which Macnaghton fired at him and missed him. By the flash of the pistol, the corporal was directed where to fire his piece, which wounding Macnaghton, he ran in and seized him, dragged him out, and instantly tied him on a car, and conducted him to Lifford gaol. Here Macnaghton remained in the closest confinement, entirely deserted by all his friends and acquaintance, until his trial, which commenced the 8th of December, 1761, when he was arraigned, with an accomplice, called Dunlop, before Baron Mountney, Mr. Justice Scott, and Mr. Justice Smith, who went down upon a special commission to try the prisoners. The counsel for the prosecution were Mr. Hen and Mr. Helen.

Macnaghton was brought into court on a bier, rolled in a blanket, with a greasy woollen nightcap, the shirt in which he was taken, being all bloody and dirty, and a long beard, which made a dreadful appearance. In that condition he made a long speech, and complained in the most pathetic manner of the hard usage he had met with since his confinement. He said "they had treated him like a man under sentence, and not like a man that was to be tried. He declared he never intended to kill his dear wife (at saying which he wept); that he only designed to take her away; that he would make such things appear upon his trial, as should surprise them all." But when the trial came on, all this great expectation which he had raised in the mind of every one, came to nothing. The trial lasted five days. The jury found both prisoners guilty, and they were sentenced to death.

It seemed as if every stage of this fearful tragedy was to be marked by some peculiar feature of horror. The very execution was extraordinary. The common people had conceived the most false notions with regard to Macnaghton's conduct, and looked upon him as no more than the victim of a gallant attempt to obtain the lawful possession of his own wife. The consequence ensued, that there was not a carpenter to be found in all the country about Strabane that would erect a gallows for his execution; nor could any other person be procured to undertake it for hire.

The Sheriff therefore, was obliged to look out for a tree which might serve for the purpose; and upon a tree he must at last have been executed, if the uncle of the unhappy young lady, and a party of gentlemen, who were moved with indignation at the thought of being reduced to the necessity of such an expedient, to execute a wretch who had committed a murder with every possible aggravation, had not themselves made a gallows and set it up.

It was erected upon a plain between Strabane and Lifford; and on the fifteenth day of December, about one o'clock in the morning, Macnaghton, who had been fettered upon his condemnation, was brought down from his room in the prison, in order to have his fetters taken off; but there was not a smith to be found that would do it: and if one of those who had refused the office had not been compelled by a party of the Light Horse to perform it, the criminal must, contrary to law, have been executed with his fetters on: the Sheriff was obliged to send for the executioner, a very old man from Cavan.

The execution of Macnaghton and Dunlop was then effected, but not until the former had broken the rope, and was hung up a second time. The bodies were buried together in one grave, behind the church of Strabane.

## LINES TO THE MEMORY OF SIR ROBERT PEEL, BART.,

"THE death-bell tolls, but why around  
Should whisp'ring wonder note the sound?  
Too oft those fatal tones we hear,  
They mark each minute of the year ;  
Then wherefore should their warning now  
Strike on each heart and chill the brow ? "

"Unheeded sink the insect-swarm,  
That flutter in the noontide warm,  
But all must see with glistening eye,  
In blood the stricken eagle lie ;  
And all who hear them must deplore  
Those sounds that tell us Peel 's no more."

And can it be?—and is he dead?  
And is that master-spirit fled,  
Which but a few brief hours ago,  
Communion held with us below,  
And like Prometheus of old,  
Lent fire to things of duller mould ?

How oft his voice the tempest quell'd,  
When faction's madness loudest swell'd !  
How oft when all was blank dismay,  
His counsels pointed safety's way !  
A beacon in the deepest night,  
High o'er the waters flamed his light.

How flowed his bounty far and wide,  
No ebb was in that ceaseless tide,  
But still in secret, like the flow'r  
That only shews in evening's hour  
The treasures of its opening breast,  
When other buds are closed in rest.

No flatterer he of high or low ;  
A constant friend, a generous foe,  
By both aspersed in passion's day,  
For loving less himself than they,  
And saving in their own despite  
The blind who held their darkness light.

But they who lov'd him least when here  
Now mourn, admire, almost revere ;  
For all can feel now he is gone  
They 've lost the staff they leant upon ;  
Or if some spark of hate survive,  
'Tis but in baser breasts alive.

Then do not carve his name on stone,  
With epitaphs to make it known ;  
That name upon a nation's heart  
Is written deep and ne'er will part ;  
'Tis grav'd on History's lasting page,  
Which all shall read for many an age.

## HEROINES OF THE PEERAGE.

## No. III.—BLANCHE, LADY ARUNDELL OF WARDOUR.

“That wicked band of rebels fresh begon  
That castle to assaile on every side,  
And lay strong siege about it far and wyde.”

SPENSER.

GREAT events produce great actors, is a saying amply borne out by the testimony of history past and present. It is a curious reflection, too, that but for the various Revolutions which have occurred from time to time, and by agitating society to its very foundation, have seemed to threaten its entire destruction—Biography would have lost some of its brightest ornaments, together with some of its most splendid developments of human character. The Era of Revolutions, therefore, being the great school for “mind” and “action,” to its epoch must we look especially, if we wish to meet with any great display of intellect or heroism.

Our own Great Rebellion, chronicled by Clarendon, abounds in examples illustrative of the truthfulness of the foregoing remarks. Already have we drawn upon its annals for one of our Heroines, the first of this series, and again does it furnish us with the subject matter of this paper. Blanche Somerset, Baroness Arundell of Wardour, whose name stands side by side with that of Charlotte de la Tremouille, was the sixth of the seven daughters of Edward, fourth Earl of Worcester of the Somersets, by Elizabeth, third and youngest daughter of Francis Hastings, second Earl of Huntingdon of her family, and was married at an early age to Thomas, second Lord Arundell of Wardour, a nobleman who, on the breaking out of the war between Charles and the Parliamentarians, embraced the royal cause with ardour, and fell fighting gallantly at the head of his regiment in the battle of Lansdown. Previously, however, to his joining the royal forces, he had left his castle of Wardour in the custody of his lady, who shewed herself as we shall see, truly worthy of the confidence which her husband had reposed in her resolution and fidelity, by the noble defence she made against her savage and unprincipled besiegers.

It would appear that in the early part of the month of May, 1643, Sir Edward Hungerford, the Commander-in-Chief of the rebels in Wiltshire, while engaged in one of his expeditions through that county, in search of some fugitive royalists, came before Wardour Castle, and on demanding admission in the name of the Parliament, received not only a contemptuous reply, but certain hints that the inmates were fully prepared to give him a warm reception should he persist on entering. Discretion, it would seem, on this occasion was recognized by Hungerford as the better part of valour, for he immediately retired to recruit his forces, and

soon returned, having augmented the latter to 1300 strong. He now formally called upon Lady Arundell to surrender up the castle, and on being informed that she had a command from her lord to keep it, and that she would obey his command, he forthwith prepared to reduce it to submission. And here it would be as well perhaps, before entering into the details of the siege, to inform the reader, in order that he may properly estimate the valour of the besieged, that their force amounted but to five-and-twenty fighting men, making up, with the ordinary complement of other servants and women, about fifty inmates.

On the day following that on which Lady Arundell had so heroically expressed her determination not to yield to the Parliamentarians, the latter prepared to invest the castle on all sides. Bringing up their cannon to within musket shot, they opened their batteries, keeping up a perpetual firing upon the fortress for five entire days. During this period they sprung two mines; the first in a vault through which beer and wood, and other necessaries were brought into the castle. The second was conveyed in the small vaults, which by reason of the intercourse between the several passages to various offices and rooms in the castle, produced a fearful shock, actually shaking the huge mass of building to its very foundation. Nothing daunted, however, the valiant little band of the besieged stood courageously to their posts. "The rebels," says a writer in the *Mercurius Rusticus*, "had often tendered some unreasonable conditions to the besieged to surrender; as, to give the ladies, Lady Arundell and her daughter-in-law, together with the other women and children, quarter, but not the men. The ladies both infinitely scorning to sacrifice the lives of their friends and servants to redeem their own from the cruelty of the rebels, who had no other crime of which they could count them guilty but their fidelity and earnest endeavours to preserve them from violence and robbery, choose bravely (according to the nobleness of their honourable families, from which they were both extracted) rather to die together than live on so dishonourable terms. But now, the castle brought to this distress, the defendants few, oppressed with number, tired out with continual watching and labour from Tuesday to Monday, so distracted between hunger and want of rest, that when the hand endeavoured to administer food, surprised with sleep it forgot its employment, the morsels falling from their hands while they were about to eat, deluding their appetite. Now, when it might have been a doubt which they would first have laded their musquets withal, either powder before bullet or bullet before powder, had not the maid servants (valiant beyond their sex) assisted them, and done that service for them; lastly, now, when the rebels had brought petarrs, and applied them to the garden-doors, (which if forced opened a free passage to the castle,) and balls of wildfire to throw in at their broken windows, and all hope of keeping the castle was taken away; now, and not till now, did the besieged sound a parley."

The terms which they demanded, 1st, that one general quarter should be granted; 2nd: that the ladies should be allowed to secure their wardrobe, and should be privileged to chose six of their serving men as their personal attendants, to whatever place they might be removed; and 3rd, that all the furniture and goods in the castle should be safe from plunder. These terms were eagerly acceded to by the besiegers, who to say good truth, had good reason, notwithstanding their greatly superior force, to hail this conclusion to the siege, as they had suffered much, both from fatigue

and loss. No sooner however had they obtained possession than forgetting all save the first clause in the Articles of Surrender, they commenced immediately to ransack the building, to despoil it of its valuables, and to revel in every description of wanton excess, as the following extract from the *Mercurius Rusticus* bears testimony to :

“ There was in the castle, amongst many rich ones, one extraordinary chimney-piece, valued at two thousand pounds ; this they utterly defaced, and beat down all the carved works thereof, with their pole-axes. There were likewise rare pictures, the work of the most curious pencils that were known to these latter times of the world, and such that Apelles himself (had he been alive) need not blush to own for his. These in a wild fury they break and tear to pieces ; a loss that neither cost nor art can repair.”

Nor was this storm of destruction confined to the interior of the castle. Without, they burnt all the out-houses, pulled up the palings of parks, burnt down tenements and lodges, tore up majestic oaks and elms, drained off the watercourses, and indulged in a thousand other diabolical pranks, occasioning a loss, it is said, of upwards of £100,000. Their treatment too, of the person of Lady Arundell was atrociously brutal. Immediately after her surrender they conveyed her, together with her daughter-in-law and grand-children to Shaftesbury, and would have removed them from there to Bath, where the plague and small-pox were at that time raging, had they not stoutly refused to go unless dragged by force. This act however was too gross to be attempted.

Wardour Castle had been held by the Parliamentarians but a short period, when it was re-captured after another severe siege by the royalists. On the occasion of these two assaults, it received such serious injury as to be made uninhabitable or at least useless 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 topographers to discriminate its former arrangements and extent.

Lady Arundell died the 28th October, 1649, surviving her husband,—who fell as we have noticed at the field of Lansdown—but a few years

#### No. IV.—GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

“ Sure Heaven approves of Fox's cause,  
 (‘Tho’ slaves at Court abhor him),  
 To vote for Fox, then, who can pause,  
 Since *angels* canvass for him !”

#### WESTMINSTER ELECTION.

AND truly, setting aside all party politics, we cannot wonder at the issue of the celebrated Westminster election of 1784, which placed Fox at the head of the poll, when we remember that that end was in a great measure brought about by the unparalleled exertions of the Duchess of Devonshire, supported by her sister, Lady Duncannon, and Mrs. Crewe, than whom, as it was jocularly observed at the time with reference to their personal appearance—*more lovely portraits* never appeared upon *canvass*.

Her grace was the eldest daughter of John, Earl of Spencer, and was born the 9th of June, 1757. Though extremely captivating in face



and figure, her personal charms would appear to have constituted the smallest portion of her claims to general admiration, for her beauty lay rather in the amenity and graces of her deportment, in her irresistible manners, and in the seduction of her society, than in that regularity of features and faultless formation of limbs and shape which the Venus de Medici has established as the standard of female perfection. Indeed her hair was not, it is said, without a tinge of red; and her face, though pleasing, might have been considered perhaps as an ordinary countenance, had it not been illuminated by the sparkling brilliancy of a highly cultivated mind. Further gifted with an ardent temper, susceptible of deep as well as strong impressions, her heart naturally became the seat of those emotions which sweeten human life, adorn our nature, and diffuse a thousand charms over existence. One of the first of these emotions which developed itself into maturity, was a certain regard for the Duke of Devonshire, to whom she was espoused at the age of seventeen, and ultimately became the mother of two daughters, and of the Marquis of Hartington.\* In the early part of her domestic career the Duchess of Devonshire figured very conspicuously in the poetical literature of her day by the publication of a narrative of "The Passage of the Mountain of St. Gothard," addressed to her children, and performed by herself during one of her continental trips. This work has been translated into the French and Italian languages, an honour which peculiarly marks the merits of her grace's poem. To the year 1784, however, we must direct the attention of our readers as being the most eventful, and the most marked period in the career of the Duchess of Devonshire. In the early part of that year a seat in the Commons, for the city of Westminster, was hotly contested during the general election, by Mr. Fox and Sir Cecil Wray, the latter of whom took the lead in starting and preserved his advantage for a considerable period. The last polling day was rapidly advancing. In this critical state of the contest, however, when every hour became precious, a new and powerful ally appeared on the side of Fox, in the person of the Duchess of Devonshire, who from the decided part she took against the minister, may aptly be compared to Anne Genevieve de Bourbon, Duchesse de Longueville, in the French annals, immortalized by Le Rochefoucault's passion for her, nor less famous for her opposition to Anne of Austria and Mazarin, during the minority of Louis XIV. At the period when her grace joined the banners of Fox, almost all the inhabitants of the metropolis who possessed votes for Westminster had been already polled, so that there remained no resource equal to the emergency except that of bringing up voters residing in the outskirts of the town, or in the circumjacent villages. Here was an arduous duty to be performed, yet notwithstanding its irksome nature, and the dangers with which it was fraught, which would have been sufficient to have intimidated many a stout heart, still the foremost to volunteer in the service was the elegant and the courtly-bred Georgiana of Devonshire, who, setting aside every species of false delicacy, and considering the sacrifices she made of her own feelings, as sacrifices to the welfare and prosperity of her country—cheerfully undertook the part which she had assigned to herself in the cause, namely, that of leader of the Fox recruiting party. Her exertions, as the decisive day which was to

\* The present Duke of Devonshire.

settle the Westminster election approached, became actually superhuman ; ascending her carriage at day-break she would not leave it till dusk, while she employed herself during the whole of that period, in driving to the respective dwellings of the out-lying voters with whose addresses she had previously furnished herself. Neither entreaties nor promises were spared by her to secure a vote. In some instances even personal caresses were said to have been permitted, in order to prevail on the surly or inflexible ; and there can be no doubt of common mechanics having been conveyed to the hustings, on more than one occasion, by the Duchess in her own coach. The result of these exertions were of course crowned with success to her party, and with satisfaction to herself.

The Duchess died on the 30th of March, 1806, but a very short period prior to the demise of Fox, leaving behind her a character unequalled for patriotic duties, and unbounded charity, together with a literary reputation of no ordinary description, whether considered as a contributor to the *belle lettres* of her day, or as a patron of their devotees.

POPULAR RHYMES, SAYINGS, PROVERBS, PROPHECIES,  
&c., PECULIAR TO NORTHUMBERLAND.

NEWCASTLE RHYMES, &c. *Continued.*

- 16.—Ride through Sandgate, both up and down,  
There you'll see the Gallants fighting for the crown ;  
All the cull cuckolds in Sunderland town,  
With all the bonnie blue-caps, cannot pull them down.

The above is supposed to be a fragment of a song written on occasion of the siege of Newcastle, by Leslie and the Scots. The "blue-caps" (Scotchmen) did, however, after a most gallant defence, at last succeed in pulling them down, 19 Oct., 1644.—*Sharp's Bishoprick Garland.*

17.—THE BLACK INDIES.

Newcastle (super Tynam) and the surrounding district is so called in consequence of its immense coal wealth.

- 18.—OF ALL THE CHURCHES IN OUR LAND,  
LET THEM BE NE'ER SAN BEAW,  
ST. NICHOLAS' OF NEWCASTLE TOWN,  
YET FAIRLY BANGS THEM A'.

The inhabitants of Newcastle are justly proud of that singularly beautiful specimen of architecture, the steeple of St. Nicholas's Church. This tower has been in danger of destruction by the ravages of war. In October 1644, when the town was besieged by the Scottish forces, the general pointed his cannon at St. Nicholas, and declared that he would blow it down unless the town capitulated. It is said that the mayor, Sir John Marley, immediately caused the chief of the Scottish prisoners, of whom they had a considerable number, to be so disposed upon and around the steeple that its destruction must have been fatal to them. "Our enemies," he said, "shall either fall with us or preserve us." The tower was consequently spared.

"Long has it stood ilk bitter blast  
And longer may it stand;  
As it has been for ages past,  
A pattern to our land.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then long may fam'd S. Nicholas stand,  
Before it does come down,  
That when we dee, our bairns may see,  
The beauty of that town.

*Newcastle Song*

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POPULAR RHYMES, &c., &c., ON THE INHABITANTS, FAMILIES, &c., &c., OF  
NEWCASTLE ON TYNE.

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1.—HONOUR BRIGHT, BET WATT!

A protestation of honour often made use of by the common people in Newcastle and the neighbourhood. It originated with, and is still retained in commemoration of a late well-known Newcastle female worthy.

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2.—YE'RE LIKE TOM TODD'S FIG : IT'S A' YOUR AIN BRINGING ON.

Tom Todd lived in one of the purlieus of Westgate, and his pig having broken down the barriers of its sty was roaming at liberty, when a carriage in passing by ran over it, and broke one of its legs. It roared out mightily; and as soon as its owner caught hold of it he exclaimed, "*Dams you, make less noise; it's a' your ain bringing on.*"

This saying is peculiarly applicable to those who are continually grumbling at the unkindness of *Fortune*; when, in truth, they can attribute their misfortunes to no other issue than their own misconduct.

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3.—AS FINE AS FORTY POKE'S WIFE, WHO DRESSED HERSELF WITH PRIMROSES.  
A Newcastle comparison.

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4.—HAS GOT THE NEWCASTLE BURE IN HIS THERAT.

The inhabitants of Newcastle on Tyne, Morpeth, and various other places in the same localities, have a guttural pronunciation, like that called in Leicestershire *warling*; none of them being able to pronounce the letter R.

The "burr" is a peculiar whirring sound, made by the natives, in pronouncing, or endeavouring to pronounce the above letter, derived from their Danish ancestors. Hutchinson in his *History of Durham*, vol. i. says, "Upon the whole, our intercourse with the Danes, seems to have introduced nothing but evil; they appear to have been mere savages, barbarous in their manners, ferocious and uncultivated; and like a troop of wolves, came upon the distracted villages, carrying nothing but desolation and horror in their progress. If they brought no benefits which survived to posterity, they have left us one memorial of their execrable existence,—the dregs of a guttural language; than which the tongues of Africa, and the coasts of Guinea, or the wild nations of America, are not more disgusting." See Richardson's *Tab. Bk. Leg. Div.* vol. i. p. 321.

"Refining in language, improving in notes,  
Letter R runs far smoother and glib through their throats;  
Their Andrews, these surnames, bear better degrees,  
Ralphs, Richardsons, Rogersons, uttered with ease."

*Address of the Guildhall Crows.*

The following song was published in December 1791, as from one of the rooks which built their nest on the vane of the Exchange, and addressed to the good people of Newcastle:—

"Rough rolled the roaring river's stream,  
And rapid ran the rain,  
When Robert Rutter dreamt a dream,  
Which rack'd his heart with pain.

He dreamt there was a raging bear,  
Rushed from the rugged rocks,  
And strutting round with horrid stare,  
Breathed terror to the brocks.

But Robert Rutter drew his sword,  
And rushing forward right,  
The horrid creature's throttle gor'd,  
And barr'd his rueful spite."

\* \* \* \* \*

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#### 5.—CRANKIES.

A proverbial name for pitmen.

"The *Crankies*, farrer back nor I naw,  
Hae gyen to 'sizes to see trumpets blaw."

Song. *Bob Cranky's Complaint.*

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#### 6.—STANDS LIKE A NEWCASTLE FISH WIFE.

A horse-dealer's phrase touching the peculiar manner in which some horses stand with their fore-legs.

- 7.—1. Here did Thornton enter in,  
With hope, a halfpenny, and a lamb's skin.
2. In at the West Gate came Thornton in,  
With a hapfen, hapt in a ram's skynn.  
*Iceland.*
3. At the West Gate came Thornton in,  
With a hap, and a halfpenny in a ram's skin.
4. At the West Gate cam Thornton in,  
With a hap, a halfpenny, and a lamb's skin.
5. With a hopp, a halfpenny, and a lamb skin,  
At the West Gate came Hodge Thornton in!

Such are the various readings of a whimsical and satirical couplet peculiar to Newcastle. The latter version is given by John Stainsby, of Clement's Inn, gent., in his "*Observations in a Northern Journey*," taken Hilary Vacation, 1666. Original in Ashmole MSS. vol. 834. art vi. and printed in Archæol. Æliana, iii. p. 119.

In the "Love Sick King," by Anthony Brewer, gent., 1655, Thornton, the pedlar, is a character, and writes on a tile.

Roger de Thornton, the munificent patron of Newcastle, was born at Thornton, in the parish of Hartburn, and raised himself, by the profession of a merchant, from the most abject poverty, to (for that period) more than princely affluence. He rebuilt the West Gate, and founded the Maison de Dieu in Newcastle, was nine times mayor, and one of its representatives in parliament for several years. In 1429, Roger de Thornton in his will appointed the Hermit, then residing on Tyne Bridge at Newcastle, to be one of the xxx. priests whom he had ordered to sing masses for his soul, with a bequest of vi. marks annually. He died January 1429-30.

The fine sepulchral brass in the church of St. Nicholas, Newcastle, to the memory of Roger Thornton, measures 7 ft. 5 in. by 4ft. 3 in. It represents the rich merchant and his wife, in the dresses of the period; the figures are placed under an extremely rich design in tabernacle work, with figures of saints and angels. The inscription is as follows:—

Vir. iacet. rogerus. thornton. m'catnr. noni. castri. super. tinam. qui. obit.  
ju. nigelia. saucte. ka'frine. anno. domini. m. cccc. xi. p'prietur. deus. amen.

The arms are, a chevron, with an annulet in base, impaling a chevron, and a chief indented. Seven sons and seven daughters appear below the principal figures.

His son, Sir Roger de Thornton, left an only daughter and heiress who was espoused by George, Lord Lumley, of Lumley Castle, in the county of Durham, who slew George Thornton, his wife's bastard brother, in a duel at Windsor.

Although aware that I shall meet with not only great but powerful opposition to the following theory, I must still observe, that by the omission of the art. "a" in the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th variorum readings of the rhyme, and translating the word "hap" by luck, or fortune, rather

than *coverlet* or *blanket*, we arrive at a more reasonable and rational result. (Qy.) Was not the *Ram's* or *Lamb's skin* his covering, or garment; or rather perhaps he might be clothed in the customary manner of those belonging to his class, and the *skin* be in the place of his first article of merchandise? In confirmation of the above remark we have the following English and Scots proverbs, which surely will prove the birth of the word *hap*, in the sense of LUCK, many centuries previous to that of Newcastle's princely merchant:—

1. Some have HAP, some stick in the gap.
2. Nae man cad mak his ain HAP.
3. HAP and a *halfpenny*, is ward's gear enough.

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#### 8.—NEWCASTLE HOSPITALITY.

That is, roasting a friend to death; or, according to a more popular colloquial phrase, "Killing a person with kindness."

Newcastle hospitality was, or is, a roasting of a different kind to that which is conveyed by taking the proverb literally. It no doubt alludes to the ancient drinking customs of Newcastle and Northumberland—customs now, happily, to a great extent at least, laid aside. In olden time no one was permitted to leave the room until he fell dead-drunk under the table, or was obliged to be carried out. To procure this *desirable condition* the bottoms of the wine glasses were broken off, so that they could not stand, and must of necessity be kept filled and in full employment. And as a refinement upon this plan, still larger glasses were introduced with rounded bottoms, whence they were called "*tumbblers*," whereby the still larger potations, which their bulk would enable the roysterers to quaff, would capacitate them the sooner to take their place underneath the table, and cultivate a closer acquaintance with the floor.

There is another form in which the natives of Northumberland (and perhaps others) use the word *roast*. A man is said to be "well roasted" when he has undergone a severe gibing and bantering from a merciless crew of *men-cooks*, who feel disposed to exert their spleen upon some tender point in the party who undergoes the *roasting*. Thus the word is used in the Local Hist. Tab. Bk. Legend. Div. vol. ii. p. 6. "No doubt the individuals immediately concerned were punished in due course of law; but the keelmen as a body, the amateurs of roasted lamb in general, were themselves now *roasted* by the incessant banter of their fellow operatives on shore. They found, as it were, a second battery opened, a second fire turned upon them: on the one hand the gently whispered enquiry, '*How div ye like Alder's gyuse pye?*' and on the other, the broad question, '*Hev ye ony lamb iv yor huddock?*'"

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#### 9.—SHE'S A SANDHILLER!

Any celebrated female blackguard is so termed in the counties of Durham and Yorkshire. I never heard it applied to any other than the *fair sex*. It most evidently has derived its popular existence from *Sandhill*, in Newcastle. Parallel with the above is the metropolitan expression,

"A Billingsgate;" which Mr. Grose, in his *Collection of Local Proverbs*, says is spoken of those ladies who are "not famous for the politeness of their address, delicacy of language, or patience and long-suffering." Mr. Brockett says, "The *Sandhillers* and *Sandgaters* certainly give fine specimens of what Quintilian calls the 'canina eloquentia.'"

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10.—"Here lies Robin Wallis,  
The prince of Good-fellows,  
Clerk of All-Hallows,  
And mender of Bellows:  
He bellows did blow, to the day of his death,  
But he that made bellows, could never make breath."

An Epitaph *said to have existed*, in the old church of All-Saints, Newcastle; but I don't believe it.

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11.—MUZZLE HER, MUZZLE HER; PUT HER ON THE BRANKS.

The above is still occasionally repeated by one or other of "*the good men of Newcastle*," when they chance to hear one of their native females from the localities of Sandgate or Sandhill, giving too free scope to her passions by the volubility of her tongue, and the extent of her voice.

The *Branks* was an instrument formerly kept in the Mayor's chamber, Newcastle, for the punishment of "chiding and scolding women;" and it is still preserved in the Justice room in the Manors. It is made of iron, fastens round the head like a muzzle, and has a spike to insert in the mouth so as effectually to silence the offending organ within.

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12.—COCK'S CANNY HINNIES.

These were the daughters and rich co-heiresses of Alderman Cock, of Newcastle. Dorothy married Mark Milbanke, ancestor of the baronets of that name; Jane married William Carr, Esq.; Ann married Thomas Davison, Esq., ancestor of the Beamish family; and Barbara married Henry Marley, son of Sir John Marley, the gallant defender of Newcastle.

Dorothy, the eldest, is still traditionally known in Yorkshire by the familiar name of Dolly Cock. She built Halnaby Hall, in the North Riding of the county of York; and, during that period, used, once a week, to ride over on horseback, from Newcastle, to report progress to the alderman, her father, Ralph Cock, the rich Newcastle grocer.

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13.—HOB COLLINGWOOD.

A name given in Newcastle to the four of hearts in the game of whist. Old ladies, in general, look upon it as proverbially unlucky.

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14.—HE'S GETTEN INTO LIMBO, UP THE NINETEEN STEPS.

That is, he is under confinement in Newcastle old Gaol.

## 15.—THE NEWCASTLE BURE.

Ask a native belonging to the lower orders in the guid town to repeat the following alliterative verse :—

“Round the rugged rocks the ragged rascals ran their rural race,”

and 'tis more than ten to one you will have cause to rue it.

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15.—WHENNE CAPITAINE MEETES CAPITAINE,  
ONNE YE TIME, SHALLE  
LETTE YE CORPORATION, THENNE  
LOKE OUT FOR SQUALLE.

*Said to be a prophetic of Thomas ye Rhymer (?)*

*From the “Gateshead Observer, N. P., of May 12, 1849.*

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## 16.—NEWCASTLE SCOTS ARE THE WORST OF ALL SCOTTS.

Query ? Does this allude to the natives of the “Land of Cakes,” resident in Newcastle, or to a Newcastle family bearing the above popular, but by no means discreditable surname ?

May be, the proverb simply means that he who “turns his coat,” becomes more bigotted to his “new love,” than the genuine professor.

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17.—‘LIKE WILL TO LIKE,’ AS THE DEVIL SAID TO THE  
NEWCASTLE COLLIER :—

Or, as the scabb'd Squire said to the mangy Knight, when they both met over a dish of butter'd fish.

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## 18.—A KEYSIDE UMBRELLA.

A swill, or kind of basket, formed of unpeeled willows, which is generally carried on the head of a certain class of Newcastle female worthies. When the weather is wet and the basket empty, they invariably wear it topsy-turvy : hence its proverbial Newcastle name.

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19.—“NOO, NOO, CANNY JUDGE, PLAY THE REET CAIED, AND ITS A DEED  
FIG,” QUOTH THE MAYOR OF NEWCASTLE.

*Deed, is dead : and a Deed Pig is all over with anything.*

There is a good story told of a quondam alderman of Newcastle, that when Mayor, playing at Whist with the late Judge Buller, and having nine and six tricks, he called out in a transport of joy, “*Noo, noo, canny Judge, &c.*”



20.—O! BASH MAULT,  
THOU DIDST THE FAULT,  
AND INTO TYNE THOU SHALT.

Henry Wallis, a master shipwright of Newcastle, having been guilty, while in his cups, of abusing one Barnes, a stiff Puritan, and alderman to boot, of the good town, was committed to the tower on Tyne bridge, where, finding a quantity of malt lying in the chamber wherein he was confined, he threw it all out of the prison window with a shovel, into the river Tyne, amusing himself the while with singing the above beautiful little poetical triplet. The tune would, no doubt, be as original as the song itself, and 'tis with pity I record its loss.

21.—A SANDGATE BATTLE.

A peculiar step in vulgar dancing, consisting of a quick and violent beating of the heels and toes on the floor.

22.—THE MEALY-MOUTHED MILBANKS.

The above family characteristic must be accounted for in the prevailing Newcastle tradition, that the first of the family who settled in his migration from the *Land o' Cakes*, in the above town, bore the pleb-like name of *Mealbanks*. It appears that the canny soft-mouthed Scot was not only industrious, but thrifty withal; and being patronized by that fickle old ladie, Dame Fortune, she raised him far above the common herd of mankind in point of worldly wealth. His children, not admiring the patronymic of their immediate ancestor, changed the name to *Milbank*.—*See saying No 12, and note thereon.*

There is a hamlet of the name of *Mea bank*, near Kendal, in co. Westmoreland.

23.—THE THIEF AND BEAVER BELL.

The proverbial name given to the tolling of the great bell of the church of St. Nicholas, in Newcastle. From time immemorial this bell has been rung at eight o'clock of the evening preceding every fair, as a kind of invitation, or proclamation, that all manner of *whores, thieves, dice-players, and all other unthrifty folks*, be welcome to enter the town, whether they come late or early.

24.—THE DRUNKARD'S CLOAK; OR NEWCASTLE CLOAK.

The CLOAK for the Drunkard, and the BRANKS for the scold, were two ancient Newcastle punishments, which were often used on those disturbers of the peace in the seventeenth century. The common drunkard was led through the streets as a spectacle of contempt, covered with a large barrel, called a NEWCASTLE CLOAK, one end being out, and the other having a hole through it, of sufficient size to allow the offender's head to pass through, by which means the vessel rested on his shoulders. In this manner he was led, or rather driven through the town.

M. A. D.

*P. B. nr. D. in com. Dunelm.*

IS THE PRESENT DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE NOW ONE OF "THE ROYAL FAMILY," AND IS HE ENTITLED TO THE STYLE OF "ROYAL HIGHNESS?"

THIS inquiry has already been seriously started, and is of some importance, as being not only of private curiosity but of public interest also, since it raises questions both as to the *status* and the privileges of the Duke. For instance, his exemption from paying taxes and his rank in society are involved in the matter. To solve the inquiry is a task of more difficulty than may at first be imagined. The law is very obscure upon the subject of who are and who are not of the Royal Family, and even Sir William Blackstone is anything but satisfactory when touching upon it. Under these circumstances we will endeavour, by a careful research into historic precedents and learned opinions, to come to as clear a conclusion as we possibly can.

In the first place, is the Duke now a member of the Royal Family? This can be only answered by finding out what is meant by that term. After speaking of the Prince of Wales, Blackstone in his "Commentaries," vol. i., p. 225, writes thus :—

"The rest of the royal family may be considered in two different lights, according to the different senses in which the term *royal family* is used. The larger sense includes all those who are by any possibility inheritable to the crown. Such, before the revolution, were all the descendants of William the Conqueror; who had branched into an amazing extent by intermarriages with the ancient nobility. Since the revolution and act of settlement, it means the protestant issue of the Princess Sophia, now comparatively few in number, but which in process of time may possibly be as largely diffused. The more confined sense includes only those who are within a certain degree of propinquity to the reigning prince, and to whom, therefore, the law pays an extraordinary regard and respect; but after that degree is past, they fall into the rank of ordinary subjects, and are seldom considered any farther, unless called to the succession upon failure of the nearer lines. For, though collateral consanguinity is regarded indefinitely with respect to inheritance or succession, yet it is, and can only be regarded within some certain limits in any other respect, by the natural constitution of things and the dictates of positive law."

Now it is clear that to hold any person included in the larger sense of the term a member of the Royal Family would be not sustainable at law, for if it were so, the present King of Denmark, as a descendant of George III., should be invested with the rights, titles, and privileges of such a position; so should the Dukes of Brunswick, one of whom is now resid-

ing in this country, and is no doubt liable to pay taxes just as any other private person living within that realm. And again, if the larger sense were to be taken, exemption from taxation, according as the royal descendants would increase might be extended *ad infinitum*. No one, too, would maintain that the almost innumerable descendants of William the Conqueror were sharers in the privileges or dignities of the Royal Family, as existing before the revolution and the act of settlement. The more confined sense, therefore, must be the only one to mark out those who really are members of the Royal Family, and it remains to be seen whether the present Duke of Cambridge comes within that sense. Blackstone says that that confined sense embraces those who are within a certain degree of propinquity to the reigning prince; and though he nowhere clearly explains what that degree is, he infers throughout his following remarks that it comprehends only the *sons, daughters, brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, nephews, nieces, and grandchildren of the sovereign actually reigning*. After what we have quoted, the learned commentator thus proceeds:—

“The younger sons and daughters of the king, and other branches of the royal family who are not in the immediate line of succession, were therefore little farther regarded by the ancient law, than to give them, to a certain degree, precedence before all peers and public officers, as well ecclesiastical as temporal. This is done by the statute 31 Hen. VIII. c. 10, which enacts, that no person, except the king's children, shall presume to sit or have place at the side of the cloth of estate in the parliament chamber, and that certain great officers therein named shall have precedence above all Dukes, except only such as shall happen to be the king's son, brother, uncle, nephew (which Sir Edward Coke explains to signify grandson or *nepos*), or brother's or sister's son. Therefore, after these degrees are past, peers or others of the *blood royal* are entitled to no place or precedence except what belongs to them by their personal rank or dignity. Which made Sir Edward Walker complain, that by the hasty creation of Prince Rupert to be Duke of Cumberland, and of the Earl of Lennox to be Duke of that name, previous to the creation of King Charles's second son, James, to be Duke of York, it might happen that their grandsons would have precedence of the grandsons of the Duke of York.

“Indeed, under the description of the King's *children* his *grandsons* are held to be included, without having recourse to Sir Edward Coke's interpretation of nephew: and therefore when his late majesty, King George II., created his grandson Edward, the second son of Frederick Prince of Wales deceased, Duke of York, and referred it to the House of Lords to settle his place and precedence, they certified that he ought to have place next to the late Duke of Cumberland, the then King's youngest son, and that he might have a seat on the left hand of the cloth of estate. But when, on the accession of his present majesty, (*i. e.* George III.) those royal personages ceased to take place as the *children*, and ranked only as the *brother* and *uncle* of the King, they also left their seats on the side of the cloth of estate; so that when the Duke of Gloucester, his Majesty's second brother, took his seat in the house of peers, he was placed on the upper end of the Earls' bench (on which the Dukes usually sit) next to his royal highness the Duke of York. And in 1718, upon a question referred to all the judges by King George I., it was resolved by the opinion of ten against the other two, that the education and care of all the King's

grandchildren while minors did belong of right to his Majesty as King of this realm, even during their father's life. But they all agreed, that the care and approbation of their marriages, when grown up, belonged to the King, their grandfather. And the judges have more recently concurred in opinion, that this care and approbation extend also to the presumptive heir of the crown; though to what other branches of the royal family the same did extend, they did not find precisely determined. The most frequent instances of the crown's interposition go no farther than nephews and nieces; but examples are not wanting of its reaching to more distant collaterals.\* And the statute 6 Henry VI., before mentioned, which prohibits the marriage of a Queen Dowager without the consent of the King, assigns this reason for it: 'because the disparagement of the Queen shall give greater comfort and example to other ladies of estate, who are of the blood royal more lightly to disparage themselves.' Therefore by the statute 28 Hen. VIII. c. 18. (repealed, among other statutes of treasons, by 1 Edw. VI. c. 12.) it was made high treason for any man to contract marriage with the King's children or reputed children, his sisters or aunts *ex parte paterna*, or the children of his brethren or sisters; being exactly the same degrees to which precedence is allowed by the statute 31 Hen. VIII. before mentioned. And now, by statute 12 Geo. III. c. 11., no descendant of the body of King George II., (other than the issue of princesses married into foreign families) is capable of contracting matrimony without the previous consent of the King signified under the great seal; and any marriage contracted without such consent is void. Provided, that such of the said descendants as are above the age of twenty-five, may after a twelve-month's notice, given to the King's Privy Council, contract and solemnize marriage without the consent of the crown, unless both houses of parliament shall, before the expiration of the said year, expressly declare their disapprobation of such intended marriage. And all persons solemnizing, assisting, or being present at any such prohibited marriage, shall incur the penalties of the statute of *præsumptio*."

The only part of this extract which would seem to go in favour of the Duke of Cambridge is the note at the end, which gives instances of the Crown's interposition in the case of distant collaterals, but these instances reach no later than the reign of Queen Elizabeth, before the time when the question was ever seriously mooted. Moreover, the note becomes of little import when it speaks of *the blood royal in general* being included, because then something more than the actual Royal Family was meant.

The most important precedent, however, alluded to by Blackstone, is the reference to the judges by George I., in 1718, a full report of which appears in the "State Trials." There the object was to know whether the King, or his son, the Prince of Wales, should have the care and education of the Prince's issue, the King's grandchildren, and the approbation of their marriages.

\* To *great nieces*; under Edward II., 3 Rym. 575, 644. To *first cousins*; under Edward III., 5 Rym. 177. To *second and third cousins*; under Edward III., 5 Rym. 729—under Richard II., 7 Rym. 225—under Henry VI., 10 Rym. 329—under Henry VII., 12 Rym. 529—under Queen Elizabeth, Camd. Ann. A.D. 1562. To *fourth cousins*; under Henry VII., 12 Rym. 329. To *the blood royal in general*; under Richard II., 7 Rym. 787.

The case which was decided by the majority of the judges in favour of the King, although merely establishing that his grandchildren were subject to his care and controul, did in some measure raise the point of who were or who were not of the Royal Family. Throughout the lengthened judgments which the judges gave on that occasion, though alluding to the case of Arabella Stuart (of which presently), they never once asserted that the cousins of the monarch were members of the Royal Family. In 1772, when the Royal Marriage Act was under consideration of Parliament, the Lords consulted the judges on the extent of the prerogative of the Crown in respect to marriages of the Royal Family. The judges concurred in opinion "that the approbation of the marriages of the presumptive heir of the crown in whatever degree related to the King, but confessed that they could not precisely ascertain to what other branches of the Royal Family this prerogative extended." Their lordships evidently here confounded the term royal family with royal blood, but still they made no declaration in favour of cousins of the monarch. The Marriage Act itself, as above quoted by Blackstone, extending as it does to the descendants, *ad infinitum*, of George II., has of course nothing to do with the point here under discussion.

We now come to the case of Arabella Stuart, whose marriage without the consent of James I. was deemed and punished as an offence against the Royal prerogative. The Lady Arabella was King James's first cousin *parte paterna*, being the daughter of his father, Lord Darnley's brother, but she was only his second cousin *parte materna*, her essential relationship being that to Mary Stuart which put her in succession to the Crown. Now throughout the arbitrary proceedings relative to this unfortunate Arabella Stuart, as given in the "State Trials," she is not spoken of as a member of the Royal Family, but as being one of the royal blood and in succession to the throne, which, therefore, leaves the point much as it was before. And even if it did not, the King's cruel and unjustifiable conduct towards the Lady Arabella cannot be fairly looked upon as a legal precedent at all.

It may be said that the present Duke of Cambridge was the nephew, and not the cousin, of the Sovereign who preceded the present Queen, but that clearly will not be sufficient, because it is evident from the instance Blackstone gives above of the Duke of Gloucester, that the position of the princes of the blood shifts with each succeeding monarch.

In the absence, therefore, of any legal precedent or enactment to establish the contrary, one would be inclined, though still not without doubt, to come to the conclusion that the present Duke of Cambridge is not included within what is to be legally meant by "the Royal Family," and that he takes his rank and privileges only according to the terms and effect of his ducal patent.

Nevertheless an old tome of authority now before us, published in the reign of James I., and entitled "A Catalogue of Honour," gives his precedence pursuant to the following scale :—

- "The King's Majesty.
- The Prince of Wales.
- Dukes descended of Royal Blood.*
- Dukes not descended of Royal Blood.
- Dukes' eldest sonnes descended of Royal Blood.
- &c., &c., &c."

If this scale be right, he would therefore still rank above ordinary Dukes, though not himself of the Royal Family; yet we are inclined to doubt the correctness of this.

It may be observed that the act relating to the taxes, which exempts "any of the Royal Family" from some of its provisions, affords the Duke the opportunity of easily having this interesting question legally and positively settled.

With regard to the remaining point, whether the Duke can be called His Royal Highness, that much depends upon the correct solution of the previous inquiry, for, if he be not one of the Royal Family he can hardly be entitled to the designation. The children of the King were in history called children of England. Selden terms them heirs apparent of England, and they are so named in the Parliament Rolls. This agrees with the custom of the earliest times, for, till Henry the First's reign, the eldest and the rest of the King's sons were styled Clito and Clitones, from the Greek *κλειτος* (*inclytus*) most famous or noble. So the word *Ætheling* applied to princes of the royal family (as Edgar *Ætheling*, who, by the way, was not the King's son, but his great nephew) came from the Saxon *Ethol*, *nobilis*. The designation "Royal Highness," is most probably in place of these ancient terms of distinction, and no doubt attaches to each ascertained member of the Royal Family. It may be urged that, even if it be allowed that the present Duke of Cambridge is not strictly of the Royal Family, yet custom has already long given him the appellation of Royal Highness, and her Majesty so named him in her message to Parliament. This, we think, would not make any difference, for custom cannot invest a party with a dignity; and although the Queen, as the fountain of honour, can bestow what title she pleases, still the donation must be made by patent, or at least by some mode shewing her direct intention of granting the favour.

It is somewhat singular, as shewing the great doubt there is upon this subject, that in 1816, on the marriage of the late Duke of Gloucester with a princess, daughter of King George III., it was thought necessary by warrants or letters, by command of the Prince Regent, on behalf of the Crown, bearing date, "Whitehall, 23rd July, 1816," to order that the Duke and his sister, the Princess Sophia, should be styled Royal Highness. The Duke of Gloucester, be it observed, was not first cousin, but actually nephew of the reigning sovereign.

In conclusion, we would wish it to be fully understood that we have entered into this very curious inquiry, in consequence of the many questions relative to it put to us by persons of education and distinction. In doing so, far be from us the notion of meditating the slightest disparagement to the excellent and justly popular Prince who now bears the honoured title of Duke of Cambridge. Whether he be "His Royal Highness" or "His Grace" is, morally speaking, of little moment to him, when we consider that his proudest rank is the place he now so firmly holds in the warm affections of all her Majesty's subjects. Indeed, the very investigation we have here imperfectly touched upon shews our regard for Royalty, in our wish to have every honour connected with it clearly ascertained and defined.

## SINGULAR CASE OF MESMERISM.

We pretend not to maintain the doctrines of the Mesmerists to the same extent that many amongst themselves do; nor would we attempt to explain those phenomena connected with it, which we do believe simply because we have good evidence for their reality—better indeed than for many things which no one would think of calling in question; and at all events enough has been proved in regard to it to make it a fair subject of investigation, instead of dismissing it with ridicule. Statements have been given to the world by medical men of operations performed upon patients during mesmeric sleep without their being sensible of pain; the question then is, are we to deny the truth of such statements because we do not understand the *rationale* of the process? are they falsehoods palmed upon the world by credulity or interest, and if they be facts is not the principle of magnetism established? Let the reader take the following case and make the best of it.

“Miss Mary D’Alband had for many years suffered much from an injury in the right foot which had long since made amputation necessary. As however she would not give her consent to so painful an operation, it was resolved to have recourse to mesmerism and perform it during the magnetic sleep without her knowledge. With this view she was magnetised by M. Durand, who had no doubt whatever of a favourable result. The first consequence of these mesmeric attempts was that she regained the appetite, and healthy powers of sleep, of which she had long been deprived, and after she had reached that degree of insensibility which was deemed necessary to the operation, the question being put to her during the magnetic slumber, she not only gave her consent but earnestly desired that the diseased foot should be amputated. The operation, therefore, was fixed for the 2nd of October, at twelve o’clock; and at the appointed time Miss D’Alband having in about five minutes been flung into a magnetic sleep, was placed upon the table. The necessary preparations were now made in her presence, and as soon as M. Durand was convinced that she had acquired a sufficient degree of insensibility, he requested the surgeon to begin. The deepest silence prevailed, the assistants fixed their eyes upon the patient, and Dr. Loysel now made a circular incision, cutting through the muscle down upon the bone, so that the greatest part of the tibia and fibula were laid bare. The blood poured out violently. The two flaps were pared, the periosteum severed, and the bone sawed through; a ligature was tied about the bleeding arteries, the wound cleansed and properly bandaged, and yet during the whole time the patient did not exhibit the slightest indications of suffering. She remained calm and motionless, though her hands were free, and frequently

smiled during the most painful parts of the operation, and conversed with the magnetiser. The whole affair lasted about half-an-hour, the insensibility continuing perfect, and the patient knowing nothing of what had passed. The pulse underwent no change either in strength or frequency. She was then placed in bed again, and after having been allowed a quarter of an hour's repose, she was awakened solely by the will of the magnetiser while standing at a short distance from her. Thereupon she opened her eyes and smiled upon the bystanders, remaining in this condition for full ten minutes without seeming to be conscious of what had taken place. At the end of that time she suddenly exclaimed, but without any appearance of pain, 'Ah, I understand! what joy! thanks, my kind friends.' Being asked if she did not recollect having felt something during her sleep, she answered, 'I am not aware of anything, nor have I felt any pain.' To the enquiry how she knew upon awaking that the operation had been performed, she replied, 'that she inferred it from the bolster above her knee'—it had been placed to keep the bed-clothes from her limb—or else it is probable as she felt no pain that she would have known nothing about it."

Miss Mary D'Alband remained perfectly calm the whole day, and rested well at night. The next day was the same. On Monday the 6th of October, at two o'clock, the bandages were removed, and the wound dressed, while she was again flung into a magnetic sleep. Painful as this is in general, the patient exhibited no signs of sensibility, and when awakened afterwards declared that she retained no consciousness of any thing that had been done to her. From the first hour of the operation—ten days had now passed—she continued to maintain the same remarkable cheerfulness, nor did any bad symptom appear, not even that nervous irritability which so frequently is the consequence of painful operations.

After some remarks upon the importance and great advantages of this way of proceeding in surgical operations, the document concludes with the signatures of those who were present on this occasion:—Delente, Director of the Military Hospital at Cherbourg; Mary D'Alband; Loysel, Dr. Med.; P. C. Gibon, D.M.P., Dr. Med.; Durand, Prof. der Philosophie; L. Darayon, Professor.—*Magikon*. 4 Jahrgang 1r Heft p. 22.

At least fifty or sixty similar cases might be given from the Calcutta journals, though at the same time it must be owned that in some few instances the face of the patient exhibited indubitable signs of suffering; still upon awaking—for even in these cases the magnetic sleep remained unbroken—the patient had not the least recollection of having endured any pain. The subject, however, is one worthy of serious consideration.

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## ZAMBECCARI.

(ABBRIDGED FROM KOTZEBUE.)

ZAMBECCARI, the man of iron nerves, is truly a remarkable individual. He has contended against all the elements, and at this moment while he is lying sick and mutilated, can think and talk of nothing else but new adventures. Here is an account of his last attempt to guide his balloon through the air by the help of fire.

The balloon was about five and thirty Parisian feet in circumference. It was provided with a circular lamp, filled with spirits of wine, which had four and twenty holes, all having lids that could be quickly opened or closed according as he wished the flames to burn or be extinguished.

About six o'clock in the morning the balloon was sufficiently filled with gas, and three cannon-shots announced to the city that the ascent was about to take place, when the people thronged to the sight, those who had tickets being admitted within the lists, while the rest of the populace crowded upon the neighbouring hills. All eyes were rivetted upon the two æronauts, who cautiously prepared for their expedition, and at about half-past eleven o'clock Zambeccari and Andreoli entered the car. First they made a remarkable experiment with the oars. Having thrown out five and twenty pounds the balloon ascended as high as the cords which still held it, would allow of its rising. At this height they worked the oars regularly, and, behold! the machine obeyed their impulse, but always with a tendency to ascend. Some imagined that the power of the helm would not be sufficient to counteract the ascending force when the balloon was free, but as it still obeyed the rudder when the cord became relaxed by its inclining towards the earth all doubts were at length removed.

A second experiment was now made. The five and twenty pounds, that had been thrown out, were taken in again, and five more added, so that the ascending force was overbalanced to that amount. At the same time two jets of flame were lighted, and they alone were found sufficient to restore the former equilibrium, and the balloon again ascended as far as the cords would permit. But no sooner were these flames extinguished than the balloon which had begun to swell, again collapsed, and inclined towards the earth, a slight gust of wind driving it against the mast, so that the cord was forced to be drawn in to keep it off.

The third experiment consisted in lighting six jets of flame, the effect of which was naturally so much the more rapid. Even upon their being extinguished the balloon did not immediately sink, but for about two minutes remained at the same height, so long being required to bring its temperature again in accordance with that of the surrounding air, when it again sank as before with an equal motion.

After these experimental essays the æronauts prepared for their excursion, though not till after they had once more tried the weight of the whole machine, and convinced themselves that it was only the excess of a few pounds that occasioned it to descend. Eight jets were now lighted, the cord set free, and the ascent commenced. It was now fifty minutes past ten. Reaumur's thermometer stood at 17, 33. A light wind was blowing from the north. The thunder of six cannons from Mount Saint Michael's welcomed the bold æronauts to the upper regions, their ascent

being so slow and measured, that the people below could plainly see how the machine was agitated by the disturbance of the air in consequence of the discharge. A few scattered clouds passed over the sky, and the wind was gentle, but variable at different heights, and most so towards the earth. As this prevented the balloon going far from Bologna, it remained almost the whole time in sight of the assembled spectators, who from the tops of the hills and the towers could follow it with the eye till the moment of its descent. The vertical motion was tolerably uniform and always obedient to the act of the aeronauts; the ascending motion varied with the currents through which it passed; first it went to the south, then to the west, at length to the north, and in this direction it left Bologna. The adventurers manœuvred incessantly, and made the following observations:—

1. The experiment of altering the temperature of the balloon at pleasure answered fully. By lighting a single jet of flame more they immediately quickened the ascent, which they again delaying upon extinguishing the additional light. If they kept a certain number of jets burning, then the balloon remained at the same height; if they shut a single cover, then it began to sink.

2. Upon extinguishing any of the flames the effect was not so rapid as upon kindling them; a minute perhaps would elapse before the balloon ceased rising, and it again began to descend, probably because the increase of temperature was more dependent upon the lighting, than its decrease upon the extinction, of the flame.

3. Once or twice the aeronauts observed something peculiar. When the balloon stood, as it were, or rested, it would sometimes rise of itself independent of the influence of the flames. This little anomaly Zambeccari attributed to the varying temperature of the surrounding atmosphere, which might arise from the sunbeams or its reflection in the clouds.

4. With this trifling exception it was easy for the aeronauts to guide the vertical motion, to raise or depress the balloon at pleasure, or to remain at a certain height. Such an experiment they made in sight of all the spectators, for when they were above Ranzano they descended from a great height to about five hundred feet from the earth, and then reascended to their former elevation.

5. Throughout the whole voyage the height indicated by the barometer agreed exactly with that of Zambeccari's so called steelyard. The least height of Reaumur was nine degrees, consequently not more than 6,998 Bolognese feet.

6. The balloon passed at one time through a not very thick cloud which immediately fell to pieces. Neither on the approach to the cloud, nor when in actual contact with it, were there any sensible signs of electricity. Probably the cloud dissolved by the pressure of the balloon upon the air at its mere approach; at least the aeronauts did not perceive the least moisture when they had passed through it.

At one o'clock, mid-day, the balloon floated over Capo D'Argine, a post station on the road to Ferrara, six miles from Bologna. A current of air carried it towards the north west. At first the voyagers did not object to this; but on the one hand the wind was too light for them to undertake a longer excursion, and upon the other the strength of two men was hardly sufficient to manage the balloon, and at the same time to make the necessary observations. To diminish or increase the fires of the lamp according as circumstances required, to observe the barometer and thermo-

meter as well as the magnetic needle, at every movement of the balloon to examine its condition—these were cares and labours, the least mistake in which might threaten danger. Zambeccari resolved therefore to descend to earth, and in this operation the balloon was again wonderfully obedient to the will of those who guided it; thousands of spectators were witnesses to this, and at the request of the Academy of Science a protocol to that effect was drawn up by the departmental police.

As the balloon approached the earth, it hung over a marshy ground, which seemed to the aeronauts to be a rice field. They immediately kindled two jets of flame, rose again, floated away over the post house, and perceiving a field about two hundred yards off that presented no obstacles, they let themselves down again. The anchor was thrown out and caught by an elm, and the people hurried to the spot to welcome them with acclamations and the discharge of muskets; but shipwreck awaited them in sight of harbour; the balloon descended irregularly, obeying on the one hand the laws of gravity, and on the other the impulse of the wind, and scarcely had the anchor grappled than the balloon received a shock which made it incline so much to one side that the burning spirits ran over. In an instant the flames spread over the car, which unluckily was wet with the spilt alcohol, and the aeronauts, alarmed by this sudden danger and enveloped in flames, did not possess sufficient presence of mind to increase the ascending power so as to prevent the balloon from sinking. It came therefore with its whole weight to the earth, and this second violent shock caused another overflowing of the spirits, by which the flames were augmented. Unluckily the fire now seized a flask, containing about thirty pounds weight of the fluid, which became ignited with a sudden loud crack. This considerable diminution of weight made the balloon rebound with great violence, the anchor still holding fast. The fall, the blow, and the rebound, were all the work of a single instant. The entangled line threatened to break the rudder. Two men climbed up the mast and endeavoured to hold the balloon. The clothes of the aeronauts, their utensils, the net, the ropes of the car, all were in flames, so that there was little time for consideration. Zambeccari poured a flask of water over his head, and succeeded at last in extinguishing the nearest flames about him, while Andreoli climbed up the anchor-rope as the quickest mode of saving himself. But his hurry and the bounding of the machine occasioned him to let slip the rope, when he struck against the mast and fell heavily to earth. The balloon being thus lightened on the sudden struggled upwards so violently that no strength was able to retain it. The two men, who had climbed up under the mast and had been frightened by Andreoli's fall could no longer resist the dragging of the rope and were thrown back. The machine then rose with frightful rapidity, and the swinging to and fro of the car occasioned by the concussion lasted a long time, as could be plainly seen by the spectators, who augured the worst from it. So long as they could still distinguish Zambeccari he was busy throwing out whatever was a-fire, and trying to extinguish the flames that had caught his clothes. But the balloon was soon out of sight, rising to a prodigious height, and being driven to the north-west. This whole catastrophe was the work of only three minutes.

In spite of this desperate state of things Zambeccari did not lose his courage, but what could genius and art effect in such a situation? He had risen to such a height that, to use his own expression, the clouds seemed as an abyss below him, though he could not tell precisely how high, the barometer having been broken by the recent shock. To add to

the other evils, his hands, which were in a bad state from the flames, began to be peculiarly sensible of the cold. At the same time he had not reached so great a height as might reasonably have been expected. On looking upwards he concluded from the slackness of the lower part of the balloon that it was capable of more distention. A bladder that he had with him, filled with air, gave him moreover a tolerably correct means of measuring the present expansion of the balloon, which had yet some folds in it even at this terrible height. These signs calmed him as to any danger of falling suddenly to earth by the bursting of the machine.

While he thus wavered between hope and terror, a current of air caught the balloon, and wafted it rapidly over the Adriatic sea. About two o'clock in the afternoon he was seen from some parts below, but at such a distance as not to be clearly made out, and the people, who held him for an aerial apparition, were alarmed. By degrees the balloon sank down upon the sea, about five and twenty miles from the Italian coast. One part of the car sank into the water, and Zambeccari stood up to his middle in it, but he still hoped to be able to reach the shore if he were not saved by some ship passing by. Anxiously did he look around—alas, he could see nothing but sky and ocean. After having waited a long time in expectation of some favourable change, he determined at least to secure himself against the consequences of sleep or encreasing weakness, by tying a rope about his body. With this view he pulled at the line which lay to the left of him, when to his great surprize he found that the anchor had taken ground and prevented the drifting of the balloon. He saw at once the necessity of cutting the rope; but how? with what? he had no instrument, he had not even hands for work, his right hand being frozen, and the left lamed. Necessity taught him invention. He broke the lens of a telescope he had with him, took the largest portion in his teeth, and began to saw at the silk cord, which yielded the more easily from being soaked through. At length he succeeded; the machine began to move and with a favourable wind drove towards the Italian coast, Zambeccari assisting as well as he could by using his arms for rudders. ¶

He had gone in this way full fifteen miles when he was met by seven fishing-boats from Magnavacca. The first four on perceiving this strange machine upon the water were seized with a sudden panic, and turned back. Luckily the last three were less timid. They approached, though slowly and with caution, but when they recognised the object, one of them set all sail and soon closed with him. Antonio Molto of Chioggio was the master of the bark who had the merit of saving the unhappy aeronaut. And it was high time; he had already been four hours in the sea, the car was sinking deeper and deeper, and he was now literally in water up to his chin. The fishermen did their best, though his preservation was still a work of danger; but it was in vain they attempted to hold the balloon, which as soon as it was freed from its weight rose upwards with great violence, took its way first towards Comacchia, then towards the Levant, and finally disappeared altogether.

Notwithstanding all he had gone through, the indomitable spirit of Zambeccari supported his body. He passed a tolerably quiet night aboard the vessel. The next morning he awoke at Magnavacca, whence he passed to Comacchia and was there hospitably received by the Delegate of the Prefecture. He had the good fortune to escape with the loss of two fingers, though his health was somewhat shaken, but he had proved beyond all doubt the possibility of guiding a balloon at pleasure.

## LITERATURE.

*Anecdotes of the Aristocracy*:—SECOND SERIES. By J. BERNARD BURKE, Esq. Author of the "Peerage and Baronetage," "History of the Landed Gentry," &c. 2 Vols. 8vo. E. Churton.

(From a Correspondent.)

IN no part of our social habits has a greater change taken place than in that which regards literature. There was a time when books were the occupation of the learned, a time of folios and of quartos; they are now the amusement of the idle, our time being one of octavos and duodecimos; or perhaps the definition would be more strictly correct if we should say that there exists with us two kinds of literature having very different objects; the one is intended to convey information; the other, like a ball or a theatre, has no other purpose but to wile away the hours that would else be burthensome from *ennui*; in fact it is a luxury, and we only wonder that it has not become a matter of fiscal regulation as well as cigars or claret.

But though the end of most novel-writing is to amuse, there may be much difference in the way in which this is accomplished; master spirits like Sir Walter Scott will make romance the vehicle for character and imagination, and according as any work of fiction combines these two essentials will it be more or less perfect. There is however a class of utilitarian novelists, who write, as they think, for the benefit of the million, and look upon a tale as only a more pleasant means of setting forth some particular article of the popular faith, or which they wish to be considered such, a plan very much like the exploded fashion of wrapping up pills in gold leaf; and still more resembling those ingenious advertisements which while headed "News from India," or "The Queen's Drawing-room," are in reality neither more nor less than a puff of some quack ointment, or some remedy for the toothache. For ourselves we must honestly confess we do not like being cheated even into morality, and should hardly forgive the pious friend who under pretence of a play should bore us with a sermon.

We have thus far only mentioned two kind of novels; but in truth we have as many as the Spaniards, who divide their *novelas* into at least a dozen classes. We may even lay claim to one class which they have not, although we have no great reason to boast of the possession; indeed it would seem as if your clown had quitted his natural element, pantomime and the sawdust of Astley's, to revel in the fields of literature. Neither wit nor humour are required in this species of writing, and most likely they would not be endured in it, for wit and humour demand taste and intelligence on the part of the reader to understand them; they are simply grotesque and absurd, and pretend to nothing but to raise a laugh. For want of a better name we should be inclined to call this the *Grotesque*.

Another very popular class might be called with great propriety the *Simpering*, but not to affix a cognomen that may sound invidious, we will term it the *Simple*. Such tales seldom in size exceed half a volume; they must, we should imagine, have been written with a crowquill dipt in rose-water instead of ink, their hue is so exquisitely delicate, not to say faint; they deal in pretty details narrated with a lady-like feebleness and simplicity of language, are remarkably sentimental, but always in a small way, and evince a particular affection for buttercups and daisies. They are generally to be seen in elegant bindings upon drawing-room tables for their brief term of fashion, after which, as we never by any accident meet with them anywhere, we can only conclude that they have been banished to their proper sphere, the nursery.

A fourth class is the novel of fashionable life. Upon this kind of writing there has been at times considerable talent expended, and as the middle portion of the community has a great passion for peeping into the drawing-rooms and boudoirs of fashionable life, have often excited a considerable sensation; still as they present pictures not of men but of manners, it would be dangerous to prophecy for them any very prolonged existence; they are not sufficiently rooted in our common nature; they constantly excite in the reader's mind a feeling of *vin eo nostravoco*, and that feeling must go on increasing the more time has left them behind it. Who now-a-days cares for euphuism, and what are the mere outward forms of fashion but euphuism?

A fifth class is the *Legendary*, the most fanciful of all, and which so long as it continued to be at all received, enjoyed a more widely spread popularity than has belonged to any of its rivals or successors; and for this plain reason, it was a *belief* not an invention; he who told a story of elves or witches was only repeating to the people what he had learnt from the people, doing for them the same kindly part that Prospero erst boasted he had done for Caliban—"endowing their purposes with words." But the spirit of utilitarianism has put all such day-dreams to the rout; fairies, it is plain, cannot prosper in the neighbourhood of railways and steam-engines; ghosts and witches cannot bear the touch of electricity when on its five minute course from London to Edinburgh to detect murderers. And yet so indispensable does the belief in the supernatural seem to be to us, so deeply is it rooted in our hearts, that no sooner is it expelled in one form than it rises up in another; if we believe no longer in elves and witches, we make ourselves ample amends by yielding implicit credit to the reveries of mesmerism, and while scorning to take any interest in the frolics of Robin Goodfellow we listen patiently to the sleeping seers, who, dull enough when awake, yet see everything and know everything in their dreams.

A sixth class is the *Historic*, which may be said to have originated with Sir Walter Scott, whose pen was absolutely a magician's rod in calling up the spirits of the dead, and presenting them to us in such a guise that all felt they recognized a likeness, even though they had no opportunity of comparing them with the original. The same thing is constantly the case with well painted portraits; if there are life, animation, and a general truth to nature in the lineaments, we are at once disposed to acknowledge its resemblance to the object we have not seen, whereas a single line or feature out of keeping gives assurance that it never could have been like what it was intended for.

A seventh class, like the *Novella Picaresca* of the Spaniards is wholly devoted to the glorifying of rogues and knaves, but with one essential difference; the *Novella Picaresca* is mostly of a light and humorous character, while the rogue romance of England has the gloomy air of a Newgate Calendar; it is all blood and bones, like the den of some ogre, and requires the reader to have somewhat of a cannibal taste before he can enjoy it; then too there is always a gibbet in the perspective, with Jack Ketch and the shadowy figures of his attendants, things which the Spanish writers, with much better taste, invariably keep out of sight.

This catalogue, long as it is, does not include the whole of the romantic genera; but it is hardly worth while pursuing the subject any farther, and we shall therefore come at once to the biographical and traditional school of Mr. Burke. In reviewing his "Anecdotes of the Aristocracy," as we shall not allow the writer's connection with this Magazine to restrain us from censure when censure appears to be called for, so neither shall we be withheld by it from giving him praise where, in our opinion, he has truly and fairly earned it.

The present series, like the first of the same name, is a collection of the most peculiar and interesting anecdotes that attach themselves to our noble families, and it will no doubt be a matter of surprize to many that there should be such a well-spring of truthful romance in the dry deserts of heraldry. Upon the whole this series is infinitely superior to its elder brother; the subjects are in most instances better selected with regard to the taste and feelings of the day; the variety is greater both as respects the matter and the way of handling it, and there is less attempt to dress up any portion under a false idea of adding to the effect; we have our wine pure as it came from the press and the vineyard, and while we are gratifying the palate, have the satisfaction of knowing that it has not been at the expense of our health; we have imbibed nothing deleterious. To drop all metaphor, though so many stories of deep and varied interest may startle the reader when thus brought together in a single narrow ring-fence, and it may seem impossible that they should be genuine, yet our own knowledge will in some, if not in all, enable us to vouch for their authenticity. For the rest, having found Mr. Burke a true and faithful guide where we had the means of putting him to the test, it would be the height of injustice to refuse him our confidence in matters where his more extensive acquaintance with family history has left us at a distance.

The historical anecdotes, which make up these volumes, are, as they should be, of a very miscellaneous character, betraying plainly enough the different sources from which they have been drawn. Some belong to the days of feudalism, and afford us striking pictures of the internal economy of those days when

" They carved at the meal  
With gloves of steel,  
And drank the red wine  
Through the helmet barred."

In these traditions it is the great merit of Mr. Burke that he passes

the castle draw-bridge while in most cases the fictitious romancers stop on the outside of the walls, and while diffuse enough in their details of buttress and barbican, draw upon their own imaginations for character, or piece together the broken fragments of antiquity in a way that resembles nothing human. How often do we see morsels patched into a whole, each of which was undoubtedly antique, but which in their state of aggregation are like nothing but the forms of dreaming and delirium. Now this is a fault into which Mr. Burke has been prevented from falling by the very nature of his work, which had for its object to record facts, or what had been handed down as such, and not to deal in fiction.

Another feature of the present series is the array of supernatural traditions, exceedingly curious in themselves, and to all appearance so well authenticated as to defy any attempts at reasonable explanation. They show in an eminent degree how little reliance after all can be placed on human testimony, for in them we see things which the reason at once and absolutely rejects as error or falsehood, while yet at the same time they are true so far as the weight of evidence can make anything true. The story of the "Radiant Boy," seen by the late Marquis of Londonderry is a remarkable instance of this, and yet more illustrative of the point in question is the anecdote of "Sir William Wyndham and the White Horse."

As the latter happens to be very short, we shall give it as we find it, without alteration or abridgment.

#### SIR WILLIAM WYNDHAM AND THE WHITE HORSE.

At the end of the last century, Sir William Wyndham being on his travels through Venice, observed accidentally, as he was passing through St. Mark's Place in his cabriolet, a more than ordinary crowd at one corner of it. On stopping, he found it was a mountebank who had occasioned it, and who was pretending to tell fortunes, conveying his predictions to the people by means of a long narrow tube of tin, which he lengthened or curtailed at pleasure, as occasion required. Sir William, among others, held up a piece of money, on which the charlatan immediately directed his tube to the cabriolet, and said to him, distinctly, in Italian, "Signor Inglese, cavete il biancho cavallo."

This circumstance made a very forcible impression upon him, from the recollection that some years before, when very young, having been out at a stag-hunt, in returning home from the sport he found several of the servants at his father's gate standing round a fortune teller, who either was, or pretended to be, both deaf and dumb, and for a small remuneration wrote on the bottom of a trencher, with a piece of chalk, answers to such questions as the servants put to him by the same method. As Sir William rode by, the man made signs to him that he was willing to tell him his fortune as well as the rest, and in good humour he would have complied; but as he could not recollect any particular question to ask, the man took the trencher, and, writing upon it, gave it back, with these words written legibly, "Beware of a white horse." Sir William smiled at the absurdity, and totally forgot the circumstance, till the coincidence at Venice reminded him of it. He immediately and naturally imagined that the English fortune-teller had made his way over to the continent, where he had found his speech; and he was now curious to know the truth of the circumstance. Upon inquiry, however, he felt assured that the fellow had never been out of Italy, nor understood any other language than his own.

Sir William Wyndham had a great share in the transactions of government during the last four years of Queen Anne's reign, in which a design to restore.



the son of James II: to the British throne, which his father had forfeited, was undoubtedly concerted; and on the arrival of George I. many were punished, by being put into prison or sent into banishment. Among the former of those who had entered into this combination was Sir William Wyndham, who, in 1715, was committed as a prisoner to the Tower. Over the inner gate were the arms of Great Britain, in which there was then some alteration to be made, in consequence of the succession of the house of Brunswick; and as Sir William's chariot was passing through, conveying him to his prison, the painter was at work adding the white horse, which formed the arms of the Elector of Hanover. It struck Sir William forcibly. He immediately recollected the two singular predictions, and mentioned them to the Lieutenant of the Tower then in the chariot with him, and to almost every one who came to see him there during his confinement; and, although probably not inclined to superstition he looked upon it as a prophecy which was fully accomplished. But in this he was much mistaken; for many years after, being out hunting, he had the misfortune to be thrown whilst leaping a ditch, by which accident he broke his neck. He rode upon a white horse.

This was the famous statesman and orator, of whom Pope has left an elegant eulogium:—

“ How can I Pult'ney Chesterfield, forget,  
While Roman spirit charms and Attic wit!  
Or Wyndham, just to freedom and the throne,  
The master of our passions and his own.”

Sir William's death occurred on the 27th of June, 1640. His son, Charles, succeeded, at the demise of his maternal uncle, Algernon Duke of Somerset, to the earldom of Egremont.

Better evidence to the truth of any tale could not be desired; the original narrator could have no earthly motive for deception, nor was he a man likely to be imposed upon by others, or, as often happens, by himself; nay, if he had even been of a superstitious disposition, there were none of the adjuncts present which are most effective in exciting it; everything took place in broad daylight, and without any circumstance that could possibly assist the delusion; and yet common sense tells us that although the affair cannot be explained by supposing it the result of coincidences, which to such an extent would seem incredible, yet still there must be a falsehood lurking in some part of the story.

Whatever may be thought of these traditions connected with the supernatural, they form but a small part of the “Anecdotes of the Aristocracy;” not a few of them are essentially of a modern cast, and to many readers these will perhaps be the most interesting, as they exhibit events and characters with which they have already an imperfect acquaintance, and would gladly become more familiar. And here we arrive at the only grave complaint that we are able to bring against Mr. Burke, and we are the more disposed to quarrel with it as it might have been so easily avoided. The various tales are thrown together without the least attempt at arrangement of any kind, when so much would have been gained either by a chronological disposition of the various stories, or by an order which should have presented tales of the same character in something like juxtaposition. For instance, the quarrel between Pembroke and Wharton, in the time of James the First, should have had for its companions the Death of Sir Henry Bellasyse, in the time of Charles the Second, and the duel of the Duke of Wellington and

Lord Winchelsea in our own days. Upon the same principle the "Dream of Sir Thomas Prendergast" should have been immediately followed by the "Radiant Boy" already mentioned, the "Mc Alister Tradition," and the family of the "Lees." They all belong to the same chapter, and the impression left by any or all of them would have been all the greater from the facility of comparison thus gained before the attention had become distracted and the memory confused by a variety of topics all bearing a different character.

But it would be equally useless and ungracious to dwell upon these minor imperfections when there is so much ground for substantial eulogy. A more agreeable work, or one of more diversified character has seldom issued from the press, combining the worth of truth with the pleasantness of fiction. Not the least of Mr. Burke's merits is that he writes less like an author ambitious of effect than as an educated man of the world, who relaxing awhile from his more serious occupations pours forth without effort or premeditation a fund of delightful anecdotes with no other wish than to amuse his listeners. In that object he has fully succeeded. True it is that some of the tales might perhaps have been more highly wrought up, but we question much whether they would then have produced the same effect that they do now. We should then have missed the ease, the familiar and graceful flow, the total absence of all effort, which at present make them so charming and so different from the generality of writings where the principal object is amusement.

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*The Worthies of Westmorland; or, Notable Persons born in that County since the Reformation.* By GEORGE ATKINSON, Esq., Barrister-at-law. 2 vols. J. Robinson, 40, High Holborn.

THE lawyers of the present day seem determined that their fame shall not rest alone on legal pursuits and legal success. Amid the onerous occupations of their profession, the paths of literature are their chosen place of recreation. Thus the Chief Justice of England is the popular biographer of his ermined predecessors, and of those who have held in succession the seal and conscience of majesty. Thus have we to look for the best of our living dramatic poets upon the bench of the Common Pleas, where recollections of "Ion" and all its exquisite classic beauties commingle with the very dust of that learned court. Mr. Adolphus, not long deceased, was wont to gladly escape from the Old Bailey and its arena of horrors—*quorum pars magna fuit*—to write the history of his country. Mr. Welsby, the Recorder of Chester, and occupant of a certain diabolical, yet honourable office, gives us the lives of many a lawyer. The history of the House of Commons is the work of the late justly lamented Mr. Townsend. One flourishing advocate at courts-martial and enquiries ecclesiastical is no less a person than Samuel Warren, whose devotion to the law becomes an actual sin, when it deprives the world of more tales like the "Diary of a Physician," and "Ten Thousand a Year." Here again is another gentleman, a barrister of repute on the northern circuit,

the author of a useful tome upon the grim subject of Sheriff-Law, coming forward in quite a different character. His mind has temporarily issued from the learned atmosphere of his chambers to contemplate the fair face and historic aspect of his own beautiful native county. He suspends awhile his didactic lore upon writs of enquiry and of *capias ad satisfaciendum*, to make researches of a far more pleasant and satisfactory nature to the general reader. "The Worthies of Westmorland" is a most agreeable book. Written in a somewhat peculiar style, it presents a freshness and originality of thought, and a vigour and independence of expression, which cannot fail to arrest the attention. The work is replete with interesting narrative and amusing anecdotes. It commences with the life of Queen Katharine Parr, the widow of Henry VIII., who had a taste somewhat similar to her royal consort, for she married four husbands. Mr. Atkinson, in common with most English historians, is inclined to overrate her excellence, yet how could he do otherwise when he had to class a queen among the worthies of his county. He then goes through the church, the bar, the army, the navy, the poets, and the philosophers, and in every department he shews that Westmorland has much to boast of. In the first volume, beside Katharine Parr, we have the lives of Cardinal Baynbrig, Archbishop Curwen, Bishops Potter, Dawson, Barlow, Smith, Waugh, Fleming, Gibson, Preston, Watson, Archdeacon Gilpin, Provost Airay, Dean Potter, and Dr. Langbaine. In the second volume we find biographies of Dean Barwick, Dean Addison, father of the author of "Cato," Prebendary Mill, Professor Shaw, Dr. Langhorne (the poet), Dr. Burn (the Burn of "Burn's Justice"), John Hodgson, John Robinson, Mr. Justice Wilson, Mr. Justice Chambre, Dr. Barwick, Dr. Gibson, Dr. Askew, Dr. Fothergill, Dr. Garnett, Dr. Holme, Sir George Wharton, General Bowser, Admiral Pearson; the poets Braithwait, Hogarth, and Thompson; the philosophers Chambers, Collinson, Wilson, Gibson, Hudson, Walker, and Gough. All these were natives of Westmorland. Mr. Atkinson's account of that sweet poet and amiable man, Dr. Langhorne, is particularly interesting; so is the biography of the well-known Dr. Burn, the famous writer upon law criminal and ecclesiastical. From Dr. Burn's life we take the following extracts:—

"The historian of Westmorland and Cumberland, the author of the *Justice of the Peace*, and of the *Ecclesiastical Law*, is entitled to an exalted rank among the worthies of his native county—of the empire at large.

"The bleak, straggling little village of Winton has the honour of being his birthplace. John and William Langhorne, our readers will remember, were born and brought up at the same place.

"His father was a *statesman*, or yeoman of great respectability and substantial fortune. He married a widow of the name of Atkinson\* (with a family by her former husband), and had by her, Richard, the subject of the present memoir; and Michael from whom descended Richard Burn, late rector of Kirk-Andrews-on-Eden, and Margaret Burn, the wife of the Rev. Robert Milner, late vicar of Orton, and let us add, the mother of our kind and able friend, the Rev. William Milner, the present vicar of Penrith.

The Kirkby-Stephen parish register is this:—

\* Hence the author's connection with the family; hence also that of the late Mr. Waller, of Appleby, whose mother's maiden name was Margaret Atkinson.

Augt. 1710. Richd, son of Richd Burn of Winton.  
 "B 9."

The letters, B. 9. in the margin mean born 1709. The house in which he was born, more than a century ago, became the property of the Monkhouse family, and thence passed to a person of the name of Adamthwaite (of Hellenic Institute or Dotheboys Hall notoriety), to whose devisees in trust for sale it now belongs. The present occupier is a woman of the name of Ritson, who is said to have a life interest in it under the *Doctor's* will.

Burn was educated at the school of his native place.\* And here again we have to remark another instance of the glorious effects of a classical education in our village schools, before the Muses were driven from their accustomed haunts by the harsh and wild slogan of the sprites of trade.† Who was master of the school at this time, tradition sayeth not. If a tree is to be judged by its fruits, how good that tree which has produced such fruits as it has done in Richard Burn, in John and William Langhorne! Divinity has consecrated it; the Genius of Poetry has winged it for the future; and the Spirit of Law has pronounced judgment in its favour over many a rival claim.

"From school he went to Queen's College, Oxford; he entered there as *battler*, March 1, 1729. But, beyond his bare matriculation, his college life is a mystery; there is no other trace of him on the college books. The university, when his reputation was established, conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL.D.; but it is clear that he never graduated *proprio Marte*, nor was more on the [old] Foundation than *battler*; indeed, there is a general, and seemingly, a well-grounded belief that he did not, for some reason or other, stay long in college.

"We have no sure trace of him again until 1735, when we find him a curate at Bongate, where he remained about a year. In 1736 he went to Orton, as curate to Mr. Nelson, to whom he soon succeeded in the vicarage, and where he spent the remainder of his days. As the right of presentation to this vicarage has of late caused much litigation, and no little confusion of good and evil passions, we cannot help saying a word or two about it. The right of nomination, as in one or two more instances in the county, is vested in the landowners within the parish; in other words, it is a right essentially democratic, and essentially, as it is exercised, a scandal to the Church. There is a story afloat, for stories arise even of spiritual matters, that, upon one of these occasions, after the respective candidates had passed through the usual *ex cathedra* ordeal of preaching and praying, one of the worthy electors in conclave assembled was asked for which of the candidates he voted? when he gave as it is said, the following answer:—*T' furst'un 'st fur t' better Sunday Priest, but I'ee fer't clipping drink chap*. Now, we do not assert, nor insinuate, that he was a landowner in Orton parish; nor that it has ever been the luck of that parish to be influenced in such high concerns by such sublime reasoning and sense of duty as seem to have fallen to the lot of this worthy and gifted patron; all that concerns us now is, emphatically to declare, that on the death of Mr. Nelson (although the men fought, the women quarrelled, the cattle were houghed, as usual there), the *clipping drink chap* did not succeed by actual votes, or episcopal legerdemain; but that a man succeeded who proved, by his life and conversation, that even democracy sometimes has its good as well as its evil—this man was Richard Burn.

"No sooner instituted and inducted than he married Miss Nelson, the daughter of the late vicar; they were married July 22, 1736. She died Oct. 21, 1739. He did not remain long a widower. Judging by his conduct, he seems to have thought, with the author of *Rasselas*, that if married life has its pains, celibacy has no pleasures; and soon, very soon after this we find him taking

\* It is endowed to a small amount. See 1 Burn (Winton).

† Vol. i. p. 147.

"His stand  
Upon a widow's jointure land,"

the widow of one John Kitchen, described as of Cowper House and Goodman Hall, near Kendal. This second marriage took place in August, 1740.

"About this time, for we have not the exact date of it, he was made a justice of the peace for the county of Westmorland. A few years afterwards he had the like honour conferred upon him in and for the county of Cumberland.

"We are now arrived at the period of our narrative when we may, indeed ought, to commence a review of his works; and the task is as easy as it is pleasing. In a brief memoir of him in Jefferson's History of Carlisle, by his kinsman, Mr. Milner, it said that Burn while a college student, composed a 'Hebrew Grammar.' Not having seen it, we can give no opinion upon its merits. The existence of such a MS. is, however, important, as showing that he was a Hebrew scholar; and also as showing, that he stayed longer in Oxford than the time we have, on generally-received report assigned to him. In 1754 appeared his 'Justice of the Peace and Parish Officer,' in two small 8vo. volumes. This work had when he retouched it for the last time in 1785, reached its fifteenth edition; and is now in its nine-and-twentieth! We look in vain for another law book with equal success. No editor but of established reputation has presumed to touch it; no publisher has dared to tamper with it.

"In 1764 he wrote a 'History of the Poor Laws with observations,' an able production, still to be read by all concerned in their administration with interest and advantage. And in 1776 he published 'Observations on the Bill intended to be offered to Parliament for the better relief and employment of the Poor, in a Letter to a Member of Parliament (Thomas Gilbert, Esq., M.P. for Lichfield), from whom the bill was called Gilbert's Act.'

"We have now to glance at a work of another kind, 'The History and Antiquities of the Counties of Westmorland and Cumberland.\*' When Nicholson (the bishop's nephew) and he commenced this task, the materials out of which it was to be moulded were scattered here and there, not only over the two counties but nearly over the whole kingdom. The mere collection of them was a great effort, but to collect and digest them as they have done was the work of two master minds. Their main supply was from the store rooms of the Countess of Pembroke, Bishop Nicholson, Sir Thomas Carleton, Mr. Denton, Sir Daniel Fleming, Bart., Mr. Machell of Kirby-thore, Dr. Hugh Todd of Penrith, James Bird of Brougham, and Richard Bell. These they collected and digested with such success as to enable us to boast that Westmorland has a respectable county history. It may not be equal to Hodson's History of Northumberland, to Surtees's History of Durham, or to Wright's History of Rutland, (for here and there he has weakly yielded to the importunities of friends, as in the title *Brougham*;) yet with all its faults it has stood nearly a century without a rival. The first volume contains the History of Westmorland, and, in all probability, was entirely digested by Dr. Burn; Mr. Nicholson devoting himself to the History of Cumberland. The second volume of it begins with a very interesting account of the ancient and modern state of the Borders, and then proceeds to Westmorland in general; a lengthened extract from which forms the introduction of this work: it then proceeds to the baronies of Kendal and Westmorland, giving a minute description of each manor, custom, parish, principal families, charities, churches, schools, livings, &c.; indeed, to everything that can instruct or interest. In the remote districts of the two counties books are scarce things, but wherever this is to be found a value is attached to it, and family traditions accompany it, only to be accounted for by a lasting respect for the memory of *that good auld Doctor* who composed it.

\* \* \* \* \*

"As he wrote he practised; for nearly forty years he was a zealous, impartial,

\* By Joseph Nicholson and Richard Burn, LL.D.; 2 vols. 4to, 1777.

and incorruptible magistrate ; from his being associated with them, the bench had authority to command, and the people the willingness to obey.

"Dr. Langhorne wrote at his friend's suggestion 'The Country Justice,' and dedicated it to him. In this dedication he speaks of Burn as a man of 'true taste for the arts.' There is no doubt that Burn was a poet of no mean powers ; some scraps of his poetry still existing attest it.

"In his pastoral charge he was equally meritorious ; such was the uniform tenor of his way, that tradition in the parish still speaks of him as *the good auld Doctor*. There is a well-authenticated anecdote told of Paley and Burn, which throws some light upon the characters of both. The former, while at Musgrave, Appleby, and Dalston, used often to ride over to Orton to see his friend and spend the day with him ; a happy meeting no doubt ! for with all the sobriety of thought and action, few men could bend with the facility and be more entertaining than these two men. Neither of them were wits in the modern acceptation of the word, but they both liked a joke. Paley used to say to him, 'Well, Doctor, when I come to see you I'm sure of three things ; of finding you at home, a well-aired room, and no return-visit from you.' At this time (during the last ten years of his life), Dr. Burn scarcely ever stirred from home, and lived in the kitchen, where Paley was sure of not only finding a well-aired room, but of seeing his own dinner cooked.

"Whether Dr. Burn ever did disappoint his friend by taking possession of his well-aired room does not appear ; the revenge, had he taken it, would, we doubt not, have been equally sweet to both. In 1762 the University of Oxford conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL.D.

"In 1765 he was made Chancellor of the Diocese of Carlisle ; and in 1766 the Corporation of Edinburgh presented him and his son with the freedom of the city.

"His first wife, as we have said, died in 1739 ; for some reason or other her name does not appear on the monument in Orton Church. Ann, his second wife, died in 1770. He died in 1785, leaving an only son, John Burn, already more than once named in this memoir.

"John Burn died in 1802, and from him is descended the present Richard Burn, Esq., of Orton Hall, and his sister, the Marchioness of Taubati."

This work is altogether highly creditable to Mr. Atkinson, and proves him fully entitled to rank beside those other gentle lawyers who have softened the asperity of their legal repute with a milder and no less intellectual fame.

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*The Secretary.* A Novel in Three Volumes, by LIEUTENANT COLONEL HORT, Author of "The Horse Guards," "The White Charger," "Penelope Wedgebone," &c. J. and D. A. DARLING, 126, Bishopsgate Street, 1850.

*The Man who eloped with his own Wife.* By the same Author. With three coloured illustrations by ALFRED ASHLEY. J. and D. A. DARLING, 127, Bishopsgate Street, 1850.

The *Secretary* is a pleasant and interesting story, in which are combined much real and sterling feeling, with no little of that agreeable liveliness which so characterises the author in his other works. For example, who would mistake his style in the following description and incident ?

"Wretched and broken-hearted as was Frederick Garston, on quitting the house where, for so many months, he had enjoyed almost uninterrupted felicity, the unhappy ex-secretary, quickening his pace, proceeded he neither knew nor heeded whither. So confused, at that moment, were his ideas, and so conflicting his thoughts, that it was impossible for him coolly to scan over the occurrences of the past hour, much less devise any plan of proceeding for his future guidance.

"The only relief he experienced, was in rapidity of movement, as though, by bodily exertion, he was enabled to deaden, or flee from the deep grievance which weighed so heavily on his mind; and how frequently have we all found it true, when bowed down by some unexpected and overwhelming calamity, as if impelled by a merciful instinct, and instead of sinking unresistingly beneath the blow, the bodily energies acquire additional strength, in proportion to the bewilderment of the mind; and the very circumstance of calling into play the animal exertions of the frame, affords time for the readjustment of that reason, which had nearly tottered on its throne.

"Stung with remorse for the folly of his conduct, yet unconscious of deserving the rigour with which his offence had been visited, he passed along the streets, undetermined where to direct his steps, yet resolved never more to cross the threshold, from whence he had been so ignominiously ejected.

"In this frame of mind, our hero sauntered on, until his progress was arrested by a dense crowd, in the midst of which he found himself, yet how, and by what means, he little knew, but most effectually it checked his onward way. Recalled, by this trifling circumstance, from the gloomy contemplation of his misery, to a survey of what was actually passing around, Garston discovered that he added, in his own person, to the many who are daily in the habit of congregating at, or about, that once emporium of stage-coaches, the White-Horse Cellar.

At the instant I write of, one of the thousand of those now-fast-disappearing conveyances was on the point of starting for its destination; the coachman was on the box, and even, with the aid of his less-exalted satellites, it was with difficulty the modern Jehu could restrain the fiery impetuosity of his greys; the guard was in the act of giving the finishing pull at the buckle of the huge strap, which secured the luggage on the roof; orange-boys, and knife-vendors thrust specimens of their calling in the faces of the passengers, while the dealers in political discussion, loudly announced the sum, which a perusal of their unsold journals claimed on the pockets of all liege subjects who cared to peruse them; in short, the coach was about to start; the ostlers had their hands on the wheeler's clothing; the huge rough voice issuing from underneath the many folds of a most enormous handkerchief, in which the face of the owner was immersed, had pronounced the talismanic words "all's right," when, actuated by some unaccountable impulse, our hero, as if awakening from a trance, exclaimed—"Any room, guard?"

"One outside, sir," replied the proprietor of the voluminous neckcloth.

"Which side?" rejoined the inquirer.

"Near side, sir," was the answer. 'Now, sir,' he continued, seeing Garston endeavouring to climb to the same altitude as himself, 'now, sir, put your foot there, sir—no time to lose—five minutes late as it is—any luggage sir?'

"None," was the reply; and instantly Frederick Garston found himself whirled off at the rate of ten miles an hour, but in what direction, he never once thought of inquiring.

"In his then state, anything was better than being left alone to brood over his sorrows; and the sight of the stage-coach when about to start, instantly suggested the idea, that to leave London for any place, no matter where, must be infinitely preferable to remaining stationary, where he must frequently be subjected to the humiliating insults of those who had known him in the days of his palmy grandeur.

"To him, what mattered it in which direction the horses' heads were turned? All places were alike—all were equally destitute of everything which could tend to soothe his anguished spirit; where could *he* look for aid and succour in the hour of his distress? and from what friendly bosom could *he* expect to derive the balm of consolation and hope? From none; and even before his first and best friend, who was now verging towards that resting-place, where all earthly toil ceases, even before him he hesitated to appear as he then was, discarded and apparently unworthy.

"By degrees, as the rapidity with which they travelled left the smoky city far behind, and the exhilarating beauty of the country unavoidably delighted his senses, our hero found his spirits gradually assuming a more composed tone; and ere forty miles of the journey had passed over, he was enabled calmly to contemplate the position which, but one day before, he never could have dreamed of being placed in.

"Where does the coach stop at?' was the first inquiry Garston made.

"Ship, sir; we always put up at 'the Ship,'" replied the guard.

"But I mean at what town?" pursued the inquirer.

"What town, sir?" repeated the locomotive guardian of the vehicle, in some surprise; 'what town sir?' and without further answer to the question propounded, he endeavoured so to swerve round his enormous body, as to obtain a better view of his questioner.

"Yes," replied the other, mildly, 'can you tell me what town the coach stops at?'

"Can I tell?' echoed the man of mufflers; 'why, as for that, sir, it would be something strange if I could not tell as much as that, at all events, seeing I've been on this 'ere Dover Road for the last five and twenty years.'

"Then Dover is our destination, I presume?' observed the other.

"Why, course it is,' shouted the guard, waxing wroth at the supposition that his passenger was endeavouring to make a fool of him for the amusement of others; 'course it is—d'ye think the coach drives on to Calais?' and having uttered a most significant, though somewhat inelegant remark, indicative of his contempt for the understanding of any one who could presume to attempt turning *him* into ridicule, he resumed his original position, nor attempted further to interfere with our hero's cogitations."

In "The Man who eloped with his own Wife"—a strange title—the Colonel is in his full comic vein again, which seems never to flag or tire. Colonel Hort promises indeed to hold a very fair rank among our modern humourists and novelists.

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*The Pianista.* London: 67, Paternoster Row.

THE *Pianista* is the name of a musical series appearing monthly, of which each number contains a pianoforte arrangement of the airs, choruses, *ballet-music*, and overture of some popular foreign opera. It differs advantageously from the "Fantasias on favourite airs," usually published by music-sellers in so far as it gives us the pianoforte arrangement imitated exactly from the full score, while the popular music-masters who usually sign the "Fantasias" show their ingenuity and absence of intelligence by altering accompaniments and distorting melodies according to their own want of taste. Moreover the *Pianista* possesses the merit of completeness; its numbers giving not only "favourite" airs, but all the music contained in any given opera with the



exception of the recitative, which without words and executed, instrumentally would prove rather insipid.

After shewing how this publication possesses the merit of excellence, we must notice that which has, no doubt, contributed far more to its popularity, viz., its cheapness. The *Pianista* gives us, for a couple of shillings, which is the price of each number, as much music as would, ordinarily, cost two guineas. The only sort of advantage which the ruinously priced music is stated by its patrons to possess over the other is that the notes are somewhat larger, and the paper a trifle thicker. Perhaps a very strict process of measuring and weighing would establish the truth of the, but certainly not the latter part of this statement; it is sufficient however for us that in the work before us the notes are quite large enough, and that the paper is thicker and quite superior in quality ample, besides which a great convenience results from a greater number of lines than usual being contained in each page, the performer being thus less frequently called upon to turn over the leaves. We would suggest for the better preservation of each part that it should be contained in a more substantial wrapper; in not attending to this, the proprietors seem to be undervaluing their own production.

In some cases (that of the *Prophète* for instance) it is impossible to give the whole of the opera in less than two numbers, but the price of this new and cheap form as compared with the old established and expensive one, is still in the proportion of shillings and guineas. Moreover there are very few if any "recognized" music-publishers in London where an entire pianoforte arrangement of this opera could be at this moment obtained even at the usual exorbitant prices. In an opera of the ordinary length—say *Nabuco* or *Nino* for instance—we have the overture and nineteen *morceaux* in one part: these, as may be judged from the number specified include every air, chorus, &c., in the opera. At certain periods when many operas have appeared consecutively, and no work of the kind is attracting very great attention among the London public, some classical instrumental piece, such as the "Pastoral Symphony" is given by way of *intermezzo*.

Among a tolerably extensive list of compositions already included in the *Pianista* will be found Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, and *La Nozze de Figaro*—Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream*—Beethoven's *Pastorale Symphony*—Meyerbeer's three great Operas, *Robert le Diable*, *Les Huguenots*, and *Le Prophète*—Weber's *Der Freischütz*—Flotow's *Stradella*—Pacini's *Sappho*—Rossini's *Otello*, *Cenerentola*, *Semiramide*, *La Gazza Ladra*, *La Donna del Lago*, *Il Barbiere de Seviglia*, and the *Stabat Mater*—Bellini's *Puritani*, *Norma*, and *La Sonnambula*—Donizetti's *Linda di Chamouni*, *Lucretia Borgia*, *La Favorita*, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, *Anna Bolena*, *La Figlia del Reggimento*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*; and *Don Pasquale*—Verdi's *Nino*, and *I Lombardi*—Auber's *Masaniello*, *Fra Diavolo*, and *Crown Diamonds*—Boieldieu's *La Dame Blanche*—Herold's *Zampa*, and *Adolphe Adams'* beautiful ballet of *Le Diable a Quatre*. With the exception of five, each of the foregoing works is comprised in a single number, and thus can the compositions of the great classical masters and the entire music of popular operas be found for a trifling cost, on the humblest pianoforte or become as "familiar as HOUSEHOLD WORDS" in families living remote from the operatic hemisphere.

In addition to the pianoforte arrangements already enumerated, some few of the operas are given in other numbers with Italian and English, or French and English words, subjoined to the music. We find also the music and words of Wilson's Scotch and Henry Russell's popular songs—as well as numerous polkas, quadrilles, and waltzes by Strauss and Schubert, forming the contents of other parts of this extremely cheap and meritorious publication, nor must we omit especial mention of No. 53, which contains the twenty celebrated studies of Aloise Schmitt, for the pianoforte—one of the best and most approved series of exercises for learners ever written, and which is almost universally adopted all over the continent by teachers of any reputation.

The work is altogether elegantly got up. The arrangements from the scores are invariably clever, judicious, and skilful, and in most instances are the best that have been published. The conductors deserve the warmest praise for the great correctness with which it is printed. It appears to be absolutely without an error, and therefore must be separated from a great deal of low priced music, which however small the charge can never be considered cheap.

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*Davidson's Illustrated Libretto-Books.* Davidson, Peter's Hill, Doctors Commons.

These "Illustrated Libretto-books" have been published gradually as the operas to which they belong have been produced at her Majesty's Theatre and the Royal Italian Opera. The books are printed in double columns, one of which gives the Italian, the other containing the English version; the word "illustration" is to be understood in a musical sense, the treble line of many of the principal melodies being given with the words. The translations seem to have been effected by different hands, and all we can say of them is that they are tolerably good, intolerably bad, and indifferent. However, many of them are much better, and none could be worse, than the *libretti* sold within the opera-houses, and the advantage of possessing the melody of many of the airs is considerable. We think the proprietors would find it profitable to extend the number of their "illustrations" to every air of importance; the utility of the upper line of only four or five airs (and those not always the principal ones) by some would be thought questionable, the benefit of having the singing part of all the important *morceaux* would be quite undeniable. To any person anxious to obtain a critical knowledge of an opera, the advantage of possessing in his box a copy of the very music which Viardot, Sontag, or Mario is executing on the stage must be obvious, while the facility of recalling to mind any particular melody or air heard at the opera, by referring to the book, gives these *libretti* a decided superiority over all others, and when generally known will, we think, altogether supersede the books hitherto sold at the opera houses. The operas already published in this series are—*La Prophete*; *La Cenerentola*; *Norma*; *Masaniello*; *Semiramide*; *Il Barbiere de Seviglia*; *Lucia de Lammermoor*, *Lucretia Borgia*, *Linda de Chamouni*, *Der Freischutz*; *Don Giovanni*; *Otello*; *Don Pasquale*, *Medea*; and *La Favorita*.

*Churton's Library for the Million.* Part I., "A History of Charlemagne." By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq., author of "Darnley." Part II., "A History of the Conquest of Mexico." By W. H. PRESCOTT. Condensed by the Rev. J. H. CAUNTER, B.D.

Under the title of a "*Library for the Million*," Mr. Churton has entered the field with an eighteen-penny series, which, according to the prospectus, is to embrace either reprints of works of moderate bulk—heretofore far too expensive for the general reader—or carefully rewritten condensations of more voluminous publications. The two works, comprised in the Parts already issued, are a fair specimen of the publisher's plan, one being a reprint in its entirety, and the other an able, well-executed abridgment, fully preserving the peculiar charm of the original, but omitting a vast deal of uninteresting matter. As far as we can judge from the samples before us, we know of no work so worthy to be placed by the side of the Home and Colonial Library as this very neat, cheap, and interesting miscellany.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

### DESCENTS OF THE PEERS.

[An eminent and highly gifted nobleman, who has devoted much of his time to genealogical research in connection with the royal blood of the Plantagenets and Tudors, has favoured us with the following curious and interesting analysis, which shews the Descents of all the Peers of Great Britain and Ireland who derive from King Henry VII.]

Aberdeen . . . . .	through	Brandon, Stanley, Athol, and
Ailesbury . . . . .	"	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, and
Ashburnham (2 Descents)	"	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Percy, and
	"	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Win-
	"	chelsea, Thynne, Percy, and
Athol (4 Descents) . . .	"	Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, and
	"	Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, and
	"	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, and
	"	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Winchel-
	"	sea, Thynne, Percy, and
Aylesford (2 Descents) .	"	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, and
	"	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Winchel-
	"	sea, Thynne, Worsley, Carteret,
	"	Thynne, and
Bandon . . . . .	"	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Boyle,
	"	and
Bangor . . . . .	"	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Boyle,
	"	Carrick, Farnham, and

Bateman . . . . .	<i>through</i>	Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Athol, Dunmore, Dundonald, Galloway, Templemore, and
Bath (2 Descents) . . . . .	„	Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Egerton, Exeter, Boyle, Byng, and
	„	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Winchelsea, Thynne, Worsley, Carteret, and
Beaufort . . . . .	„	Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Athol, Dunmore, Dundonald, Galloway, Stafford, and
Bedford . . . . .	„	Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Egerton, Exeter, Boyle, Byng, and
Belmore (2 Descents) . . . . .	„	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Boyle, Carrick, and
	„	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Boyle, Carrick, Belmore, Carrick, and
Bessborough . . . . .	„	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Winchelsea, Thynne, Worsley, Carteret, Spencer, and
Beverley (2 Descents) . . . . .	„	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, and Percy.
	„	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Winchelsea, Thynne, and
Bradford . . . . .	„	Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Egerton, Exeter, Boyle, Byng, and
Braybroke . . . . .	„	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Wyndham, Grenville, and
Brooke and Warwick . . . . .	„	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Winchelsea, Thynne, and
Bruce . . . . .	„	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, and
Buccleugh (3 Descents) . . . . .	„	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Boyle, Queensberry, and
	„	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Bruce, Brudenell, and
	„	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Bruce, Brudenell, Powis, Sydney, and
Buckingham and Chandos (2 Descents) . . . . .	„	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Wyndham, and
	„	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Bruce, Brydges, and
Bute . . . . .	„	Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Hastings, Rawdon, and
Cardigan . . . . .	„	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Bruce, &
Carlisle (3 Descents) . . . . .	„	Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Egerton, Stafford, and
	„	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Boyle, Devonshire, and
	„	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Winchelsea, Thynne, Worsley, Carteret, Spencer, Devonshire, and

Carnarvon . . . . .	through	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Wyndham, and
Carrick . . . . .	„	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Boyle, and
Cawdor . . . . .	„	Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Egerton, Stafford, Carlisle, and
Chesterfield . . . . .	„	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Winchelsea, Thynne, Worsley, Carteret, Thynne, and
Churchill . . . . .	„	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Sutton, Ward, Grey, Wrottesley, Grafton, and
Clifden (3 Descents) . . . . .	„	Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Egerton, Stafford, Carlisle, and
	„	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Boyle, Devonshire, Carlisle, and
	„	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Winchelsea, Thynne, Worsley, Carteret, Spencer, Devonshire, Carlisle, &
Clonmel . . . . .	„	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Winchelsea, Thynne, Warwick, and
Cork and Orrery . . . . .	„	Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Egerton, Exeter, and
Courtown (2 Descents) . . . . .	„	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Boyle, Queensberry, Buccleugh, and
	„	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Bruce, Brudenell, Buccleugh, and
Crewe . . . . .	„	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Hungerford, Keate, Walker, (Hungerford), and
Crofton . . . . .	„	Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Athol, Dunmore, Dundonald, Galloway, and
Dartmouth . . . . .	„	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Aylesford, and
De Lisle . . . . .	„	Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Egerton, Sydney, Perry, Shelley, and
De Mauley . . . . .	„	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Winchelsea, Thynne, Worsley, Carteret, Spencer, Bessborough, and
Derby . . . . .	„	Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Athol, Dunmore, Dundonald, Galloway, Hamilton, and
De Ros . . . . .	„	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Boyle, and
Devonshire (2 Descents) . . . . .	„	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Boyle, and
	„	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Winchelsea, Thynne, Worsley, Carteret, Spencer, and
Ducie . . . . .	„	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Wyndham, Carnarvon, and

Dunmore ( 4 Descents) . . .	through	Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Athol, and
	„	Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Athol, Nairne, and
	„	Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Athol, Dunmore, Dundonald, Galloway, and
	„	Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Athol, Dunmore, Dundonald, Galloway, Hamilton, and
Durham . . . . .	„	Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Eger- ton, Jersey, and
Dysart . . . . .	„	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Winchel- sea, Thynne, Worsley, Carteret, and
Ellesmere . . . . .	„	Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Egerton, Stafford, and
Exeter . . . . .	„	Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Egerton, and
Farnham . . . . .	„	Brandon, Gray, Seymour, Boyle, Carrick, and
Ferrers . . . . .	„	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Sutton, Ward, and
Forester . . . . .	„	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Rutland, and
Fortescue . . . . .	„	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Wyndham, Grenville, and
Galloway . . . . .	„	Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Athol, Dunmore, Dundonald, and
Granard . . . . .	„	Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Hastings, Rawdon, and
Granville (3 Descents). . .	„	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Boyle, Devonshire, and
	„	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Winchel- sea, Thynne, Worsley, Carteret, Spencer, Devonshire, and
	„	Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Athol, Dunmore, Dundonald, Galloway, Stafford, and
Hamilton . . . . .	„	Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Athol, Dunmore, Dundonald, Galloway, and
Harrowby . . . . .	„	Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Athol, Dunmore, Dundonald, Galloway, Stafford, and
Hastings . . . . .	„	Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Hastings, and Rawdon.
Home (2 Descents) . . .	„	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Boyle, Queensberry, Buccleugh, and
		Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Bruce, Bru- denell, Buccleugh, and

Howe . . . . .	through	Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Egerton, St. John, Bennett, Hartopp, and
Huntley . . . . .	"	Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Athol, Dunmore, Dundonald, Galloway, and
Jersey . . . . .	"	Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Egerton, and
Keith and Nairne . . . . .	"	Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Athol, and Nairne.
Leigh . . . . .	"	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Bruce, Brydges, and
Lovelace . . . . .	"	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Wyndham, Grenville, Fortescue, and
Lyttelton . . . . .	"	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Winchelsea, Thynne, Worsley, Carteret, Spencer, and
Malmesbury . . . . .	"	Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Egerton, Exeter, Shaftesbury, and
Manchester . . . . .	"	Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Athol, Aberdeen, Gordon, and
Marlborough . . . . .	"	Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Athol, Dunmore, Dundonald, Galloway, and
Mount Garrett . . . . .	"	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Boyle, Carrick, and
Northumberland (2 Descents)	"	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, and
	"	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Winchelsea, Thynne, and
Nugent . . . . .	"	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Wyndham, Grenville, and
O'Neill . . . . .	"	Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Egerton, Exeter, Cork, and
Paget . . . . .	"	Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Egerton, Jersey, and
Pomfret . . . . .	"	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Gerard, Lake, Borough, and
Portland . . . . .	"	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Boyle, Devonshire, and
Portsmouth . . . . .	"	Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Egerton, Herbert of Cherbury, Herbert (Powis), Fellowes, and
Powis . . . . .	"	Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Egerton, Herbert of Cherbury, Herbert (Powis), and Clive
Richmond . . . . .	"	Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Athol, Aberdeen, Gordon, and
Romney . . . . .	"	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Wyndham, and
Rutland . . . . .	"	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, and
St. Germain's . . . . .	"	Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Athol, Dunmore, Dundonald, Galloway, Stafford, and

Shaftesbury . . . . .	through	Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Egerton, Exeter, and
Shannon . . . . .	„	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, and Boyle
Sligo . . . . .	„	Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Egerton, St. John, Bennett, Hartopp, Howe, and
Spencer . . . . .	„	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Winchester, Thynne, Worsley, Carteret, and
Stamford . . . . .	„	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Sutton, Ward, and
Stanley of Bickerstaffe . . . . .	„	Brandon, Clifford, Athol, Dunmore, Dundonald, Galloway, Hamilton, and Derby
Strathallan . . . . .	„	Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Athol, Nairne, and
Sutherland . . . . .	„	Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Egerton, and
Sydney . . . . .	„	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Bruce, Brudenell, Powis, and
Templemore (2 Descents) . . . . .	„	Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Egerton, Jersey, Paget, and
	„	Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Athol, Dunmore, Dundonald, Galloway, and
Ward . . . . .	„	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Sutton, and Ward
Wrottealey . . . . .	„	Brandon, Grey, Seymour, Sutton, Ward, Grey, and
Yarborough . . . . .	„	Brandon, Clifford, Stanley, Egerton, Exeter, Boyle, Worsley, Bridgman—Simpson, and

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THE DAWSON FAMILY.

*To the Editor of the St. James's Magazine.*

SIR,—The family of Dawson of Melmerby and Carlton in the parish of Coverham, county of York, bore for arms, azure a chev. erm. between three arrows or. barbed and feathered ar. on a chief of the fourth three daws sa. beaked and membered gu. a canton of the last charged with a mullet of the third. Crest—on a wreath argent and gules, an eagle's head erased ar. beaked or. gorged with a ducal coronet ppr. These arms belonged to the ancient family of Dawson who for many generations were landed proprietors at Melmerby and Carlton in Coverdale, Yorkshire. Their right to the above armorial ensignes and their alliance with the Nevills, Scroopes, Greys of Northumberland, Talboys, Lawsons, Dacres, &c., is proved by an ancient emblazoned pedigree signed "*per me Lancaster Herald at Armes,*" which herald is believed to have been Nicholas Paddy. The pedigree which commences with Archibald Dawson of



Greystoke, county of Cumberland, who married a daughter of Thomas Nevill of Hornby, and who lived temp. Will. I. is brought down to Roger Dawson the first of Coverdale, and to his ten brothers of whom Simon was the eldest. These eleven brothers were grandsons of Sir Roger Dawson, Knt., who married a daughter of Sir Simon Mountford. The descendants of Roger of Coverdale down to the last Roger Dawson, who died in 1795, are given in a pedigree on vellum proved by deeds and documents which belonged to the Coverdale branch, which branch is now extinct in the *male* line. The family is at the present time represented by the descendants of Richard Duffield who is stated in the official entry of the pedigree of the Duffields in the Ulster Office of Arms, Dublin, to have married on the 15th of June, 1775, "Ann third and youngest daughter of Matthew Dawson and only surviving sister then of Roger Dawson, both of Carlton, in the parish of Coverham, county of York." Roger Dawson of Carlton, having died S. P. on the 19th of April, 1795, the descendants of his sister, Ann Duffield became entitled to quarter the arms of Dawson with their paternal coat.

The present GEORGE PELSANT DAWSON, Esq., of Osgodby Hall, county of York, and of Arborfield, Berks, is a direct male descendant of Archibald Dawson of Greystock, who lived at the time of the Conquest.

Yours,

WILLIAM DE COVERHAM.





CMA BEARE LONCROFT, ESQ.



JOSEPH CHARLESWORTH, ESQ.



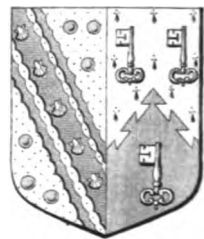
W. E. LYTTON BULWER ESQ.



THO GLOVER KENSIT, ESQ.



THO PURCHON, ESQ.



GEORGE PARBURY, ESQ.



THE REV. THO. HINDE.



WILLIAM CHANCE, ESQ.

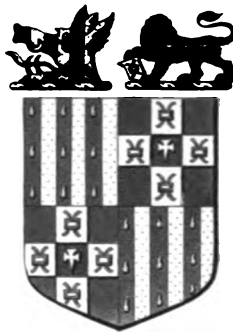


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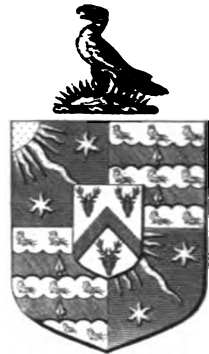




JOHN M. BAGHALL, ESQ.



REV. C. TURNER FARLEY.



W. ADLAN, ESQ.



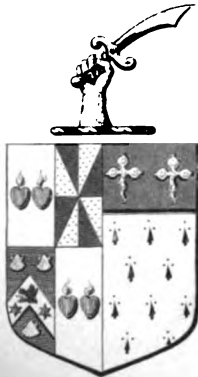
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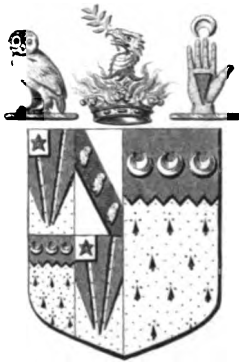
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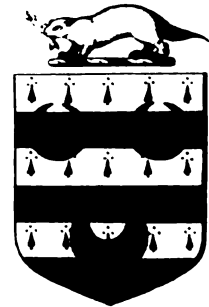
HALSBY.



REV. RICH<sup>d</sup> HART.



OSLEY SAVILL OSLEY, ESQ.



G. R. WATERLOW, ESQ.

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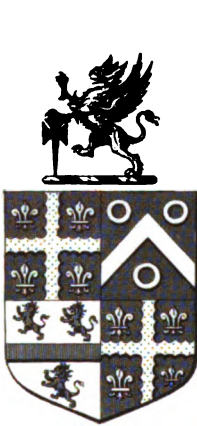
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## OBITUARY, ANNOTATED.

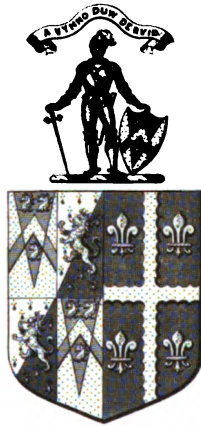




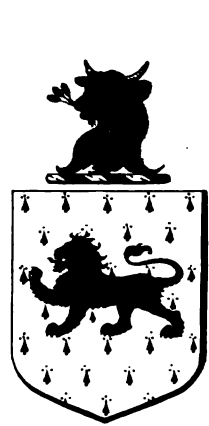




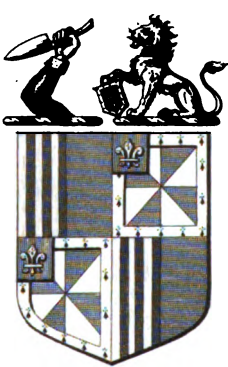
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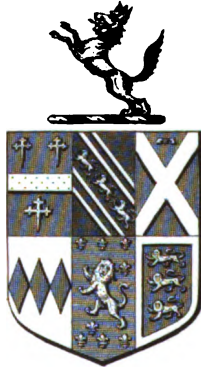
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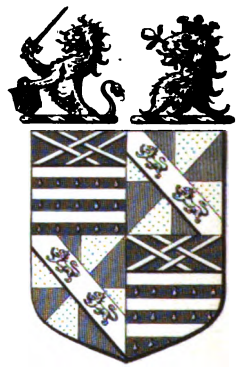
REV. F. W. DREW.



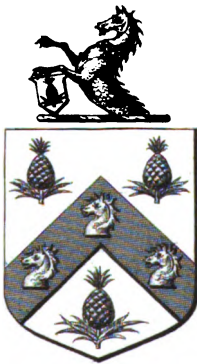
J. TRENCHARD TRENCHARD, ESQ.



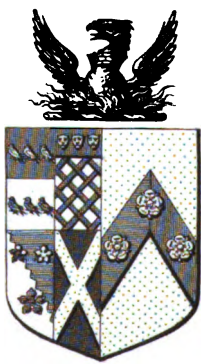
MONTAGU GORE, ESQ.



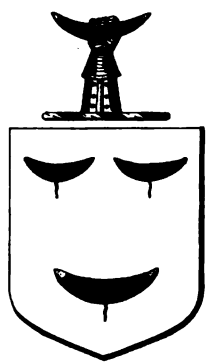
J. W. PERRY WATLINGTON, ESQ.



SAUL MOSS, ESQ.



JOHN FENWICK, ESQ.



JOHN JOSEPH SHUTTLEWORTH, ESQ.

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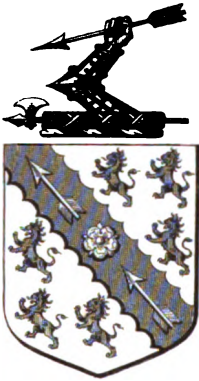
## CHANGES OF NAME.

## HONOURS CONFERRED.

## OBITUARY, ANNOTATED.



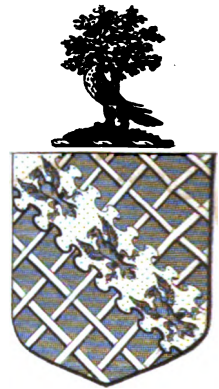




JAMES SAWREY, ESQ.



WILBRAHAM EGERTON, ESQ.



ANTHONY STROTHER, ESQ.



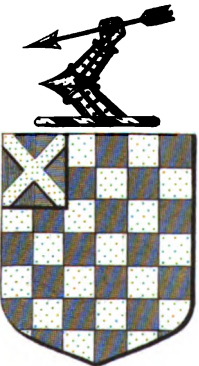
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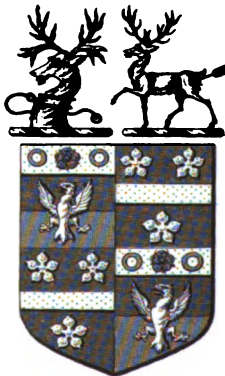
SIR J. L. CALDWELL, C. C. B.



W<sup>m</sup> TOOKE, ESQ. F. R. S.



COL. RICHARD WARREN.



JAMES THO' EDGE, ESQ.



GEORGE LOVICK COLEMAN, ESQ.

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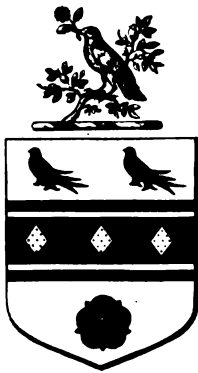
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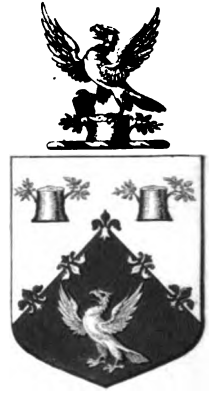




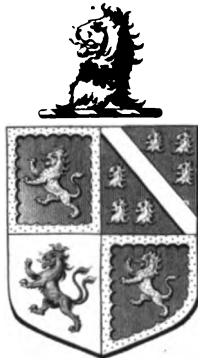
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ROBERT HENRY ALLAN, ESQ.



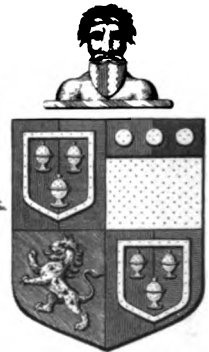
THO<sup>s</sup> JOSHUA RUTTER, ESQ



HENRY FOLLIOTT POWELL, ESQ.



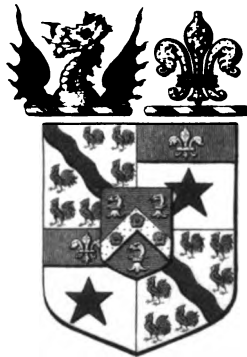
L<sup>t</sup> COL HOPE GIBSON.



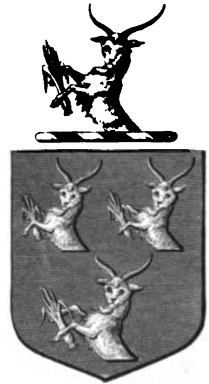
HXWALL.



REV<sup>d</sup> C. G. GRETTON TOWBEND.



ROGERS COXWELL, ESQ.



JOHN EVAN DAVIES, ESQ.

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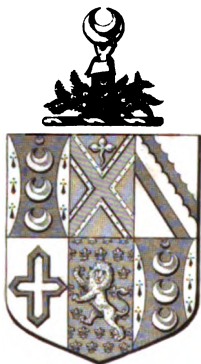
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HONOURS CONFERRED.

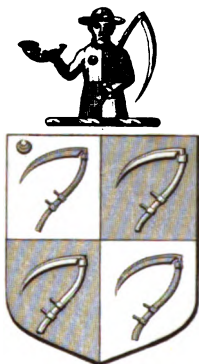
OBITUARY, ANNOTATED.







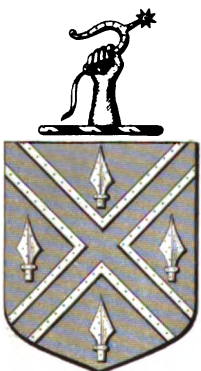
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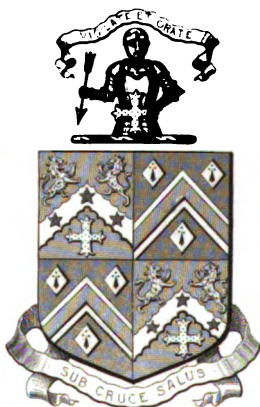
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THE REV. DR. SURRIDGE.



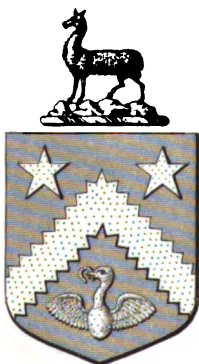
GEORGE HABBIS, ESQ.



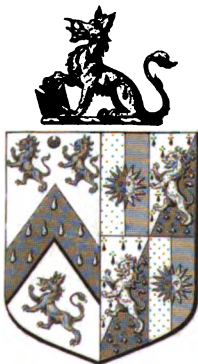
GEORGE CAPRON, ESQ.



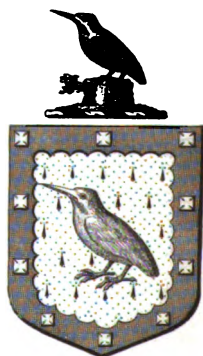
RAIKES CURRIE, ESQ.



TITUS SALT, ESQ.



JAMES BOURNE, ESQ.



THE REV. C. H. FISHER.

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FRANCIS, DUKE OF BEDFORD.



HENRY, LORD FARNHAM, K.P.



CHARLES SOMERVILLE M<sup>c</sup> ALESTER.  
OF LOUPE AND EMBROCK  
CHIEF OF CLAN ALESTER.



SIR JOHN HESKETH LETTBRIDGE, BART.  
OF SANDHILL PARK  
CO. SOMERSET.



FITZGERALD, KNIGHT OF GLIN.



JAMES ROSS COULTHART, ESQ.

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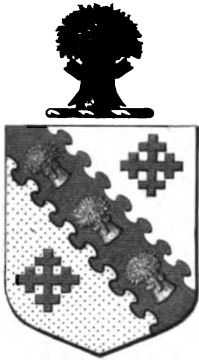
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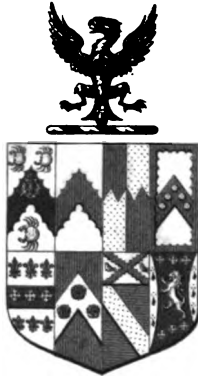
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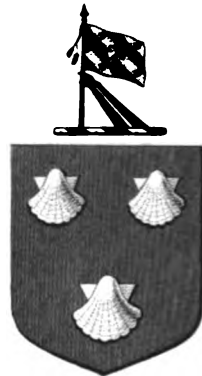




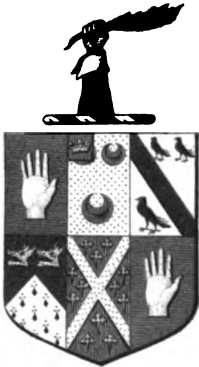
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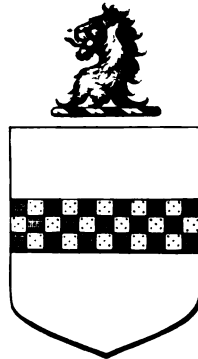
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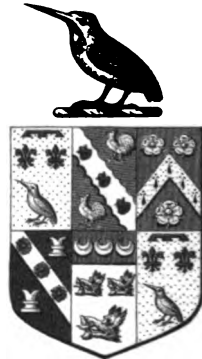
ARETAS AKERS, ESQ.



CHARLES JOHN SYTHESKA BROME, ESQ.



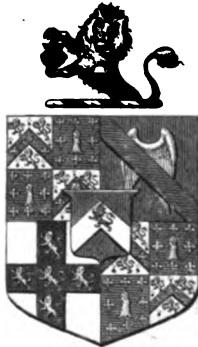
THOMAS WHITTINGTON, ESQ.  
OF RAMSWELL.



ROBERT FISHER, ESQ.



MEN, OF DEVIZES.



THE REV. JACOB E. B. MOUNTAIN D.D.



JOHN CRABHAM, ESQ.

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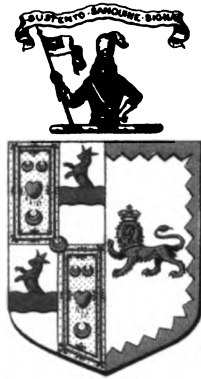








FRANCIS DARBY, ESQ.



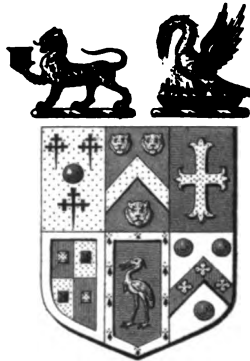
ALEXANDER SETON, ESQ.



EDWARD PHILLIPS, ESQ.



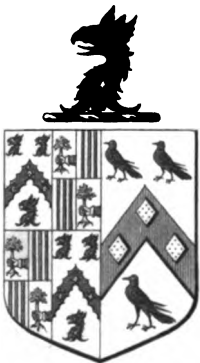
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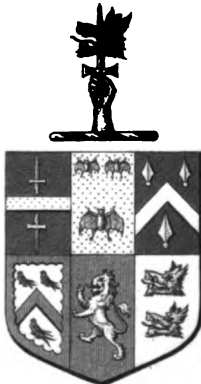
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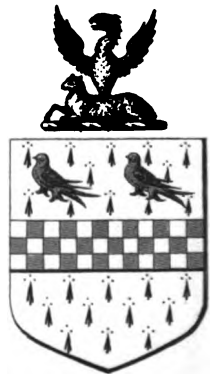
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ROBERT RAIKES, ESQ.

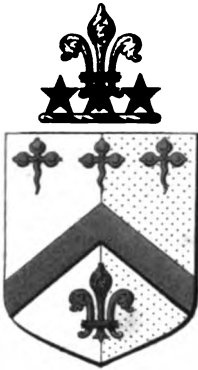


JOHN GWYNNE, ESQ.



WADDELL, OF BEACH HOUSE.

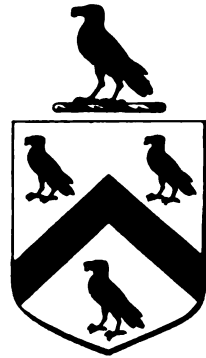




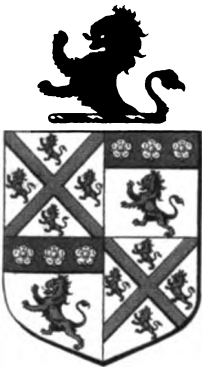
SAMUEL COURTAULD, ESQ.



WILLIAM ROST EMERIC, ESQ. M.A.



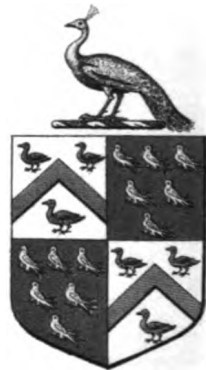
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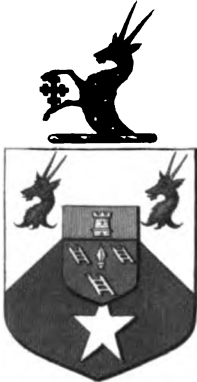
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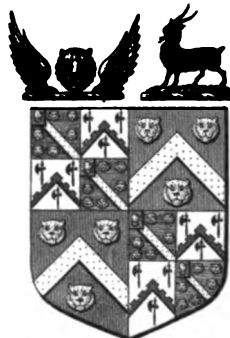
LT J. J. OVERALL CARMICHAEL, R.N.



WV ARUNDELL YEO, ESQ.



J. LLOYD DAVIES, ESQ.



P. BAINBRIDGE LE HUNT, ESQ.



REV. THOMAS RANDOLPH, M.A.

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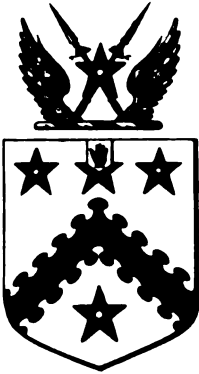
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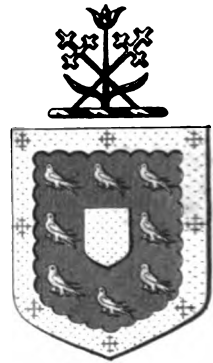




SIR JOHN F. DAVIS, BART.



MISS TRAFFORD-SOUTHWELL.



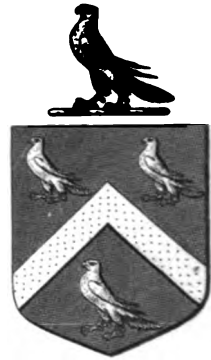
ELIAS CHADWICK, ESQ.



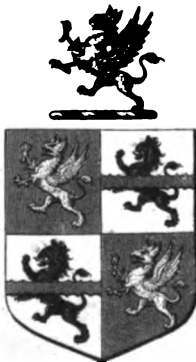
JOHN NEVILL, ESQ.



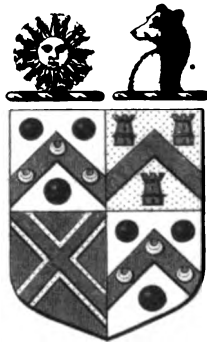
THE REV. GERALD CAREY.



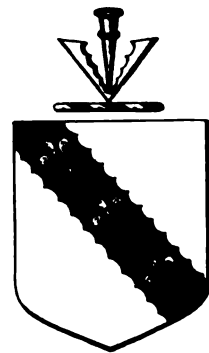
STAFFORD S. BAXTER, ESQ.



DAVISS, OF MOOR COURT.



ROBERT OSBORNE WALKER, ESQ.



DR. HOLT, OF ENFIELD.

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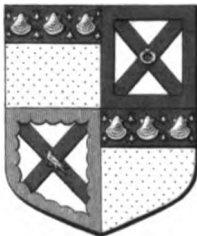
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W. M. SMITH-MARRIOTT, ESQ.



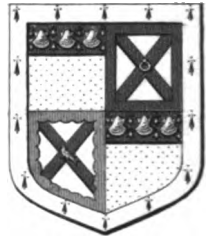
GEORGE FREER, ESQ.



JAMES MAXWELL GRAHAM, ESQ.



THE REV. W. HOLMES, M.A.



CHARLES MAXWELL GRAHAM, ESQ.



EVANS, OF GORTMERRON HOUSE.



GUSTAVUS ALEX. B. HIPPISELY, ESQ.



EDMUND MATHEW, ESQ.

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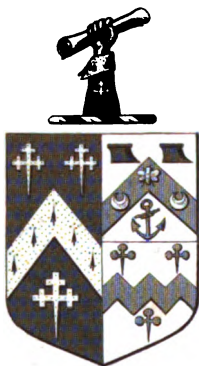
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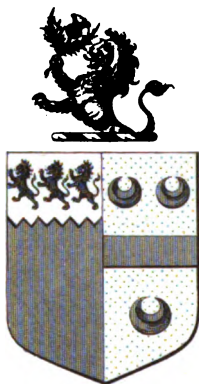
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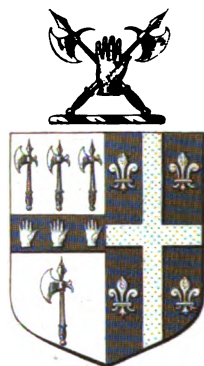




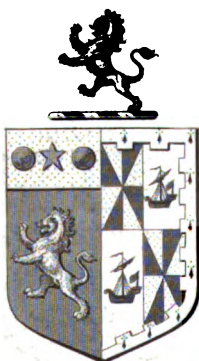
JEDEDIAM STRUTT, ESQ.



WORMLEY E. RICHARDSON, ESQ.



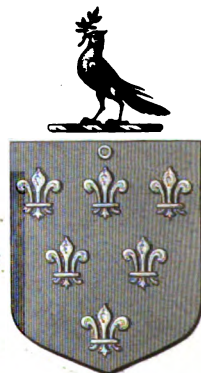
ROBERT SACKETT TOMLIN, ESQ.



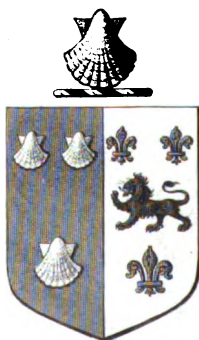
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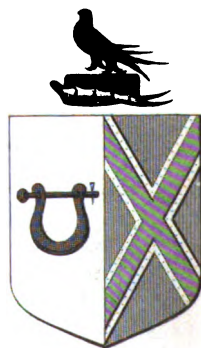
FREDERICK LORD SAYE & SELE. THE REV. EDM. STANLEY IRELAND, M.A.



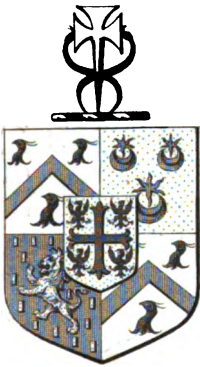
HENRY WENMAN NEWMAN, ESQ.



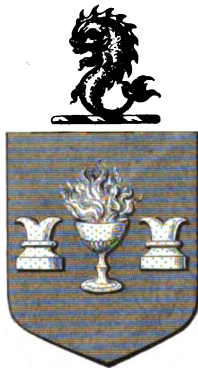
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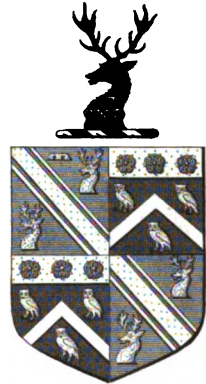
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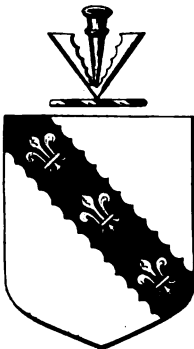
CHRISTOPHER TOPHAM, ESQ.



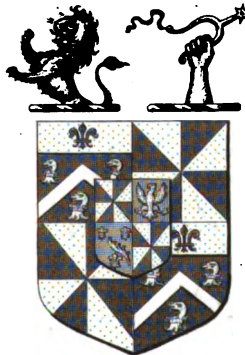
WILLIAM SMYTHE, ESQ.  
METHEVEN CAR.



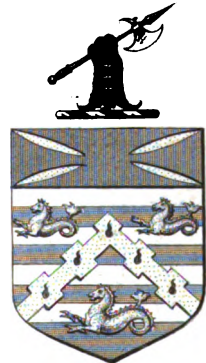
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RICHARD SALE, ESQ.



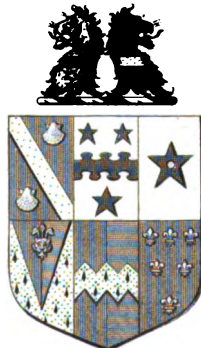
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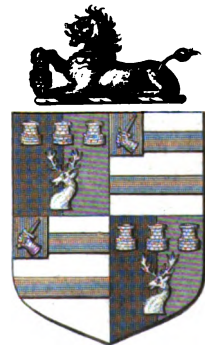
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JOHN THOMAS BROOKS, ESQ.



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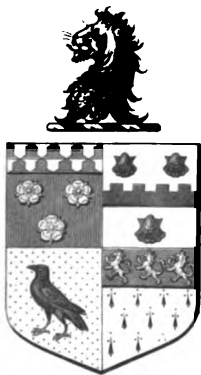


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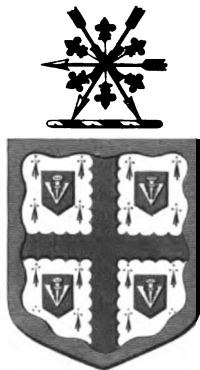




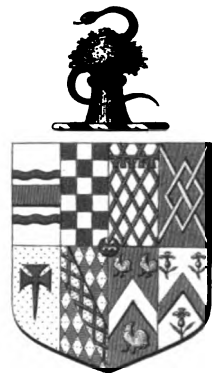




HERBERT TAYLOR, ESQ.



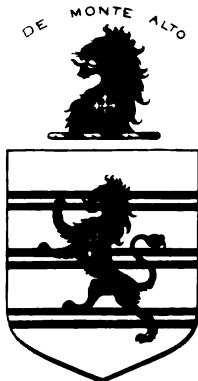
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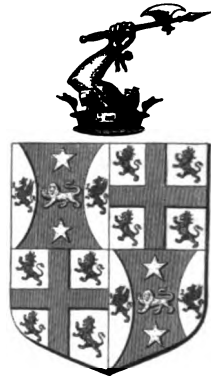
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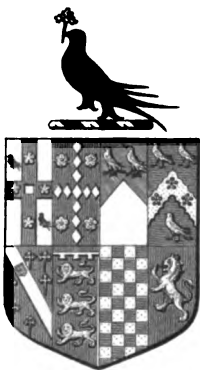
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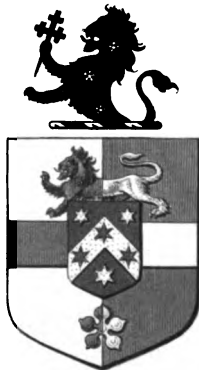
JOHN MAUDE, OF MOOR HOUSE, CO. YORK, ESQ.



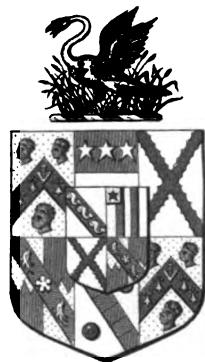
HENRY CHARLES DAKYNS, ESQ.



COMBE H. HOWARD HARTLEY, ESQ.



ARTHUR WALFORD, ESQ.



WM MOORE, ESQ., OF GRIMESHILL.

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## OBITUARY, ANNOTATED.



## OBITUARY.

AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER.

### MAJOR-GENERAL THOMAS HUNTER BLAIR, C.B.

This gallant officer died at Leamington on the 31st Aug., and adds another name to the long list of the departed heroes of the Peninsula and Waterloo. Few earned military reputation with more distinguished service. He entered the army in 1802; in 1808 he proceeded to the Peninsula, and participated in the battles of Roleia and Vimiera, the action at Lugo, and the retreat and victory of Corunna. Subsequently, he assisted at the capture of Oporto, and was severely wounded at Talavera. The latter unlucky circumstance proved of great injury to Major Hunter Blair, for while in hospital he was made prisoner by the French, and detained in France until the peace of 1814. The next year's brilliant campaign of Waterloo gave the gallant officer another opportunity of distinction, but he was again severely wounded on that memorable field. The last sphere of action on which Col. Hunter Blair was engaged was India, where he remained several years, and served with great credit during the Burmese war, commanding a brigade in Ava, and distinguishing himself at the taking of Melloon. He was a companion of the Order of the Bath, and received clasps for Roleia, Vimiera, Corunna, and Talavera. His commission of Lieutenant-Colonel bears date the day of Waterloo; that of Major-General he attained in 1846.

The deceased was the sixth son of the late Sir James Hunter Blair, Bart., of Blairquhan, and brother of the present Sir David, and of James Blair, Esq., M.P., of Dunskey, whose estates he inherited. He married, in 1820, Eliza, daughter of J. Norris, Esq.

### HARRY-SHIPLEY, LORD CARDROSS.

The youthful Lord Cardross died at Leamington, on the 21st Sept., in his 15th year. He was grandson of the present Earl of Buchan, by Elizabeth, his first wife, youngest daughter and coheir (with her sisters, Katherine Jane, *m.* to Colonel Warner, and Augusta-Mary, *m.* to James Alexander Manning, Esq.,) of the late Major-Gen. Sir Charles Shipley, Colonel of Engineers, and Governor of Grenada.

By his lordship's death, his uncle, the Hon. David Stewart Erskine becomes heir apparent to the family honours, which, in point of antiquity and historic distinction, are prominent on the roll of Scottish peerages. In our own times, too, few families have gained more eminence for intellectual attainments than that of Erskine. The present Earl of Buchan is son of the late Henry Erskine of Amondell, so distinguished by the amiability of his private character, the profundity of his legal knowledge, and the brilliancy of his wit: and nephew of Thomas, first Lord Erskine—the Lord Chancellor.

### JOHN PAYNE ELWES, ESQ. OF STOKE COLLEGE, CO. SUFFOLK.

The decease of this gentleman, at one time M.P. for the Northern Division of Essex, occurred at his seat Stoke College, in the 52nd year of his age. Mr. Elwes was son and heir of the late Colonel John Timms, who assumed the surname and arms of Elwes, on inheriting the landed property of his grand-uncle, John Elwes, so well known as the Miser, and so distinguished for integrity, generosity, and parsimony. Of this singular personage, Captain Topham of the Horse Guards wrote an interesting memoir, which exhibits one of the most extraordinary characters perhaps to be found in the whole range of British biography: full details also appear in the "Anecdotes of the Aristocracy," recently published.

Mr. J. Payne Elwes was born 13th of May, 1798, and married 17th July, 1824, Charlotte-Elizabeth, fourth daughter of Isaac Elton, Esq. of Stapleton House, co. Gloucester, and has left two sons and four daughters. He was a Magistrate for the counties of Suffolk and Essex, and served as High Sheriff of the former in 1826.

### SIR CHARLES HAMILTON, BART.

Sir Charles Hamilton (Senior Admiral of the Red), born May 25, 1767, was eldest son of Captain Sir John Hamilton, R.N. (who was created a baronet July 6, 1766, for the important part he had borne, as Commander of her Majesty's ship *Lizard*, at the defence of Quebec in the preceding year), by Cassandra Agnes, his wife, daughter of Edward Chamberlayne,

Esq., of Maugersbury, co. Gloucester. He was brother of the present Admiral Sir Edward Hamilton, Bart., K.C.B., first cousin of Commander John Chamberlayne, R.N., and great-grandson of the Hon. William Hamilton, of Chilston, brother of James, sixth Earl of Abercorn. He succeeded his father in the Baronetcy, Jan. 24, 1784. Charles Hamilton entered the navy in the summer of 1776, as Captain's servant, on board the Hector, 74, commanded by his father. From that period his life was one continued course of devotion to the service and glory of his country. While captain of the *Melpomene*, Hamilton acquired, after cruising in the North Sea, the official acknowledgments of Lord Hood, for his meritorious conduct and steady perseverance in maintaining, under manifest difficulties, the station assigned him off Calvi during the operations of 1794 against Corsica, where he commanded the *Dido* and *Amiable*, in unison with three hundred of the natives, in an attack on the outposts of Giralata, which surrendered at the close of a siege of ten days. During the nearly seven years and a half of his continuance in the *Melpomene*, he captured upwards of forty of the enemy's vessels.

On his return to England he was presented with the thanks of both Houses of Parliament. In April, 1800, having assumed the command on the coast of Africa, Sir Charles Hamilton, with only his own frigate, the *Ruby*, 64, and *Magnanime*, of 48 guns, under his orders, contrived, by a bold front, and the stratagem of dressing the crews of several merchantmen in his charge with red shirts, for the purpose of imparting to the latter the appearance of transports, to obtain possession of the island of Goree. He afterwards, in the same ship, captured the French letter-of-marque *Auguste*, of 10 guns and 50 men; and prior to the peace, he acted for some time as commissioner of the naval yard at Antigua. The *Illustrious*, *Téméraire*, and *Tonnant* were commanded by Sir Charles Hamilton on the home, West India, and North American stations. In 1809, he was nominated a Colonel of Marines, and from the period of his promotion to flag rank, July 31, 1810, until his receipt of a Vice-Admiral's commission, bearing date June 4, 1814, we find him officiating as Commander-in-Chief on the river Thames, with his flag in the *Thïsbe*, 28. His last employment was that of Governor and Commander-in-Chief at Newfoundland, the duties of which office he filled from May 13, 1818, until July 5, 1824. During that period he received a very flattering

address from the principal inhabitants of St. John's. He became a full Admiral July 22, 1830, and a K.C.B. January 29, 1833. Prior to the French revolutionary war, Sir Charles Hamilton held a seat in Parliament for the borough of St. Germans, co. of Cornwall; and he was afterwards returned for Honiton, in Devonshire, and Dungannon, county of Tyrone. He marr.ed, April 19, 1803, Henrietta Martha, only daughter of the late George Drummond, Esq., of Stanmore, county of Middlesex, the well-known banker, of Charing-cross, London. His only son, Charles John James (now the third baronet), is captain in the Scots Fusilier Guards.

Sir Charles Hamilton, who at the period of his demise was Senior Admiral of the Red, and the second officer on the flag list, died on the 14th September, at his residence, Iping, Sussex, in the 82nd year of his age. For the above particulars relative to the gallant admiral we are mainly indebted to that recent work of wonderful labour and execution, O'Byrne's "Naval Biography," which already takes its place as an authority on the subject of which it treats, and is universally admitted to be the ablest and most perfect record of the Naval Service ever produced.

SIR GRAVES CHAMNEY HAUGHTON, KT.,

K.H., F.R.S.

The death of this distinguished Oriental scholar occurred at Clond, near Paris, on the 28th August. Born in 1788 the second son of Dr. Haughton of Dublin, by his wife, the daughter of Edward Archer, Esq., of Mount John, county Wicklow, he entered at an early age the military service of the Hon. East India Company, but retired from ill-health. Subsequently, having studied the Oriental languages in the College at Fort William, Calcutta, where he obtained many honours, Mr. Haughton was appointed, in 1817, a Professor at Haileybury, and held that appointment until 1827. In 1832 he offered himself a candidate for the Bowden Professorship of Sanscrit at Oxford, but withdrew in favour of Mr. Wilson. In 1833 he received the honour of Knighthood, and was a member of the National Institute of France.

Sir Graves took for many years an active interest in the Royal Asiatic Society, and was connected with several of the learned continental associations. Amongst his contributions to Oriental literature, we may mention his edition of the "Institutes of Menu," in the original Sanscrit; his "Bengali Grammar," and his "Bongali, Sanscrit, and English Dic-

honary." He was also author of "Prodomus; or, an Inquiry into the First Principles of Reasoning," &c. He claimed descent from the old Lancashire family of Hoghton, of Hoghton Tower.

LIEUT.-COLONEL GEORGE MAUNSELL.

Lieut. - Colonel George Maunsell, whose death we record, for several years commanded the 3rd or Prince of Wales's Dragoon Guards, and served with great distinction in that regiment in the Peninsula, from April, 1809, to the end of the war in 1814—including the battles of Talavera, the winter campaign of 1810 in the lines of Lisbon, actions of Campo Mayor and Los Santos, battles of Busaco and Albuera, action of Usagre, sieges of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz, and battles of Vittoria and Toulouse. He commanded a squadron at the brilliant cavalry affair at Usagre, when three French regiments were defeated by the 3rd Dragoon Guards. He retired, on half-pay unattached, in 1843; but, like his old and gallant brother officer in arms, Colonel Stawell, 12th Lancers, he declined retiring from the service. Lieut.-Colonel Maunsell had medals for Talavera, Albuera, Vittoria, and Toulouse.

Colonel Maunsell descended from an ancient Norman family that settled in Wales. Captain Thomas Maunsell, R.N., was the first of the family that went to Ireland, where he was sent in 1609, with great authority and powers, from the Lords of His Majesty's Privy Council, to view and inform himself with respect to fortifying the ports, and with direction to settle in the country if he thought fit. He finally settled in the county of Waterford, when his eldest son defended the Castle of Maccollop against Cromwell. In 1650 Charles the Second granted lands to this family, part in the liberties of Limerick, as one of the forty-nine officers who remained loyal to Charles the First, while the junior branches of that family got large possessions by supporting Cromwell. Col. Maunsell's great-grandfather, Richard Maunsell, becoming possessed of the said lands in the liberties of Limerick, about 1710, settled there, and was returned to the Irish Parliament for that city from 1740 to 1761; from whom descended Robert Maunsell, Esq., the father of deceased. His grandfather was an eminent Irish barrister, K.C., and M.P., for Ki'malloch, Limerick.

HENRY METCALF, ESQ., OF HAWSTED HOUSE, SUFFOLK.

The death of Mr. Metcalfe took place at Hastings, on the 2nd Sept., in his fifty-ninth year. He was only son of the late Christopher Barton Metcalfe, Esq.,

and grandson of Christopher Metcalfe, Esq., a literary friend of the poet Dryden. The property at Hawsted came into the family principally through the marriage of that gentleman with Ellen, only child of Christopher Barton, Esq. Mr Metcalfe, whose decease we record, obtained an accession of fortune as heir to his grand-uncle, Philip Metcalfe, Esq., of Hill-street, Berkeley-square, F.R.S., F.S.A., and M.P., who was one of the executors and personal friends of Sir Joshua Reynolds. By Francis Jane, his wife (who died in 1830), daughter of Martin Whish, Esq., Commissioner of Excise, Mr. Metcalfe leaves three sons.

THE RIGHT HON. LORD METHUEN.

This venerable and much-respected nobleman died at his residence in Park-street, Grosvenor-square, on the 14th Sept., aged 70. For many years previous to his elevation to the peerage, in 1838, his Lordship was Knight of the Shire for Wilts, and took a leading position among the Whig politicians of the time. His father was Paul Cobb Methuen, Esq., of Corsham, sometime M.P. for Great Bedwin, and his mother, Matilda, daughter of Sir Thomas Gooch, Bart., of Benacre. The family of Methuen takes its name from the Barony of Methven, in Perthshire, and was long of distinction in Scotland. The founder of the English branch, a scion of the Northern stem, was John Methven, or Methuen, of Bishop's Cannings, Wilts, who was, in the reigns of William and Queen Anne, successively Chancellor of Ireland and Ambassador to Portugal; and was the framer of that treaty for the mutual interchange of port wine and woollen manufactures, which has subsisted till within a few years.

Lord Methuen, whose decease we record, married 31st July, 1810, Jane-Dorothea, eldest daughter of Sir Henry Paulet St. John Mildmay, Bart., of Dogmersfield Park, Hants, and by her (who died 15th March, 1846) has left surviving issue three sons and one daughter; the eldest being Frederick-Henry-Paul, present Peer, Lieut.-Colonel of the Wiltshire Militia, who was born 23rd February, 1818, and married, 14th October, 1844, Anna-Horatia-Caroline, only daughter of the Rev. John Sanford, and has one son and three daughters.

JOHN MUSTERS, J.P. AND D.L., OF COLWICK HALL, AND ANNESLEY-PARK, NOTTS.

The death of this gentleman, in his 72nd year, occurred on the 8th Sept., at Annesley-park. Although distinguished in sporting and hunting circles, Mr. Musters is best known to the public as the successful rival of Lord Byron in the af-



factions of Miss Chaworth, the lovely heiress of Annesley, and

—the solitary scion left  
Of a time-honour'd race.

This lady, the "Mary Chaworth" of Byron's muse, became the wife of Mr. Musters in August, 1805, and died in February, 1832, from fright occasioned by the Reform riots at Nottingham. On his marriage, Mr. Musters assumed his wife's family name, but, subsequently, at the demise of his father, took back his patronymic. His extensive estates now devolve on his grandson, John Musters, a boy of thirteen years of age.

The family of Musters, originally from Yorkshire, settled at Colwick, Notts, previously the property of the Byrons, sometime in the 17th century, and subsequently much increased their property by intermarriages with heiresses. The first possessor of Colwick, Sir John Musters, Knt., died in 1689, leaving, by Anne, his wife, daughter of Sir John Maynard, K.B., a son, John Musters, Esq., of Colwick, who married Millicent, eldest daughter and heir of Adrian Mundy, Esq., and was great-grandfather of the late John Musters, Esq., of Colwick, High Sheriff of Notts in 1777, who wedded Miss Heywood, daughter and co-heiress of James Modyford Heywood, Esq., of Maristow, county Devon, and left at his decease a son and successor, the gentleman whose death we record.

#### THE HON. LADY NEAVE.

This lady died, deeply lamented, on the 29th Aug., at Dagnam Park. She was born on the 28th October, 1809, the only daughter of James Everard, ninth Lord Arundell, of Wardour, by Mary, his second wife, daughter of Robert Burnett Jones, Esq., of Adea, in Sussex, Attorney General of Barbadoes; and married, 7th August, 1828, Richard Digby Neave, Esq., who succeeded to the family Baronetcy at the death of his father, the late Sir Thomas Neave, in 1848. Her Ladyship leaves six sons and four daughters. Paternally, Lady Neave descended from the great and eminent English House of Arundell, and maternally, counted among her ancestors several distinguished Welsh chieftains.

#### EDWARD STANLEY, D.D., BISHOP OF NORWICH.

This respected and lamented divine, who, at the period of his decease, had nearly completed his 71st year, was brother of John Thomas, present Lord Stanley, and second son of Sir John Thomas Stanley, sixth baronet of Alderly, in Cheshire, by Margaret, his wife, daughter and heiress of Hugh Owen, Esq., of Pen-

rhos, in Anglesey. The branch of the noble family of Derby, from which the Stanleys, of Alderley descend, was founded by Sir John Stanley, Knt., brother of the celebrated general who contributed so effectually to Richmond's success at Bosworth, and third son of Thomas, Lord Stanley, K.G., by Joan Goushill, his wife, fifth in descent from King Edward I. The Bishop of Norwich received his education at St. John's College, Cambridge. After many years devoted to the duties of a parish clergyman, he attained the mitre in 1837, and in that elevated position was universally esteemed. He presided over the Linnæan Society, and was author of "A familiar History of Birds." His Lordship was also Clerk of the Closet to her Majesty, and acted recently as one of the Commissioners of Inquiry respecting the British Museum. The Bishop's taste for music led to his patronage of Jenny Lind. Dr. Stanley married, 8th of May, 1810, Catherine, daughter of the Rev. Oswald Lycester, rector of Stoke, county Salop; and has left two daughters and three sons, the latter being—1. Owen, Commander, R.N.; 2. Arthur Penrhyn, Fellow of University College, Oxford; and 3. Charles Edward, Captain Royal Engineers.

#### DR. COOKE TAYLOR.

William Cooke Taylor, L.L.D., has for many years been distinguished as a writer of great and original power, and of indefatigable industry. His death occurred on Wednesday, 12th Sept., in Dublin, from an attack of the prevailing disease, which has carried lamentation into so many homes. Dr. Taylor possessed a working power which deserves to be called remarkable; and numerous as are his works, and considerable as is their value, to this diffusion of his mind over many themes, it is owing that he has not left behind him something more important to literature and more beneficial to his own fame. He was a native of Youghal, in the county of Cork, and in early life was engaged in the scholastic profession, having been usher at the academy of Dr. Bell in Tipperary. He possessed great energy and industry, and was a most laborious member of the literary body, his pen having been applied to a variety of subjects, critical, historical, and political. The branch of letters to which his own taste would have led him, if he could have chosen his subject, was scholastic disquisition; for which, with his great industry and powers of research, he was not ill-fitted—though it may be doubted whether he had that subtlety required for refined

riiticism. His understanding was remarkably versatile, and he rapidly mastered the general principles of any science to which he applied himself. Of late years he applied his pen to party politics, and a number of pamphlets and letters (most of them pseudonymous) have been not incorrectly attributed to him. He was a zealous writer in favour of the agitation for free trade, and equally zealous against agitation for the repeal of the Union. Dr. Taylor began his literary career, with the History of the Civil Wars in Ireland, an interesting and impartial production, and closed it with his House of Orleans. In this book the author makes the remarkable observation, that persons connected with that family had nearly all come to untimely ends—he himself has just finished its history, and dies of cholera!! In private and social life, Dr. Taylor was warmly cherished for his obliging disposition and excellent qualities. He had the openness and generosity characteristic of his country, was just in his sentiments, and from much reading and experience had acquired a mass of miscellaneous intelligence which he could apply with soundness, discretion, and effect, to every class of his literary performances. His acquaintance with learned languages and statistics was of a comprehensive order, and the latter rendered him for many years a valuable Secretary to the Statistical Section of the British Association. Dr. Taylor's industry and talent, especially during the last half-dozen years, were chiefly displayed in the following publications:—Monuments of Ancient and Modern History, 2 vols.; Romantic Biography of the Age of Elizabeth, 2 vols., 8vo., 1842; History of the Revolutions, Insurrections, and Conspiracies of Europe, 2 vols. 8vo., 1843; Translation of Beaumont's Ireland, 2 vols.; History of the House of Orleans, 3 vols. 8vo., 1849.

#### THE LADY ELIZABETH TUFTON.

Her Ladyship, the last of the great house of Tufton, survived her brother, the late Earl of Thanet, a very brief period only. Her death occurred at Clarence-lawn, Dover, on the 16th Sept

Lady Elizabeth was born 2nd May, 1768, and had consequently completed her 81st year. She was the eldest child of Sackville, eighth Earl of Thanet, by Mary, his wife, grand-daughter of Lionel Duke of Dorset.

#### EDWARD WARNER, ESQ., COLONEL IN THE ARMY.

Edward Warner, Esq., Colonel, on half-pay of the 26th Cameronians, whose death occurred on the 22nd August last, was the eldest son and heir of William Warner,

Esq., and grandson of Dr. Joseph Warner, the celebrated founder of Apothecaries Hall, by Mildred, his wife, daughter of Colonel Johns of Wickham, in the county of Kent. Colonel Warner commenced his career in life in the civil department of the army as Secretary to his uncle, General Sir Adam Williamson, Governor of Jamaica, and accompanied him in that capacity in his expedition to, and conquest of, St. Domingo. In 1798, he entered the army as an Ensign in the 27th Regiment, and subsequently exchanged to the 10th Hussars, at the special desire of its Colonel, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. In 1803, he was attached to the London Staff, as Aid-de-camp to the late Earl of Harrington, and having in 1804, married Catherine-Jane Mather, the eldest daughter of the late General Sir Charles Shipley, senior Colonel of Engineers and Governor of the Island of Grenada, he served with great credit as Aid-de-camp to that highly distinguished officer in the reduction of several of the French Colonies, conspicuous for his zeal and bravery, and was among the number of those specially named in the Parliamentary vote of thanks. In 1812, he was promoted to a Major in the 26th Cameronians, and commanded a battalion of that fine Regiment until its reduction at the general peace, when his services were transferred to the Colonial Staff in the West Indies. In 1838, he became a full Colonel, and had nearly arrived at the top of the list at the period of his decease, just previously to which he received the medals and clasps lately awarded as compensations for military services.

Colonel Warner was the eldest male representative and lenial descendant of Sir Thomas Warner, Kt., the friend and companion of Sir Walter Raleigh, himself the discoverer of several West India Islands, and the founder of these colonies, for one of which, Dominica, he was appointed Governor for life, by letters patent of King Charles I., immediately after his accession to the throne in 1625, the first which that unfortunate Monarch ever signed. At the execution of the Earl of Essex, in the reign of Elizabeth, Sir Thomas Warner was Lieut. of the Tower, and King James I. bestowed upon him the celebrated Essex ring upon the condition that it should continue as an heir loom in his family where it now remains.

Colonel Warner was in his 75th year at the period of his decease, and has left issue an only son, Charles William Warner, Attorney-General of the Island of Trinidad, who married first Isabella, daughter

of Captain Carmichael, by whom he had issue among other sons and daughters, the late Shipley Warner, Esq., whose melancholy death at the early age of seventeen, on his march to join his regiment in India, was recently announced; and secondly, Rose, daughter of — Cadiz, Esq., of the Island of Trinidad, by whom he has also issue. And a daughter, Hislop Mary Augusta, married to Milfred Reid, Esq.

DIANA ANNE, DOWAGER LADY HAMLIN  
WILLIAMS.

Her ladyship, who died on the 7th inst., aged 84, at Westhow Villa, Norwood, was

second daughter of Abraham Whittaker, Esq., of Stratford, in Essex, and sister of Charlotte, first Countess of Stradbroke, and of Marianne Lady Gooch, of Benacre. Her marriage to the late Sir James Hamlyn Williams, Bart., of Clovelly Court, Devon, took place on the 22nd July, 1789, and its issue consisted of three sons and three daughters, viz., James, the present Sir James Williams, Bart., of Clovelly; Charles, Captain, R.N.; Orlando, in holy orders; Diana; Arabella, married to Chas. Lord Barham (now Earl of Gainsborough); and Charlotte, wife of Sir Arthur Chichester, Bart., of Youlston.

## OBITUARY.

SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER.

JOHN JOSEPH WEBBE WESTON, ESQ. OF  
SUTTON PLACE, SURREY.

Few families among the untitled aristocracy of England has a more ancient or distinguished lineage than that of Weston, which flourished here in Saxon times, and derived its name from Weston, near Spalding, in Lincolnshire. In the reign of Henry I. lived Haylerike de Weston, Saxonius, and from him lineally descended three brothers, Edmund, John, and William, temp. HENRY VI.; of whom the second, Sir John Weston, was Lord Prior of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem; and the third, Sir William Weston, Knight of Rhodes. Edmund, the eldest son, was father of Sir Richard Weston, Under Treasurer of England, and Master of the Court of Wards and Liveries, who erected in 1521 the splendid mansion of Sutton Place, near Guildford, in which he was succeeded by his son, Sir Francis Weston, K.B., who was put to death for an alleged criminal intercourse with Queen Anna Boleyn.

The last descendant in the direct line, Miss Melior Mary Weston, of Sutton Place, died, unmarried, in 1782, having devised her estates to her kinsman, John Webbe, Esq., who assumed the surname and arms of Weston. He *m.* twice, and left by his first wife, Elizabeth, only dau. of John Lawson, Esq., two sons, John Joseph Webbe Weston, Esq., of Sutton Place, and Thomas Monington, Esq., of Sarnesfield. The former *m.* Caroline Graham, niece of Sir James Graham, Bart., of Netherby, and had a son, John Joseph Webbe Weston, the gentleman whose decease we have to record, and three daughters, of whom the youngest, Caroline, is wife of F. Hicks, Esq., of Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square.

Thus, representing one of the oldest Catholic families, Mr. Webbe Weston entered, at an early period of life, the service of the Emperor of Austria, in which so many English and Irish Catholics have gained distinction. It would, indeed, form a very interesting chapter of history, to record the achievements of those British subjects, who, on a foreign soil, and in foreign service, have earned military reputation. How many gallant soldiers, from

the days of the Constable Buchan, have won fame and honours in the land of France? In Prussia, Field Marshal Keith ranks with her most eminent military commanders; and in Austria the names of Taaffe, O'Reilly, Nugent, and Dormer, have long been associated with the glory of the Imperial armies.

Captain Webbe Weston had held for some years the command of a troop in the 3rd Light Dragoons of Austria; and having in the recent Hungarian Campaign distinguished himself as a true and fearless soldier, he was appointed Aide-de-Camp to General Count Nugent, at the siege of Comorn, where he fell a victim to cholera. He married, 17th May, 1847, Lady Horatio Elizabeth Waldegrave, sister and co-heir of the late George Edward, seventh Earl Waldegrave.

SIR THOMAS BUCKLER LETHBRIDGE, BART.

This venerable Baronet, Colonel 2nd Somersetshire Militia, whose death is just announced, was well known in the political world, and represented the county of Somerset for more than twenty years in parliament. He was born 21st February, 1778, the only son of Sir John Lethbridge, the first Baronet, of Sandhill, by Dorothea his wife, eldest daughter of William Buckler, Esq., of Boreham, Wilts. The family was one of respectability in Devon, and descended in the female line from Sir William Periam, Chief Baron of the Exchequer temp. Queen Elizabeth.

Sir Thomas was twice married. By his first wife, Jessy Catherine, sister of Sir Thomas Dalrymple Hesketh, Bart., of Rufford Hall, he had a daughter, Jessy Catherine, who married Ambrose Goddard, Esq., of Swindon, M.P., and died in 1843; and one son, the present Sir John Hesketh Lethbridge, third Baronet. Sir Thomas's second wife was Anne, daughter of Ambrose Goddard, Esq., of Swindon, and by her he had two sons and four daughters.

JOHN READE, ESQ., OF IPSDEN HOUSE,  
OXON.

The Reades of Ipsden are a branch of the ancient baronetical family of Reade of Shipton Court, deriving from Edward, next brother of the first Sir Compton

Reade, and second son of Thomas Reade, Esq. of Barton, by Mary his wife, daughter of Sir Thomas Cornewall, Baron of Burford. Mr. Reade, whose death has just taken place, succeeded to the representation of the Ipsden line at the decease of his grandfather, John Reade, Esq., in 1777, being then only two years old. He married, 9th February, 1796, Anna Maria, eldest daughter of Major John Scott-Waring, M.P., and had a very numerous issue. Mr. Reade of Ipsden was a Magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for Oxfordshire, and will be long remembered as a kind landlord, a constant friend to the poor, and a most excellent country gentleman.

**ADMIRAL SIR EDWARD WILLIAM CAMPBELL RICH OWEN, G.C.B.**

We regret to have to add to our obituary the name of this gallant and distinguished officer, who died on the 8th Oct., at his seat in Surrey. He entered the royal navy 11th of August, 1775, being then about fourteen years of age, obtained his Lieutenantcy 6th November, 1793, and eventually became Admiral of the White in 1848. His services extend in consequence, over the most eventful period of our naval annals; but in our limited space we can only refer to the more important passages in Sir Edward's career.

On the renewal of hostilities, after the peace of Amiens, Captain Owen was stationed with several sloops and smaller vessels under his orders, on the coast of France, and, by his activity and zeal, kept the enemy in a constant state of alarm, at one time driving their ships on shore, and at another bombarding the seaboard towns of Dieppe and St. Valery. Subsequently, in 1806, Commodore Owen (the gallant officer had then hoisted a broad pendant) superintended a very successful attack on Boulogne, and in 1809 accompanied the expedition to the Walcheren, where he gained warm commendation for the ability and energy he displayed in the arduous duties imposed upon him. In 1815 the Commodore was honored with the insignia of the Bath, in 1821, appointed a Colonel of Marines, and in 1825 advanced to flag-rank. From 1828 to 1832 he held the chief command on the East India station, and from 1841 to 1845 that in the Mediterranean.

"At the close of the year 1813, Commodore Owen rendered himself conspicuous," [we quote from O'BYRNE'S *Naval Biography*,] "by his exemplary conduct at the head of a body of seamen and marines landed to co-operate with the Dutch Royalists, in the defence of the island of South Beveland. And at a later period, while in command of the Royal Sovereign

yacht, he had the honour of conveying to this country the present Queen Dowager, the Dukes and Duchesses of Kent, Cumberland, Cambridge, and Hesse Homberg, and the Grand Duke Michael of Russia."

Sir Edward Owen was M.P. for Sandwich from 1826 to 1829, became Surveyor-General of the Ordnance in 1827, was a member of the Duke of Clarence's council, when his Royal Highness was Lord High Admiral, and held office again in 1834, as Clerk of the Ordnance.

The deceased Admiral was son of Captain William Owen, R.N., and nephew of Owen Owen, Esq., of Ceven Havod, High Sheriff of Montgomeryshire in 1763; whose sons were the late Sir Arthur Davies Owen, Kt., of Glansevern; the Rev. David Owen, the distinguished scholar, senior-wrangler at Cambridge, in 1777; and William Owen, Esq., of Glansevern, King's Counsel. The family, one of great antiquity in the Principality, derives descent from the famed Cadivor ap Dynaval, Lord of Castle Howell.

Sir Edward married, in 1829, Miss Selina Hey.

**CAPT. RICHARD CREYKE, R.N.**

This amiable and excellent man will be deeply deplored in the neighbourhood where he lived so long, and where his kindness of heart, his high character, and his extensive charities had endeared him to all. He was second son of the late Capt. Richard Creyke, R.N., Commissioner of the Victualling Office, and Governor of the Royal Naval Hospital at Plymouth, and grandson of the Rev. John Creyke, of Burchigh-on-the-Hill, county Rutland, who was a descendant of the ancient Yorkshire family of Creyke of Marton, now represented by RALPH CREYKE, Esq. of Marton and Rawcliffe. Captain Creyke entered the navy in 1800, participated in the battle of St. Domingo in 1806, was present in the operations against Copenhagen in 1807, and accompanied home in 1808 the Russian fleet which had surrendered in the Tagus. He also took part in the destruction of the French shipping in Basque roads, was employed at the siege of Flushing, and assisted in the capture of *La Confiance*, with colonial produce on board to the value of £150,000. He obtained Commander's rank in 1812, and was made Post Captain in 1814. The gallant officer married, in 1818, Harriet Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. James Furneaux, of Swilly, in Devon, and has left issue.

**SIR JOHN DASHWOOD KING, BART., OF WEST WYCOMBE, BUCKS.**

The decease of this Baronet occurred on the 22nd Oct. He had enjoyed the title nearly fifty-six years, having suc-

ceeded his father, the late Sir John Dashwood King, in 1793. The first Baronet, Sir Francis Dashwood, M.P. for Winchester, married four times. By his second wife, Lady Mary Fane, daughter of Vere, fourth Earl of Westmoreland, he had a son, Sir Francis Dashwood, Lord le Despencer, in right of his mother, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and afterwards Postmaster General: and by his third wife, Mary, daughter of Major King, he was father of Sir John Dashwood, who assumed the additional surname of King in 1742, and was father of the gentleman whose death we record.

Sir John married, in 1789, Mary Anne, daughter of the late Theodore Henry Broadhead, Esq., and by her (who died in 1844) has left George Henry, the present Baronet, and other issue.

**THE HON. SPENCER MILDMAY ST. JOHN.**

Mr. St. John, connected with the East India Company's Service, from an early age, died at Cawnpore, Bengal, on the 20th August. He was born in 1822, the second son of the present Viscount Bolingbroke, by Maria, his wife, daughter of Sir Henry Paulet St. John Mildmay, Bart. He married, 1st February, 1842, Dora, only daughter of the late Captain Clutterbuck, of the 59th Regiment, and has left issue. The deceased was great-grand-nephew of Henry St. John Viscount Bolingbroke, the famous statesman and orator of the reign of Queen Anne.

**MR. THEOBALD.**

This gentleman died on the 15th Oct., at his residence in Bedford-lane, Stockwell, after an illness of about ten days. There are few connected with the English turf to whom the person and character of Mr. Theobald are unknown. His love of English sports, and particularly horse-racing, his desire to improve the breed of the English racehorse, and his remarkable appearance, have always distinguished him amongst modern English sportsmen. In his establishment, as well as by his personal appearance, Mr. Theobald kept up good old English habits, and he was, without exception, as kind a master as ever existed. On each Christmas-day it was his invariable custom to let his servants invite as many friends as they thought proper, whom he would entertain with the best fare that his tradesmen and his wine and ale cellars could supply. His loss will be keenly felt by the poor of the neighbourhood, to whom he was always kind and bountiful. The deceased had attained his 85th year, and has left a large family of children and grandchildren

to inherit his immense wealth, amounting, it is said, to upwards of £500,000 sterling. Mr. Theobald was formerly in trade in London.

**SIR WILLIAM PATERSON, K.C.H.**

Lieutenant-General Sir William Paterson, the son of Lieutenant-General William Paterson, entered the army in 1786, as an ensign in the 57th Foot, and soon afterwards joined the 21st. He rose, during his very gallant career, through the different gradations of rank, becoming a Major-General in 1819, and a Lieutenant-General in 1837. Sir William Paterson saw much arduous and glorious service. He was with the 21st Regiment at the reduction of the French West Indies, under Sir Charles Grey. He was employed in Sicily in 1810, and commanded a brigade at the reduction of Genoa. He subsequently proceeded, with the same brigade, to the Chesapeake, and was present at the battles of Bladensburg and Baltimore.

In the attack on the American lines before New Orleans, while gallantly leading his old corps, the 21st, he was severely wounded in the shoulder and the knee. By the latter wound he was lame for life, and consequently obliged to resign further active service. On his return to England, the Duke of York appointed him Captain of Carisbrook Castle, an office he held till his death. He was knighted, and made a K.C.H. in 1832. In the published memoirs of the 21st, it is said of Sir William Paterson that no officer of his rank ever passed through the ordeal of a regimental command more universally beloved and respected by all ranks than he did. Sir William died at Brighton on the 26th Sept., aged 82.

**GERTRUDE LADY BULLER.**

Gertrude Lady Buller, relict of Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Buller, Bart., of Trenant-park, Cornwall, M.P., died, at Torquay, on the 3rd Oct. Her Ladyship was the fifth daughter of Colonel Philip Van Cortlandt, the representative of a very influential family, which, originally noble in Holland, was established in North America by the Right Hon. Oliver Stephen Van Cortlandt, who accompanied, as Secretary to Government, in 1629, the first Dutch Governor sent out by the States General to the Colony of New York.

Lady Buller was one of a large family, her parents having had no less than twenty-three children. Her sisters who married were—1. Mary Ricketts, wife of John M. Anderson, Esq.; 2. Elizabeth, wife of William Taylor, Esq., Lord Chief Justice of Jamaica, and mother of the

present Colonel Pringle Taylor, K.H., of Pennington House, Hants; 3. Catharine, wife of Dr. William Gourlay, of Kincaraig; 4. Margaret Hughes, wife of O. Elliott Elliott, Esq., of Binfield-park, Berks; 5. Charlotte, wife of General Sir John Fraser; and 6. Sophia Sawyer, wife of Sir William Howe Mulcaster, C.B.

Lady Buller had issue by Sir Edward one son, John St. Aubin, who died young, and one daughter, Anna Maria, who married, in 1824, Lieutenant-Colonel James Drummond Buller Elphinstone, fourth son of the Hon. Fullerton Elphinstone, and died in 1845, leaving several children

**JOHN PHILIPS LLOYD, ESQ.**

This gentleman (the eldest son of John William Lloyd, Esq., of Dan-yr-allt, county of Carmarthen, and late of South-park, in Kent) died on the 17th Sept., aged 41. The Lloyds of Dan-yr-allt, a Welsh family of great antiquity, derive in direct descent from Cadivor ap Dyfnwal, Lord of Castle Howel, who lived in the reign of Henry I. of England, and acquired martial renown in an age in which every man capable of bearing arms was bound to be a soldier. In the second year of Henry II. he took, by escalade, the Castle of Cardigan from the Earl of Clare; and, in requital of his valour, obtained from his Prince (the great Lord Rhys of South Wales) a new shield of arms, viz.—“Sa. three scaling ladders, and between the two uppermost a spear’s head arg. its point imbrued, on a chief gu. a tower triple turreted, of the second.”

**SIR SAMUEL SCOTT, BART.**

This gentleman, a member of the eminent banking firm of Scott and Co., of Cavendish Square, died at Amiens on the 30th September, in the 78th year of his age. He was the only son of the late Sir Claude Scott, Bart., of Lytchet Minster, Dorsetshire, by Martha his wife, only child of John Eyre, Esq., of Stepeney, and succeeded to the title at the decease of his father, in 1830. He married, 4th February, 1796, Anne, only surviving child of John Ommaney, Esq., of Bloomsbury Square, and has left two sons and as many daughters; the former are the present Sir Claude Edward Scott, Bart., and Samuel Scott, Esq. Sir Samuel has died immensely rich.

**GEORGE HENRY WARD, ESQ., OF NORTHWOOD PARK, ISLE OF WIGHT.**

The decease of this gentleman, a very considerable landed proprietor, occurred on the 27th September, after a lingering illness, in his 66th year. He was eldest son of the late George Ward, Esq., of Northwood Park, a merchant of great

eminence in the city of London, by his wife, Miss Mary Woodfall, brother of Mr. William Ward, formerly M.P. for London, and nephew of the late distinguished writer, Robert Plumer Ward, the author of “Tremaine.” Mr. G. H. Ward married Mary, daughter of Dr. Saunders, but had no issue. His extensive estates, situated in the Isle of Wight and on the borders of Sussex, devolve on his nephew, the Rev. George William Ward, the proceedings against whom at Oxford, and his secession from the Church, are doubtless in the memory of our readers.

**MAJOR-GENERAL FRETCHVILLE DYKES BALLANTINE, H.E.I.C.S.**

This gallant officer, who entered the Hon. East India Company’s service in 1797, and attained the rank of Major-General in 1838, died at Richmond, Surrey, on the 20th September, aged 65. At the period of his decease, and since 1830, he held the Colonelcy of the 8th Bombay Native Infantry.

General Ballantine was brother of the late Joseph D. Ballantine Dykes, Esq., of Dovenby Hall, Cumberland, being second son of Lawson Dykes, Esq., and Jane, his wife, daughter and heiress of John Ballantine, Esq., of Crookdale. The family of Dykes is stated to have been located at Dykesfield, in Cumberland, prior to the Norman Conquest. In the Civil War, the then representative, Thomas Dykes, Esq., was eminently distinguished by devotion to the Royal cause, and eventually fell into the hands of the Parliamentarians, having been discovered concealed amongst the branches of a mulberry tree in front of his house. Thence he was removed to Cockermonth, and there had an offer made to him that his property should be restored if he simply recanted. This proposition the sturdy Cavalier met with a decided negative, adding, “Prius frangitur quam flectitur,” a sentiment since adopted as the family motto. He married a lady of the noble house of Fretcheville, and thus introduced that name into the family of Dykes, by whom it has been used in every generation since.

**EDWARD, BISHOP OF LLANDAFF.**

This learned and estimable Prelate, distinguished alike for his classical attainments, his episcopal ability, and his pre-eminently excellent private life, died on Sunday, the 14th October, aged 73. His Lordship was son of the Rev. John Bradford Copleston, Prebendary of Exeter, and derived his descent from one of the oldest families in England. There is an

old proverbial distich\* in Devon, allusive to the antiquity of the name:—

Croker, Crewys, and Copleston,  
When the Conqueror came, were at home.

His early education he followed under the paternal roof, with such success, that, at the age of 15, he was elected a scholar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and within three years gained the prize for Latin verse, which was then the only prize for which undergraduates could contend. In 1795 he became a Fellow of Oriel; in 1797 was appointed College Tutor; and in 1802 had the Professorship of Poetry conferred on him. The substance of the lectures he delivered while filling that chair he subsequently published, under the title of "Praelationes Academicæ." In 1814, Dr. Copleston succeeded Dr. Eveleigh, as Provost of Oriel, and not very long after he gave to the world his celebrated work on Predestination. In 1826, he was presented to the Deanery of Chester; and, in the following year, became Bishop of Llandaff, and Dean of St. Paul's.

The late venerated Bishop was Professor of ancient Literature to the Royal Academy of Arts; a governor of the Charter House (since the death of Viscount Melbourne); a governor of King's College; one of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for England and Wales; a Commissioner (under the act 58th Geo. III., chap. 45), for building additional churches; Treasurer of the diocese of Llandaff; a Fellow of the Royal and many other literary religious societies. An important change, with reference to the administration of the affairs of the diocese, will now take place, in conformity with an arrangement recently made on the suggestion of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. The income of the Bishop of Llandaff has not, up to the present time, exceeded £900 per annum, being incomparably the poorest see in connection with the Established Church. To compensate for this deficiency of stipend, it has been customary to hold the deanery of St. Paul's

with the bishopric; but this will be no longer the case, as the necessary provisions have been made for keeping the two appointments distinct. Dr. Copleston's successor in the bishopric will have an income of £4000 per annum secured to him; while the stipend of the new Dean of St. Paul's will not exceed £2000 per annum, being about £2000 per annum less than the sum hitherto received by the dean.

There is a point in connection with the Bishop of Llandaff's exercise of his patronage, which reflects high honour upon his character, and which is well worthy of imitation in other dioceses. Whenever a living in his gift fell vacant, his Lordship invariably made inquiries for the most hard-working and deserving curate under his episcopal jurisdiction, and to him, on due investigation, he made a practice of presenting the living.

We will conclude our brief summary of this distinguished churchman's career in the words of an eminent contemporary:—"With the close of his career, as the head of a college and a leading member of the University of Oxford, it may be said that the eventful portion of his life in a great degree terminated. The discretion and sound judgment which he manifested in conducting the affairs of his see and the duties of his deanery, left little that was open to reproach; while his unassuming and unostentatious spirit withdrew much from public observation, that, if openly displayed, must have elicited more praise than ordinarily falls to the lot even of those who fill the highest places in our Established Church. In none of the duties of private life, or of the episcopal office, was he in any respect deficient; and if the next Bishop of Llandaff be fortunate enough to incur as little censure, and deserve as much approbation, as Dr. Copleston, he may, indeed, congratulate himself upon a successful and blameless career."

The Bishop has died unmarried.

EDWARD HAWKE LOCKER, ESQ.

The death of Edward Hawke Locker, Esq., late Commissioner of Greenwich Hospital occurred on the 16th October. Mr. Locker was in many respects a remarkable man. He was the son of Admiral Locker; to whom Nelson, soon after the Battle of the Nile, thus wrote:—"You, my old friend, after twenty-seven years' acquaintance, know that nothing can alter my attachment and gratitude to you. I have been your scholar. It is you who taught me to board a French man-of-war by your conduct when in the Experiment. It is you

\* Another version, however, of this old traditional rhyme runs thus:

"When William the Conqueror did come,  
Quarme, Cruis, and Crocker were at home."

The Quarme family is said to descend from an ancient British tribe that was never wholly subdued, or ruined by the Romans, Saxons, Danes, or Normans. About the time of the Conquest, the ancestor of the Quarmeres of Nancor, in Cornwall, resided in wealth and honour at his seat in the South Hams in Devon. The arms of Quarme are "Barry and losengy. gu. and arg. counterchanged."



who always said, 'Lay a Frenchman close and you will beat him;' and my only merit in my profession is being a good scholar." The son, Edward Hawke, was born at East Malling, Kent, on the 9th of October, 1777. He was educated at Eton; which he left in 1795,—and received an appointment in the Navy Pay Office. He remained in government offices till 1804,—when he went to India as private secretary to Lord Exmouth. From that time till the peace of 1814 he was associated with that distinguished commander in arduous and confidential duties,—especially as secretary to the Mediterranean fleet; duties which he discharged with eminent ability. In his official capacity he visited Napoleon at Elba, in May, 1814, of which visit he published an interesting narrative after the death of the ex-emperor. In 1815, Mr. Locker married the daughter of an eminent antiquary and philologist, the Rev. Jonathan Boucher; Mr. Locker resided at Windsor from 1815 to 1819—when he was appointed Secretary to Greenwich Hospital. During his residence at Windsor he projected and edited, in concert with Mr. C. Knight, almost the first—if not the very first of any literary pretension—of those cheap and popular miscellanies which the growing ability of the great bulk of the people to read imperatively demanded in the place of mischievous or childish tracts. Mr. Locker's own papers in that miscellany are excellent models of popular writing,—plain, energetic, affectionate. His 'Lectures on the Bible and Liturgy' which have been re-printed in a separate volume—Lectures delivered to the crew of the Caledonia, Lord Exmouth's flag-ship—are admirable examples of clear exposition and earnest exhortation.—Mr. Locker, after filling for several years the important duties of Secretary to Greenwich Hospital, became the Resident Civil Commissioner of that great institution. The improvements which he introduced into its management were results of his active and comprehensive mind. Of these improvements the Naval Schools are striking instances. Himself an accomplished draughtsman and an ardent lover of the Arts, he founded the Naval Gallery at Greenwich by his judicious exertions. In 1844, Mr. Locker's health so failed that he gave up his valuable appointment and retired upon a small pension—his fine faculties overclouded beyond the hope of recovery. Mr. Locker was the intimate friend of many distinguished men who are still left to us, or who are gone. To use Mr.

Lockhart's expression, he was "an old and dear friend of Scott's." With Southey he stood in the same relation. His ability was eminently practical—his energy was untiring. His zeal for all good objects, and especially for the advancement of education, was founded upon a deep and earnest piety, exhibiting itself in the most unostentatious benevolence—in that regulated industry which does so much more than mere alms-giving—in the tolerance of other opinions without compromising his own—in the habitual cheerfulness of a tranquil and hopeful spirit. [For the foregoing particulars we are indebted to the "Athenæum."]

MRS. ORGER.

This lady, whose theatrical career was nearly commensurate with her life, was born in London February 25th, 1788, and died on the 6th October last. Her parents were members of a company under the direction of Mr. Thornton, one of the most respectable of the country managers, and although the first record of her performing is the appearance of her name in the bills of the Newbury Theatre, when she was but five years old, as the *Boy* in the *Children in the Wood*, we believe she had then already played several childish parts. When about nine years old, she sang in concerts at Brighton, and at about a eleven, personated a Gipsy at the celebrated *fete* given by Queen Charlotte, at Frogmore. Indeed, her performances before the Court must have been pretty frequent at this time, for she was a member of the Windsor company, and from her cleverness and interesting appearance was selected to perform most of the parts suited to her age in the Windsor Theatre, to which George III. was then in the habit of resorting three times a week, whenever it was open, during the residence of the Royal Family at the Castle. Miss Ivers continued with Mr. Thornton till, on her marriage, in 1804, with Mr. (now Dr.) Orger she withdrew for a short period from the stage. Mr. Orger was a member of the Society of Friends, from which, of course, he retired when he married.

Mrs. Orger reappeared on the stage at Glasgow in the latter part of 1805, and continued to perform at various theatres in Scotland, till, having attracted the notice of Bannister while playing several parts with him when at Glasgow, she came in 1808 to London, and was speedily engaged at Drury Lane, where she appeared as Lydia Languish, on October the 4th of that year. Mrs. Orger's success in that character at once placed her in a

respectable position on the London stage, and she continued to perform regularly at Drury Lane till 1831. In 1812, she particularly distinguished herself by her performance of *Patty Larkins* in the "Highgate Tunnel;" and in 1816, in consequence of a dispute between the management of Drury Lane and that of the Lyceum, a correspondence took place between Mrs. Orger and Mr. Douglas Kinnaird, in which the lady had certainly the advantage. Few who saw Mrs. Orger's performances, at the Olympic, under Mad. Vestris's management, will forget the good-humoured vulgarity of Mrs. Deputy Butts, the purity of her Scotch accent in *Prudence MacIntyre*, and of her Buckinghamshire dialect in the personation farce of "P. Q.," her thrilling recognition of her old lover as the Baroness, in "Ask No Questions," nor her inimitable personation of *Fanny Pepper*, in "Twice Killed." These, with her Mrs. Piminy, in "A Gentleman in Difficulties," Mrs. Brown, in "Kill or Cure," Mrs. Lillywhite, in "Forty and Fifty," and many others, formed a series of personations as distinct in their assumptions of character as they were finished and effective, so to speak, as works of art.

Her last original character was in Mr. Bell's comedy of "Mothers and Daughters," and the last part she acted was one she had never played before, and in a line of character she had not previously attempted; it was *Old Lady Lambert*, in the "The Hypocrite." This was in 1843, just before the sudden closing of the theatre. Mrs. Orger then accepted an engagement to appear at the Strand Theatre on its opening under the direction of Mr. Maywood; this engagement she was prevented by illness from fulfilling, and shortly determined, on the recommendation of her physician, to retire from the profession, which that excellent institution, the Drury Lane Theatrical Fund, to which she had been long a subscriber, enabled her to do with comfort. Mrs. Orger was thus allowed that "space betwixt the theatre and the grave," of which *Kemble* spoke, as so desirable, in the farewell address written for him by *Campbell*, and continued to enjoy, as far as the somewhat delicate state of her health would permit the society of a numerous circle of friends, by whom she was beloved and respected till her death, which took place at Brighton, from an attack of paralysis, on the first of the present month. Mrs. Orger played, during a great portion of her career, parts in genteel comedy; but her real success was achieved in broad comedy, and in the

higher class of burlesque: in chamber-maids and parts where eccentricity is relieved by touches of good feeling and genuine warmth of character, she has rarely been equalled. In private life, Mrs. Orger was, throughout, estimable; she was in the habit of associating with some of the first literary men of the day, to whom her vivacity, fine taste, her love of literature, and agreeable manners, always rendered her an acceptable companion. She has left one daughter, now Mrs. Reinagle, residing at Oxford, who is well known in the musical circles of London as an accomplished pianist [This memoir is extracted from the "Literary Gazette."]

#### GENERAL PAREDES.

*Mariano Paredes*, formerly President of the Republic of Mexico, died a short time since in one of the hospitals of the city of Mexico, from illness brought on by inebriation. Though one of the oldest soldiers of his country, and a participant in all the important events since the days of *Iturbide*, Paredes was almost unknown in the history of Mexico until the revolution of 1840, when the overthrow of *Bustamente* took place. He was of the number in whom *Bustamente* placed the utmost reliance, but was among those who first pronounced against him, and was one of the leading spirits of the revolution. General *Valencia*, in his proclamation of August, 1841, referred to him in connexion with *Santa Anna* and *Cortazar*, as having planned the whole affair. General Paredes at that time was in command at *Querétaro*, and *Bustamente* marched against him, but was obliged to desist, in consequence of the reception of intelligence that *Santa Anna* was moving to the capital, from the direction of *Jalapa* and *Vera Cruz*. Paredes, being very influential in the movement, and the people of *Aguas Calientes*, *Jalisco*, *Querétaro*, and *Zacatecas* being in his favour, together with several other mineral districts, the wealth of whose possessions could only be turned to advantage by the introduction of foreign capital, he sought a repeal of those laws which prohibited foreigners from possessing real estate, and a toleration of religion. He opposed the revolt of *Gomez Farias* with all his power; but when called upon to assume the executive office, positively refused, and favoured the elevation of *Santa Anna*. It is supposed that he took this ground from the fact, that if made president he would be liable at any time to be driven into exile; while, if in command of a large military force, he would be able to exert a strong influence, and thereby re-

main in safety. The revolution ceased on October 7, leaving Santa Anna dictator. Paredes was then proposed as minister of war and marine, but that he also declined knowing that the intention was to separate him from the command of his division. In 1844, Santa Anna was declared and installed President of the Republic, but before the end of the year he was deposed, and Herrera, the present President of the Republic, took his place. It was Herrera who, seeing the probability of the annexation of Texas to the United States, prepared to submit to it, and endeavoured to bring the Mexicans to his own opinions. The Hon. John Slidell was then the American minister to Mexico. Paredes opposed the movement, and, with 25,000 men at his command, defeated Santa Anna, who had but 6,000 men. Santa Anna was banished. After this, Herrera did not long keep possession of the Presidency. Paredes pronounced against him and with the aid of Arista, deposed him. The charge he brought against Herrera, was, that he sought, by treating with the United States, a dismemberment of the Mexican confederacy. The troops at San Luis and Monterey advanced to the city of Mexico, when the forces of Herrera surrendered, and gave adhesion to Paredes. On June 12, 1845, Paredes was installed President, and on the following day obtained permission to take command of the army, leaving the administration of the government in the hands of Vice-President Bravo. When the war broke out with the United States, in May, 1846, Paredes was at the head of affairs. But when Santa Anna was allowed to return to Mexico, in August, 1846, Bravo assumed the title of provisional president. General Sallas very soon seized Paredes, and confined him in the citadel of Mexico, where he remained until the latter part of September, when he escaped, and sought refuge at Havana. He afterwards went to Europe, and sought to place at the head of the Mexican government a Spanish or French prince; but in this he was defeated, and forced to seek protection amongst the crowned heads of Europe, for whom he wished to saddle the independence of his country. He returned to Mexico, where he indulged in inebriation until taken to one of the hospitals in the city of Mexico, where he gave himself up to habits of intoxication, and soon fell a victim to excessive drinking.

GEORGE EDWARD ANSON, ESQ.

The death of this lamented gentleman occurred most suddenly. On Monday morn-

ing, 8th Oct., he rose at his accustomed early hour, apparently in the enjoyment of his usual health, but at one o'clock he was seized with a fit, and never afterwards exhibited the least consciousness. In this lethargic state he remained until ten minutes before four, when he breathed his last. He had attended the Queen and Prince Albert throughout their Irish visit; was in the royal suite at Balmoral; and accompanied her Majesty as far as Derby on her return to Osborne. From Derby, Mr. Anson repaired to Needwood, in Staffordshire, to join Mrs. Anson, and it was there his death took place.

The deceased was born 14th May, 1812, the second son of the Very Rev. Frederick Anson, D.D., Dean of Chester, by Mary-Anne, his wife, only daughter of the Rev. Richard Levett, of Milford, in Staffordshire. Dean Anson was younger brother of Thomas, Viscount Anson, uncle of the present Earl of Lichfield, and grand-nephew of the famous circumnavigator, Admiral Lord Anson.

Mr. G. E. Anson was long connected with the court, and held the confidential appointment of Keeper of her Majesty's Privy Purse. He was also Treasurer of the Household, Cofferer to the Prince of Wales, and a member of the Council for the duchy of Cornwall. He married, 20th October, 1837, the Hon. Georgiana Mary Harbord, eldest daughter of Edward third Lord Suffield.

Mr. Anson held during his life, most arduous and responsible positions, and he acquitted himself with a tact and judgment that proved the extent of his capabilities. The political duties entailed on royalty are performed under the advice and guidance of the constitutional advisers of the crown; but there are onerous affairs connected with the domestic circle of her Majesty and of her illustrious consort exacting extreme delicacy and judicious foresight, and Mr. Anson exhibited these qualities, in an eminent degree. His courtesy and urbanity in the exercise of his difficult and multifarious functions will be pleasurablely recollected by all those who had occasion to hold communication with him. He had the strength of mind to be a faithful and conscientious adviser of the court; and, whilst he was a most devoted and loyal servant, he never forgot what were the true interests of royalty. He was an elegant and accomplished scholar, and was much attached, even in the midst of his heavy duties, to literature and the fine arts. His premature death is a matter of deep regret to men of all shades of political opinion.

## OBITUARY.

OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER.

### THE EARL OF ALBEMARLE.

William Charles Keppel, fourth Earl of Albemarle, Viscount Bury, and Baron of Ashford, in the peerage of England, was the son of George the third Earl. He was born the 14th May, 1772, and succeeded to the peerage when scarcely six months old, on the demise of his father. The youthful Peer had not quite completed his twentieth year, when, on the 9th April, 1792, he married the Hon. Elizabeth Southwell, then in her sixteenth year, the fourth daughter of Edward, twentieth Lord de Clifford. By this lady, who died on the 14th November, 1817, the Earl had sixteen children. The eighth child of this large family was the amiable and excellent Lady Ann Amelia Keppel, who when nineteen years of age, wedded her father's celebrated friend and companion, Thomas William Coke, Esq., the "Coke of Holkham," who, in 1837, was created Earl of Leicester. Mr. Coke was in his seventieth year when he became the husband of lady Anne, yet there never was a union of more affection, or more domestic happiness than theirs. They had nine children; and they terminated their earthly career with but a short space between their deaths.

To return to the Earl of Albemarle. His Lordship was one of the staunchest Whigs of the old school, the unswerving friend and adherent of Fox, whose party he supported through all their long years of opposition. In his own county, Norfolk, Lord Albemarle enjoyed unbounded and unceasing popularity. His prominent part there in all public and social meetings, his patronage of agriculture, his overflowing kindness of heart on all occasions of appeals made to him, his wit and brilliant powers of conversation, will not soon be forgotten by his fellow-men of Norfolk, or by the numbers of others who knew him to love and revere him. Lord Albemarle, after a happy union of five-and-twenty years, lost his first wife on the 14th November, 1817. He married, secondly, the 11th February, 1822, Charlotte Susannah, daughter of the late Sir Henry Hunloke, Bart. His Lordship was Master of the Horse during the reign of William IV., and also for some time during the

present reign. Age and infirmity latterly prevented him taking any further part in public life. His recent death is the subject of unfeigned regret to all. He is succeeded in his honours by his eldest surviving son, Augustus, now fifth Earl of Albemarle.

### THE EARL OF ALDBOROUGH.

Letters from abroad announce the death of this nobleman (the fifth Earl of his family). His Lordship was born the 8th July, 1784; and married, 2d August, 1804, Cornelia Jane, eldest daughter of Charles Henry Tandy, Esq., by whom he leaves an only surviving son, Benjamin O'Neale (now Earl of Aldborough, late a Captain in the 1st Dragoons, who was born 10th June, 1808. The Stratfords, of whom the house of Aldborough is the head, were established in Ireland by Robert Stratford in 1660. He was one of the original burgesses in the charter constituting Ballyglass a borough town, and became afterwards M.P. for the county of Wicklow. His son (Edward Stratford, Esq., of Great Belan, county of Kildare) was a staunch supporter of the Revolution, and entertained on one occasion King William III. at his seat in Ireland. He was father of John, first Earl of Aldborough.

### GENERAL SIR GEORGE ANSON, G.C.B.

This gallant officer, one of the distinguished heroes of the late War, was second son of George Anson, Esq., brother of the first Viscount Anson, and uncle of the present Earl of Lichfield. He was born in 1769, and entered the army, as Cornet of the 16th Light Dragoons, in 1786. His subsequent career comprises the most brilliant period of England's military glory. He served in Holland under his Royal Highness the Duke of York and Sir R. Abercromby, and subsequently acquired a very high reputation in the Peninsular war, having served with the great Duke in the campaigns of 1809, 1810, 1811, 1812, and 1813. He commanded the 16th Light Dragoons at the battle of Oporto, and a brigade of Light Cavalry at Talavera, Busaco, Salamanca, and Vittoria, and received a medal and two clasps for his services, together with the thanks of the House of Commons in

November, 1816, for his conduct generally. The above is, however, the merest epitome of his gallant affairs with the enemy, in which he earned for himself a high reputation. In 1827, he had conferred upon him the colonelcy of the 4th Dragoon Guards; in 1846, was appointed Lieutenant Governor of Chelsea College, and only since May has held the post of Governor, in which, as in all his preceding appointments, he was most universally loved and respected for his noble, just, and charitable bearing. From 1840 to 1846 Sir George acted as Groom of the Bedchamber to Prince Albert, and for many years sat in Parliament for the city of Lichfield. He married in 1800 the daughter of the late J. W. Hamilton, Esq., and sister of Sir F. Hamilton, Bart., who died in 1834, and by whom he had thirteen sons and daughters. The gallant deceased had lost by death within the last few months his son, grandson, and nephew; and from these bereavements and other domestic afflictions he appeared to suffer most acutely.

**WILLIAM ARDEN, LORD ALVANLEY.**

His Lordship died on the 9th Nov. in his 61st year. He was the elder son of Richard Pepper Arden, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, who was elevated to the Peerage in 1801, and grandson of John Arden, Esq., of Arden, in Cheshire, by Mary his wife, sister and heiress of Preston Pepper Esq., of Pepper Hall, county York. Through his mother, Anne Dorothea, sister of Lord Skelmersdale, he descended from the old families of Wilbraham and Bootle. Lord Alvanley was formerly in the Army, and attained the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel previously to his retirement from the service. Having died unmarried, he is succeeded in the title by his brother, the Hon. Richard Pepper Arden, now third Baron, who is married to Arabella, youngest daughter of the late Duke of Cleveland.

**COLONEL BARNWELL.**

The death of this distinguished officer, took place at his residence in Windsor-terrace, Glasgow. Colonel Barnwell was long in active service, and passed through most of the Peninsular campaigns under the Duke of Wellington. For his services there, he received a medal with no fewer than thirteen clasps. Latterly he commanded the 9th Foot, which he left to fill the post of inspecting field officer at Glasgow.

**CAPTAIN RICHARD BASSET, ESQ., B.A.  
OF BEAUPRÉ, CO. GLAMORGAN.**

The death of Captain Basset occurred at his seat, Beaupré, Glamorganshire, on

the 8th Nov. He was the representative of one of the most eminent families in the empire, descended in a direct line from Thurstine de Basset, the Norman, who accompanied William the Conqueror, as his grand falconer, to England, and whose name is inscribed on the famous Roll of Battle Abbey. The Norman's son, Sir John Basset, Kt., was Chancellor and Vice-Comes in Glamorganshire to Robert Fitzhamon, from whom he received a grant of the Lordship of St. Hilary, wherein Beaupré is situated. Captain Basset, whose decease we record, was elder son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Basset, sometime Governor of the Military Knights of Windsor, by Elizabeth his wife, daughter of the late Alexander Cruikshanks, Esq. He was born 6th December, 1797, and entered the Royal Artillery as Second Lieutenant 11th Dec. 1815. During the contest in Spain between the Queen and Don Carlos, in 1836 and 1837, Captain Basset was employed in raising the siege of Bilbao; took part in the field actions of the 10th, 12th, 14th, 15th, and 16th March; assisted at the assault of the town of Hernani, and was present at the capitulation of Fontarabia.

**LIEUT. COL. JOHN BROWNE.**

This gallant officer expired at his seat, Breaffy Park, county of Mayo, after a few days' illness. Colonel Browne entered the 4th (or King's Own) in the year 1803, as Ensign, and served throughout the Peninsular war with that regiment; he was several times wounded, once at Badajoz by the bursting of a shell, and afterwards at Waterloo, a bullet striking him in the head, and he being left for dead on the field; several pieces of his skull exfoliated, but he eventually recovered. For both these wounds he received pensions. After the termination of the war, Colonel Browne received his majority in the 92nd Highlanders, and did duty with that regiment in Jamaica. He finally exchanged into the 98th, and received his brevet rank on the last general occasion. Colonel Browne was nephew of the late Sir John Browne, Bart., and derived descent from Dominick Browne, Esq. of Breaffy, third son of Sir John Browne, Bart., of the Neale, and younger brother of the ancestors of Lord Kilmaine, and the Marquess of Sligo.—Col. Browne was an active magistrate of his native county.

**WILLIAM BURGE, ESQ., Q.C.**

This gentleman was called to the English bar by the honourable society of the Inner Temple, in Easter Term, 1808, and was at one period in the enjoyment of a very extensive practice, more particularly

as an advocate before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in Colonial Matters. He was also the author of some successful legal works; his principal production was his "Commentaries on Colonial and Foreign Laws, in their conflict with each other, and with the law of England," a very able book. About three years ago Mr. Burge received the appointment of a Commissioner of Bankrupts for the Leeds district. He was, unfortunately, obliged to retire from this office, owing to pecuniary embarrassments. Mr. Burge was made a Queen's council, and was also a bencher of the Inner Temple, and as such he took an active part in effecting the present magnificent restoration of the Temple Church. He died after a long illness, on the 12th, Nov. at his residence, York-street, Gloucester-place. He was, at the time, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

GEORGE TALBOT, LORD DYNEVOR.

His Lordship, who, at the period of his decease had attained his 84th year, was elder son of George Rice, Esq., of Newton, M.P. for Carmarthenshire—a descendant of the famed Sir Elidir Dolu, Knight of the Sepulchre in the time of Richard Cœur de Lion, and thus represented one of the most eminent of the Welsh families. The peerage of Dynevor he inherited through his mother, Cecil, late Baroness in her own right. The title was originally conferred on her Ladyship's father, William, 1st Earl Talbot, who, having no surviving male issue, sought and obtained a Peerage, with limitation to his daughter, and her male descendants. Lord Dynevor, whose death we record, was born in 1765, and married in 1794, Frances, daughter of Thomas Viscount Sidney, by whom he leaves six daughters, all unmarried, and one surviving son, The Hon. George-Rice Rice Trevor, (now 4th Lord Dynevor), who has long represented Carmarthenshire in Parliament, and is Lieut.-Col. Commandant of the County Militia. He married in 1824 Frances, daughter of Lord Charles Fitzroy, and has four daughters, of whom the eldest, Frances-Emily, married in 1848, Edward Ffolliott Wingfield, Esq., cousin of Lord Powerscourt.

WILLIAM ETTY, ESQ., R.A.

This great modern painter was born at York, on the 10th of March, 1787. Like Rembrandt and Constable, he was a miller's son, and made his first sketches with chalk upon the mill floor. He served an apprenticeship of seven years to Mr. Peck, a printer at Hull, but when freed from this thralldom, he came to London, and devoted himself to an artist's life, under

the fostering and liberal patronage of a mercantile city firm, Messrs. Bodley, Etty (the painter's uncle), and Bodley. Young Etty then entered the Royal Academy, and became a pupil of Sir Thomas Lawrence.

After years of untiring industry and perseverance, Etty's talents became of note in the Academy, and attracted public attention. He obtained much praise for his picture of "Cleopatra," which induced him to still further cultivate his genius; and he consequently travelled and studied in Rome, Florence, Naples and France. He returned to England in 1824, the finished and exquisitely graceful painter he has since been. To enumerate his works is needless, as the greater portion are of such recent exhibition in London; and who, indeed, is not familiar with those splendid specimens of the human figure, those charming delineations of female beauty, which, however startling to the more modestly sensitive, never failed to attract and delight?

The life of Etty was one course of devotion to his admirable art; and we were happy to hear from himself that it also was to him a source of almost unalloyed happiness.

Mr. Etty died on the 14th inst., in his native town of York, leaving a name of lasting memory among the painters of England. In his recent autobiography, Etty thus eloquently sums up and defends his own cause:—

"Like many other men, my character has been much misunderstood by some—not a few—because I have preferred painting the unsophisticated human form divine, male and female, in preference to the production of the loom; or, in plainer terms, preferred painting from the glorious works of God, to draperies, the works of man. I have been accused of being a shocking and immoral man! I have even heard my bodily infirmities—brought on in a great measure by my ardent devotion to my art, and studying in hot rooms in life academies—turned against me; and, unacquainted with my temperate habits, been accused of drinking. I confess my sin: I am fond of drinking; but only a harmless beverage—tea. And I certainly venerate the memory of the man, be he who he may, who invented tea; and any who thus calumniate me I forgive, and only ask them to examine my life. That I have had errors and failings too many, I know, and trust to the goodness of God to forgive; but it is a duty I owe to myself to state, what I do with sincerity, that, in whatever station I found myself thrown, whether printer's devil, or

royal academician, my honest endeavour has been to do my duty in it to the best of my power; a principle I can with confidence recommend to all who may come after me, and one which they will never regret to look back upon."

**SIR CHARLES FORBES, BART., OF EDIN-GLASSIE.**

This respected gentleman died on the 30th Nov. at his residence in Fitzroy-square, aged 76. He was the son of the Rev. John Forbes, of Lochell, by Katharine his wife only daughter of Gordon Stewart, Esq., of Irmeroury, and derived his descent from a younger branch of the old Scottish house of Forbes, of Pitsligo.

He married, 28th February, 1800, Elizabeth, daughter of Major John Cotgrave, E.I.C.S., and had four sons and one daughter. The eldest of the former (John Forbes, Esq.) died in his father's life-time, leaving, with other issue, a son, now Sir Charles Forbes, second Baronet, born 1832.

Sir Charles was, for more than 40 years head of the first mercantile and financial house in India, that of Forbes and Co., of Bombay, and his name stood in the highest repute in the commercial world for ability, foresight, and rectitude of character. The title of Baronet was conferred on him in 1823.

As a member of the House of Commons for full 20 years he enjoyed the respect and esteem of men of all parties, for his love of justice, his kindly feelings towards the suffering or oppressed, and for the plain, straightforward honesty with which his opinions were expressed and his votes invariably given. A Tory in the strictest sense of the word, he never allowed his political creed to cloud his fine judgment and keen sense of right and wrong, and his manly spirit was readily engaged in favour of the poor, weak, or persecuted. Connected from early youth with India, and devoted to the welfare of its people, from principle as well as from feeling, every faculty of his nature was enlisted in behalf of a country where he had spent the happiest years of his life and in which a large portion of his noble fortune had been most honourably acquired. In Parliament, and in the proprietor's court of the East India Company, his advocacy of "justice for India" was ardent, untiring, uncompromising, and regardless of all personal considerations but the rights of the people of his adoption. And well they appreciated such devoted attachment. From one end of Hindostan to the other—by the Parsee, the Hindoo, the Moslem, by men of all creeds and ranks—his name was be-

loved, and his character deeply revered. On retiring from India he was presented by the natives with a magnificent service of plate, and 27 years after his departure from Bombay a large sum of money (about £9,000) was subscribed for the erection of a statue to their friend and benefactor—the first instance on record of the people of India raising a statue to any one unconnected with the civil or military service of the country.

**CHARLES GORING, ESQ., OF WISTON PARK, SUSSEX.**

A vacancy has been created in the representation of the borough of Shoreham by the death of this gentleman, which melancholy event, the result of typhus fever, occurred on the 18th Nov. at Wiston Park. He had been suffering for some considerable time from the attack, but of late appeared to be recovering. A relapse, however, came on suddenly, and terminated fatally.

The Hon. gentleman, who was born in 1817, and had, consequently, only reached his thirty-second year, was cousin of the present Sir Harry Dent Goring, Bart., being descended from the second marriage of Sir Charles Mathews Goring, the fourth Baronet, with Elizabeth, sister, and eventually, heiress, of Sir Robert Fagg, Bart., of Wiston. He succeeded the present Sir Harry Goring, as M.P. for Shoreham, twice defeating Lord Edward Howard; and while in the House of Commons, acted and voted with the Protectionist party.

**LADY AMELIA LISTER-KAYE.**

Lady Amelia Kaye died on the 29th Oct. at her residence, No. 11, Upper-Harley-street, aged 70. Her Ladyship, the sixth daughter of George Harry Grey, Earl of Stamford and Warrington, by the Lady Henrietta his wife, daughter of William, second Duke of Portland, derived her descent from Henry Lord Grey of Groby, nephew of the ill-fated Duke of Suffolk, father of Lady Jane Grey. She was born July 7, 1779, and married, October 18, 1800, Sir John Lister-Kaye, Baronet, of Denby Grange, county York, who died 28th of February, 1827. Their issue consisted of four sons and five daughters, the eldest of the former being the present Sir John-Lister Lister-Kaye, Baronet.

**LADY CHARLOTTE LINDSAY.**

This accomplished and highly gifted lady was the last surviving child of the celebrated statesman, Lord North, and inherited no small share of her father's playful and ready wit. In the best and most intellectual society, Lady Charlotte Lindsay was extensively known for her

kind disposition, her amiable manners, and her fascinating conversation. The only literary performance of her pen which has been given to the public is a beautiful letter, descriptive of her father's character, which appears in Lord Brougham's "Lives of the Statesmen." Lady Charlotte was attached to the household of Caroline, Princess of Wales, and, by her testimony at the House of Lords, dissipated some of the calumnies directed against her Royal mistress. The family of North, from which she descended, was founded by Edward North, an eminent lawyer of the reign of Henry VIII., and has been since pre-eminently distinguished for the illustrious men it has produced. Lady Charlotte was born in December, 1770, and married 2d April, 1800, the Hon. Colonel John Lindsay, son of the fifth Earl of Balcarres, by whom she was left a widow, without issue, in 1826.

**CHARLES LVELL, ESQ., OF KINNORDY COUNTY OF FORFAR.**

This gentleman, a magistrate, and Vice-Lieutenant of the shire of Forfar, died on the 18th Nov. in his 81st year. He was only son of Charles Lyell, Esq., by his wife, Mary Beale, of West Loo, Cornwall; was born 7th March, 1767, and married 11th October, 1796, Frances, only daughter of Thomas Smith Esq., of Maker Hall, Swaledale, county of York, by whom he had three sons and seven daughters, the eldest of the former being Sir Charles Lyell, the distinguished scientific writer, formerly President of the Geological Society. Sir Charles is married to the eldest daughter of Leonard Horner.

**THE LORD TALBOT DE MALAHIDE.**

Richard-Wogan, Lord Talbot de Malahide, died at his ancient baronial residence, near Dublin. His Lordship, the heir male of the distinguished house of Talbot de Malahide, and heir general of the famous Richard Talbot, Duke of Tyrconnel, succeeded to the Irish Barony at the decease of his mother, in 1834, and was created a Peer of the United Kingdom, as Baron Furnival, in 1839. At the period of his decease he had completed his 83rd year. He was twice married: first, in 1789, to Catherine, daughter and heir of John Malpas, Esq., of Rochestown, co. Dublin; and, secondly, to Margaret, daughter of Andrew Sayers, Esq. By the former he had one son, John Malpas, who died unmarried in 1828; and one daughter, Catherine Frances, who married in 1809 Lieutenant-General Sir William Cornwallis Eustace, C.B., of Sandford Hall, Ess.x, and died

in 1816, leaving issue. Dying thus without male issue, Lord Talbot is succeeded in the Irish Peerage by his brother James now Lord Talbot de Malahide; the English Barony of Furnival becomes extinct. Prior to his succession to the title, his Lordship sat in Parliament, as Knight of the Shire for Dublin, from 1820 to 1830; and he was formerly a Colonel in the army.

**MAJOR ROACHE MEADE, K.H.**

**DEPUTY-ASSISTANT-ADJUTANT-GENERAL.**

This distinguished officer, for many years Deputy-Assistant Adjutant-General at the Horse Guards, died very unexpectedly on the 16th Nov. at his residence at Brompton. The deceased entered the army in 1809, and received the rank of Major in 1837. In 1839 he was placed on half-pay. Major Meade was a member of an old Limerick family, which has given many gallant soldiers to our army. He served in the Peninsula from September, 1810, to Oct. 1811, and took part in the battle of Fuentes d'Onor and other minor affairs. In 1813 he was connected with the Hanoverian army, and served on the staff of General Count Walmoden, in 1813, at the actions of Hasdorf, in Mecklenburg, and Goevell, in Hanover. He also assisted at the defence of Rostock by the Swedes, where his horse was killed, and his left arm disabled. In 1814 he served in the Holland campaign, and was at the attack on Merxern, the bombardment of Antwerp, and attack on Bergen-op-Zoom. Major Meade's loss will be much felt in the department to which in later years he was attached.

**DENIS CREAUGH MOYLAN, ESQ.**

This gentleman, son of the late Denis Moylan, Esq., of the City of Cork, by Anne, his wife, daughter of Patrick Creaugh, Esq., was called to the bar by the Hon. Society, of Lincoln's Inn, the 24th November, 1829, and practised for some years on the Midland Circuit. After filling the appointment of a Revising Barrister, he was, on the passing of the County Courts Act, named Judge of the Court for the Westminster district. Mr. Moylan died on the 19th Nov. He was married to a sister of the present Lady Jodrell, and leaves by her an only daughter, who is married, and has a large family.

**LADY OTTLEY.**

Sarah Elizabeth, Lady Ottley, died on the 16th November. Her Ladyship was elder daughter of Sir William Young, second Baronet of Delaford, by Sarah, his first wife, daughter and co-heir of Charles Lawrence, Esq. She married in Nov., 1803, the late Sir Richard Ottley, sometime Chief Justice of Grenada, and after-



wards one of H. M. Judges in Ceylon, and by him, who died in 1845, had issue, two sons and two daughters, viz.: 1. The Rev. Lawrence Otley; 2. Henry; 3. Sophia, wife of John Thomas Williams, Esq., of Rhuall; and 4. Celia, wife of Thomas Jervis Amos, Esq. Paternally, Lady Otley derived descent from Sir John Young, Knt. of Leny, Chamberlain to Mary, Queen of Scots, and maternally, from Henry Lawrence, Lord President of Cromwell's Council in 1653. The family into which she married has long been settled in high repute and consideration in the West Indies, and was originally a branch of the ancient house of Otley, of Pitchford.

**WILLIAM MOSTYN OWEN, ESQ., OF WOODHOUSE, COUNTY SALOP.**

The death of Mr. Owen occurred on the 17th Nov. The venerable gentleman, who had attained his 79th year, represented the Bryngwyn branch of the ancient family of Mostyn of Mostyn, and was, in the female line, a descendant of that of Owen of Woodhouse, which sprang from a common ancestor with the houses of Owen of Llunilo, Bettws, Tedsmore, and Conover, being all of the Tribe of Edwin ap Grono, Lord of Tegaingl, a famous Welsh Chieftain. Mr. Mostyn Owen's father, the late William Mostyn, Esq., of Bryngwyn, M.P. for Montgomeryshire, assumed the surname of Owen, on succeeding to the Woodhouse estate. He married Rebecca, sister of Thomas Crewe Dod, Esq., of Edge, in Cheshire, and died in 1795, leaving two sons, William, the gentleman whose decease we record; and Edward Henry, Rector of Coumd, besides six daughters—one of whom, Frances Mary, married Richard Noel, Lord Berwick; and another, Harriet, was the wife of John Mytton, Esq., of Halston.

The late Mr. Mostyn Owen, of Woodhouse, married Harriet Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Major T. Cumming, of Bath, and has left several children: Frances, the second daughter is the wife of Robert Myddelton Biddulph, Esq., of Chirk Castle, County Denbigh.

**REAR-ADMIRAL SIR SAMUEL JOHN BROOKE-PECHEL, BART., C.B., K.C.H.**  
This worthy Baronet and gallant naval officer died on the 3rd Nov. at his residence in Hill-street, Berkeley-square, aged sixty-four. He was the eldest son of the late Major-General Sir Thomas Brooke-Pechell, Bart., M.P., by Charlotte his wife, daughter of General Sir John Clavering, K.B., Commander-in-Chief in India; and grandson of Lieutenant-Colonel Paul Pechell, the descendant of an ancient French family—raised to the de-

gree of Baronet in 1797. He entered the Royal Navy in July, 1796, and assisted in several captures of enemy's frigates. He was made Post-Captain in 1808; and in the Cleopatra, fought, on the 22nd Jan., 1809, a severe and brilliant action with the French ship *La Topaze*. In 1846 he obtained flag rank. From 1832 to 1835 he represented Windsor in Parliament; and held office as a Lord of the Admiralty previously to 1841. He was also Naval Aide-de-Camp to the Queen. Sir John married, in 1833, the Hon. Julia Maria Petre, daughter of Robert Edward, ninth Lord Petre, and was left a widower in 1844. The Baronetcy devolves on the deceased Admiral's brother, Captain George Richard Pechell, R.N., M.P. for Brighton.

**GEORGE WELLER POLEY, ESQ., OF BOXTED HALL, SUFFOLK.**

The family of Poley—of high consideration and large landed estate—is of remote antiquity in the county of Suffolk, where it has been seated since the reign of Edward III. One of its members, Sir John Poley, of Wrongey, was knighted for his services against the Spaniards under the Duke of Parma, and was made Colonel-General over 4000 Foot—Peregrine Lord Willoughby being General—for the King of Denmark. Sir John's monument is still to be seen in Botted Church, with his statue standing upright in armour. It is remarkable for having *a gold frog suspended from the left ear*, a singular ornament, also depicted in Sir John Poley's portrait, at Botted Hall. The late George Weller Poley, Esq., was born 1st Nov. 1783; succeeded to the estates, upon the demise of his father, in 1799; and married, in 1808, Helen Sophia, daughter of James Fisher, Esq., of Brownston Hall, by whom he leaves a large family—the youngest daughter, Frances, being the wife of the present Sir Richard Gethin, Bart.

**THE REV. EDWARD SEROCOLD PEARCE SEROCOLD, OF CHERRYHINTON, CO. CAMBRIDGE.**

This gentleman died at Great Malvern, on the 21st of November, aged 53. He was the only son of the late Very Rev. Wm. Pearce, D.D., Dean of Ely, by Anne his wife, eldest daughter and eventual co-heir of the Rev. Walter Serocold, of Cherryhinton, the representative of a very ancient family, thirteen descents of which are recorded in St. George's Visitation of London, in 1623.

Mr. Pearce Serocold (the latter surname he took by Royal licence in 1842) married first, 30th Oct., 1824, Georgiana Elizabeth, daughter of George Smith, Esq. (brother

of Robert, First Lord Carrington) and had by her three surviving sons. He married secondly, 4th Aug., 1842, Charlotte Eleanor, daughter of Colonel Arthur Vansittart of Shottesbrook, and had further issue by her. He was a magistrate for Cambridgeshire.

**JAMES STUART, ESQ.**

This gentleman, of well-known political fame, was the eldest son of the late Rev. Dr. Charles Stuart, and derived in direct descent from the Hon. Archibald Stuart, 4th son of the fourth Earl of Moray. He was bred to the profession of the law, and became a Writer to the Signet in 1798. He had excellent talents for business, and had he given it due attention, he would most probably have attained high distinction in his profession; but, having inherited a respectable property in the co. of Fife, he became attached to agricultural pursuits, and these, with his duties as country gentleman and magistrate, and the political engagements into which he entered with the utmost warmth, speedily engrossed by far the greater portion of his time and attention. He was a zealous and an uncompromising Whig. No man ever existed more completely devoted to his party, or more disposed to make every possible exertion and sacrifice to promote its objects. Hence, he naturally became an object of hostility to the opposite party, and hence, in consequence of some attack made upon him, his fatal duel with Sir Alexander Boswell, in which Sir Alex. expired what he wrote, by his death.

His business necessarily suffered by these continuous distractions; and his means were crippled partly and principally, by the expences in which they involved him, and partly by his too generous hospitality. Being of an extremely sanguine disposition, he attempted to repair his fortune by speculating in land; but the crash of 1825 proved fatal to his schemes, and involved him in embarrassments by which he was overwhelmed. As he had done nothing dishonourable, he might easily have settled with his creditors; but his feelings would not allow him to face them, and he took the rash and unfortunate resolution of retreating to America. On his return, he obtained his discharge, but he lost the situations he had held in Edinburgh, which he might have retained had he not left Scotland.

After his return Mr. Stuart became the editor of the *Courier*, and gave in this capacity every support in his power to the Whig party. He was appointed by Lord Melbourne to the situation of Factory Inspector, which he held till his death; and it redounds much to his credit that in this

difficult position he conducted himself so as to acquire the esteem not merely of the manufacturers, but of the great majority of the workmen.

Mr. Stuart was robust, active, and singularly capable of bearing fatigue. He died in his seventy-fourth year, of a disease of the heart, most probably induced by the excitement in which he passed the greater part of his life. He had married in 1802, Eleanor-Mary-Anne, only daughter of Robert Moubray, Esq. of Cockairny.

**LIEUT.-COL. ROBERT LA TOUCHE.**

The death of this gentleman, Lieut.-Col. of the Carlow Militia, and for many years M.P. for Carlow, occurred in Lowndes Square, on the 19th of November. Col. La Touche was fifth son of the Right Honourable David La Touche of Marlay, county Dublin, M.P. by Elizabeth, his wife, daughter of George Marlay, D.D., Bishop of Dromore, and was thus, through his mother, nearly related to the Right Honourable Henry Grattan. The family of La Touche was established in Ireland by David Dignes de la Touche, a Huguenot, who settled in that kingdom after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He was fourth son of a noble Protestant family of the Blesois, which possessed considerable estates between Blois and Orleans.

**GENERAL SIR JOHN ORMSBY VANDELEUR, G.C.B., COLONEL OF THE 16TH LANCERS.**

This month's obituary presents a melancholy list of deaths among the gallant veterans of the late war. Vandeleur, Anson, Whited, and Pech'll have all died. The decease of Sir John Vandeleur, took place in Dublin on the 1st Nov. The gallant officer was son of the late Richard Vandeleur, Esq., of Rutland, in the Queen's County, Captain in the 9th Lancers, who was third son of John Vandeleur, Esq., of Kiltrush, county Clare, by Frances his wife, daughter of John Ormsby, Esq., of Cloghans, county Mayo. Sir John was born in 1763. He entered the army, as Ensign, in 1781, but soon changed to a horse regiment, and became eventually one of our most eminent cavalry officers, having served in eleven campaigns—under the Duke of York, in Flanders; Lord Lake, in India; and the Duke of Wellington, in Spain and France. As Lieutenant-Colonel of the 8th Light Dragoons, he served with the local rank of Colonel in command of a brigade of cavalry, in Hindostan. At the battle of Laswarree, on the 1st of November, 1803, his brigade turned the enemy's left flank, and took 2000 prisoners, for which he received Lord Lake's thanks. In November, 1804, he was again similarly

honoured for the cavalry affair at Futtu Ghur, where the Mahratta chief Holkar was surprised and defeated. At the conclusion of the war, Sir John Vandeleur returned to Europe, and in 1811 was placed on the staff of the army in the Peninsula, as Major General. He commanded a brigade of the light division of infantry, and was wounded while leading a division to the breach of Ciudad Rodrigo, in January, 1812, after Major General Crawford had fallen. The wound prevented Vandeleur being present at the siege of Badajoz; but he participated with the Light Division in the Battles of Salamanca and Vittoria. A few days before the latter, his brigade was so fortunate as to intercept and cut off a French force, taking 300 prisoners, and driving the remainder to the mountains. He was subsequently appointed to command a brigade of Light Dragoons attached to the column under Lord Lynedoch, and afterwards under Lord Niddry, and shared in all its operations. He served at Waterloo, and afterward commanded the whole of the British cavalry, from the time that the Marquis of Anglesey was wounded till Louis XVIII. entered Paris.

Sir John married, in 1829, Miss Glasse, daughter of the Rev. John Glasse, and has left one son and one daughter—the latter married to Colonel Greaves, Military Secretary in Ireland. Sir John's grand-nephew, John Vandeleur, who also served with distinction at Waterloo, and was severely wounded at Fuentes d'Onor, is now Lieutenant Colonel, commanding the 10th Royal Hussars.

#### ADMIRAL WHITSHED.

Sir James Hawkins Whitshed, G.C.B., Bart., of Killincarrick, county Wicklow, and Jobstown, county Dublin, was the third son of Dr. James Hawkins,\* Bishop of Raphoe, and assumed his maternal grandmother's name of Whitshed in 1791; he entered the navy in 1773, and, after a glorious career, attained the rank of admiral of the Red in 1810, and became Admiral of the Fleet the 8th January, 1844. The long detail of his deeds of prowess and fame occupies considerable space in O'Bryne's "Naval Biography," telling, among other things, of his receiving a gold medal and the thanks of Parliament for his share in the triumphant struggle off St. Vincent.

\* Dr. Hawkins, Bishop of Raphoe, was son of John Hawkins, Ulster, King of Arms, and grandson of William Hawkins, who also held the same appointment.

Sir James Hawkins Whitshed married December 11, 1791, Sophia Henrietta, daughter of Captain John Albert Bentinck, R.N. (the inventor of chain pumps, who died in command of the *Centaur*, 74, in 1775). By that lady, a great-granddaughter of the first Earl of Portland, he had issue two sons and four daughters. His eldest son, James Bentinck Hawkins Whitshed, was killed when a midshipman of the *Berwick*, 74, Captain Edward Brace, in a gallant boat affair in the Mediterranean, December 11, 1813. The surviving issue of Sir James are a son and a daughter—1. St. Vincent Keene (his successor in the baronetcy), who married, the 1st May, 1831, Elizabeth, sixth daughter of David Montagu, Lord Erskine, and has issue, James, R.N., born 3rd March, 1834, St. Vincent, born 12th February, 1837, and two daughters, Elizabeth and Renisa. 2. Renisa Charlotte, who was married, 10th March, 1829, to Colonel Henry John William Bentinck, of the Coldstream Guards. The gallant Admiral died on the 29th Oct., at his residence, Cavendish-square, in the 89th year of his age.

#### HENRY WILLOUGHBY, ESQ., OF BIRDBALL HOUSE, CO. YORK.

The death of this gentleman, the heir presumptive of the present Lord Middleton, occurred on the 18th Nov. in his 70th year. He was son and heir of the late Rev. James Willoughby, Rector of Guiseley, co. York, and grandson of the Hon. Thomas Willoughby, (second son of the first Lord Middleton), by Elizabeth his wife, daughter and heiress of Thomas Southby, Esq., of Birdball. He married, 20th June, 1815, Charlotte, eldest daughter of the Venerable Archdeacon John Eyre, and had by her, who died 20th Sept. 1845, four sons and three daughters. Mr. Willoughby sat for several years in parliament.

#### LIEUT. COL. CHARLES WRIGHT, K.H.

Colonel Wright died on the 16th Nov. at his residence, Winton, in Hampshire. He was one of the gentlemen ushers to Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, and was for many years on the staff of the Royal Military-college at Sandhurst. He entered the army in 1807, with the advanced rank of captain, never having occupied any lower grade, and was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel in 1837. Lieutenant-Colonel Wright, was subsequently decorated with the order of Knight of the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic order.

## OBITUARY.

NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER.

## H. M. ADELAIDE, QUEEN DOWAGER.

In recording the death of Queen Adelaide, it is no less useful to the living than honourable to the dead, that we should pay a brief tribute to her many merits. The highest bribe that mankind at large can offer to those in exalted station to do good, and make a benevolent use of the power with which fortune has gifted them is name and fame when they shall be no more. This at first sight may appear little enough, since the deceased is removed beyond the reach of praise or censure, but constant experience shews us that the worst and best are equally desirous that their memory shall stand well with the living world; even the felon on the scaffold is in most cases anxious to deny or palliate his crimes, that he may not die amidst the public execration. It is good therefore that departed virtue should have its tomb strewed with flowers, if it were only that in so doing we are holding out the strongest inducements to tread in the same footsteps.

So retired has the life of Queen Adelaide been for several years that her existence has been known beyond her immediate circle only by her bounties and benefactions. If her income has been liberal her charity has not been less so; it has benefited thousands, nor has this kindness of feeling had any drawback in her case, as too often happens, by great and peculiar failings. As a wife, and as a woman—a still more comprehensive term—her conduct was not only wholly free from fault, but such as justly to censure her to all who came within the sphere of her influence; and her memory will be long and universally revered.

The biography of this excellent woman may be told in few words, for though in the highest station her course of life in every respect resembled that of a private individual.

Amelia Adelaide Louisa Theresa Caroline was the eldest daughter of George Frederick Charles, Duke of Saxe Cobourg Meiningen, by Louisa Eleonora, dau. of Christian Albert Louis, Prince of Hohenloe Langenburg. She was born on the 18th day of August, 1792, and by the early death of her father, was left when very

young to the care of the duchess dowager who, in virtue of the duke's last will, had been made regent, and been entrusted with the guardianship of his children. A happier place than the little court of Meiningen, for the education of a young princess could not have been found any where; from its seclusion and total insignificance in the political scale, as well as from the good sense and excellent inclinations of the regent, it had altogether escaped the contagion of the French revolution; if it wanted the brilliance of other courts, it had the greater merit of being free from their vices; and the natural disposition of the youthful princess being admirably adapted to the moral climate in which fortune had placed her, she might well be compared to the flower, which beautiful in itself, is rendered yet more lovely and graceful by its being planted in a congenial climate.

The death of the Princess Charlotte in 1817, made it requisite for the princes of the blood royal in England, who had hitherto remained single, to enter into the married state. Their choice, however, was necessarily confined by the national religion, to a very limited sphere; most of the foreign rulers adhered to the Catholic faith, the Protestant doctrines being professed only at the Courts of least political importance. It might, therefore, be called a choice without a choice; and yet had William, then duke of Clarence, been allowed the whole range of Europe, from which to make his election, he could not have chosen a more amiable and virtuous bride, or one more calculated to ensure his domestic happiness. The marriage having been agreed upon by those who alone had a right to dictate in the matter, the Duchess Dowager of Saxe Meiningen came over to England with her daughter, Adelaide, and a short time afterwards, on the 11th of July, 1818, the ceremony took place in the palace of Kew, the Archbishop of Canterbury officiating, and the Prince Regent giving away the bride. In a few days the Duke and Duchess left England for Hanover, where they passed the winter of 1818, and the spring of 1819. While here, her Royal

Highness prematurely bore a female child, who was christened on the day of her birth, but died in a very short time, and was buried in the royal vault at Hanover. This event had so shaken the health of the mother, that by the advice of her physicians, she proceeded for change of air to Meiningen, visiting Gottingen and Hesse Philipsthal, by the way, and being accompanied by the Duke, whose plain frank manners seem to have won for him golden opinions amongst the Germans.

In October 1819, the Duke and Duchess returned to England, and in the winter of the same year Adelaide gave birth to a princess, who to all appearance, seemed fated to live, and one day wear the crown of England. At the express desire of George the Fourth, she was christened Elizabeth, a proud name in English annals; but this blossom, like the former, was nipt almost as soon as it began to shew itself. It perished about the third month.

For some years the Duke and Duchess had spent the greater part of their time in travelling abroad; but in 1826 they took to residing permanently at Bushy. In 1827, William became presumptive heir to the British throne, by the demise of his elder brother, the Duke of York; and in 1830, the death of George the Fourth actually raised him to the dignity of King of Great Britain. He was not, however, crowned until the September of 1831; and, after a short reign of six years, he died in 1837, in full possession of his senses to the last, and apparently without a struggle.

The Queen Dowager now came to the possession of the parliamentary grant—£100,000 per annum for life, with Marlborough House and Bushy Park for her places of residence. But her health, which would seem to have never been very good, being injured probably by late events, she was ordered by her physicians to Malta, where she left a lasting memorial of her benevolence in the church which she caused to be erected.

In May 1839 she returned once again to England, made from time to time various excursions through the country, and in 1847, visited Madeira, landing at Portugal in her way thither. On the 2nd of December, 1849, this illustrious princess died in the 58th year of her age, at Stanmore Priory, at seven minutes before two o'clock on Sunday morning, after a painful and protracted illness. The body was deposited with the usual ceremonies in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on Thursday, December 13th, 1849.

Brief as this account has of necessity been, we have only space to add a few words in reference to the illustrious family from which Queen Adelaide derived descent and which may not be inappropriate. The House of Saxe Meiningen is a scion of that of Saxe-Gotha, her Majesty's great-grandfather, Bernard, Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, having been fourth son of Ernest the Pious, Duke of Saxe-Gotha, and elder brother of John-Ernest Duke of Saxe-Saalfeld, from whom descends Prince Albert. The family of Saxe is one of the most ancient and illustrious of the Sovereign Houses of Europe. Its Princes, who frequently commanded armies and acquired great military renown, were as eminent in peace as the munificent patrons of art, science, and literature. The present chief of the race is the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, who, but for the misfortunes of his ancestor, the Elector John Frederick, would now be invested with the sovereignty of Saxony. The next branch in seniority is that of Saxe-Meiningen; the third, Saxe-Altenburg; the fourth, Saxe-Coburg-Gotha; and the fifth, the Royal House of Saxony. By female descent, Queen Adelaide derived, in a direct line, from our famous English Monarch, the great and good King Alfred.

#### SIR MARC ISAMBART BRUNEL.

Sir Marc Isambart Brunel, one of the most eminent engineers of this or any age, was born at Hacqueville, department of L'Eure, Normandy, in 1769. He was the son of Jean Charles Brunel, and the scion of a family of ancient name and descent and of landed Norman estate, which they, though Royalist, hold to this day. He was intended for the Church, and was sent for his education to the ecclesiastical seminary of St. Nicain, at Rouen. But his taste for, and rapid progress in, mathematics and physical science, led the superiors of that establishment to induce his father to have his prospects altered. He accordingly entered the French Royal Navy; and while an officer in it, he gave evidence already of his great mechanical and engineering skill. The French Revolution interrupted his advancement at home, and drove the young Brunel, a Royalist, to seek safety and occupation in the United States. There he rose speedily to eminence as a civil engineer. The Bowery Theatre recently burnt down, and the Cannon Foundry, at New York, were among his American works. Towards the end of the last century, Brunel left America and came to England. His first and perhaps his most useful work here, was his plan for making ship-blocks by machinery. It is needless

to comment on the originality, the beauty, and the success of this well-known invention. It has saved a fortune to the State, and it remains, after a lapse of forty years, to this day unaltered. The sawmills at Chatham and Woolwich, the circular saw for cutting veneers, the machine for winding cotton into balls, owe their improvement or origin to Brunel. Then came his knowledge to assist in furthering the newly discovered power of steam upon the waves; steam navigation was indebted to him through the whole course of its mighty advancement. In 1824 he commenced a work, which has made his name known throughout the world, and which took nearly twenty years for its completion—we need hardly say that we allude to the Tunnel under the Thames. This gigantic undertaking against gigantic obstacles owes its ultimate realization to the indomitable labour and energy of Brunel. M. Brunel was Knighted in 1841; he was also Vice-President of the Royal Society, and of the Institution of Civil Engineers, a corresponding member of the French Institute, and a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. Sir Isambard Brunel had married, in 1799, a daughter of William Kingdom, Esq., by whom (who survives him) he leaves one son, also an eminent engineer, and two daughters, one married to Mr. Hawes, Under Secretary of State for the Colonies, and the other married to the Rev. Mr. Harrison, Vicar of New Brentford. Sir Marc died on the 12th Dec. at his house in St. James's Park, aged 80, deeply and generally regretted, as well on account of his private as his public worth.

FREDERICK WILLIAM CAMPBELL, ESQ,  
OF BARBRECK.

This respected gentleman died at Birkfield, near Ipswich. He was son and heir of the late Donald Campbell, Esq., of Barbreck, by Mary Campbell, his wife, a daughter of Lord Frederick Campbell; and represented the Barbreck branch of the house of Argyll—a distinguished offshoot of the parent stem.

Early in life Mr. Campbell entered the army, and held the commission of Lieutenant and Captain in the 1st Regiment of Guards. He succeeded his father in 1804; and, fixing his residence in Suffolk, became a Magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant of that county. He was born 4th January, 1782, and married twice: first, Emma Ashwell, daughter of Wade Toby Caulfeild, Esq., of Raheenduff; and, secondly, Sophia, daughter of the late Sir Edward Winnington, Bart., M.P., by whom he had a daughter, Sophia Jane

who married Peter Robert Charles Burrell, Esq., nephew of Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, and died in 1843, leaving a son Willoughby Merrik Campbell Burrell.

HENRY JOHN GEORGE, EARL OF  
CARNARVON.

It is with feelings of more than common regret, that we have to record the demise of this estimable nobleman. Descended as his lordship was, from one of the most ancient and honorable stocks in these kingdoms, and deriving his lineage from the Plantagenets, his life and character were worthy of his high pretensions, and his death will long be regarded as a public loss. The late Earl of Carnarvon, was born 8th June, 1800, and succeeded to the title and estates, at the decease of his father the second Earl, in 1833. He was sent early to Eton, and afterwards to Christ Church, Oxford, and in both places was the cotemporary of some of the first wits and statesmen of the day. In 1820 his Lordship visited the Continent, and was in Italy during the revolutions in 1821. He afterwards at various intervals travelled in Spain, Portugal, Germany, and Greece, particularly the Mainote country, and even extended his wanderings to Constantinople, and the kingdom of Morocco. At all times an acute observer, his mind was thus stored with information, and his ideas chastened and enlarged; and had the state of his health in later years, permitted him to attend to Parliamentary and public duties, he would doubtless have become, as his early career in the House of Commons so well promised, one of the most eminent statesmen and orators of his day. He was always a clear, argumentative, and fluent speaker, and possessed a rare and happy choice of expression. His imagination though glowing and vivid, never transgressed the bounds of good taste, and there was at all times a method in his argument, and a striking appropriation in his epithets, which proved the classical culture of his mind. As a poet, the Earl of Carnarvon was favourably known to the literary world, by his poem entitled "the Moor," and by his tragedy of "Don Pedro," which was performed at one of the larger Theatres. We must not omit also to mention his work on Spain, which ranks him among the most distinguished travellers of modern times. These well written volumes, exhibit a high and consistent tone of political feeling, they are full of noble sentiments, and abound with interesting incidents, and charming descriptions. All who have read this work, must regret that owing to the pressure of other employments, his

Lordship's written observations on the present state of Greece, more particularly of the Mainote peninsula, (so little known to travellers), were not prepared for the press. We may still hope that they will not be lost to the world. Fearless, active and chivalrous, the Earl of Carnarvon's early life was one scene of enterprize, and almost marvellous adventure, and perhaps we are not wrong in surmising, that the over exertion and excitement of that period, laid the foundation of those maladies, which chequered his later years with pain and suffering. In 1830, his Lordship was married to Henrietta Anna, eldest daughter of Lord Henry Thomas Howard Molyneux Howard, and niece of the Duke of Norfolk by which most estimable lady, he has left issue, three sons and two daughters. The eldest son, now Earl of Carnarvon, was born 24th of June, 1831. In the year 1841, Lord Carnarvon under the direction of Mr. Barry, commenced his alterations, at the ancient residence of his family, Highclere Castle, and it is not too much to say, that in conjunction with its fine park and gardens, it forms one of the most beautiful residences in England. But it is not as a public character alone, that the late Earl of Carnarvon's name will go down to posterity honoured and esteemed. Affectionate and kind in every relation of domestic life,—affable and liberal to his neighbours, whatever their rank or station,—a fast friend,—a warm and ready benefactor, the many and rare virtues of the noble Earl, will live long in the memories of all who had the privilege of approaching him. To award the due meed of praise to him who is now gathered to the tomb of his fathers, cannot be styled flattery. He feels no longer either the world's censure, or its plaudis. It will be long ere the void, now created by the demise of this distinguished nobleman, this sincere Christian and real English gentleman, will be filled up, either in the high places into which his rank and talents admitted him, or in the affections of his family and friends, and not of them only, but of the universal population of the district in which he resided.

THE RT. REV. WM. HART COLERIDGE, D.D.

The death of Bishop Coleridge occurred most suddenly; the venerated prelate returned to his seat, Salston, Ottery, on Thursday, 20th Dec., for the purpose of spending, with his family, the Christmas season. About three o'clock in the afternoon on Friday, the bishop was out looking at the ruins of St. Saviour's Bridge, over the Otter, shortly after which, on his home, and just as he had reached the

farmhouse, his hind (Mr. Horsford), who resides there, asked him how he was. He replied, "I feel very unwell, Horsford," and immediately recoiled, but Mr. Horsford caught him, and prevented the fall. Soon after this the Bishop expired. His sudden death is supposed to have been caused by the bursting of a bloodvessel in the heart. In his demise the church has lost a learned and most faithful prelate, the country a wise and consistent Englishman, his tenants a good landlord, the large circle of his family and acquaintances a sincere man in the domestic and friendly relations of life, the poor a kind adviser and a benevolent benefactor. Bishop Coleridge was born in 1789 (the only son of Luke Herman Coleridge, Esq., of Thorverton, County Devon), and received his education at the King's Grammar School of Ottery, St. Mary. In 1808 he entered the University of Oxford, and subsequently took a first class degree in classics and mathematics. In 1824 he was consecrated Bishop of Barbadoes and the Leeward Islands, but resigned the see in 1842. His lordship married in 1825 Miss Rennell, eldest daughter of the Very Rev. Thomas Rennell, D.D., Dean of Winchester, and granddaughter of Sir William Blackstone.

JOHN, LORD COLVILLE, OF CULROSS,  
ADMIRAL OF THE WHITE.

The death of Admiral Lord Colville, which occurred on Saturday, the 22d December, has occasioned a feeling of deep sorrow amongst a numerous circle of friends, by whom his memory will be cherished with affectionate regard. Lord Colville's professional career commenced so far back as to include him with those who shared in Lord Rodney's memorable victory of the 12th of April, 1782. Early in the late war (in 1794), when First-Lieutenant of the Santa Margarita, his active and spirited conduct in command of a detachment of seamen, at the siege and capture of Martinique, was so conspicuous as to obtain the warmest praise of his superiors, and led to his promotion on the return of the Santa Margarita to England in the following year. In 1807 his Lordship commanded the *Hercule*, of 74 guns, at the capture of the Danish fleet, and was distinguished in other active and creditable services in the course of the war. On all occasions Lord Colville was remarkable for the energy with which he sought every enterprize which could tend to promote the glory of the British flag. But in the naval profession the opportunities of distinction occur so capriciously as often to refuse to the most

zealous and best officers that which chance and good fortune so largely award to the efforts of others, and it was Lord Colville's misfortune, more than once, to experience this mortifying truth. His Lordship became a flag-officer in 1819, and was Commander-in-Chief at Cork from 1821 to 1825. In private life, and especially in the circle of his naval friends, no man was ever more respected or more beloved. His frank unostentatious manner, and cheerful affability, his generous friendship to those most needing it, his hospitality, and, best of all, his unparading piety, were amongst the endearing qualities which will make his memory ever precious to those who knew him. Lord Colville was twice married, first to Elizabeth, sister of Sir Francis Ford, Bart., and secondly, to Anne, sister of the Earl of Ellenborough. He sat as one of the representative peers of Scotland in ten successive parliaments, and was extra Lord of the Bedchamber to his Royal Highness Prince Albert up to the time of his death. He is succeeded in his title by his nephew Charles John, now Baron Colville, formerly Captain in the Coldstream Guards, son of the late distinguished General the Hon. Sir Charles Colville, G.C.B., G.C.H.

**ADMIRAL SIR FRANCIS COLLIER, K.B.**

Sir Francis Augustus Collier, K.B., Commander-in-Chief of her Majesty's naval force in the east, was the third son of the late Vice-Admiral Sir George Collier, C.B. Sir Francis entered the navy in 1798, under Nelson, on board the *Van-guard*, and was present at the battle of the Nile. From that time forward he served gallantly throughout the war, distinguishing himself by the capture of various French vessels of importance.

From 1827 to 1830, Collier was Commander-in-Chief on the coast of Africa, and during that period 36,000 slaves were restored to freedom. In 1830, he received the honour of knighthood, and he was since made a K.B. Sir Francis, while holding his last appointment (that of Commander-in-chief of our naval force in the east), did great benefit to the mercantile community by his ready protection afforded at all times to British commerce. A public address was handed to him only a few days before his death, thanking him for the energy he displayed in the extirpation of piracy.

Sir Francis Collier died of apoplexy, on the 28th of October last, at the residence of Judge Hulme, at Hong-Kong, where he had been staying since his return from China.

**SIR ROBERT K. DICK-CUNYNGHAM, Bart.**

Sir Robert Keith Dick-Cunyngham,

of Prestonfield, in the county of Edinburgh, and of Lambrington, in the county of Ayr, was born on the 14th April, 1773: he inherited the baronetcy of Prestonfield, as seventh Baronet, at the decease of his brother, the 14th Dec., 1812; and he succeeded to the baronetcy of Caprington, as sixth Baronet, on the demise of his cousin-german, Sir William Cunningham, as 5th Baronet, in 1829. Sir Robert married, the 15th May, 1807, Harriet, third daughter of Thomas Hanmer, Esq., of Stapleton, in the county of Gloucester, by whom (who survives him) he leaves, with four other sons and two daughters, an eldest son and successor, William Hanmer (the present Baronet), late an officer in the Dragoon Guards, who is married to Susan, third daughter of the late James Alston Stuart, Esq., of Urrard, Perthshire, and has issue. Sir Robert was the descendant and representative of two very ancient and honourable Scottish families, the Dycks, or Van Dykes, originally from Bruges, and the Cunninghams, of Caprington, the latter connected by marriage with the royal line of Robert Bruce. Sir Robert, who, previous to the last two years, resided for a long period abroad, died at his seat in Scotland, on the 14th Dec., in his 77th year.

**COMMISSARY-GENERAL SIR CHARLES DALRYMPLE.**

Sir Charles Dalrymple, whose death occurred at Maidstone, on the 1st Dec., was the son of the late General William Toombs Dalrymple. He took an active part in the duties of his department for many years during the late war, first with the expedition to the Helder, in 1799, and subsequently in Germany, in 1800 and 1801. On his return he was advanced to the rank of Deputy Commissary-General, and proceeded to Madeira. At the breaking out of the war in 1803 he served in England till the year 1808, when he accompanied an expedition under Sir John Sherbrooke to Cadix, and afterwards joined the army in Portugal, in which country, and in Spain and France, he served till the end of the war. He was appointed Commissary-General in 1812, and received the honour of Knighthood from the Prince Regent, as a reward for his services. The duties which fell to his lot in the Peninsular war were those of an active and confidential nature, during which he co-operated with the late Sir Robert Kennedy, who had the chief charge of the commissariat department. Sir Charles Dalrymple received the medal for his services at Talavera, Pyrenees, Nivelle, Nive, Orthez, and Toulouse.



He has left issue four sons and one daughter.

#### EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

The death of this eminent man—the Poet for the Poor—occurred on the 1st of Dec. Though Elliott was a native of Masborough, and died at Argill-hill, near Barnsley, he belongs (we quote from the *Sheffield Independent*) “to Sheffield more than to any other place. Here were passed nearly all the days of his manhood’s prime. He became famous as a poet whilst he resided in Sheffield; in connexion with Sheffield he became renowned as a politician; in Sheffield he earned the independence upon which he retired in his honourable old age; and in and immediately near Sheffield were composed many of his most celebrated works. He has pictured our hills and valleys in words of beauty and truth, so that our neighbourhood is especially and for ever linked with his name.”

Ebenezer Elliott was born at Masborough, near Rotherham, 17th March, 1781, the son of a Commercial Clerk in the Iron Works there. At a very early period of life he was put to work in the foundry, and at a later epoch entered into business on his own account at Rotherham, but unsuccessfully. In 1821 he removed to Sheffield, at 40 years of age, and there made his second start in life. He used to relate that he here began business with a borrowed £100, with which he bought a stock of iron, which ‘tipped right over its head,’ or in other words, he sold for twice as much as it cost. He was not unduly elated with such success—for, unlike his neighbours in those times of artificial prosperity, he saw that the bubble must soon burst. He therefore prudently kept his liabilities within the narrowest possible compass, and this saved him from embarrassment, and enabled him to take advantage of “the turn of the market.”

At one period, so successful were his transactions, that, as he told Mr. Howitt, “he used to sit in his chair, and make his £30 a day, without even seeing the iron he sold; for it came to the wharf, and was sold again thence, without ever coming into his warehouse or under his eye.” Still, this success was the result of years of laborious industry, of acute intelligence, and business habits. There are important points in Elliott’s history, showing that “trade and literature may be combined, and that a man of the right stamp may fight an up-hill battle in both fields of enterprise, and win in both.”

As a poet, his fame rests principally in the “Corn Law Rhymes.”

In 1841, Mr. Elliott retired from business, and from active interference in politics, to spend his last years at Great Houghton, near Barnsley, where he built a house upon a small estate of his own. He now wrote and published little, and he betook himself to the quiet enjoyment of the country.

Mr. Elliott’s last illness was of several weeks duration; he was anxious that the marriage of his daughter with John Watkins, Esq., of Clapham, should be solemnized during his life; it therefore took place on the 17th ult., though it had been fixed for Christmas Day. As the newly-married pair passed Argill-hill, Mr. Elliott was raised up in bed to see them pass the window; when he desired that he might be buried at Darfield church, where they had been married.

Mr. Elliott died on the 1st inst., and was buried at Darfield church on the 6th. He has left a wife and five sons and two daughters. While on his death-bed, he dictated the following lines:—

Thy notes, sweet Robin, soft as dew,  
Heard soon or late, are dear to me;  
To Music I could bid adieu,  
But not to thee.

When from my eyes this lifeless throb  
Has passed away, no more to be,  
Then autumn’s primrose, Robin’s song,  
Return to me.

#### PRINCE HOHENLOHE.

Prince Leopold Alexander Hohenlobe, Bishop of Sardica, Grand Provoct and Canon of the Chapter of Groswarden, Hungary, and Mitred Abbot of St. Michael of Gaborjan, was a scion of the Waldenburgh branch of the ancient and illustrious German family of Hohenlobe. The prince was born Aug 17, 1794, and very early in life devoted himself to the service of religion. His fervour and piety were so ardent and his prayers in behalf of the sick and afflicted proved so frequently successful, that many believed that he was gifted with a miraculous power.

Some five and twenty years ago, this supposed divine attribute created a great sensation, and became the universal theme of conversation. The subject was then much and seriously discussed on both sides. Since that little or nothing has been heard of the Prince, who, it appears, shrank himself from the strange publicity given to him, and confined himself subsequently to the zealous and exemplary performances of his high clerical and episcopal functions.

Prince Hohenlobe, whatever might be the faith in his miracles, was much es-

teemed and beloved for the mildness and benevolence of his disposition; and his death, which occurred on the 16th Nov. is very generally regretted.

**SERGEANT LAWS.**

Edward H. Vitruvius Laws was called to the bar by the Hon. Society of the Inner Temple in 1810; his practice lay more in chambers than in court. He was the author of some successful law works; among them, a "Treatise on Pleading," and a "Treatise on Charterparties and Bills of Lading." Having risen to the degree of the coif, Mr. Sergeant Laws was appointed, some time ago, Chief Registrar of the Court of Bankruptcy. The learned Sergeant died suddenly, on the 27th Nov. at his residence in Woburn-place, Russell-square, in the 65th year of his age.

**THE HON. AND REV. SIR HENRY LESLIE, BART.**

The death of Sir Henry Leslie occurred on the 9th Dec. at his residence, Juniper-hill, Mickleham, Surrey. The rev. gentleman had completed, on the 21st of last September, his 66th year. He was son of Sir Lucas Pepys, Bart., M.D. physician to King George III., by Jane Elizabeth Leslie, his wife, Countess of Rothes, and was consequently co-in-german of the present Lord Cottenham, and of Dr. Henry Pepys, Bishop of Worcester.

Sir Henry married, 15th February, 1816, Elizabeth Jane, daughter of the Rev. James Baker, of Tostock, co. Suffolk, but became a widower on the 12th of the following December. At the period of his decease he was Rector of Shepphall, Herts, and Wetherden, Suffolk, Prebendary of Exeter, and one of the Queen's Chaplains in Ordinary. His only sister, Lady Harriet Leslie, was the first wife of the Earl of Devon. Sir Henry having left no issue, the Baronetcy devolves, under the limitation of the patent, on the Lord Chancellor, who is heir male of the Pepys family, and who is already in possession of a Baronetcy.

**ROBERT O'CALLAGHAN NEWENHAM, ESQ.**

Robert O'Callaghan Newenham was the last surviving son of Sir Edward Newenham, who was for more than thirty years a distinguished member of the Irish Parliament for the city of Dublin. Mr. Robt. Newenham was a man of great acquirements and refined taste. He might, without exaggeration, be styled the Father of the Arts in the south of Ireland. He was for many years the President of the Society for their promotion; and he lived to witness the consummation of his wishes in the establishment of the School of Design. Mr. Newenham was not only a man of re-

finer tastes and literary acquirements, but he was a clever writer and a patient scholar; witness his production, "The Architectural Antiquities of Ireland." Mr. Newenham died in his 82d year, on the 20th ult., at Dundanion Castle, the seat of his son-in-law, Sir Thomas Deane.

**BIGADIER-GENERAL PHILLIPS, C.B.**

This gallant officer, who so brilliantly distinguished himself in the battles which took place in India during the campaign in the Punjaub, entered the service in 1824, and became a lieutenant-colonel in 1843. For a long period he commanded the 53rd (Shropshire) Foot and headed that corps at the battles of Sobraon, Aliwall, and Bundewall. He afterwards became Brigadier-General with the army in occupation of the Punjaub, and was made a Companion of the Bath for his conduct in the field. General Phillips died on the 21st Nov. at Great Maldon, after a protracted illness.

**THOMAS LEVETT PRINSEP, ESQ., OF CROXALL HALL, COUNTY DERBY.**

This gentleman, who died at Bishopstington, in Devon, was third son of the late Theophilus Levett, Esq., of Wichnor Park, county Stafford, High Sheriff of that shire, 50 George III., and Recorder of the city of Lichfield; by Frances his wife, daughter of Thomas Prinsep, Esq., of Croxall Hall, county Derby. He was twice married, first to Margaret daughter of David Monro, Esq., by whom he has left one surviving daughter; and, secondly, to Caroline, daughter of the Rev. John Temple.

**LADY PULTENEY.**

This lady, who died Nov. 1, at an advanced age, at her residence in Piccadilly, was a daughter of Sir William Stirling, Bart., of Ardoch, and married, first, Andrew Stuart, Esq., of Torrance and Castlemilk, many years Member for Lanarkshire, and last of the male line of the Stuarts of Castlemilk and Darnley. He is represented by his daughters Christian Anne, Elizabeth, and Charlotte, the wife of Robert Harington, Esq., as co-heirs general. Mrs. Stuart married, secondly, Sir William Pulteney, a distinguished member of the House of Commons, and one of the richest commoners in Great Britain. There being no issue of this marriage, Sir W. Pulteney's immense estates devolved at his death on the Countess of Bath, his daughter by a former marriage with Miss Pulteney, heiress of the Earl of Bath. The Countess of Bath dying without children, the estates were divided amongst branches of the Pulteney family, the Earl of Darlington, and Sir Richard Sutton; Sir William Pulteney's

paternal estate of Westerhall and the borough of Weymouth going to his nephew, Sir John Johnstone, grandfather of the present Baronet, who is a minor.

**L. H. SHADWELL, ESQ.**

On Tuesday, the 11th of December, the body of L. H. Shadwell, Esq., barrister-at-law, the second son of Sir L. Shadwell, Vice-Chancellor, was discovered in a ditch which divides Barnes Elms Park, the residence of his father, from an adjacent farm. The deceased occupied a sleeping apartment in a lodge, which is about a quarter of a mile distant from the mansion of the family; and he was last seen alive on the previous Sunday night when he left the house about half-past nine o'clock to walk across the park to this lodge. The night was not only dark, but there was at the time an intense fog. It having been ascertained in the morning that he had been absent from his customary sleeping-place during the night, a search was instituted, and on Tuesday the body was discovered in the ditch already mentioned, in which the water was not more than two feet six inches deep, but the deposit of mud was still deeper. Dr. Willis was sent for, and made an external examination of the body, which, it should be stated, was dressed, with the exception of the feet, which were naked. There was no trace of the shoes, but afterwards socks were found in his pockets. His trousers and other portions of his dress had been much torn, apparently by the brambles at the side of the ditch, which the deceased had evidently caught at to save himself, if possible, in his descent. A ring and other valuable property were on his person, showing that Mr. Shadwell had not been the victim of robbery. The general supposition as to the cause that led to the death is, that the unfortunate gentleman on leaving the mansion, diverged from the right path, owing to the heavy fog, and fell into the sluice connecting the lake with the river, the tide being then up, and being a most fearless swimmer it is presumed he swam out into the river, and then landed on the towing path, and in endeavouring to regain the park he inad-

vertently fell into the ditch, where it was evident his struggles had been most terrific to extricate himself.

**THOMAS STAPLETON, ESQ.**

The decease of this eminent antiquary occurred on the 4th. He was the second son of the late Thomas Stapleton, Esq., of Carlton, in Yorkshire, and next brother of Miles Thomas Stapleton, who established his co-heirship to the ancient Barony of Beaumont, and had summons to the House of Peers in 1840. Mr. Thomas Stapleton was born 16th of Oct. 1806, and had consequently completed his forty-third year.

**MRS. TUIE.**

This lady, widow of the late Colonel Tuite, of the Irish Brigade, Chevalier of the Order of St Louis, died at Boulogne, 9th Dec., in her 89th year. She was the eldest daughter of Robert Dolman, Esq., of Pocklington, M.D., by Peggy, his first wife, only child of Thomas Reynolds, Esq., of Mauragh, Notts, and was married to Colonel James Tuite, of Montserrat, by whom, who died at Boulogne in 1838, she had a son, Joseph Thomas Tuite, Esq., of Deighton-Grove, county of York. The knightly family of Dolman, from which Mrs. Tuite descended, is one of the oldest in England. The present representative, John Thomas Dolman, Esq., of York (Mrs. Tuite's nephew), is sole heir to the Barony of Stapleton.

**SIR EDMUND KEYNTON WILLIAMS,**

**K.C.B., MAJOR-GENERAL IN THE ARMY**

This distinguished officer, Major-General in the army, and Colonel of the 80th Foot, gained great distinction in the Peninsular War, and received a Cross and one clasp for his services, in command of the 4th Caçadores at Busaco, Salamanca, Vittoria, St. Sebastian, and Niva. He was also made a Knight of the Tower and Sword of Portugal, and a Knight Commander of the Bath. Sir Edmund commanded lately, a division of the Indian army. He was born in 1779, the son of the Rev. Henry Williams, Vicar of Udry, in Monmouthshire, and married Miss Hawker, daughter of John Hawker, Esq., of Plymouth.

## PEERAGE AND BARONETAGE CREATIONS.

OCT., 1849, TO JAN., 1850.

Jan. 10th, 1850. Frederick Temple Blackwood, Baron Dufferin and Claneboye, in the county of Down, created a Peer of the United Kingdom as **BARON CLANDEBOYE**, of Clandeboye, co. Down.

His Lordship represents the ancient family of Blackwood, of which was the celebrated Adam Blackwood, Privy Councillor to Mary, Queen of Scots. The title of Clandeboye, was formerly borne by James Hamilton, Viscount Clandeboye, father of James Earl of Clanbrassil. Of that nobleman, Lord Dufferin is one of the co-representatives.

Oct. 31st, 1849. The Right Hon. **SIR JAMES DUKE**, Lord Mayor of the city of London, created a Baronet.

The advancement of this gentleman to the station he now occupies affords a fresh instance of the happy opportunities our constitution presents to the deserving of every class of the community to achieve wealth and honour—to crown the efforts of industry and integrity with success. Mr. Duke entered the civil service of the navy in a junior department, in 1809, under the late Sir Peter Parker, and afterwards served in the Mediterranean under Lord Viscount Exmouth, until the end of 1813. He then became secretary to Admiral Sir John Gore, continuing to fill that position up to August 1814, when his naval service was terminated by the peace. In 1819, Mr. Duke commenced his commercial career, the early friends he had acquired by good conduct on ship-board adhering to him in his new circumstances and the pursuits of mercantile life. In process of time his ability and success attracted the attention of his fellow-citizens; he became a Common Councilman, and in 1840 an Alderman of London. He

was previously elected Sheriff in 1836.

In the course of that year he received the honour of knighthood, and at the conclusion of it was presented by the corporation with a valuable piece of plate in token of his acknowledged merit and usefulness in a public station. In conjunction with his partner, Mr. Hill, Sir James Duke was a member of the leading firm, engaged in the great market of the coal trade; but he has retired from business in favour of his late partner. In 1837 Sir James Duke became one of the representatives in Parliament of the borough of Boston, and continued to represent the same constituency, until elected for the city of London.

Dec. 22, 1849. **THOMAS NEVILLE ABDY**, Esq., of Albyns, co. Essex, created a Baronet.

The Abdys of Albyns had a Baronetcy conferred on them so far back as 1660. It continued in the family for a century and then became extinct at the decease, unmarried, of the last direct male heir Sir John Abdy, fourth Bart., who bequeathed his estates to his aunt, Mrs. Crank, for life, with remainder to his kinsman Sir Anthony Thomas Abdy, Bart. of Felix Hall, to the Rev. Stotherd Abdy, that gentleman's brother, and, eventually, in failure of issue of both, to Thomas, son of the Rev. Dr. Rutherford, Archdeacon of Essex, by their sister, Charlotte Abdy. The last named devisee ultimately inherited, and assuming the surname and arms of Abdy, in 1776, became the Rev. Thomas Abdy Abdy of Albyns. His grandson is now Sir Thomas Neville Abdy, Bart. of Albyns.

December 22nd, 1849. **JAMES PHILLIPS KAY SHUTTLEWORTH**, Esq., of Gawthorpe Hall, co. Lancaster, created a Baronet.

Dr. Kay, of the Privy Council Office,

#### CHANGES OF NAME.

was long connected with the Educational Department. In 1842, he married Jane Shuttleworth, of Gawthorpe Hall, co. Lancaster, only child and heiress of the late Robert Shuttleworth, Esq., by Janet, his wife, eldest daughter of Sir John Majoribanks, Bart., of Lees. The family of Shuttleworth is one of the oldest in England, and their mansion of Gawthorpe, erected by Sir Richard Shuttleworth, Chief Justice of Chester 31 ELIZABETH, one of the most beautiful specimens of Gothic architecture extant. In the Oliverian times, when rank

and property were compelled to sail with the current, Richard Shuttleworth Esq., then of Gawthorpe, and John Starkie, Esq., of Huntroyd, were two leading magistrates for the hundred of Blackburn, and their names as Hymeneal Priests, according to the prevalent usage of the period, frequently occur in the parish registers of the neighbouring churches.

The late Rt. Rev. Dr. Shuttleworth, Bishop of Chichester, was a descendant of the Gawthorpe family, through the Forcet branch.

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#### CHANGES OF NAME.

Oct. 16th, 1849. JOHN ERNEST PICKERING, Esq., of Christleton, co. Chester, second son of Thomas Pickering, of the same place, by Arabella, his wife, one of the sisters of the late Thomas Hodson, of the city of Chester, and of Christleton, soap manufacturer, dec., to take the name of HODSON only, in compliance with the testamentary injunction of the said maternal uncle.

Nov. 16th, 1849. THOMAS RENNY, Esq., Capt. of Engineers, E.I.C.S., eldest surviving son and heir of the late Alexander Renny, afterwards Alexander Renny Tailyour, Esq., late of Borrowfield and Newmanswell, co. Forfar, to take the name of TAILYOUR in addition to, and after that of Renny, together with the designation of Renny-Tailyour, of Borrowfield, and bear the arms of Tailyour quarterly with those of Renny.

Dec. 18th, 1849. RICHARD THOMAS Somerset, Esq., of Earnshill, co. MADDISON, Barrister-at-Law, to take the name and arms of COMBE, in compliance with the testamentary injunction of the late Richard Thomas Combe, Esq.

Dec. 31st, 1849. GEORGE LOGAN, Esq., of Broomhouse and Edrom, co. Berwick, Captain, on half-pay, of the Royal Marine Artillery, eldest and only surviving son and heir of George Logan, Esq., of Edrom, dec., Major of the Berwickshire Militia, by Helen, his wife, dau. of William Home, Esq., of Broomhouse, and sister of Lieut. Gen. James Home, of Broomhouse, dec., to take the name of Home in addition to, and after that of Logan, the designation of Home, of Broomhouse and the arms of Home.

## OBITUARY.

DECEMBER, 1849, AND JANUARY, 1850.

### MRS. BARTLEY.

The name of Bartley has been long and honourably connected with the drama. The lady, to whom the following brief memoir refers, was the wife of Mr. Bartley, so long a leading comedian of his day, and was herself a highly distinguished ornament of the tragic stage. Her death occurred at her residence in Woburn-square, on the 13th Jan., and arose from a general paralysis. Under her maiden name of Smith, she appeared at *old Covent Garden* in 1806, as *Lady Townley*, in the "Provoked Husband," and at once established her position, completing her success in the same season by her representations of *Belvidera*, *Juliet*, *Beatrice*, and other prominent characters. Immediately following Mrs. Siddons, Miss Smith had to contend with the brilliant fame of her great predecessor, but the very difficulty of the attempt seemed to lend new energy to the youthful tragedian. During the very season of Miss Smith's *debut*, Mrs. Siddons returned to *Covent Garden*, and played *Alicia* and *Jane Shore* alternately with her young rival. After the destruction of *Covent Garden* by fire, in 1808, Miss Smith accepted an engagement in *Dublin*, where she remained three years, and then returned to the scene of her first triumphs, making her second appearance at *Covent Garden* in 1811. Here she remained without a rival until 1814, when she transferred her services to *New Drury-lane*, and, shortly after, married Mr. Bartley, the comedian. In 1818, she and her husband made a very prosperous voyage to the *United States*, and on her return she resumed her position at *Covent Garden*; but, at the expiration of her engage-

ment there, she retired from the stage, taking a formal farewell of the public, in the part of *Lady Macbeth*. At the period of her lamented decease, Mrs. Bartley had completed her 64th year. Domestic sorrow, combined with failing health, cast a melancholy gloom over the closing years of a life whose previous sunshine rendered the contrast doubly bitter. About five years ago she was attacked by paralysis; and from that time her health gradually became worse, until, at last, came the saddest trial of all—the loss of her two only children, a fine youth and an amiable girl, who were both suddenly snatched away. It is sufficient to shew the estimation in which this gifted lady was held, to say that she numbered among her warmest friends Joanna Baillie and Walter Scott; and that she was summoned to *Windsor Castle* to charm the ear of *Royalty* by her incomparable elocution.

### SIR THOMAS GIBSON CARMICHAEL, BART.

Sir Thomas Gibson Carmichael, of Skirling, in the county of Peebles, succeeded his brother, Sir John Gibson Carmichael, as tenth Baronet. Sir Thomas married, first, Jane Maitland, daughter of the late Major-General Dundas, of Fingask; and, secondly, on the 8th of June, 1816, the Hon. Anne Napier, daughter of Francis, seventh Lord Napier. He leaves issue, besides three daughters, a son, Alexander, born in 1820, now the eleventh Baronet. Sir Thomas died at *Naples*, on the 13th inst.

The family of Sir Gibson Carmichael is of distinguished and honourable descent. The first Baronet, Sir Alexander Gibson, whose patent of creation dates as far back

as 1623, was an eminent lawyer, and Lord President of the Court of Session, in the reign of James I. The surname of Carmichael was assumed by the ninth Baronet, in consequence of his marriage with Helen Carmichael, granddaughter of the first Earl of Hyndford.

DR. CLANNY.

WILLIAM REID CLANNY, M.D., a distinguished physician, was a native of the County Down, Ireland, and received his education at the Medical Schools, Edinburgh, where he graduated. He commenced his career as an assistant-surgeon in the Royal Navy, and served at the battle of Cúpea-hagen. He subsequently resided at Bishop Wearmouth, in the county of Durham, where he practised with success in his profession for upwards of forty-five years.

Dr. Clanny was a member of several learned and scientific institutions, and Physician Extraordinary to the late Duke of Susex. Dr Clanny's scientific talent and humane feelings were early enlisted in the cause of preventing accidents in coal-mines. In the year 1813 he constructed a lamp, which was the first attempt made that was calculated to allow the light to burn safely in an explosive atmosphere. This invention he had the courage himself to test in a coal-mine containing upwards of one hundred acres of explosive air. In reward, the Society of Arts in London gave him their gold and silver medals. This first lamp, from its cumbersome form, never came into general use; but Dr. Clanny persevered, and eventually so perfected the lamp, that it became the most complete of its kind, whether as to safety, brilliancy of light, or portability of form. A few friends, headed by the Marquis of Londonderry, the largest coal-owner in the north of England, aware of these facts, lately presented the Doctor with a piece of plate, for his eminent services in bringing into effective use this great discovery. Dr. Clanny died on the 10th Jan. at his residence, Bishop Wearmouth, aged 73, much and deservedly regretted.

EDWARD DUBOIS, ESQ.

This gentleman, who was well known as a man of wit and classical learning, died on the 10th Jan. at his house in Sloane-street. The first appearance of Mr. Dubois as an author was in 1799, when he published a volume entitled "The Wreath," consisting of selections from Sappho, Bion, and Moschus, with a prose translation. In the year 1802 he published "Old Niak," a satirical story, in three volumes; and next year Mr. Dubois edited an edition of

the "Decameron" of Boccaccio, in English, to which he added remarks on his life and writings; and in 1807 he edited Francis's "Horace." Much of the celebrity of Mr. Dubois, however, arose from his publication of "My Pocket-Book," a pungent satire in ridicule of Sir John Carr, the tourist: it gave rise to a lawsuit, in which Sir John failed. Mr. Dubois was also editor of "The Monthly Mirror," for some time previous to its discontinuance.

In 1836, Mr. Dubois was called to the Bar by the Hon. Society of the Middle Temple: he practised as a special pleader, and also as a barrister, on the Home Circuit. Mr. Dubois was Judge of the Sheriff's Metropolitan County Court, prior to the passing of the recent statute; and he filled that office with great credit to himself, and utility to the public.

JOHN DUNCAN.

MR. DUNCAN, one of the most intrepid of English travellers in Africa, was the son of a small farmer in Wigtonshire, North Britain. At an early age he enlisted in the 1st regiment of Life Guards, in which he served with credit for 18 years, and discharged himself with a high character for good conduct, about the year 1840. In the voyage to the Niger, in 1842, Mr. Duncan was appointed armourer; and, during the progress of that ill-fated expedition, he held a conspicuous place in all the treaties made by the commissioners, with the native chiefs. He returned to England, one of the remnant of the expedition, with a frightful wound in his leg, and a shattered body, from which he long suffered. With a return of health, however, came a renewed desire to explore Africa, and under the auspices of the Geographical Society, he started in the summer of 1844, not without substantial proofs from many of the members, of the interest they took in his perilous adventure. The particulars of his journey along the coast, until his arrival in Dahomey, were detailed in letters to his friends, and published in the "Geographical Society's Journal" of that period. From Dahomey he again returned to the coast, having traversed a portion of country hitherto untrudged by Europeans, but broken down in health, and in extreme suffering from the old wound in his leg. Fearful that mortification had commenced, he at one time made preparations for cutting off his own limb, a fact which displays the wonderfully great resolution of the man. All these journeys were undertaken on a very slenderly furnished purse, which, on his arrival at Whydah was not only totally exhausted,

but he was compelled to place himself in "pawn," as he expressed it, for advances, which would take years of labour on the coast to liquidate. From that disagreeable position, his friends of the Geographical Society soon relieved him, by an ample subscription, with which he proposed to make a journey from Cape Coast to Timbuctoo, but the state of his health compelled him to return to England.

He was lately appointed Vice-Consul to Dahomey. He died on his way thither on the 3rd of last November, on board her Majesty's ship "Kingfisher," in the Bight of Benin. Mr. Duncan leaves a wife, who is, we believe, but poorly provided for.

COLONEL IRVINE.

Lieutenant-Colonel Arohibald Irvine, C.B., Director of the Engineering and Architectural Works of the Admiralty, was, during the greater part of his life, an arduous, gallant, and distinguished officer of the East India Company's Engineers. He served in many sieges and storms, being severely wounded, and on two occasions leading forlorn hopes. The talents of Colonel Irvine as a military engineer were highly prized in India: the last employment of his abilities there was at the great battles under Lord Hardinge. Colonel Irvine, about three years ago, succeeded the late Colonel Brandreth, R.E., as chief of the Admiralty engineering and architectural department at Somerset House. Colonel Irvine died on the 29th Dec. at his residence in Highgate. He leaves behind him a young and numerous family.

ARCHDEACON JENNINGS.

The Venerable Phillip Jennings, D.D., Archdeacon of Norfolk, was for many years Assistant Minister of St. James's Chapel, Westmoreland-street, Marylebone, and he succeeded to the incumbency of that place a few weeks ago, on the death of the Rev. Thomas White, M.A. Dr. Jennings was made an Archdeacon in 1847, by the late Bishop of Norwich, Dr. Stanley. The recent demise of Archdeacon Jennings causes deep regret amongst the clergy of the diocese of Norwich.

LADY MARY LESLIE

The Lady Mary Leslie, youngest daughter of George William Evelyn, eleventh Earl of Rothes, by his first wife, Henrietta Ann, daughter of the first Earl of Chichester, died at Dorking, on the 11th Jan. aged fifty-six. Her Ladyship's elder sister succeeded her father as third Countess of Rothes, and was grandmother of

the present Earl. Through her grandmother, Lady Mary descended from the family of John Evelyn, the accomplished author of "Sylva," and, by her father and mother, was a descendant of some of the best blood in Scotland and England. Lady Mary had resided for many years at Shrub Hill, Dorking, where she was endeared to the poor by her numerous acts of charity and benevolence.

SIR JAMES MALCOLM, K.C.B.

This daring and chivalrous officer, whose maternal grand-uncle, Admiral Sir Thomas Pasley, achieved his Baronetcy by his heroism on the "1st June," and three of whose brothers, Sir Pulteney and Sir Charles Malcolm, Admirals, and Sir John Malcolm, a General, gallantly served their country, was the second son of George Malcolm, Esq., of Burnfoot, Dumfriesshire, a descendant of the Malcolms of Lahore and Invertd, in the county of Fifo, who married Miss Margaret Pasley. James Malcolm was born in 1767, and entered the British service when only thirteen years of age. In the first American war he was an officer in the Royal Marines, and he went with Lord Howe to the relief of Gibraltar, in 1782. Malcolm was also senior officer of the marines in the battle of St. Domingo, and he commanded the second battalion of that distinguished corps for three years, on the north coast of Spain, in the United States, and in Lower and Upper Canada; he was engaged in several actions, and displayed great daring and conduct at the storming of Fort Oswego, on Lake Ontario. His whole course of active service, embraced a period of forty-eight years. In 1815, he was created K.C.B. Sir James Malcolm married, in 1806, Jean, daughter of William Oliver, Esq., of Dinley Byre, Roxburghshire, of which county he was Sheriff. Sir James, who was a Lieutenant-Colonel of the Royal Marines at the time of his death, died on the 3rd January, at his seat, Minhalm, Dumfriesshire, aged eighty-three; he leaves issue two sons and two daughters, one of whom is married to William Burdyett, Esq.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL NICOL, C.B.

This gallant Peninsular and Indian officer entered the British service in 1795, and rose, during a long and brilliant career, to be a Lieutenant-General in 1846, when he was also nominated a Companion of the Bath. Nicol was present at the battles of Vittoria, the Pyrenees, Nivelle, and Nieve; he was also in the Nepal War of 1814, 1815, and 1816, where he commanded a



division of the army under Sir David Ochterlony's command.

Lieutenant-General Nicol was Colonel of the 68th Regiment at the time of his demise, which occurred at Clifton, near Bristol, on the 6th January.

#### LADY PYNN.

This unfortunate lady, whose recent and shocking death from being accidentally burnt alive in her sitting-room, occurred at Cheltenham, has caused such general grief, was the daughter of the late Mrs. Bruce Jackson, one of the leaders of the fashionable world at Cheltenham some twenty years ago. She was married to Sir Henry Pynn, C.B., a distinguished officer in the British service, and formerly Lieutenant-Governor of Valencia.

#### ENSIGN GENERAL AUGUSTUS SANDFORD.

The death of this accomplished gentleman and gallant officer has excited feelings of no common regret. It arose from the excessive fatigues of the campaign in the Punjab. Mr. Sandford, who had only just completed his twentieth year, was son of the Rev. John Sandford, vicar of Dunchurch, nephew of the late Sir Daniel Keyte Sandford, and grandson of Dr. Sandford, Episcopal Bishop of Edinburgh. The family from which he derived—the Sandfords of Sandford, in Shropshire, is one of the few in England that can trace an unbroken male descent from a Norman follower of the Conqueror.

"It may not be, perhaps, very generally known (we quote from the *Edinburgh Courier*) that this young gentleman, who, had he been spared, could scarcely have failed to have risen to distinction, and fulfilled the most sanguine expectations his friends entertained of him, was the author of 'Leaves from the Journal of a Subaltern during the Campaign in the Punjab,' published a month or two ago by the Messrs. Blackwood. These memoranda, the gleanings of an observant eye, and the outpourings of a finely-toned and generous spirit, were jotted down, it appears, without the slightest view of ever being presented to the public eye; but, having been communicated piecemeal to his friends in England, were, without even his personal consent, transmitted to the columns of the *Times*, from the great interest exhibited at this period regarding the position of our Indian affairs, more especially after the sanguinary battle of Chillianwallah, of which, as well as the previous battle of Rannuggur, and the subsequent crowning victory of Goojerat,

they contain a graphic and most animated account."

Mr. Sandford was Ensign in the 2nd Bengal European Regiment, to which he was appointed in 1848.

#### VICE-ADMIRAL SCHOMBERG.

This distinguished seaman was eldest son of the late Captain Sir A. Schomberg, R. N. His family is a branch of that of the Duke of Schomberg who commanded the King's troops, and fell at the battle of the Boyne, aged 80. The gallant Vice-Admiral entered the navy in April 1785, as Lieutenant of Solebay; and he commanded a body of 50 seamen, in conjunction with the army under Sir Charles Grey, during the operations against Martinique, St. Lucia, and Guadaloupe. He also served on shore when an attempt was made to re-conquer the posts in the island last-mentioned. His subsequent career during the whole of the late war was gallant and glorious. After passing through the different grades, he became a Vice-Admiral the 23rd Nov., 1841.

Vice-Admiral Schomberg suggested to Lord Melville a plan much approved of at the time, although eight or nine years elapsed before any of his suggestions were adopted, for victualling the seamen and marines of the fleet, wherein he was the first to propose the substitution of tea, sugar, &c., for half the usual allowance of spirits.

The Vice-Admiral married, first, Catherine Anna, only surviving daughter of S. R. Stepney, Esq., of Castle Durrrow, King's County, Ireland; and secondly, 1st Oct., 1804, Anne, youngest daughter of the late Rear-Admiral R. Smith, of Poulton-cum-Seacombe, in Cheshire, whose mother had had the early care of King George III. By his first marriage he had one son, Herbert, a commander R.N.; and by his second, two, the elder of whom, Frederick Charles, holds the same rank in the service; the younger, George Augustus, is a first-lieutenant R.M.A. (1834). Vice-Admiral Schomberg died in the 75th year of his age.

#### ROBERT SHEDDEN, ESQ.

The family of Shedden, originally of Scottish origin, has long been honourably connected with the commercial pursuits of the City of London, and many of its members have acquired great wealth. William Shedden, Esq., a merchant, the father of the gentleman whose death we are about to record, was fourth son of Robert Shedden, Esq., the head of the well-known London house of Shedden, and brother of George Shedden, Esq., of Paulerspury

Park, co. Northampton. He married Wilhelmina, daughter of Captain William Miller, R.N., and died in 1820, leaving an only child, Robert Shedden, Esq., the subject of our present notice, who adopted the sea as an occupation, and was a distinguished navigator. The *Nancy Dawson* yacht, owned and commanded by him, sailed from England about two years since, on a voyage round the world, and with the intention of proceeding, at the end of their second year's absence from England, to prosecute a search, on this side, for the missing expedition under Sir John Franklin. She touched at Petropaulski, Kamtschatka—fell in with ice on the passage through Behring's Straits, and found her Majesty's ships *Herald* and *Plover* (two ships despatched by her Britannic Majesty's Government for Sir John's relief) just as they were sailing from Kotzebue Sound. The yacht kept company with them for some days, and went with the boats despatched from her Majesty's ship *Plover* round Point Barrow, and rendered great assistance and afforded much kindness to the boat expedition to the Mackenzie-river. On two occasions the yacht was nearly being lost. The *Nancy Dawson* sailed south in company with H.M. ship *Herald*, and passing through the Aleutian Group, arrived at Matatlan on the 13th November. On the passage Mr. Shedden was extremely ill; and three days after his arrival at Matatlan, in spite of the assistance rendered him by the medical naval officer present, died in about the 28th year of his age. His funeral was attended, with great regret and respect, by most of the naval officers at Matatlan. Mr. Shedden was in possession of a large fortune, and had great expectations. His yacht will return to England in charge of one of the officers of her Majesty's ship *Herald*.

**PATRICK FRASER TYTLER, ESQ.**

The Tytlers are a family of great antiquity; their proper name was Seton. Their ancestor, a cadet of the noble house of Seton, temp. James IV., having in a sudden quarrel slain a gentleman of the name of Gray at a hunting match, fled to France, and assumed the name of Tytler. His two sons returned to Scotland with Queen Mary, from the eldest of whom the present family descends. Their paternal arms, crest, and motto bear reference to these particulars. Patrick Fraser Tytler's grandfather, William Tytler, Esq., of Woodhouselee—

“Revered defender of the beauteous Stuart,” so termed in allusion to his work, “An Enquiry historical and critical into the Evi-

dence against Mary Queen of Scots,” was father of Alexander Fraser Tytler, a Lord of Session under the title of Lord Woodhouselee, and a writer of celebrity. Lord Woodhouselee's “*Life of Lord Kames*,” and his “*Universal History*,” are standard works. He was an early and intimate friend of Sir Walter Scott. He married Anne Fraser, heiress of Belnain, who was a scion of the House of Lovat, and hence his additional surname of Fraser. Their third son, the subject of this notice, Patrick Fraser Tytler, was born in 1790. He was educated for the bar, and was enrolled a member of the Faculty of Advocates in 1813. While connected with the profession, he held the office of King's Counsel in Exchequer. He, however, soon abandoned the law for literature, to which he attached himself for the rest of his life with the most eminent success. His first work of note was his “*Life of the Admirable Crichton*.” This was followed, some other productions intervening, by that undertaking which took nearly 18 years in its completion, and which will immortalize his name, the “*History of Scotland*.” This work, which was published in nine volumes, recounts the Scottish annals, from the accession of King Alexander III., in 1249, to the union of the two Crowns under James VI., in 1603. Mr. Tytler concluded his brilliant toil with the following touching peroration:—“It is with feelings of gratitude mingled with regret,” said he, “that the author now closes this work—the history of his country—the labour of little less than eighteen years: gratitude to the Giver of all good, that life and health have been spared to complete, however imperfectly, an arduous undertaking; regret that the tranquil pleasures of historical investigation, the happy hours devoted to the pursuit of truth, are at an end, and that he must at last bid farewell to an old and dear companion.” Mr. Tytler found leisure, in the midst of this giant task, to write several other books: among them, his delightful “*Lives of the Scottish Worthies*,” and also the *Lives of Sir Walter Raleigh and Henry VIII.*; and many other works illustrative of history. A few years ago Mr. Tytler received from the Crown a well-merited pension of £200 a year.

Mr. Tytler was twice married. His first wife was a daughter of Mr. Hog, of Newliston. His second, who survives him, was the daughter of Mr. Bonar, a Russian merchant. He leaves two sons and a daughter. Mr. Tytler was always a person of delicate constitution. He had latterly wandered abroad in search of health, and had but recently returned from the Continent. He died at Great Malvern, in Worcestershire

on the 24th December. His death is a loss not only to his family and friends, but to his country, whose history he could tell so well, and whose literature is so illumined by his writings.

LIEUTENANT WAGHORN, R.N.

Thomas Waghorn, whose name is so meritoriously connected with the improved state of travelling to India, entered the British Navy the 10th November, 1812, and was made a Lieutenant the 23d March, 1842. His fame lies in his being the originator of the Overland Mail to India, one of the greatest benefits that has fallen to the lot of this country in her communication with her great Eastern empire. The Christmas-Day, only, before his lamented death, Mr. Waghorn had returned from Malta, where he had been residing a short time for the benefit of his health, which had been considerably impaired by anxiety of mind, arising chiefly from pecuniary engagements, contracted in his prosecution of the Trieste experiments in 1846, and which liabilities the devotion of all his means and the sacri-

fice of his entire property were inadequate to liquidate. Independent of the main incidents of his history in connexion with the Indian Overland enterprise, which has immortalized his name as one of the greatest practical benefactors of the age, his career had been a most extraordinary one, full of the strangest vicissitudes, and abounding in evidences of character in every way worthy of enduring commemoration. Of the pension lately awarded him by Government, he lived to receive only one quarter's payment. His death was occasioned not so much by any specific disorder as by the general break-up of the system, through the wreck of his iron constitution; his irrepressible energy offered so great a resistance to the inroads of debility that it was thought to the last that he would rally, and his dissolution was attended with great pain and suffering. Lieutenant Waghorn died somewhat suddenly, on the 8th instant, at his residence, Golden Square, Pentonville, in the 49th year of his age. It is sincerely to be hoped that the Government will continue his pension to his widow.

# OBITUARY.

JANUARY AND FEBRUARY.

## SIR FELIX BOOTH.

Sir Felix Booth, Bart., of Portland-place, in the county of Middlesex, and Great Catworth, in the county of Huntingdon, was the third son of Philip Booth, Esq., of London, and was himself well known as an eminent and wealthy distiller. He served the office of Sheriff of London in 1828-29, and was, in 1834, by William IV., who had personally known him for years, created a Baronet, with remainder, default his own male issue, to the heirs male of his elder brother, William Booth, Esq., of Raydon Hall, Essex.

Sir Felix Booth was a person distinguished for his peculiar activity and ability in matters of business. Besides his great malt distillery and rectifying establishment, he was engaged in a variety of successful enterprises. He took a prominent part in the foundation of the prosperous London Joint Stock Bank, and the establishment of the Brentford Gas-Works. About the time of his shrievalty he munificently provided out of his own private fortune a sum amounting to nearly £20,000 for Sir John Ross's expedition to the North Pole. Nor did his generosity stop here. During the many anxious months when the expedition could not be heard of, and fears were entertained of its loss, Sir Felix Booth supplied a weekly allowance (unknown to them from whom it came) to the wives of the sailors absent with Ross. In grateful recollection of his munificent patron, Sir John Ross named the northern termination of the American continent, Boothia Felix.

Sir Felix Booth died suddenly at the York Hotel, Brighton, on the 25th ult., of disease of the heart. As Sir Felix was unmarried, the title devolves on his nephew, now Sir Williamson Booth, Bart., the eldest son of the late Mr. Booth, of Raydon Hall, by his wife, Mary, daughter and co-heir of John Williamson, Esq.

Sir Felix Booth dies generally and justly lamented. He was in every respect a princely citizen of London: his immense wealth, acquired by his own industry, was devoted to the benefit or enjoyment of others. His disposition was amiable, and his habits were splendid: he took delight in hospitality, and in acts of kindness and charity.

## REAR-ADMIRAL SIR JAMES JOHN GORDON BREMER, K.C.B.

This gallant Naval Commander died on the 14th Feb., at his residence, the Priory, Compton, near Plymouth. He was only son of the late James Bremer, Esq., D.R.N. by Ann, his wife, daughter and co-heir of Captain James Norman, R.N., and grandson of Captain James Bremer, R.N., a distinguished Officer under Howe and Hawke. The Bremer family is of German extraction. Sir Gordon was born 26th Sept. 1786, and was twice married. The following is a brief summary of his professional services. Sir James John Gordon Bremer entered the navy as first-class volunteer, in 1794, on board the Sandwich flag-ship, at the Nore, of Rear Admiral Skeffington Lutwidge, from which he was discharged in June, 1795; became Oct. 8, 1797, a student of the Royal Naval College, at Portsmouth, and re-embarked April 8, 1802, as midshipman on board the *Endymion*, 40, Captain Phillip Charles Durham. He afterwards, until July, 1805, served in the *Isis*, 50, flag-ship, in succession of Vice-Admiral Sir James Gambier, and Rear-Admiral Edward Thornborough, on the Newfoundland and North Sea stations; *Windsor Castle*, 98, and *Defiance*, 74, both commanded by Captain Durham, under whom he latterly saw much boat service in the Bay of Biscay; and *Prince George*, 98, Captain George Losack. He was then (having but a short time previously passed his examination) appointed sub-lieutenant of the *Rapid* gun-brig, and on the 3rd of August, 1805, was made full lieutenant into the *Captain*, 74, Captain Stephens, part of the Hon. W. Cornwallis's force in his ensuing pursuit of the French fleet into Brest. On the 9th of May, 1806, he was appointed to the *Diana*, 38, Captain Thomas James Malings, on the Mediterranean station, whence he afterwards proceeded to *Davis's Straits*; Oct. 6, 1806, to the *Imogene*, 16, Captain Thomas Garth, in the Mediterranean; and May 28, 1827, to the *Psyche*, 36, Captain William Woodrige, stationed in the East Indies, where he was advanced, on the 13th of Oct. following, to the command of the *Rattlesnake*, 18. Returning to England early in 1810, Captain Bremer, on the 13th of August, 1812, joined the *Bermuda*, of 10 guns, in

which sloop, when in company with the Dwarf and Pioneer, he captured, on the 11th of September, 1812, off Boulogne, Le Bon Genie, of 16 guns and 60 men; and on the 1st of Jan. 1813, he assumed the command of the Royalist, 18. While in that vessel he took four large American schooners, and aided at the capture of four others; was also present, and bore a very conspicuous part, at the gallant defence of Castro, when besieged in May, 1813, by a French army of at least 10,000 men. On the 21st of October following he co-operated with the Scylla, 18, at the capture in sight of the Rippon, of the French frigate, Le Weeser, of 40 guns, and 340 men, after a severely contested action, and a loss to the Royalist of two killed and nine wounded; and in April, 1814, participated in the operations at the entrance of the river Gironde, under Rear-Admiral Charles Vinicombe Penrose. He was nominated a C.B. on the 4th of June, 1815, and subsequently appointed, on the 29th of August, 1815, to the Lee, on the Irish station; on the 30th of May, 1816, to the Comus, 28, in which he was wrecked on a reef of rocks off St. Shotts, Newfoundland. In February, 1824, he was sent to establish a colony in Melville Island, Australia, whence he afterwards proceeded to India, and there joined in the closing scenes of the Burmese war. On the 26th of Jan., 1836, he was created a K. C. H.; and on the 12th of July, 1837, appointed to the Alligator, 28 guns. After again visiting New Holland, and founding the settlement of Port Essington as it at present exists, he once more arrived in India, where, on the death of Sir Frederick Lewis Maitland, in December, 1839, he became Commander-in-Chief, and continued to discharge all the duties of that important post until October, 1841, latterly with his broad pendant in the Wellesey, 72. He left Singapore in 1840, on the mission of triumph and glory in China, until the final capture of Chusan in 1841. Her Majesty testified her gracious approbation of his valour in conflict and his discretion as her plenipotentiary in council by conferring on him the dignity of a K.C.B. He was subsequently Commodore-Superintendent of Woolwich Dockyard, until he retired, on the 13th of November, 1848, and attained the rank of Rear-Admiral on the 15th of September, 1849. A good service pension becomes vacant by his decease.

LADY ANNE HARRIET CHICHESTER.

This venerable lady, the third daughter of John, seventh Earl of Galloway, by Anne his wife, daughter of Sir James Dashwood, Bart., was born Nov. 2, 1769, and had, consequently, at the period of

her decease, completed her 80th year. She married, August 8, 1795, Lord Spencer Stanley Chichester, second son of the first Marquis of Donegal, and by his Lordship, who died in 1819, had issue two sons, both deceased, and three daughters, of whom one only survives, Elizabeth Dowager Lady Bateman. The eldest son, Arthur, was elevated to the peerage as Baron Templemore, in 1831, and died in 1837, leaving a son, Henry Spencer, present Lord.

SIR RIGGS FALKNER, BART.

The death of this Baronet occurred on the 25th January, in Regent-street, London. He was the eldest son of the late Sir Samuel Falkner, Bart., of Ann Mount, co. Cork, by Sarah his wife, daughter of Charles Lealie, M.D.; and grandson of Sir Riggs Falkner, on whom the title was conferred in 1777. At the period of his decease he had attained his sixtieth year. Leaving no issue, he is succeeded by his brother, now Sir Charles Lealie Falkner, fourth Baronet.

FRANCIS-GODOLPHIN OSBORNE, LORD GODOLPHIN.

His Lordship was second son of Francis Godolphin, 5th Duke of Leeds, by Amelia, his wife, dau. and heir of Robert, Earl of Holderness, and grandson of Thomas, 4th Duke, by Mary, his wife, dau. and heir of Francis, Earl of Godolphin. The Peerage he enjoyed was conferred upon him 14th May, 1832. His Lordship born 18th October, 1777, married 31st March 1800, Elizabeth Charlotte, dau. of William 1st Lord Auckland, and by her (who died 17th April, 1847) had four sons, and one daughter.

LORD JEFFREY.

Francis Jeffery was the eldest son of the late Mr. George Jeffery, who held the office of an under clerk in the Court of Session in Scotland, and whose wife was Henrietta, daughter of Mr. Loudoun, of Lanarkshire. He was born in a portion of the Old Town of Edinburgh, called the Lawn-market, on the 23rd of October, 1773, not far from the spot where Hume, the historian, was also born, and received the early portion of his education at the High School in his native city; in the year 1787, he went to the University of Glasgow; here he remained till 1791, in which year he was admitted to Queen's College, Oxford. Throughout his school and university studies, his industry and talents were strikingly apparent; and he entered upon life with brilliant prospects. Soon after he had fixed his residence in Edinburgh, his political predilections became developed on the popular side. The Speculative Society, and the Select Society, in which Lord Brougham and Francis

Horner took active parts, witnessed the early trials of Jeffrey's yet immature talents. In the debates of those associations his speeches were almost as much distinguished by brilliancy of imagination and felicity of expression, as even the more elaborate and better considered productions of his middle age.

The great distinction by which Francis Jeffrey will be known to posterity, is, that for more than a quarter of a century he conducted the *Edinburgh Review*. Of his connexion with this celebrated work, we find the following interesting record by the Rev. Sydney Smith:—

"When first I went into the Church I had a curacy in the middle of Salisbury Plain. The squire of the parish took a fancy to me, and requested me to go with his son to reside at the University of Weimar; before we could get there, Germany became the seat of war, and in stress of politics we put in to Edinburgh, where I remained five years. The principles of the French Revolution were then fully afloat, and it is impossible to conceive a more violent and agitated state of society. Among the first persons with whom I became acquainted were Lord Jeffrey, Lord Murray (late Lord-Advocate for Scotland), and Lord Brougham; all of them maintaining opinions upon political subjects a little too liberal for the dynasty of Dundas, then exercising supreme power over the northern division of the island. One day we happened to meet in the eighth or ninth story or flat in Buccleugh-place, the elevated residence of the then Mr. Jeffrey. I proposed that we should set up a *Review*; this was acceded to with acclamation. I was appointed editor, and remained long enough in Edinburgh to edit the first number of the *Edinburgh Review*. The motto I proposed for the *Review* was—

'*Tenui musam meditatur avena*'—  
We cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal.

But this was too near the truth to be admitted, and so we took our present grave motto from Publius Syrus, of whom none of us had, I am sure, ever read a single line; and so began what has since turned out to be a very important and able journal. When I left Edinburgh it fell into the stronger hands of Lord Jeffrey and Lord Brougham, and reached the highest point of popularity and success."

Lord Brougham soon followed Smith to London, when the sole responsibility and much of the fame of the editorship fell to the share of Francis Jeffrey. He was more concerned in the literature than in the politics of the *Edinburgh Review*; in its philosophy and metaphysics, its taste and criticism, its light literature and poetical dogmas, than in those weighty

affairs to which Mackintosh, Smith, and Brougham, in its earlier years; or Macaulay, Hallam, Brown, and Playfair, in its more recent days, have contributed the weight of their learning and eloquence. Nothing could exceed the versatility of Jeffrey's critical acquirements. "At one time he was," says a contemporary, "found examining the nature and principles of taste; next the miscellaneous works of Jonathan Swift; then the writings of Madame de Staël and Samuel Richardson, or Victor Alfieri, and the life of Christopher Columbus; then the dramatic works of John Ford, the characters of Shakspeare's plays, the poetry of Burns, Campbell, Scott, Crabbe, Rogers, Moore, Southey, Wordsworth, and Hemans. In a succeeding quarter, perhaps, he would engage the attention of his readers with the philosophy of Reid or Priestly, of Drummond or Dugald Stewart; and with the novel-writers of the age—amongst whom the author of 'Waverley' necessarily occupied his pen and stimulated his powers of investigation—he dealt by the score or hundred."

Lord Jeffrey has left us a precise account of the share he took in the management of the *Review*. In the preface to his contributions, reprinted from that journal at the close of 1843, he says—"I wrote the first article in the first number of the *Review* in October, 1802; and sent my last contribution to it in October, 1840! It is a long period to have persevered in well—or in ill—doing! But I was by no means equally alert in the service during all the intermediate time. I was sole editor from 1803 till late in 1829; and, during that period, was no doubt a large and regular contributor." On his election to the office of Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, Lord Jeffrey withdrew at once and altogether from the management. He wrote nothing for the *Review* for a considerable time subsequent to 1829; and in fourteen years sent but four papers to the work, none of them on political subjects. Among the less agreeable records of Lord Jeffrey's connexion with the *Review*, are his duel with Mr. Moore, the poet; and the lines to which it gave rise in Lord Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."

The forensic career of Lord Jeffrey was slow, but sure. He was admitted an advocate of the Scottish bar in 1794. For some years he had to bear that delay in his advancement which so many members of his arduous profession have to undergo, and which perseverance and real ability can alone surmount. Once past this probation, and due opportunity afforded him, he gave sound proof of his merit, and took his station among the most eminent of Scotland's lawyers.

In 1821, Mr. Jeffrey was chosen Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow; and in 1828, Dean of the Faculty of Advocates.

On the accession of the Whigs to power in 1830, Mr. Jeffrey became Lord Advocate: he had previously taken his seat in Parliament, first for a Scottish borough, and then for Malton. He afterwards represented the city of Edinburgh. Like many eminent counsel, he made no great effect in the House, which may have probably resulted from the overwrought anticipations that his prior fame had led persons to form. In 1834, Mr. Jeffrey ascended the judicial bench as a Lord of Session; and, according to the rational custom of Scotland, which will have a Judge called a Lord both in and out of the court, he assumed the titular designation of Lord Jeffrey. As a Judge, Jeffrey was in his element again; his reputation spread far and wide, and his court was crowded with suitors. The ermine sat gracefully upon one of such diligence, integrity, and knowledge; and the sun of his brilliancy as an advocate and writer, set in the subdued but sterling splendour of his excellence as a Lord of Scotland's judiciary.

Lord Jeffrey was married twice; first, in the year 1802, to Catharina, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Wilson, of St. Andrew's; and secondly, in the year 1813, to Charlotte, daughter of Mr. Charles Wilkes, of New York, and grand-niece of the well-known Alderman John Wilkes, of London. He died on the 2nd of February, in the 77th year of his age.

#### THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF PLYMOUTH.

Ann, Countess Dowager of Plymouth, who died at her house, in Brook-street, on the 30th January, in her 76th year, was daughter of Thomas Copson, Esq., and widow of Henry, eighth and last Earl of Plymouth, to whom she was married 12th July, 1798, and by whom she had no issue.

#### WILLIAM RUSSELL, ESQ., OF BRANCEPETH CASTLE, FORMERLY M.P. FOR THE COUNTY OF DURHAM.

William Russell, Esq., died on the 30th January, at his splendid seat Brancepeth Castle, Durham. He was M.P. for that entire county in three Parliaments, prior to the Reform Act, for which he constantly voted, making thereby a larger individual sacrifice of borough interest, and political power thence arising, than any other commoner. He was the only son of the late Matthew Russell, Esq., of Brancepeth, M.P.

for Saltaah, by Elizabeth his wife, sister of the Right Hon. Charles Tennyson D'Eyncourt, M.P., of Bayons Manor, and grandson of William Russell, Esq., one of the most opulent coal and landed proprietors in England. He it was who purchased Brancepeth, and formed the magnificent project of restoring to its pristine splendour that long neglected Castle of the Nevilles—a task which his age denied to him the accomplishment of, but which he bequeathed to his son, the late Matthew Russell, Esq., who proved himself well worthy of the trust, and under whose auspices arose the present noble structure, inferior to few others in the north of England. The gentleman whose death we are recording, succeeded to the estates in 1822.

He has died unmarried, and his Castle of Brancepeth, with his extensive estates, devolves on his only sister, the Hon. Mrs. Hamilton, who married the Hon. Gustavus Frederick Hamilton, only son of Viscount Boyne; of which marriage there is issue one son, Gustavus Russell Hamilton, now at Oxford.

#### SIR WILLIAM JOHN STRUTH, KNT.

Sir William died at Bognor on the 1st February, aged 87. He was formerly a resident of Bristol, and in 1815 filled the office of Mayor, on which occasion he received the honour of knighthood.

#### THE COUNTESS OF WEMYSS AND MARCH.

Margaret Countess of Wemyss, wife of Francis, present Earl, died at Gosford House (his Lordship's seat), near Haddington, on the 26th Jan. Her Ladyship was fourth daughter of the late Walter Campbell, Esq., of Shawfield, sister of Ladies Ruthven and Belhaven, and aunt of the late Countesses of Urbridge and Charleville. Her marriage with Lord Wemyss (then Lord Elcho) took place in 1794, and its issue consists of one surviving son, Francis Lord Elcho, and four surviving daughters—Lady Charlotte Fletcher of Saltoun, Lady Harriet Suttie, Lady Jane and Lady Caroline, both unmarried. There were one other son, Walter, and five daughters, who are deceased. Of the latter, the eldest, Lady Eleanor, married her cousin, Walter Frederick Campbell, Esq., of Shawfield and Ialay; Lady Margaret was the wife of Lieut.-Col. John Wildman; Lady Katherine married Lord Grey, of Groby; and Lady Louisa-Antoinetta, William Forbes, Esq., M.P., of Callendar.

## CREATIONS.

28 Feb. 1850.—**LORD ALBERT DENISON DENISON** created a Peer of the United Kingdom, as **BARON LONDESBOROUGH** of Londesborough, in the county of York. His lordship, second surviving son of Henry, late Marquess Conyngham, by Elizabeth, his wife, daughter of Joseph Denison, Esq., of the city of London, succeeded to the vast property of his maternal uncle William Joseph Denison, Esq., of Denbies, M. P. for Surrey, and assumed, in consequence, the surname and arms of Denison. He purchased shortly after the estate of Londesborough, and, on his elevation to the Peerage, thence took the designation

of his title. At one time, his Lordship acted as Secretary of Legation at Berlin, and for many years sat in the House of Commons as member for Canterbury. He is known in the literary world by a translation from the German.

28 Feb. 1850.—**SAMUEL JONES LOYD**, Esq., created a Peer of the United Kingdom as **BARON OVERSTONE**, of Overstone and Fotheringhay, co. Northampton.

His Lordship was long the head of the great banking firm of Jones Loyd and Co. He retired from business shortly before his elevation to the Peerage.

## CHANGES OF NAMES.

29th Dec. 1849.—**WILLIAM WINGFIELD**, Esq. of Orsett Hall, Essex, and Eaton Square, Middlesex, one of H. M. Counsel learned in the law, and late one of the Masters in the High Court of Chancery—to take the name and arms of **BAKER** only, in compliance with the testamentary injunction of the late Richard Baker, Esq. of Orsett Hall.

26th Jan. 1850. **RICHARD ROGERS COXWELL**, Esq. of Dowdeswell, co. Gloucester, J.P. and D.L., second but eldest surviving son of the Rev. Charles Coxwell, M.A., Rector of Dowdeswell, by Anne, his wife, youngest daughter and coheir of the Rev. Richard Rogers, L.L.B., sometime also Rector of Dowdeswell, deceased—to take the surname of **ROGERS**, in addition to, and after that of Coxwell, and bear the arms quarterly, in compliance with the testamentary injunction of his maternal great-uncle, Edward Rogers, Esq., of Dowdeswell. The Rogers' of Dowdeswell were a branch of the ancient and knightly house of the same name, seated at Bryanston, co. Dorset, and first became settled in Gloucestershire, in the early part of the 15th

century. Dowdeswell has been the family residence since the reign of Henry VIII. On a youthful scion of the house, John Rogers, who died in 1683, in his eleventh year, Dryden wrote these monumental lines:—

“ Of gentle blood, his parents' only  
treasure—  
Their lasting sorrow, and their  
vanish'd pleasure—  
Adorn'd with features, virtues, wit,  
and grace,  
A large provision for so short a race.  
More moderate gifts might have pro-  
longed his date,  
Too early fitted for a better state ;  
But knowing Heaven his home, to  
shun delay,  
He leap'd o'er age, and took the  
shortest way.

**EDWARD ROGERS**, Esq. of Dowdeswell by whose testamentary desire the name of Rogers is now taken, died unmarried in 1810, His elder brother, the Rev. Richard Rogers, had married Miss Curtis, and left three daughters, his coheirresses, one of whom only married, viz., Anne, who became in 1796,



CHANGES OF NAMES.

the wife of the Rev. Charles Coxwell, M.A. of Ablington, and was mother of the present RICHARD ROGERS COXWELL ROGERS, Esq. of Dowdeswell, to whom the royal licence has been accorded.

31st Jan. 1850.—JOSHUA PROCTOR WESTHEAD, Esq. of Lea Castle, co. Worcester, M.P. for Knaresborough, eldest son and heir of Edward Westhead, Esq. of Manchester, by Ann, his wife, sister of the late John Brown, Esq. of Lea Castle, some time High Sheriff of Worcestershire to take the surname of BROWN, in addition to, and before that of Westhead, and to quarter the arms of Brown.

12th Feb. 1850.—JOHN HARFORD BATTERSBY, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, eldest son of Abraham Gray Harford-Battersby (formerly Abraham Gray Harford), Esq. of Stoke Park, co. Gloucester—to use the surname of HARFORD after—instead of before that of Battersby, and be called John Battersby Harford. The Harfords are of great antiquity. The “*cunabula gentis*” was Bosbury, in Herefordshire, in the church of which place there are several old and handsome monuments of the family, exhibiting their armorial bearings. The branch from which Mr. Battersby-Harford descends, migrated from Marshfield, in Gloucestershire, and settled at Bristol, in the course of the 17th century. The present head of the house is JOHN SCANDRETT HARFORD, Esq. of Blaise Castle, D.C.L., F.R.S., &c.

Feb. 21st, 1850.—FRANCIS RHODES, Esq., of Elston Hall, Notts, and Charlotte Mana-Cooper, his wife, eldest dau. of William Darwin Brown, Esq., of Elston, and sister and co-heiress of Robert Alvey Darwin, Esq., also of Elston Hall, deceased, to take the name of DARWIN, instead of Rhodes, in compliance with the testamentary injunction of the said Robert Alvey Darwin, Esq. ROBERT ALVEY DARWIN, Esq., the testator, was representative of the highly respectable family of Darwin, of Elston, a younger son of which was the celebrated Erasmus Darwin, M.D., of Derby, author of “the Botanic Garden.”

Feb. 27th, 1850. — GUSTAVUS FREDERICK HAMILTON, Esq., com-

monly called the Honourable Gustavus Frederick Hamilton, of Burwarton, in the county of Salop, and of Brancepeth Castle, in the county of Durham (only son and heir apparent of Gustavus Viscount Boyne and Baron Hamilton, in the kingdom of Ireland), and Emma Maria, the wife of the said Gustavus Frederick Hamilton, only daughter of Matthew Russell, late of Brancepeth Castle, aforesaid, Esq., deceased, some time representative in Parliament for the Borough of Saltash, in the county of Cornwall, and sister and heir of William Russell, late also of Brancepeth Castle, Esq. deceased, some-time Knight of the Shire for the said county of Durham, to take and henceforth use, pursuant to a proviso contained in a certain deed of settlement, the surname of Russell in addition to and after that of Hamilton; the said Gustavus Frederick Hamilton to bear the arms of Russell, quarterly with those of Hamilton; the said Emma Maria Hamilton to bear the arms of Russell; and such surname of Russell, together with the arms of Russell quarterly with those of Hamilton, to be taken, borne, and used by the issue of their marriage.

By the death of William Russell, Esq. the splendid castle of Brancepeth, together with the great estates annexed, devolve on the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, to whom the royal license to assume the surname and arms of Russell has been granted. This family of Russell is of antiquity in Cumberland. In many of the early entries in the church registers of Millum, they are described as Russells of Dudden Bridge and Arnabie; by an intermarriage with the old family of Taylor, they acquired the estate of Rowenlands, to which they removed between the years 1652 and 1657, and they continued to reside there until 1803, when in consequence of the decease issueless of the elder brother, the property passed to William Russell, Esq., of Brancepeth Castle, who had himself realized a very considerable fortune in the county of Durham. He was the grandfather of the gentleman whose death has rendered the Royal Sign Manual necessary.

# OBITUARY.

## FEBRUARY AND MARCH.

### DR. BOYRENSON.

This gentleman, a physician in the Hon. East India Company's Service, and attached to the Bombay army, may be remembered as having been instrumental, by his courage and energy, in saving many lives when the *Great Liverpool* was wrecked in March, 1846, off the coast of Corunna. Dr. Boyrenson died of jungle fever, at Kaira, Bombay, on the 6th Jan. last, much and deservedly regretted.

### CHARLES THOMAS CONOLLY, ESQ., OF MIDFORD CASTLE, COUNTY OF SOMERSET.

The death of this gentleman occurred on the 13th Feb., at his seat of Midford Castle. He was son of the late Charles Conolly, Esq., and derived his descent from a branch of the Conollys of Castletown. He was born March 14th, 1791; and was twice married—first, in 1814, to Elizabeth, daughter of John Clifton, Esq., of Lytham Hall, county Lancaster; and, secondly, in 1828, to Jane, daughter of Philip Lawless, Esq., of Dublin. By the former he had one son, Charles John, who married, in 1840, Louisa de Brancaccio, only daughter of the late Prince de Ruffano, of Naples.

### SIR JAMES GIBSON CRAIG, BART.

Sir James Gibson Craig, of Riccarton and Ingleston, in Midlothian, a Deputy-Lieutenant and Justice of the Peace for that shire, and Clerk of the Signet in Scotland, was the second son of William Gibson, an eminent merchant in Edinburgh. He was born on the 11th October, 1766, and being educated for the legal profession, passed as writer to the Signet in 1786, and rose to great distinction in that capacity. He was the leading partner in the law firm of Craig, Dalziel, and Brodie. As Mr. Gibson, he was also well known for being a great political supporter of the whigs, and he was on intimate terms with Fox and the other leaders of that party. He continually, in their favour, took part in all public affairs; and throughout his life was staunch to the principles he adopted. In 1818 Mr Gibson assumed the additional surname and arms of Craig, pur-

suant to the provisions of the entail made by Robert Craig, of Riccarton. During his political career, Mr. Gibson Craig, figured in the famous but fatal ballad against the Whigs, published in 1822 by Sir Alexander Boswell, who, in consequence was shot in a duel by Mr Stuart, of Duncarn. In 1831, during the Administration of Earl Grey, Mr. Gibson Craig was created a Baronet.

This distinguished gentleman and politician—to the great grief of a wide circle of relatives, friends, and admirers—died on the 6th March, somewhat suddenly, at his seat of Riccarton, four miles from Edinburgh. By his wife, Ann, daughter of J. Thompson, Esq., of Edinburgh (whom he married the 14th Sept., 1796), he leaves two sons and seven daughters. His elder son and successor, the present Sir William Gibson Craig, an advocate at the Scottish bar, is M.P. for Edinburgh, and a Lord of the Treasury. One of the daughters of the late Baronet is wife of Mr. Biggs Andrews, Q. C.

### GENERAL CHARLES CRAVEN, OF RICHARDSTOWN, CO. LOUTH.

This gallant soldier died at Walsall, in Staffordshire, on the 22nd March. He was son of the late Major Charles Craven, also a distinguished military officer, and great-grandson of Loven Craven, Esq., a scion of the noble stock of Craven, who served with his two brothers, in William the Third's army, fought at the battle of the Boyne, and was slain at Aughrim, 12 July, 1691.

General Craven, whose death we record, entered the army as ensign in the 27th regiment, in 1790, whence he purchased into the 5th dragoon guards, in which he attained his majority, and served in every action the regiment was engaged in, under H.R.H. the Duke of York, in France and Flanders, in 1794 and 1795. After the retreat through Holland into Germany, he remained in the latter country, under the command of Lieut.-Gen. Sr David Dundas, and returned with the cavalry to Eng-

land in 1796, and served subsequently in Ireland and Jersey. He was born 15th Dec., 1769, and married, in 1798, Alice, daughter of John Randall, Esq., by whom he leaves one surviving son, Charles Cooley Craven, Esq., late Capt. 72nd Highlanders.

**FRANCIS DARBY, ESQ. OF COLEBROOKEDALE.**

It is with sincere sorrow that we announce the death of this respected gentleman, long a valued friend of the Editor's, and a constant supporter of his Genealogical Works, more especially of this Journal, in the prosperity of which he took the liveliest interest. It is, therefore, with feelings of no ordinary regret that the writer of this brief memorial adds to the Obituary the name of his kind and worthy correspondent.

Mr. Darby was the elder son of the late Abraham Darby, Esq., of Colebrookdale, a gentleman of considerable abilities, who constructed and erected, in conjunction with the late John Wilkinson, Esq., of Burslem, the celebrated iron bridge over the river Severn, at Colebrookdale, the first of that metal ever made. The family of Darby has been resident at Colebrookdale for many generations, and has become, by purchase, possessed of landed property in the vicinity. An early marriage connected it with the ancient and highly respectable Yorkshire house of Maude. Mr. Darby was born 5th April, 1783, and married 16th June, 1808, Hannah, only child of John Grant, Esq., of Leighton Buzzard, Bedfordshire, by whom he had two daus., Matilda Frances, and Adelaide-Anna.

**J. F. DEERING, ESQ., B.A.**

This gentleman, formerly well known as a distinguished architect under his original family name of Gandy, died on the 2d March. In early life, he travelled in Greece, under the auspices of the Dilettante Society, and exhibited some of the results of his tour in a series of very fine drawings at the annual exposition of the Royal Academy. Several buildings in the metropolis are, in all respects or in parts, the fruits of his talents, Exeter Hall and the Insurance office at Charing Cross being the most remarkable. In 1827 he was chosen an associate of the Royal Academy, and in 1838 became an academician. Succeeding subsequently to a large estate, he assumed the surname of Deering, and sat in parliament for the Borough of Aylesbury.

**LIEUTENANT-GENERAL DURNFORD.**

Lieutenant-General Elias Walker Durnford, of the Royal Engineers, was the son of the late Colonel Elias Durnford, of the

same corps, who was Lieutenant-Governor at Pensacola, and who commanded the Royal Engineers under Sir Charles Grey, at the taking of the West Indies, in 1794. Elias Durnford, the son, the subject of this notice, acted at that period under his father, as a Lieutenant. From that grade he rose, through much hard service, to the rank of Lieutenant-General.

This gallant officer died at his residence, Tunbridge Wells, on the 8th March. A brother of his, Lieutenant-Colonel Philip Durnford, died from fever whilst in command of the Royal Artillery, in Jamaica. Another brother is the only one now surviving? he also, is a Lieutenant-Colonel of the Royal Artillery.

**MAJOR-GENERAL A. D. FAUNCE, C.B.**

This gallant officer was second son of Major Thomas Faunce, by Bridget his wife, daughter of E. Nugent, Esq., of Dublin, and grandson of Thomas Faunce, Esq., of St. Margaret's, Rochester, the descendant of a family settled in Kent since the reign of Edward VI.; and now represented, in its senior branch, by Edmund Barrell Faunce, Esq., of Sharsted Court.

General Faunce married Maria, daughter of — Goddard, Esq., and had two sons and three daughters.

**THE HON. MRS. OGILVIE GRANT.**

Caroline Louisa, wife of the Hon. James Ogilvie Grant, second son of the Earl of Seafield, died at Milton, near Kilmallock, 6th February, deeply lamented. She was the second daughter of Eyre Evans, Esq., of Ash Hill Towers, co. Limerick, by Anna, his wife, eldest daughter of Robert Maunsell, Esq., formerly member of the Supreme Council at Madras. Her grandfather, Eyre Evans, Esq., of Miltown Castle, co. Cork, derived from a common ancestor with the noble house of Carbery; his father Thomas Evans, Esq., of Miltown Castle, M.P. for Castle Martyr, having been third son of the Rt. Hon. George Evans, of Caherass and Bulgaden Hall, and brother of George, first Lord Carbery. Mrs. Grant has left a son Francis William, born 9th March 1847.

**THOMAS HALLIFAX, ESQ., OF CHADACRE HALL, COUNTY SUFFOLK.**

The decease of this gentleman occurred at his seat, Chadacre Hall, on the 7th of March. He was a Magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant of Suffolk, and served as High Sheriff in 1837. He was last surviving son of the late Sir Thomas Hallifax, Knt. Lord Mayor of the City of London in 1777, by Margaret his wife, daughter

and co-heir of John Savile, Esq., of Clay Hill, Middlesex.

Mr. Hallifax married Anna Maria, daughter of John Staunton, Esq., of Kenilworth, and had, with two sons, Thomas, of Berkeley-square, London, and John-Savile, of Edwardston House, Suffolk, in holy orders, three daughters, Maria, Ellen, and Diana.

#### LADY MARY HEWITT.

Lady Mary Hewitt, eldest daughter of the late Earl of Gosford, and wife of the Hon. James Hewitt, died on the 13th March, having, on the 9th of the same month given birth to a daughter. Her Ladyship was born 27th June, 1809, and married Mr. Hewitt, the eldest son of Viscount Lifford in 1835. The issue of the union is five sons and two daughters.

#### THE ONLY SON OF BARON LANGEN.

On Tuesday evening, the 19th March, an accident occurred near to the village of Hungarton, which was attended with a fatal result to the young gentleman who was the unfortunate subject of it. It appears that the Baron Langen, who, for some time past, has occupied the hall at Ratcliffe, and it is stated is attached to the Prussian embassy in this country, was taking a drive with his family in the neighbourhood of Hungarton. The party consisted of the Baron, his wife, and the lady's father. A groom on horseback was with them, and with him rode, on his pony, a fine little boy, nine years old, the baron's only child. Near the entrance to Hungarton, on the Quenby-road, the pony took fright at a man on horseback, which passed the party rapidly, and started off suddenly at full speed. The child soon lost his seat, and falling to the ground with great force, was dragged in the stirrup some distance, his head striking with violence the high road, and the groom believes that he was also struck more than once by the hind feet of the animal. On being taken up occasional breathing was the only sign of life, and very feeble action of the heart. Surgeons were immediately sent for, and Mr. Dally, his assistant, and Mr. Robinson, from Syston, were soon on the spot, but without avail, as life was extinct within half an hour afterwards. There were two separate fractures of the skull, each of which was mortal. The body was removed the same night to Ratcliffe Hall. The pony was a remarkably quiet one. An inquest was held on the body, and a verdict of Accidental Death returned.

#### THE DEAN OF LEIGHLIN.

The Hon. and Very Reverend Richard Boyle Bernard, D.D., Dean of Leighlin,

was the second son of Francis, first Viscount Bernard, and Earl of Bandon, by his wife, Catherine Henrietta, only daughter of Richard, second Earl of Shannon. He was born the 4th September, 1787; and having, after the usual preliminary education, taken holy orders, he devoted himself during the rest of his life to an ardent and assiduous performance of his sacred functions. He was a man of most expansive and general charity; on one occasion he gave £1000 to forward the objects of the Church Education Society. Dr. Bernard was Rector of Wells, in Ireland, and also Dean of Leighlin. This estimable dignitary died of fever on the 1st instant: he is succeeded in his deanery by the Very Rev. H. W. Tighe, Dean of the Chapel Royal, and first Chaplain to the Lord-Lieutenant.

The family of Dean Bernard—that of Bernard, Earls of Bandon—is one of the oldest in this realm: it came originally from Normandy, and settled in the sister isle in the time of Henry II. In the reign of Queen Anne, Francis Bernard, the then head of the house, attained legal eminence in Ireland, by becoming her Majesty's Prime Serjeant and Solicitor-General, and afterwards a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. The present and second Earl of Bandon is the eldest brother of the late Dean. Two other brothers of his died in the British service: one perished of fatigue at Coimbra, in 1813; and the other was slain at Waterloo.

#### SIR THOMAS MARRABLE, KT.

This gentleman, who was secretary to the Board of Green Cloth in the Lord Steward's department of the Royal Household, received Knighthood in 1840, after thirty-four years' service at Court.

Sir Thomas was second son of the late John Marrable, Esq., of Canterbury, and married the daughter of William Branch, Esq., of Sloane-street. His death occurred 19th March.

#### COOTE MULLOY, ESQ., D.L., OF OAK-PORT, CO. ROSCOMMON.

This gentleman died on the 2nd March. He was the eldest son and heir of the late William Mulloy, Esq., of Oak-Port, by Frances, his wife, youngest daughter of the late Arthur French, Esq., of French Park, M.P., and grandson of Coote Mulloy, Esq., of Hughstown, representative of the distinguished Milesian family of O'Mulloy, in which vests the hereditary honor of Standard Bearer of the Crown of England in Ireland.

WILLIAM SMITH NEILL, ESQ., OF BARNWELL  
AND SWINDRIGEMUIR.

The death of this gentleman, Lieutenant Colonel of the Royal Regiment of Ayrshire Militia, occurred on the 22nd March. The Neills of Barnweill derive descent from a cadet of the Mc Neills of Barra, who settled in Ayrshire about the middle of the 16th century, and acquired the lands of Townhead, Monkton, and others in the vicinity of Prestwick, part of which are still in the family.

Lieut. Col. Smith-Neill was a Magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant of his county, and a Commissioner of Supply. He succeeded to Barnweill at the death of his father, James Neill, Esq., in 1799, and to Swindrigemuir and Kersland, at the death of his maternal uncle, John Smith, Esq., in 1838. He was born 17th July, 1784, and married in November, 1807, Caroline, daughter of George Price Spiller, Esq., Commissary General, by whom he had issue, JAMES GEORGE, Capt. E. I. C. S., who m. in 1836, Isabella, daughter of Major William Warde, and has issue: 2, John Martin Bladen, Capt. 40th Regiment, who served through the entire of the second campaign in Afghanistan, was present in every action with the Candahar division, and received the Medal of Candahar, Ghuznee, Cabul, 1842. 3, William Francis, an officer Royal Artillery. 1, Caroline; 2, Margaret Smith; 3, Sarah; and 4, Henrietta Jane Helen.

OCHLENSCHLAGER.

Ochenschlager, \* the poet of two nations, Danes and Germans, was born on the 14th of November, 1779, in one of the suburbs of Copenhagen. His father followed the professions of his forefathers, namely, those of an organist and schoolmaster: his mother was Martha Maria Hansen. Our poet began to make verses at nine years old, and even at this early age he wrote short comedies for private theatricals, in which the chief performers were himself, his sister, and a friend. These and other similar attempts acted upon his mind, and created the wish to go upon the stage. It was nothing either remarkable or extraordinary at that time, for educated young men, and even those of good family, to try their fortune in this line, and not only was this the case in Copenhagen, but in Germany also, as we read in the classical portion of the period in Wilhelm Meister. Thus at

\* From the style in which this sketch is written, we need hardly tell our readers that it is from a foreign and compatriot pen; but we have not thought it would improve it to correct the language into more accurate English.

17 years old, Ochenschlager became an actor. In four great characters he appeared, namely, in Schroder's *Ensign*, Torben Ochs's *Dyweke*, in Tode's play the *Martine Officer*, and in Kotzebue's "Poverty and Generosity" *Cederstrom*; but admits in his "Autobiography" that none of these characters, with the exception, perhaps, of the last, suited his inclinations. He soon found that the stage was not exactly what he was striving for, and he abandoned a pursuit which did not harmonise with his spirit, and exchanged it first for the study of law, and latterly for general literature. It was at the University that Ochenschlager first became acquainted with Goethe's and Schiller's works, and the writings of other German authors.

We pass over this period, the transitory epoch of his life, as also over the time of war, when Nelson and Parker appeared before Copenhagen and bombarded it, which Ochenschlager describes minutely in his life. In 1805, he left Copenhagen with £15 in his pocket and the expectation of receiving a travelling stipend from the Danish Government, which was afterwards granted him. He visited Halle, Berlin, Weimar—where he met the heroes of German letters—Dresden, Vienna, Paris. In Paris, his dramatic soul became active, and his tragedy, "Palnasoke," was there composed, which earned him deserved praise. From Paris he went to Switzerland, to Coppet, and Geneva. At Coppet, the place of so many beautiful recollections, he stayed at Madame de Stael's residence. Delightful acquaintances, amongst the most important of which was A. W. Schlegel, acted powerfully upon his genius, and impelled him to greater undertakings in dramatic literature.

He spent a winter in Coppet, an invaluable winter, which gave his whole life the true cast of his aspiring muse, and in the spring he journeyed into Italy, visited Turin, Milan, Bologna, Florence, Rome. In the eternal city of poetry and art he composed his great and master work, "Correggio." "Correggio" is what the Germans term a "künstler-drama," in which the idea of Art itself is placed in action. Nothing could have been more happy—nothing more appropriate—nothing more dramatic, than the "Life of Antonio Correggio"—a life which may truly be termed the tragedy of Art; and Ochenschlager felt and made it such. The tragedy is simple in structure: in its simplicity grand, noble, classical. After the return of Ochenschlager to Copenhagen, he met with

esteem and acknowledgment for his genius : his works were now acted on the stage. In the winters of 1810-1829, he lectured at the University of Copenhagen on Schiller, Goethe, Shakspeare, Calderon, Sophocles, Holberg, Lessing, Tieck, on German and Danish poets generally, on Norak mythology, the ancient ballads, and romantic literature. In 1827, he was installed as Professor at the University, in which capacity he lived a life of study and noble endeavour. Oehlenschläger's earliest works were composed in Danish, but translated, or, rather, transplanted, by himself into the German language. Germany acknowledged in him the true poet, and gave him a place in her own literature. Most of his compositions bear the stamp of the elements and country of his birth. Northern Mythology and the Sagas, those romantic regions, an inexhaustible mine of poetry and fancy, opened to his mind and imagination its gates and gave him matter for his works, the most important of which are—"Hakon Tarl" (1809), "Correggio," "Palnasoke," "Hagbarth and Signe," "Erioh and Abel." These were followed by his dramatic poems of "Aladin," "Die Ludlamshohle," "Treas Altar," and "Der Hirtenknabe." His lyrical compositions, as well as his novel "Die Insel Felsenburg," however praiseworthy, do not reach in value his dramatic productions, for the latter of which he possessed high qualities and genius. His "Autobiography" is a piece of simple and beautiful writing; it brings the man before us as he was, with his fine feelings, noble efforts, and his earnestness of character and purpose. Oehlenschläger lived and died a true poet, esteemed as a man, a sincere friend, an affectionate father, and a classical writer both of Denmark and Germany. He died on the 28th of January, 1850.

**SIR HERCULES PAKENHAM, K.C.B.**

Major-General the Hon. Sir Hercules Rowley Pakenham, K.C.B. was the third son of Edward Michael, second Lord Longford, by his wife Catherine, second daughter of the Right Hon. Hercules Longford Rowley. He was born the 29th Sept. 1781; and having entered the British army early in life, he earned a high character as an officer in the Peninsular War, and served throughout all its campaigns. he was at Roleia, Vimiera, Busaco, Fuentes d'Onor, and Ciudad Rodrigo, and was twice severely wounded. He became a Major-General the 10th January, 1837, and was made a K.C.B. in 1838. In 1844 he obtained the Colonelcy of the 43d regiment of foot. Subsequently to his secession from active service, he was appointed Governor of Portsmouth. Latterly he

lived in retirement with his family, at his seat on the banks of Lough Neagh. Sir Hercules married, in 1817, Emily, fourth daughter of Thomas Lord Le Despencer, by whom he leaves issue six sons and three daughters: his eldest son is a Captain in the Grenadier Guards and his eldest daughter is the wife of Sir Edmund Hays, Bart. Sir Hercules Pakenham died suddenly on the 7th, at his seat, Longford Lodge, Antrim. The gallant General was uncle of the present Earl of Longford, the son of his eldest brother. His next brother was the distinguished Major-General Sir Edward Pakenham, who fell at New Orleans; and his second sister, who died in 1831, was wife of the Duke of Wellington.

**MISS PAUL.**

A lamentable occurrence took place in the family of Walter Paul, Esq., of Highgrove, near Tetbury, on the evening of the 13th. Mr. Paul gave a ball and *soiree* previous to his son, Captain Paul, leaving home to join his regiment. At about nine o'clock Miss Paul retired from the ball-room, having an attack of *tic-douleureux*; she proceeded up stairs to her own room. It is supposed that she fainted as she proceeded from one room to the other, the lighted candle fell from her hand, and her dress, being composed of white lace, rapidly ignited, and the young lady was instantly enveloped in flames. She endeavoured to extinguish the fire by throwing a basin of water over herself, and her screams alarmed the attendants; but we are sorry to say that before their efforts could subdue the flames, she was so severely burnt, as to leave but faint hopes of her recovery, and she died on the following Sunday.

**SIR WILLIAM PHILIPPS LAUGHARNE PHILIPPS, BT.**

The decease of Sir William occurred at Haverfordwest, on the 18th February. He was male heir and representative of the very ancient and eminent house of Philipps, of Picton Castle, co Pembroke, which derived its descent from Cadivor ap Colhoyn, Lord of Dyfed, called, from his extensive possessions, Cadivor-Vawr, or the Great. The Baronety was conferred in 1621, on Sir John Philipps, and continued to be inherited by the senior line of his descendants, until the decease, in 1823, of Sir Richard Philipps, Lord Milford, when the Baronety reverted to the male heir Sir Rowland Henry Laugharne Philipps, older brother and predecessor of the Baronet whose death we record. The Picton Castle estates devolved, however,

on the heir of line, and are now enjoyed by Richard Bulkeley, Lord Milford.

Sir William was born 2nd Oct., 1794, and married 13th Oct., 1829, Elizabeth, daughter of George White, Esq., by whom he leaves a son, Sir Godwin, the present Baronet, born 10th January, 1840, and four daughters, Sarah, Elizabeth, Lilla, Lavinia, and Charlotte.

THE COUNTESS OF SCARBOROUGH.

Anna Maria, Countess of Scarborough, widow of John, seventh Earl, died on the 17th March, aged 84. Her Ladyship was daughter of Julian Herring, Esq. She married Lord Scarborough in 1785, and has left surviving issue one son, John, present Peer; and two daughters, Louisa-Frances, wife of the Rev. Thomas Cator; and Henrietta-Barbara, married first to the Rev. Frederick Manners Sutton, and secondly to John Lodge Ellerton, Esq.

JAMES BARNWELL TATTNALL, ESQ., COMMANDER, ROYAL NAVY.

The eventful life of this officer terminated on the 7th Feb., at his residence, 9, Woodside Crescent, Glasgow. He entered the navy in 1803, and was soon after employed in the *Pallas*, under Lord Cochrane, wherein he gained distinction by his gallantry and good conduct. In Dec., 1806, shortly after he had been removed with Lord Cochrane to the *Imperieuse*, he was placed in charge of a prize in the Bay of Biscay, and sent to England. On his passage, however, he was driven by stress of weather under the island of Belleisle, and captured by a force sent for that purpose from the shore. His detention at Verdun continued for three years, until he succeeded at length in effecting his escape in the disguise of a woman, and reaching Ostend, whence he was conveyed, by a smuggler, to the English fleet. Subsequently,

in 1810, he was nominated Acting Lieutenant of the *St. Pierre*; and in the following year, while in the *Racehorse*, participated in the capture of the *Renomnee* and the *Nereide*. In 1813, he commanded the boats of the *President*, at the taking of the island of Santa Clara; and, in 1814, having proceeded to America, headed the *Tonnant's* boats at the destruction of Commodore Barney's flotilla up the Patuxent. Not long after, Lieutenant Tattnall was most gallantly distinguished at the capture of five American gun-boats, and was highly commended by his superior officer. His rank as Commander bore date in 1819.

MRS. WALLACK.

This venerable lady, the mother of the two popular actors, Mr. James and Mr. Henry Wallack, died at the advanced age of ninety. Her maiden name was Field, and she belonged to a highly respectable family in Yorkshire, all the male branches of which were in the navy. Her brother George was purser on board some of our most famous frigates and first-rates, and his son commanded a gun-brig during the war with France. The present actor, Mr. Henry Wallack, served with him as midshipman. Mrs. Wallack was the daughter of the celebrated Mrs. Booth, who also married twice. She was a member of the Drury-lane company, as Mrs. Granger, at the time of Garrick's retirement, and after three years of widowhood married Mr. William Wallack. Mr. James Wallack, of the Haymarket Theatre, is the youngest of her children. For the last thirty years that gentleman has had the great happiness of arranging the comforts of her later days, and witnessing her enjoyment of a tranquil and happy life. She was buried at Kensal-Green, by the side of Mr. Wallack's son.

# OBITUARY.

MARCH AND APRIL.

**LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR JAMES BATHURST,**  
K.C.B.

This eminent officer was the son of the late Dr. Bathurst, Bishop of Norwich, by his wife Grace, the sister of Henry Charles, Lord Castlecoote. He entered the army in 1794, as Ensign in the 70th Foot, and served in Gibraltar, the West Indies, Egypt, the campaign in Poland, the sieges of Stralsand and Copenhagen. He was afterwards in the Peninsula, and was present at the battles of Roleia, Vimiera, Corunna, Talavera, and Busaco. He also filled the office of Military Secretary to the Duke of Wellington. He was latterly Governor of the Garrison of Berwick. General Bathurst was created a Knight Commander of the Bath in 1831. He married, in 1815, Caroline, elder daughter of the first Earl of Castle Stuart. Sir James Bathurst died on the 13th April, aged 88, at the residence of his kinsman, the Rev. E. Bathurst, M.A., of Kilworth, Beauchamp, Leicestershire.

**WILLIAM BEER.**

William Beer, a well-known *savant*, was a native of Prussia, and brother of the famous author of "Le Prophète." William Beer early in life served in the army; but, having attained the rank of lieutenant, he quitted the pride and pomp of war for the peaceful occupation of assisting his father in his business as a merchant, and of devoting his leisure hours to the study of astronomy and the acquirement of other scientific knowledge. He became, in time, one of the first astronomers of the age. His celebrated Map of the Moon, "Mappa Selenographica," constructed by him and Mædler, received the approbation of most of the learned men and societies of Europe. The Paris Academy of Science awarded their Lalande prize to the authors. Messrs. Beer and Mædler jointly published many other eminent works, among them the "General Compared Selenography."

M. Beer obtained honours and crosses from various Sovereigns of Europe; and his firm adherence to his own government, in his position of Municipal Councillor, in 1848, procured for him a seat in the First Prussian Chamber. He was also Vice-

President of the Chamber of Commerce of Berlin. M. Beer died recently at Berlin, at the age of 53.

**THE REV. LORD FREDERICK BEAUCLERK, D.D.**

His Lordship was fourth son of Aubrey, fifth Duke of St. Albans, by Catherine his wife, daughter of William Earl of Besborough. He was vicar of Redbourne and St. Michael's, in St. Albans, Herts. His death occurred at his residence, in Grosvenor-street, on the 22nd of April. He married, 26th June, 1813, Charlotte, daughter of Charles, twelfth Viscount Dillon, and has left two sons and two daughters.

**THE REV. JOHN ROWLAND BERKELEY, OF  
COTHERIDGE, CO. WORCESTER.**

The death of this respected gentleman, the descendant of the ancient and eminent house of Berkeley, of Cotheridge, occurred a short time since. Mr. Berkeley was eldest son of the late Rev. Rowland Berkeley, L.L.D., rector of Writtle, in Essex, and succeeded to the family estates at the decease of his cousin, in 1840. He inherited also the distinguished honour of quartering, in his armorial shield, the Royal arms of Plantagenet, being sixteenth in a direct descent from King Edward I. Never having married, he is succeeded by his brother William.

**THE REV WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.**

The family from which this distinguished poet descended is one of some note. It springs from John Bowles, of Bristol, who was living in 1460; and whose great-grandson, Rowland Bowles, a volunteer under Sir Thomas Arundel, at the siege of Gran, in Hungary, in 1595, received on that occasion the honour of knighthood, and the addition of the crescent to his arms. The poet counted Sir Isaac Newton among his nearest relatives; his own immediate parentage were clergymen for two generations; his grandfather was vicar of Brackley, in Northumberland; his father was also in orders; he was himself the eldest of seven children. One of his nephews is the present Mr. Justice Erie.

William Lisle Bowles, such was the

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poet's name, received his education at Winchester School, where he was placed in 1776. In five years he rose to be senior boy of that seminary, and won the particular notice and favour of the then master, Dr. Warton. Bowles, while at Trinity College, Oxford, obtained the Chancellor's prize for a Latin poem on the siege of Gibraltar. In 1792 he took his degree of M.A.; and his father dying, he quitted Oxford, entered into holy orders, and became a curate in Wiltshire. In 1797, Mr. Bowles married a daughter of Dr. Wake, Prebendary of Westminster, which proved a most fortunate and happy union. Lord Somers presented him soon after his marriage, with the living of Dumbledon, in Gloucestershire. In 1803 he was made a prebendary, and afterwards a canon of Salisbury Cathedral; and from Archbishop Moore he obtained the rectory of Bremhill, a beautiful and romantic spot, which he subsequently rendered famous in his verse. Bremhill is near Devizes, and near also to Bowood, the seat of the Marquis of Lansdowne, and to Sloperton Cottage, the residence of another, alas! now scarcely living poet, the illustrious Moore. The life of Bowles, like that of country clergymen in general, has been little diversified by incidents. One of the only occasions in which he came before the public in any other than a poetic or literary character, was as a magistrate of the county of Wilts, when he did good service to the cause of humanity by energetically and effectually remonstrating against a sentence of unparalleled severity inflicted by a fellow magistrate on an unfortunate woman, for a very trifling theft. His conduct at the time met with the approbation of Lord Lansdowne, then Home Secretary; as well as with that of every thinking and honourable mind.

Bowles's first publication was his "Sonnets," brought out, according to the fashion of the day, in quarto, in 1789. These were followed by "Verses on Howard's Description of Prisons," "The Grave of Howard," and "The Sorrows of Switzerland." "The Spirit of Discovery," probably his best work, came out in 1805. His edition of Pope, which gave rise to the celebrated controversy, was published in ten volumes, in 1810. Bowles in this edition advanced certain doctrines respecting the "invariable principles" of poetry, which, if admitted, tended to lessen Pope's reputation as a poet. With the truth or fallacy of these principles, the whole fame of that great poet was connected. Campbell first began the controversy on behalf of Pope; Byron also took the same view;

while a host of pamphleteers on both sides of the question, completely occupied the public attention, and kept alive the literary warfare. After a long contest, the combat may be said to have ended in a drawn battle. This renowned dispute, however, did infinite credit to the talent and perseverance of Bowles, who disputed the ground inch by inch, and was not dismayed by the lofty names and widely-extended fame of some of his antagonists.

Bowles wrote much both in verse and prose. His poetry, always good, in style and pure in sentiment, bears the stamp of a virtuous and reflective mind; its deficiency lies in the absence of passion, or the stronger emotions of the heart: it has all the elegant evenness and cold correctness of the scholar, but elevation and novelty of thought are wanting. Nevertheless, the poems of Bowles will ever afford pleasure and satisfaction to the reader, whose kinder feelings and social affections they will not fail to move and engage in their favor. The "History of Bremhill," his "History of Lacock Abbey," and last, not least, his delightful "Hermes Britannicus," are works, which alone would establish for him a lasting reputation. In private life Mr. Bowles was much beloved; he was a man thoroughly amiable and virtuous; the pleasantness of his manner, and the varied extent of his information, gave a charm to his society which few could resist, and which made him an universal favourite. Bremhill, his charming residence, formed a centre of attraction to a circle which included some of the highest in rank, and the greatest in talent of the age. To numbers, indeed, high and low, came, with heartfelt sorrow, the news, some years ago, that this gentle poet was gradually sinking, under the accumulation of years, into a state of mental and bodily imbecility. From that condition the Rev. Canon never rallied; he died on the 13th April, in the 88th year of his age. Bowles may be truly lamented as a poet of many virtues, and "to each fine feeling true."

JOHN C. CALHOUN, ESQ.

This eminent American lawyer and statesman was born in 1782. He was the descendant of an Irish family, which emigrated to America when his father was about three years old. He was educated at Sale College, where he graduated, in 1804, with distinguished honours; and, after studying the law at the celebrated Law School in Litchfield, Connecticut, he was admitted to the bar in 1807. As an advocate he rapidly attained high celebrity and large

emoluments. He was elected a member of Congress in 1810; in 1817 he was appointed Secretary-at-War, and in 1824 he was chosen Vice-President of the United States, an office which he filled a second time in 1828, and which he finally resigned in 1832; he was then returned to the Senate by the Legislature of South Carolina. In 1844 he became Secretary of State, and so remained until the close of President Tyler's administration. After that he was re-chosen senator, and continued in the office until his death, which took place on the 31st March. Mr. Calhoun enjoyed in America a reputation for vigour, boldness, and independence unsurpassed by any of his fellow statesmen. For more than forty years his name has been a leading one in American politics, and he ranked, in his influence over the destinies of his country, with Clay, Benton, and Webster. In all the relations of private life Calhoun's character was beyond reproach. The loss of so great a man is very generally felt and deplored.

**THE REV. CHARLES MONTAGUE DOUGHTY,  
OF THEBERTON HALL, SUFFOLK.**

The death of this estimable gentleman occurred at his seat in Suffolk, on the 23rd April. He was born 23rd July 1798, the elder son of the late Rev. George Clarke Doughty of Theberton Hall, Vicar of Hoxne, and Rector of Denham and Martleaham, by Catherine, his wife, only daughter and heiress of Ezekiel Revett, Esq., the descendant of a very ancient Suffolk family. His grandfather George Doughty, Esq., of Leiston and afterwards of Theberton Hall, served as High Sheriff of the county in 1793.

Mr. Doughty married 29th January, 1840, Frederica, third daughter of the Hon. and Rev. Frederick Hotham, Rector of Donnington, and has left issue.

**SIR GEORGE DRINKWATER.**

Sir George Drinkwater, Knt., an eminent merchant, died very recently at the age of 70. He and his father were Mayors of Liverpool, the latter in 1810, himself in 1830. The only two chief magistrates who received knighthood on the accession of William IV. were Sir George Drinkwater and Sir James Eyre, M.D., a circumstance that suggested Abernethy's advice to a corpulent patient, who applied about the time for his advice:—"You must live lower and drink weaker potation," said the eccentric physician. "You must go into the country, take exercise, and think of the two new mayors that have been knighted, Eyre and Drinkwater."

**THE REV. CANON EATON.**

The Rev. Joseph Eaton, a Minor Canon and Precentor of Chester Cathedral, was the eldest member of that ecclesiastical establishment. He also held the appointment there of Chapter Clerk, and in that character he was presented with numerous testimonials for the improvement he effected in the Cathedral property. The rev. gentleman possessed high scientific attainments, and was one of the best mathematicians of his day; he was among the oldest members of the Royal Society of Antiquaries. Besides his appointment of Canon, he held in the Church the living of Handley and the perpetual curacy of St. Michael's, Chester. The Rev. Canon Eaton died on the 8th April, in the 82nd year of his age.

**SIR JOHN EDWARDS, BART.**

This respected Baronet died on the 19th April, at Bryn-y-Pys, near Overton. He formerly represented the Montgomery Burghs in Parliament, and was Lieut.-Colonel of the Volunteers and Local Militia of the Western Division of Montgomeryshire. He was born 16th January, 1770, and had consequently completed his 80th year. Paternally, his family was of respectability and antiquity, seated at Talgarth, co. Merioneth: maternally, he derived from the Owens of Garth; of whom was Richard Owen of Garth, who, in 1660, was placed by Charles II. on the list of those "fit and qualified to be made Knights of the Royal Oak."

Sir John Edwards, who was created a Baronet in 1838, married first, 28th January, 1792, Catherine, eldest daughter and co-heir of Colonel T. Browne, of Mellington Hall; but by her, who died 21st January, 1821, he had no issue. He married secondly, 7th December, 1826, Harriet, dau. of the Rev. Charles Johnson, Prebendary, of Whitelackington, and widow of J. Owen Herbert, Esq., of Dolvorgan, and by her was father of an only child, Mary Cornelia, married, 3rd August, 1846, to Viscount Seaham. By Sir John's death, the baronetcy becomes extinct.

**GENERAL SIR ARCHIBALD GALLOWAY, K.C.B.**

This distinguished officer having spent the greater part of his life in active and able service, rose through the various grades to that of a General, and was made a Companion of the Bath in 1838; he subsequently became a K.C.B. Sir Archibald Galloway was Chairman of the Hon. East India Company. The gallant General died on the 6th April, at his residence, 18,

Upper Harley Street, to the great grief of a very extended circle of friends and admirers.

#### ADMIRAL HILLS.

Admiral Hills was born the 8th November, 1777; he was the only surviving son of Lieut. William Hills, R.N., of Buckland, Kent, who lost his life in a storm while commanding H.M. cutter Sprightly. Admiral Hills entered the navy the 13th June, 1792, and, after a distinguished career, attained his rank of Rear-Admiral in 1849. He had received a medal for his services. He married, in 1813, Diana, daughter of the late Thomas Hummersley, Esq., by whom he leaves three sons and four daughters. The gallant Admiral died on the 4th April, at his residence, Asher Hall, Essex, in his seventy-third year.

#### THOMAS, EARL OF MACCLESFIELD.

This venerable nobleman, father of the peerage of England, died at Ensham Hall, in Oxfordshire, on Easter Sunday, aged eighty-six. His Lordship was born June 9, 1763, the second son of Thomas, third Earl of Macclesfield, by Mary his wife, daughter of Sir William Heathcote, Bart. Early in life he held a commission in the Foot Guards, and subsequently as a respected private gentleman, he endeared himself to all who knew him by his amiable and kindly nature. He did not obtain the Earl's coronet until far advanced in years, and he has held the dignity for only eight years.

He married first, March 16, 1796, Miss Edwards, eldest daughter of Lewis Edwards, Esq., of Talgarth, by whom he had four daughters: Amelia widow of William Montgomery, Esq., of Grey Abbey, co. Down; Matilda Anne, wife of Arthur Hill Montgomery, Esq., of Tyrella; Ellen Katherine, who married John William Fane, Esq., of Wormsley, and died in 1844; and Louisa. The Earl wedded secondly, March 19, 1807, Eliza, youngest daughter of Wm. Breton Wolstenholme, Esq., of Holyhill, Sussex, and by her had (with two daughters, Laura Cecilia, married to the Earl of Antrim, and Lavinia-Agnes married to the Hon. John Thomas Dutton) one son, Thomas-Augustus-Wolstenholme now sixth Earl of Macclesfield, who has been twice married. By his first wife Henrietta, daughter of the late Edmund Turner, Esq., of Stoke Rochford, he has no issue; but by his present Countess Mary-Frances, second daughter of the Marquis of Westminster, he has a son and heir George-Augustus, Viscount Parker, and other issue.

The founder of the honours of the noble

house of Parker was Thomas Parker, an eminent lawyer of the reign of Queen Anne, who was constituted Lord High Chancellor in 1718, and created Earl of Macclesfield in 1721.

#### SIR JOHN MACDONALD, G.C.B.

The death of this distinguished officer, who held the important office of Adjutant-General to the Forces since 1830, occurred on the 28th March. Sir John entered the army, at an early age, in 1795, and served the campaign of 1801 in Egypt. He subsequently joined the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsula and wore a medal and one clasp for his services as Deputy Adjutant-General at Barossa, and as Assistant Adjutant-General at Nive. In 1814 he received the brevet of Colonel, and in 1838 attained the rank of Lieutenant-General. In 1828 he was made Colonel of the 67th Regiment, and in 1844 changed to the command of the 42nd Royal Highlanders.

#### THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

Charlotte-Augusta, Duchess of Marlborough, was born Nov. 26th, 1818, the only child of Henry-Jeffrey, late Viscount Ashbrook, by Emily-Theophila, his second wife, second daughter of Sir Thomas Metcalf, Bart. Her Grace wedded the present Duke of Marlborough on the 10th of June, 1846, and has left issue one son, Almeric-Athelstan, born in 1847, and one daughter, Clementine-Augusta, born May 6, 1848.

Her Grace was confined with a stillborn infant some five weeks ago, and was considered to be rapidly progressing to recovery. A severe mental shock which she unfortunately experienced about a fortnight ago, took such a powerful hold on the nervous system, that her Grace never rallied from it, and finally sunk under its baneful influence at an early hour on Saturday morning the 20th April.

#### DEAN MEREWETHER.

The Very Rev. John Merewether, D.D., Dean of Hereford, was a scion of the ancient and respectable Wiltshire family of Merewether. He owed his rise to his being curate of Hampton, Middlesex, during the time that William IV., then Duke of Clarence, and his admirable Duchess, resided at Bushy. The fervour and zeal of the clergyman in his avocations, and his popularity with his congregation, won the notice and esteem of the Royal pair, who took much interest in his preaching. He was appointed Chaplain to the Duke; and when that Prince ascended the throne, he made Dr. Merewether Deputy Clerk of the

Closet and Dean of Hereford. The Dean was also named for a bishopric, but he was induced at the time to forego his claim in favour of another. His recent connexion with the famous Dr. Hampden's case is too well known to need detail or comment here. The Dean, who was also Rector of Radnor, and Vicar of Madely, died at his vicarage, on the 4th inst., much and generally regretted.

**SIR SAMUEL HENRY PIERS, BART.**

This Baronet died at Tristernagh Abbey, co. Westmeath, on the 15th April, aged 37. He had enjoyed the title but a short time, having recently succeeded to it by the death of his uncle, the late Sir John Bennett Piers, Bart.

The Piers family has been long one of high position in Ireland. Its founder, William Piers, Esq., (son of Richard Piers, Esq., of Piers Hall, Yorkshire) was sent over to that kingdom in 1566, by Queen Elizabeth, whom he is said to "have saved at one time from the fury of her sister, by conveying her privately away," and was rewarded by lands of great value, particularly the Abbey of Tristernagh, co. Westmeath. He was subsequently constituted Governor of Carrickfergus, and Seneschal of the county of Antrim, and he obtained in 1569 a reward of 1000 marks for bringing in the head of the rebel, Shane O'Neill.

**ALEXANDER SETON, ESQ., OF MOUNIE, J.P.  
AND D.L. FOR ABERDEENSHIRE.**

The death of this venerable gentleman occurred at Leamington, on the 16th April, at the advanced age of eighty. He was the son and heir of the late James Anderson, Esq., of Cobenshaw, who assumed the surname and arms of Seton in right of his wife, Margaret Seton, sister and heiress of William Seton, Esq., of Mounie, and daughter of George, second son of Sir Alexander Seton, Bart., Lord Pitmedden. The family of Seton is of great antiquity. At the earliest time of authentic records, we find its ancestors settled as lords of the soil, at their baronial residence in East Lothian, where its chiefs continued to hold their principal seat, through the period of nearly seven centuries, until attained for their attachment to the exiled house of Stuart, in the person of George Seton, fifth Earl of Winton, in 1715. The gentleman whose death we record, married, in 1810, his cousin, Janet Skene, daughter of the Rev. Skene Ogilvy, D.D., and has left three surviving sons, all military officers, and one surviving daughter.

**LIEUT. SKENE.**

Lieutenant James Skene, R.N., was the son of Mr. Skene, a surgeon in the army, and the nephew of Captain Alexander Skene, R.N. Lieutenant Skene, during an active career, saw much service: he was present at the taking of Washington and the attack on New Orleans. He was several times severely wounded. He was made a Lieutenant in 1815. Lieutenant Skene died suddenly at Gillingham, on the 3rd inst., aged fifty-three.

**CAPTAIN SMITH, R.N.**

Captain George Smith, R.N., the Admiralty Superintendent of contract packets at Southampton, entered the Royal Navy in 1808, and, after a brilliant career, was made a Captain the 13th April, 1832. Captain Smith was the inventor of very superior sights for ship's guns, of a lever or moveable target, and of paddle-box safety-boats for steamships. In 1833, he published a volume entitled "A few Remarks on the Siege of Antwerp;" also, a plan for the suppression of piracy. It may be added, also, that he was introducing at Southampton the practice of Naval gunnery amongst the crews of the contract Mail Steam-packet Company. This excellent officer died on the 6th April, at Southampton, being at the time little more than fifty years of age.

**ELIZABETH LADY THROCKMORTON.**

This lady, distinguished for her piety and her many amiable qualities, who died on the 4th April, was daughter of the late Sir John Acton, Bart., for many years Prime Minister to the King of the Two Sicilies, and representative of the very ancient family of Acton, who were created baronets in the year 1644. She married, in 1829, Sir Robert George Throckmorton, Bart., late M.P. for Berks; she was sister to Sir Ferdinand Richard Acton, Bart., who married the heiress of the Ducal House of Dalberg, now Countess Granville, and mother of Sir John Acton, Bart.; this lamented lady was also sister of the late Cardinal Acton.

**MADAME TUSSAUD.**

This famous exhibitor of the greatest collection of wax-work ever known was a native of Berne, in Switzerland. At the age of six years she was sent to Paris to be placed under the care of her uncle, M. Curtius, an eminent professor of the fine arts, and *artiste* to Louis XVI. Instructed by this relative, she became a great adept in drawing and modelling, and she had nu-

merous pupils among the French noblesse just previously to the revolution of 1789. The unfortunate Princess Elizabeth, who was so foully murdered by the Jacobins, was one of those to whom she imparted her knowledge. Madame Tussaud came to England in 1802; her well-known career in this country is familiar to every one as an exhibitor of the waxen effigies of the heroes and heroines of all ages, whether of good or evil fame. Her reputation is unrivalled. Her emporium of characters, historic, literary, and criminal, in Baker-street, is of cosmopolite renown. Madame Tussaud several years since published some memoirs of herself, which were by no means without interest. The distinguished lady died on the 16th April, after an illness of five days, in her 90th year.

In the volume of Reminiscences to which we have alluded, Madame Tussaud tells us that during her stay with M. Curtius, his house was the resort of many of the most distinguished literati and artists of France: she well recollected Voltaire, Rousseau, Dr. Franklin, Mirabeau, and La Fayette; she was an especial favourite with Voltaire, who used to pat her on the cheek, and tell her what a pretty dark-eyed girl she was. The personal appearance of the celebrities is minutely described in Madame Tussaud's volume. At that time, modelling flowers, fruit, &c., in wax, was much in fashion; and to such perfection had this lady arrived in giving character and accuracy to her portraits, that, whilst very young, to her was confided the task of taking casts from the heads of Voltaire, Rousseau, Franklin, Mirabeau, and others; her cast from the face of Voltaire was taken only two months before he died.

The volume of Madame Tussaud's Memoirs and Reminiscences," to which we have alluded, is a very curious and interesting book, not only describing the most striking events of the old French Revolution, but portraying the different characters of the period, and painting their costumes with the nicest attention to details; such, indeed, as might be expected from a woman of Madame Tussaud's turn of observation. Many a leader of the Revolution might be "dressed" from her clever descriptions, which have more than the exactness of the records of fashions in the present day.

ADORA-JULIA, WIFE OF PETER WELLS, ESQ.

This lamented lady, whose untimely death, at the early age of twenty, occurred on the 21st April, at 16 Hereford-street,

London, was second daughter of the present Sir John Heaketh Lethbridge, Bart., of Sandhill Park, by Julia, his second wife, daughter of Sir Henry Hugh Hoare, Bart. Her marriage to Peter Wells, Esq., of Forest Farm, Windsor Forest, took place 10th January, 1848.

#### WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

It is with feelings of deep and sincere regret that we announce the death of William Wordsworth, one of the last and most eminent of a race of poets now all but extinct. The melancholy event, which had long been expected, occurred at noon on Tuesday, the 23rd April, at the poet's residence, in Westmoreland, upon the shores of that lovely lake, which, by association with so many poetic reminiscences, has already acquired a classic fame.

Full of years and of honours, the venerable bard has passed from amongst us to rejoin his illustrious friends and contemporaries, Coleridge and Southey. We have no wish, now that the tomb is about to receive his mortal remains, to submit to the cold analysis of criticism the inspirations of his genius. In the fullest and noblest sense of the word, he was a poet. Like his writings, his life was blameless, and, meet ending of such a life, his death was calm and happy.

William Wordsworth was born in 1770, of a respectable family, at Cockermouth, in Cumberland. His early education he received (together with his brother, the Rev. Dr. Wordsworth) at the Grammar School of Hawkshead, where he evinced peculiar taste for classical studies, and was remarkable for his thoughtful disposition and poetic genius. In 1783, he made his first attempt in verse, and in 1787, was removed to St. John's College, Cambridge, where he graduated in Arts. In 1793, he published a poetical account of a pedestrian tour on the Continent, entitled "Descriptive Sketches in Verse." This production was accompanied by another poetical work, entitled the "Evening Walk," an "Epistle to a young lady from the Lakes in the North of England." These formed together the young poet's first appeal to the public. They were issued in 1793, and at once arrested the attention of discerning men. He then made a pedestrian tour in his own country, the result of which was that he settled down for a time in a cottage in Alforton, in Somersetshire, in a picturesque valley, near Nether Stowey. It was here that he began that intimacy with Coleridge which so much influenced the subsequent intellectual life of both. One result of this so-

journal in Somersetshire, was the publication in 1798, of a volume of poems, which he entitled "Lyrical Ballads." Soon afterwards he went, accompanied by his sister, on a tour in Germany, where he was joined by Coleridge. In 1807 he gave to the world the second volume of the "Lyrical Ballads," and, in 1809, issued his only prose production—an essay concerning the relations of Great Britain, Spain, and Portugal to each other. In 1814 appeared his most celebrated work, "The Excursion;" and in 1815, "The White Doe of Rylstone;" in the same year, while giving to the world another edition of the "Lyrical Ballads," Mr. Wordsworth condescended to publish a defence of the system on which he had constructed some of his poems. To this he had been provoked by the strictures—justifiable, perhaps, in many respects—which had appeared in the two great quarterly reviews, from the pens of Gifford and Jeffrey. His next publication amounted to a practical defiance of those great despots of the literary world, for in his "Peter Bell" and "The Waggoner," he carried his new system to an extent which, in spite of the poetical power displayed in them, almost shook the faith of those who, in some of the other works, had inspired an admiration and veneration almost amounting to worship. His "River Duddon," a collection of descriptive sonnets, some of which are masterpieces, appeared in 1820, followed at long intervals by other works, in which the nobler characteristics of his genius were developed, and his attempts to invest with a poetical interest subjects utterly incapable of imaginative treatment, were abandoned.

Wordsworth married, in 1803, the "Mary," to whom his "White Doe of Rylstone" is so touchingly inscribed. This lady was eldest daughter of John Hutchinson, Esq., of Penrith, and grand-daughter of Henry Hutchinson, Esq., of Whitton, co. Durham. At the death of Southey, he succeeded to the office of Poet Laureate.

The following eloquent tribute to the Poet of the Lakes, we extract from the *Times* newspaper:—

"Removed by taste and temperament from the busy scenes of the world, his long life was spent in the conception and elaboration of his poetry, in the midst of the sylvan solitudes to which he was so fondly attached. His length of days permitted him to act as the guardian of his own fame,—he could bring his maturer judgment to bear upon the first bursts of his youthful inspiration, as well as upon the more measured flow of his maturest compositions.

Whatever now stands in the full collection of his works, has received the final *imprimatur* from the poet's hand, sitting in judgment upon his own works, under the influence of a generation later than his own. It is sufficiently characteristic of the man, that little has been altered, still less condemned. Open at all times to the influences of external nature, he was singularly indifferent to the judgment of men, or rather so enamoured of his own judgment that he could brook no teacher. Nature was his book, he would admit no interpretation but his own. It was this which constituted the secret of his originality and his strength, at the same time that the abuse of the principle laid him open at times to strictures, the justice of which few persons, but the unreasoning fanatics of his school, would now be prepared to deny.

"But we feel this is not a season for criticism. There is so much in the character, as well as in the works of William Wordsworth to deserve hearty admiration, that we may indulge in the language most grateful to our feelings, without overstepping the decent limits of propriety and plain sincerity. We would point out, in the first place, one of the great excellencies of the departed worthy. His life was as pure and spotless as his song. It is rendering a great service to humanity, when a man, exalted by intellectual capacities above his fellow-men, holds out to them in his own person the example of a blameless life. As long as men are what they are, it is well that the fashion of virtue should be set them by men, whose rare abilities are objects of envy and emulation even to the most dissolute and unprincipled. If this be true of the statesman, of the warrior, of the man of science, it is so in a tenfold degree of the poet and the man of letters. Their works are in the hands of the young and inexperienced. Their habits of life become insensibly mixed up with their compositions in the minds of their admirers. They spread the moral infection wider than other men, because those brought within their influence are singularly susceptible of contamination. The feelings, the passions, the imagination, which are busy with the compositions of the poet, are quickly interested in the fashion of his life. From 'I would fain write so,' to 'I would fain live so,' there is but a little step. Under this first head, the nation owes a deep debt of gratitude to William Wordsworth. Neither by the influence of his song, nor by the example of his life, has he corrupted or enervated our youth; by one, as by the other, he has

purified and elevated, not soiled and debased, humanity. If we may pass from this more general and important consideration, to a more limited sphere of action, we would point out the example of the venerable old man who now lies sleeping by the side of the Westmoreland lake, to the attention of all who aim at high literary distinction. To William Wordsworth his art was his all, and sufficed to him as its own rich reward. We do not find him truckling the inspirations of his genius for mere sums of money, nor aiming at political and social distinctions by prostituting the divine gift that was in him. He appears to have felt that in the successful cultivation of his art, he was engaged in a laborious, if in a delightful occupation. Could he succeed, he was on the level of the greatest men of his age, although he might not have a single star or riband to hang up against the wall of his rustic cottage, nor a heavy balance at his banker's as evidence of his success. These things are but the evidence of one species of triumph,—the poet, the dramatist, the historian, should aim at distinctions of another kind.

"If we think the present occasion an unfit one for cold criticism we may without impropriety, devote a few brief sentences to the excellencies of the compositions of the Poet of Rydal Mount. There must be something essentially "English" in his inspirations, for while few poets have exercised greater influence in his own country, on the continent his works are little known even to students who have devoted much time and attention to English literature. In Germany, for example, you will find translations at the chief seats of literary society, of the poetry of Scott, Byron, Moore, and Shelley; Southey and Coleridge are less known; the name of Wordsworth scarcely pronounced at all. Of France, the same thing may, with truth be said. In either country there may be rare instances of students of the highest order, of a Guizot, a Merimée, a Humboldt, a Bunsen, who are well acquainted with the writings of Wordsworth, and share our insular admiration for his beauties, but such exceptions are few indeed. There must, therefore, be some development of "English" thought in Wordsworth which is the secret of his success amongst ourselves, as of his failure in securing an European reputation. It is certain that some of the great poets whose names we have mentioned, have left it upon record that they are indebted for the idea of some of their most beautiful passages to the teaching and example of Wordsworth, and yet the scholars have

charmed an audience which the master could not obtain. It is probably the case that in no country of Europe is the love for a country life so strongly developed as in England, and no man who could not linger out a summer day by the river bank or on the hill-side, is capable of appreciating Wordsworth's poetry. The familiarity with sylvan scenes, and an habitual calm delight under the influence of nature, are indispensable requisites before the tendency of the song can be understood, which work by catching a Divine inspiration even from the dewy fragrance of the heather-bell, and the murmur of the passing brook. It was not in Wordsworth's genius to people the air with phantoms, but to bring the human mind in harmony with the operations of nature, of which he stood forth the poet and the interpreter. We write with the full recollection of many lovely human impersonations of the departed poet present to our minds; but his great aim appears to have been that which we have endeavoured to shadow out as distinctly as our limited space would permit.

"Before concluding, we would advert to a point which is perhaps more in keeping with the usual subjects of our columns than the humble tribute of admiration we have endeavoured to offer to the illustrious man who has just been called away. Let us hope that the office of Poet Laureate, which was dignified by its two last possessors, may never be conferred upon a person unworthy to succeed them. The title is no longer an honour, but a mere badge of ridicule, which can bring no credit to its wearer. It required the reputation of a Southey or a Wordsworth to carry them through an office so entirely removed from the ideas and habits of our time without injury to their fame. Let whatever emoluments go with the name be commuted into a pension, and let the pension be bestowed upon a deserving literary man without the ridiculous accompaniment of the bays. We know well enough that birth-day odes have long since been exploded; but why retain a nickname, not a title, which must be felt as a degradation rather than an honour by its wearer? Having said thus much, we will leave the subject to the better judgment of those whose decision is operative in such matters. Assuredly, William Wordsworth needed no such Court distinctions or decorations. His name will live in English literature, and his funeral song be uttered, amidst the spots which he has so often celebrated, and by the rivers and hills which inspired his verse."

## CHANGES OF NAME.

### MARCH TO MAY.

March, 1850.—The Rev. THOMAS ALEXANDER MATHEWS, of Wargrave, Berks, to take the name and arms of COOKE, in lieu of those of Mathews, in compliance with the testamentary injunction of his aunt, Mary Ann Tyrell, sometime widow of Thomas William Cooke, of Polstead Hall, co. Suffolk, Esq., and late the wife of Charles Tyrell, Esq., of Polstead.

March 20, 1850.—The Rev. CHARLES MATTHEW COLLINS, M.A., Head Master of the Grammar School at Chudleigh, Devon, to take the name of EDWARD, in addition to, and before that of Collins, in compliance with the testamentary injunction of his uncle, the late Edward Collins, Esq., of Fowney, Trewardale, and Bath, Commander R.N.

March 26, 1850.—ORLANDO GEORGE SUTTON GUNNING, Esq., of Blendworth, Hants, Commander R.N., fourth son of Sir George Gunning, late of Horton, Bart., deceased, to take the additional surname and arms of SUTTON, in compliance with the testamentary injunction of the late Robert Sutton, Esq., of West Retford, Notts.

Mr. Gunning-Sutton's grandfather, Sir Robert Gunning, Bart., K B., of Horton, married Anne, dau. of Robert Sutton, Esq., of Scofton Hants.

May 3, 1850.—LEICESTER VINEY SMITH, of Ardington House, Berks, Esq., Captain Royal Engineers, to take the name of VERNON only, and to quarter the arms of Vernon with those of Smith, in compliance with the testamentary injunction of the late Robert Vernon, Esq., of Pall Mall, and Ardington House.

May 4, 1850.—THE REV EDWARD JOHN WILCOCKS, of Place, in the parish of Fowey, co. Cornwall, M.A., sometime of Lincoln College in the University of Oxford, to take the name and arms of TREFFRY, in lieu of those of Wilcocks, in compliance with the testamentary injunction of his cousin, the late Joseph Thomas Treffry, Esq., of Treffry.

The Treffrys of Cornwall are a family of great antiquity, and can be traced as possessed of the manor of Treffry in Lanhidrock to a very remote period. Five generations before 1380, in consequence of a marriage with the heiress of Boniface, they had removed to Place, in Fowey. The first name in the pedigree is Roger de Treffry, great-great-grandfather of Thomas, who married Boniface. Sir John Treffry, was made a Knight Banneret, at Cressy, and had an honourable augmentation to his arms (the lilies of France to be borne quarterly) and supporters two armed men, given to him for his signal services in that battle. The senior line of this ancient stock became extinct in 1658, with John Trefuy, Esq., whose sister wedded Trefusis, but a junior branch continued, of which the last male representative, John Treffry, Esq., of Place, left his estates to his sister's son, his nephew, Wm. Toller, Esq., who assumed, by Act of Parliament, 8 George II., the name of Treffry. His son and heir Thomas Treffry, Esq., of Place, left two daughters, his co-heirs, the younger of whom, Susannah, married Joseph Austen, Esq., and was mother of JOSEPH THOMAS AUSTEN,



#### CHANGES OF NAME.

Esq., of Place, Lord of the Manor of Fowey, who took the name of Treffry by royal licence, in 1838, and served in that year the office of High Sheriff of Cornwall.

To this enterprising gentleman, Mr. Davies Gilbert thus refers in his History of Cornwall:—"Mr. Joseph Thomas Austen is the present representative of the ancient and distinguished family of Treffry, one of the most spirited adventurers in mines, and one of the most judicious and enlightened managers that Cornwall has witnessed for many years." Then, after quoting a passage from Leland, who states that after repulsing an attack of the French, temp. Henry VI. "Thomas Trevry buildid a right fair and stronge embatelid Tower in his house, and, embateling all the waulles of the house in a maner made it a Castle, and onto this day it is the glorie of the towne buildinges in Fowey." Mr. Davies Gilbert adds, "The present possessor, has, however, added considerably to the beauty of this 'right fair' mansion, by completely restoring whatever might be defective in the existing parts, and by completing, or

perhaps, improving, the original plan." Mr. Treffry died 29th Jan. 1850, aged 67; and it is under his will that the Rev. Edward John Wilcocks has obtained the Royal Warrant to take the name and arms of Treffry.

May 17, 1850.—RICHARD TUFTON, Esq., of Hothfield Place, Kent, to continue to bear the surname of TUFTON only, and to bear the arms of Tufton, with such distinctions as may, by the laws of arms, be required, in compliance with the testamentary injunction of his reputed father, the Right Hon. Henry Tufton, late Earl of Thanet.

May 21, 1850.—WILLIAM EDWARDS, the younger, of Burway, in the parish of Bromfield, and of Ludlow, co. Salop, eldest son of William Edwards, gent. of Ludlow, by Anne Maria his late wife, sister and heir of James Brettell-Vaughan, Esq., late of Burway, deceased, to take the names of BRETTPELL-VAUGHAN, after that of Edwards, and to bear the arms of Brettell and Vaughan quarterly with his own arms in compliance with the testamentary injunction of his said maternal uncle.

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## OBITUARY.

APRIL AND MAY.

### M. DE BLAINVILLE.

This eminent naturalist was the successor of George Cuvier in the chair of Comparative Anatomy at the Museum of Natural History in Paris. As a man of science and a lecturer, M. de Blainville was equally famous. He was perhaps the only one who, without wearying his audience, could deliver on points the most abstruse a lecture of two hours. He was latterly engaged with indefatigable activity in a work on fossil remains. M. de Blainville's death was awfully sudden. He had set out on a journey to England; but while on his way, on the 1st May, he was found dead in one of the carriages of the night train on the Rouen railway. He was at the time in his 73rd year.

### LADY ISABELLA HEAD BRYDGES.

This lady was the widow of Sir John William Head Brydges, of Wootton Court, Kent, M.P. for Coleraine, younger brother of the late Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart., the well-known writer. She was born 28th May, 1776; the eldest daughter of George, first Marquis of Waterford; married 1st April, 1812, and died at Avisford on the 7th May, having had issue, one son John, born in 1814, and two daughters Elizabeth, wife of the Rev. Charles Kinleside, and Isabella Louisa, married first in 1837, to Ponsonby Peacocks, Esq., 25th Regiment, and secondly, 1845, to Lieut. Parker Radcliffe, Royal Horse Artillery.

### SIR ALEXANDER GIBSON-CARMICHAEL, BART., OF SKIBLING.

This gentleman was the male\* representative of the very ancient Scottish house of Gibson of Durie, on which the dignity of a Baronet of Nova Scotia was conferred in 1628, in the person of Sir Alexander Gibson, the famous lawyer, Lord President

\* The heir general of the Gibsons of Durie, is the present Lieut.-Col. John Charles Hope Gibsons, of Pentland, grandson of Sir John Gibson, the seventh Bart.

of the court of Session. The surname of Carmichael was adopted to commemorate the family's descent from John Carmichael, first Earl of Hyndford. Sir Alexander Gibson-Carmichael, whose death we record, succeeded to the title at the demise of his father, Sir Thomas, 13th of last January, and, having enjoyed it barely four months, died at Brighton, on the 8th May, aged thirty-seven.

### SIR THOMAS CARTWRIGHT, G.C.H., ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY AND MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY AT THE COURT OF SWEDEN.

The death of this eminent diplomatist occurred at Stockholm on the 17th April. He was the eldest son of the late William Ralph Cartwright, Esq., of Aynho, for several years M.P. for Northamptonshire, and grandson maternally of Cornwallis, first Viscount Hawarden. His ancestors were possessed of the Manor of Aynho for more than two centuries, and continuously represented the county of Northampton in Parliament. John Cartwright, Esq., son and heir of the purchaser of Aynho, suffered much by his adhesion to the cause of the Parliament at the commencement of the Civil War, but his grandson, Thomas Cartwright, Esq., M.P., replenished the family coffers by his marriage with one of the daughters and co-heirs of Thomas, Lord Crewe, of Stene.

Sir Thomas was born in 1796, and married, in 1824, Maria Elizabeth Augusta, daughter of the Count of Sandizell, in Bavaria, by whom he leaves issue. Previous to his appointment as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Stockholm, he was Minister Plenipotentiary to the Diet of Frankfort.

### THE BISHOP OF CLOCHER.

The Right Rev. Lord Robert Ponsonby Tottenham, D.D., Lord Bishop of Clogher, was the second son of Charles, first Marquis of Ely, brother of John, the second

Marquis, and uncle of the present possessor of that title. The Right Rev. Prelate was born the 5th September, 1773; he was educated at Christchurch, Oxford, and having entered into holy orders, attained the mitre in 1804, by being consecrated Bishop of Killaloe. He was translated to the see of Ferns in 1820, and obtained the Bishopric of Clogher in 1822.

The Bishop of Clogher has always borne his surname of Tottenham; for Tottenham Green, in the county of Wexford, and the other property of the Tottenham family, being inherited by his Lordship, he retained the original name, when the rest of his family assumed that of Loftus.

Dr. Tottenham, while Bishop of Killaloe, married, in 1806, Alicia, third daughter of Cornwallis Maude, first Viscount Hawarden, and has had issue ten sons and one daughter. The Right Rev. Prelate died in Ireland, on the 26th April. The Bishopric of Clogher merges in the Primacy.

#### SIR GEORGE CHETWYND, BART.

The death of this Baronet occurred at his seat, Grendon Hall, Atherstone, on the 24th May. He was born 23rd July, 1783, the eldest son of the late Sir George Chetwynd, of Brocton, Bart., by Jane, daughter of Richard Bantin, gent., of Little Faringdon, in Berkshire. He married, 30th August, 1804, Hannah, eldest daughter and co-heir of the late John Sparrow, Esq., of Bishton Hall, co. Stafford, and has left by her, two sons, and three daughters, viz.

GEORGE, (Sir) the present Baronet, *b.* 6th Sept. 1809, *m.* 2nd August, 1843, Lady Charlotte Augusta Hill, eldest daughter of the late Marquess of Downshire, and has issue

William Henry, of Langdon, co. Stafford, *b.* 17th September, 1811,

Maria Elizabeth, *m.* 25th Jan. 1836, to Henry Grimes, Esq., the younger, of Coton House, co. Warwick,

Charlotte, *m.* in 1830, to Richard Ellison, Esq., of Boultham,

Georgiana, *m.* in 1833, to Sir John Hanmer, Bart., M.P.

Sir George Chetwynd's two surviving brothers are Major William Fawkener Chetwynd, of Brocton Hall, co. Stafford, and Henry Chetwynd, Esq., of Brocton Lodge.

#### MICHAEL JAMES ROBERT DILLON, EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

The Earldom of Roscommon, conferred, in 1662, on James Lord Kilkenny West, son of the famous Sir Lucas Dillon, of Newtown, Speaker of the Irish House of

Commons, and Chief Baron of the Exchequer, became dormant from the period of the death, in 1816, of Patrick, eleventh Earl, to the year 1828, when after a procrustinated investigation by the Lords, the dignity was affirmed to Michael James Robert Dillon, as lineal descendant and heir male of the Hon. Patrick Dillon, of Rath, third son of the first Earl. The title was, indeed, an empty honour, not a single acre remaining to it, although, in early times, the Dillons possessed an immense territory, known as Dillon's Country, including the whole of Westmeath and Longford. The claimant thus successful, was the nobleman whose death we record. He was posthumous son of Captain Michael Dillon, of the Dublin militia, who was killed by the rebels at the battle of Ross, in 1798. He married, 19th August, 1830, Charlotte, second daughter of the late John Talbot, Esq., and sister of the Earl of Shrewsbury, which lady died without issue 21st November 1843.

Wentworth, fourth Earl of Roscommon, was the celebrated poet thus characterised by Dryden:—

Roscommon, whom both Court and camps commend,

True to his Prince, and faithful to his friend;  
Roscommon, first in fields of honour known,  
First in the peaceful triumphs of the gown.

#### SIR WILLIAM FIELDEN BART., OF FENISCOWLES.

This gentleman, who obtained the title of Baronet, 26th July, 1846, and sat in Parliament for a long series of years, for the borough of Blackburn, descended from a respectable family, settled there full three centuries, and at present possessed of considerable landed property in the county of Lancaster, where the present head of the house, Sir William's nephew, Joseph Fielden, Esq., resides at Witton.

The deceased Baronet was born 13th March, 1772, and married 30th March, 1797, Mary Haughton, daughter of the late Edmund Jackson, Esq., member of the House of Assembly at Jamaica, by whom he has left issue four sons and five daughters, the eldest son and heir being the present Sir William Henry Fielden, second Baronet of Feniscowles. Sir William died on the 17th inst.

#### LADY SARAH FINCH.

Her ladyship, whose early death was lately announced, was second daughter of Heneage, present Earl of Aylesford, granddaughter, maternally of George II., Earl of Brooke and Warwick, and sister of Lord Guernsey and Viscountess Lewisham. She was born June 21, 1823, and had, consequently, not quite completed her 27th year.

SIR JAMES FLOWER, BART., OF LOBB,  
COUNTY OF OXFORD.

This gentleman was the only son and heir of the late Alderman Sir Charles Flower on whom a Baronetcy was conferred, December 1, 1809. He succeeded his father in that honour, 15th September, 1834; but as he leaves no issue, the title becomes extinct. Sir James served as High Sheriff of Norfolk in 1838, was appointed Deputy-Lieutenant of Herefordshire in 1843; and sat in Parliament for Thetford from 1845 to 1847. He was born 14th December, 1794; and married, January 2nd, 1816, Mary-Jane, eldest daughter of Sir Walter Stirling, Bart., of Faskine. Sir Charles had six sisters, five of whom married.

M. GAY-LUSSAC.

Science has just lost one of its brightest ornaments in the death of M. Gay-Lussac which took place on the 9th May at his residence, in the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris.

Nicholas-François Gay-Lussac was born at St. Leonard (Haut-Vienne), on the 6th of December, 1788. In 1816 he was chosen Professor of Chemistry at the Polytechnic School. He had previously distinguished himself by his aerial voyages, for the observation of atmospheric phenomena at great heights. Accompanied by M. Biot, he proposed these researches to the French Government; the offer was seconded by Berthollet and Laplace; and Chaptal, then Minister of the Interior, gave the proposition his warm support. The war-balloon which had been employed by the French army in Egypt was given to the custody of MM. Biot and Gay-Lussac, and refitted, at the public expense, under their direction.

Besides the usual provision of barometers, thermometers, hygrometers, and electrometers, they had two compasses and a dipping-needle, with another fine needle, carefully magnetized, and suspended by a very delicate silk thread, for ascertaining by its vibrations the force of magnetic attraction. To examine the electricity of the different strata of the atmosphere, they carried several metallic wires, from sixty to three hundred feet in length, and a small electrophorus feebly charged. For galvanic experiments they had procured a few discs of zinc and copper, with some frogs, to which they added some insects and birds. It was also intended to bring down a portion of air from the higher regions, to be subjected to a chemical analysis; and for this purpose a flask, carefully exhausted and fitted with a stopcock, had been prepared for them.

They ascended from Paris, August 23, 1804, and made a number of very in-

teresting experiments at the various sight, ranging from 6500 to 13,000 feet. On September 15, in the same year, M. Gay-Lussac made a second ascent, and reached the great height of four miles and a quarter; he brought down with him from this elevation a flask of air, which, on analysis, was found to be exactly the same as the air collected near the surface of the earth. These experiments are well described in "A System of Aeronautics," by John Wise, a copy of which work reached us from Philadelphia, a few days since. The author observes:—

"The ascents performed by MM. Biot and Gay-Lussac are memorable, as being the first ever undertaken solely for objects of science. It is impossible not to admire the intrepid coolness with which they conducted those experiments, operating, while they floated in the highest regions of the atmosphere, with the same composure and precision as if they had been quietly seated in their cabinet at Paris. Their observations on the force of terrestrial magnetism show, most conclusively, its deep source and wide extension. The identity of the constitution of the atmosphere, to a vast altitude, was likewise ascertained. The facts noted by Gay-Lussac, relative to the state of the thermometer at different heights, appear generally to confirm the law which theory assigns for the gradation of temperature in the atmosphere; but many interesting points were left untouched by this philosopher."

Few men have led such a life of scientific industry as M. Gay-Lussac. There is scarcely a branch of physical or chemical science to which he has not contributed some important discovery. Sometimes he engaged alone in these researches; at others he chose eminent philosophers for his *collaborateurs*, among the most distinguished of whom were M. Thénard and M. Alexandre de Humboldt; and he was especially noticed by M. Berthollet. M. Gay-Lussac was an able and ingenious manipulator, and has made a vast number of analyses and experiments. His discovery of the general laws in the composition of bodies, particularly in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, was a very important labour. By his experiments on mercury and elastic fluids, he ascertained that whatever may be the nature of the fluid, it dilates equally from the temperature of ice to that of boiling water, and that it acquires an increase in volume of one third. In conjunction with M. Humboldt, he likewise made observations on the theory of M. Biot, who, from data supplied by M. de la Perouse, endeavoured to determine the position of the magnetical equator, and its intersection with the terrestrial equator.

The result of their inquiry is, that the great chains of mountains, and even volcanoes, have no perceptible influence on the magnetic power, and that that power diminishes in proportion to the distance from the terrestrial equator.

**LORD WILLIAM HERVEY, C.B.**

His Lordship, Secretary to the British Embassy at Paris, was born September 27, 1805; the third son of Frederick William, present Marquis of Bristol, by Elizabeth Albana, his wife, second daughter of Clotworthy, Lord Templetown. He married, September 7, 1844, Cecilia-Mary, youngest daughter of the late Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas Francis Freemantle, G.C.B., and leaves issue two sons and one daughter. Lord William Hervey died on the 6th March.

**SIR WILLIAM KAY, BART., OF EAST SHEEN, SURREY.**

Sir William was son of William Kay, Esq., of Montreal, and succeeded to the Baronetcy according to a limitation in the patent, at the decease of his maternal grand-uncle, Sir Brook Watson. That gentleman was a London merchant, and commissary-general to the army in North America in 1782. In 1784 he was chosen to represent the City of London, and in 1795 filled the civic chair. In 1798 he was appointed commissary-general of England, and in 1803 obtained the Baronetcy, with the specific limitation in his grand-nephews, William and Brook Kay. The former was the gentleman whose death we record, as having occurred at his residence in Pall Mall, on the 16th inst. Leaving no issue, he is succeeded by his brother, now Sir Brook Kay.

**MRS. LABOUCHERE.**

This lady, the wife of the Right Honourable Henry Labouchere, the President of the Board of Trade, died suddenly, on the 25th May. The deceased was the youngest daughter of the late Sir Thomas Baring, Bart., and sister of the Right Hon. Francis Thornhill Baring, first Lord of the Admiralty. Mr. Labouchere was in town when a special messenger arrived early on Saturday morning from Chislehurst, announcing Mrs. Labouchere's illness, in consequence of which he left town immediately. Mrs. Labouchere's confinement was not expected to take place for a month or two. Premature labour, it is said, was the cause of death.

**THE VERY REV. FRANCIS LEAR, D.D.**

The death of this excellent clergyman, who at the period of his decease was

Dean of Salisbury, and Rector of Bishopstone, Wilts, occurred on the 23rd March. He was born at Downton, the son of the Rev. Thomas Lear, Fellow of Winchester, by Ethelinda, his wife, dau. of Major Shuckburgh Hewett. In 1824 he was presented by the Earl of Pembroke to the Rectory of Chilmark, in 1834 obtained the Prebendal State of Netheravon in the Cathedral of Salisbury, in 1837, became Archdeacon of Sarum, and in 1846, was promoted to the Deanery. The character of Dr. Lear is so beautifully given in the funeral sermon preached by his Diocesan, the Bishop of Salisbury, that we cannot forbear extracting it.

"It were long to speak of the various qualities in our departed brother which enhance the loss we now deplore. I may but glance at some of those which my own intercourse with him more conspicuously brought before me. How widely, in the first place, was he influential for good in that post which he filled as archdeacon in this portion of my diocese. In the nine years during which I knew him in that office, there was no duty which was not discharged beyond my expectations—no instance in which the results of good did not exceed my hopes. And this, because our brother was, in the first place, while health and strength permitted, eminently in his own person a man of action. He took a vigorous and hopeful view of the prospect before him, and entered with active zeal upon the duties which it entailed. Witness our schools, and parsonage houses, and churches, in so many cases built or restored at his instigation—in not a few instances by his personal instrumentality. Witness the impulse he gave to the missionary operations of our church, when he went from parish to parish through the whole archdeaconry setting on foot a new organisation, and giving an example which has happily found many followers. Witness the meetings at which we have listened with instruction and delight to the accents of his voice—of that voice which ever brought forth something fresh and genuine—something which raised the tone of the discussion to a higher level—something which spoke to the heart because it proceeded from the heart, and because of him, if of any man, might it be truly said that, "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." But not only was he thus active in the discharge of duties in his own person, but he was yet more eminently calculated to influence and stimulate others in the same course. He had a very persuasive power with men of every class, from the great simplicity, gentleness, and fairness of his character—the patience and candour with which he

listened to all objections, and the single-minded earnestness with which he pursued the end in view. He had, too, a great faculty in bringing together men differing from each other in opinion and feeling, for all men loved him, and he fully appreciated in every man what there was of good. He, almost more than any man I have ever known, loved to look at points of agreement with each, rather than of difference; and hence, wherever his influence extended, it shewed itself remarkably in binding together discordant elements, and uniting in a common purpose those who might perhaps have been suspicious of each other, had they not alike had confidence in him."

**FRANCIS PHILIPS, ESQ., OF BANK HALL,  
CO. LANCASTER.**

The Philips, of Heath House, of whom, the lamented gentleman, the subject of this notice, was a scion, have been resident in Staffordshire for many centuries. In the last century the family separated into three branches; the eldest continued at the ancestral mansion, the Heath House, near Cheadle; the second became enriched by manufacturing pursuits at Manchester; and the third was raised to the degree of Baronet, in the person of Sir George Philips, of Weston.

Mr. Francis Philips belonged to the Manchester division, being grandson of Nathaniel Philips, Esq., of that important town, who was third son of Nathaniel Philips, Esq., of Heath House. He succeeded, under the will of his father, to the estates of that gentleman, in 1824, and was a Deputy-Lieutenant for the county of Chester, and in the commission of the peace. He did not, however, act as a magistrate, although he was indefatigable in promoting the happiness of all around him and in assisting works of public utility in his vicinity.

At the period of his decease he had completed his seventy-eighth year. He married, September 13, 1792, Beatrice, daughter of the late James Aspinall, Esq., of Liverpool, and had two sons, Francis-Aspinall and Hindley-Leigh.

Mr. Mark Philips, the late M.P. for Manchester, was cousin to Mr. Francis Philips, of Bank Hall

**MISS JANE PORTER.**

This highly gifted lady, the accomplished authoress of "Thaddous of Warsaw," "The Scottish Chiefs," and other popular works, died on the 24th of May, aged 74, at the house of her brother, D. W. O. Porter, Portland Square, Bristol. Her father was an officer of Dragoons, who died early in life, leaving his widow in

straitened circumstances with five almost infant children. Three of the orphans were sons, the two eldest entered professions which they filled in a highly honourable manner: the third, Sir Robert Ker Porter, gained celebrity in literature and arts. The two daughters were Jane and Anna Maria, whose genius added such brilliancy to the name they bore.

Much of the accidental circumstances, or, rather, the occasional events of Miss Jane Porter's early life may be traced in the notes she appended to the latest edition of her three most popular romances, "Thaddous of Warsaw," "The Scottish Chiefs," and "The Pastor's Fireside." The first appearance of the second we have named had an electric effect in Scotland. Rings and crosses cut out of Wallace's oak were sent to the fair authoress; and other relics, real or supposed, of the hero and his companions came as grateful offerings. Joanna Baillie refers in her beautiful poem of Sir William Wallace, to Miss Porter's exquisite production; and Sir Walter Scott himself admitted to King George IV., one day in the library at Carlton House, that "The Scottish Chiefs" was the parent, in his mind, of the Waverley Novels. The subsequent works of Miss Jane Porter were "Duke Christian of Lunenburg," "Tales round a Winter Hearth," "The Field of the Forty Footsteps," and "Sir Edward Seaward's Narrative."

Anna Maria, Miss Porter's youngest sister, died June 21, 1832. She was the authoress of "The Hungarian Brothers," "Don Sebastian," "The Recluse of Norway," "Roche Blanche," "Honor O'Hara," "The Barony," &c.

**SIR GEORGE WILLIAM PRESCOTT, BART.,  
LATE OF THEOBALD'S PARK, HERTS.**

Sir George was senior representative of the great banking and mercantile family of Prescott, being elder son of the late Sir George Beaton Prescott, Bart., and first cousin to Mr. Prescott, Governor of the Bank of England. The title of Baronet was conferred on his grandfather in 1794.

Sir George married, first, 10th July, 1827, Emily, daughter of Colonel Symes, and became her widower, without issue, 8th January, 1829. He married, secondly, 26th July, 1846, Eliza, youngest daughter of Henry Hiller, Esq., and has left by her a son, the present Sir George Rendelham Prescott, Bart., an infant of four years old.

The death of Sir George Prescott occurred at Caen, in Normandy, on the 27th April. He had completed his forty-ninth year.

## WILLIAM ROCHE, ESQ.

The family of which this gentleman was a member is one of high respectability. His father, Stephen Roche, Esq., married three wives, and left a very numerous family. By the first wife he had John Roche, an eminent merchant in Ireland, and George Roche, Esq., of Granagh Castle, who claimed the peerage of Fermoy. By the second wife, Sarah, daughter and co-heir of John O'Brien, Esq., of Mayvaine and Clounties, Mr. Roche had four sons; Stephen, of Killarney; Thomas, of Limerick; James, of Cork, a gentleman of the highest literary and classic attainments, well known as an able historical and antiquarian essayist; and William, the subject of this notice. William Roche, in his earlier life, was an eminent banker in his native city, Limerick. After retiring from business he was chosen M.P. for Limerick by his fellow-citizens, who elected him without his having sought the honour, and without his being put to any expense. He was the first Catholic representative of the city since the repeal of the penal laws. Mr. Roche was, in Parliament, a Reformer, but all parties looked with respect on the upright conduct and sterling independence of the man. Mr. Roche was obliged some years ago to abandon his parliamentary career, in consequence of his delicate health. In private life Mr. Roche was much esteemed. His taste as an horticulturist was well known and appreciated; his gardens in Limerick, unique in design and construction, have long attracted the attention of travellers. Mr. Roche's death occurred recently, in his native and favourite city.

WILLIAM CHARLES TOWNSEND, ESQ., Q.C.  
RECORDER OF MACCLESFIELD, AND A  
BENCHER OF LINCOLN'S INN.

The subject of this memoir, a son of the late William Townsend, Esq., of Liverpool, whose untimely death is so much deplored, was in the 47th year of his age. His an-

cestors were of old standing and respectability in Lancashire. A century ago, one of them, Alderman James Townsend, was Mayor of the town of Liverpool. Early in life Mr. W. C. Townsend evinced signs of talent, and gave proofs of a retentive memory, which afterwards strengthened with his strength, by reciting a speech of the celebrated statesman Canning, as delivered by him on the hustings. After passing the customary course of school education, he proceeded to Oxford, and in 1824 took a high position in classical honours. He was afterwards, 25th Nov. 1828, called to the Bar, by the Hon. Society of Lincoln's Inn, joined the Northern and North Wales Circuits, and gradually rose to eminence in his profession. He was elected Recorder of Macclesfield, after a severe contest with the late John Cottingham, Esq., some years ago, and was recently raised to the dignity of one of Her Majesty's counsel. He married, happily, in 1834, and leaves his widow, without children, to deplore his loss. He died at his brother's residence at Wandsworth, where he had repaired for recreation and change of air, after a very short illness.

After his speech, delivered before the Parliamentary Committee on the Dee Bill, on the 3rd May, the learned gentleman was so exhausted at its conclusion, that he had to be carried to the carriage which took him home: from that attack he never rallied. The character of the deceased is the best tribute we can offer to his memory, and must be a source of great consolation to his bereaved widow, relatives, and numerous surviving friends. That Christian character was not only unsullied, but full of goodness. His kindness of heart, the courtesy of his manners, and the charm of his conversation, will be long cherished by those who had the privilege of knowing him. His remains were interred, in Lincoln's Inn, of which society he was a Bencher.

## OBITUARY.

MAY AND JUNE.

**ROBERT BORROWES, ESQ., OF GILLTOWN,  
COUNTY OF KILDARE**

The family of Borrowes, of Gilltown, originally a scion of the ancient House of De Burgh, has been established in Ireland since the reign of Elizabeth, and has continued to maintain in that kingdom a leading position among the landed proprietors, frequently giving members to the House of Commons, and constantly becoming connected by marriage with the chief aristocracy of Ireland. The present representative is the Rev. Sir Erasmus Dixon Borrowes, Bart.

The gentleman whose death we record was youngest son of Sir Kildare Dixon Borrowes, the fifth Baronet, M. P., by Jane, his second wife, daughter of Joseph Higginson, Esq., of Mount Ophaley. He married Charlotte, daughter of S. Madden Esq., of Hillton, co. Monaghan. and has left issue, a son, Captain Robert Higginson Borrowes, of the 13th Light Dragoons, and four daughters, viz. 1, Jane-Harriette; 2, Emily, married in 1848 to W. Roche, Esq., of Buttevant Castle, co. Cork; 3, Elizabeth, married in 1844 to W. Cramer-Roberts, Esq., of Thornton, co. Kildare; and, 4, Gertrude, married in 1849 to Richard Bourke, Esq., nephew of the late Earl of Mayo.

**CHARLES BOSANQUET, ESQ., OF THE ROCK.**

The death of this gentleman, Governor of the South Sea Company, and for many years Colonel of the Light Horse Volunteers of London and Westminster, occurred at his seat, the Rock, in Northumberland. Mr. Bosanquet was second son of Samuel Bosanquet, Esq., of Forest-house, Essex, Governor of the Bank of England in 1792, by Eleanor, his wife, daughter of Henry Lannoy Hunter, Esq., and grandson of Samuel Bosanquet, Esq., lord of the manor of Low-hall, Essex, by Mary, his wife, daughter and sole heir of William Dunster, Esq. The family of Bosanquet was origi-

nally of Languedoc, and became established in England at the revocation of the edict of Nantz. A branch continued in France, but is supposed to be now extinct there; the last of its known descendants, the Chevalier de Bosanquet, of Amagre, near Lunel, having died, a. p., in 1832.

The gentleman, whose decease we record, served as High Sheriff of Northumberland in 1828, and was a magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for that county, as well as for Middlesex. He married Charlotte, daughter of Peter Holford, Esq., Master in Chancery, and had surviving issue, Robert William, in holy orders, George Henry, also a clergyman, and Mary-Anne.

The Right Hon. Sir John Bernard Bosanquet, the late learned judge, was younger brother of Mr. Bosanquet, of the Rock.

**SIR JOHN BUCHAN.**

Sir John Buchan was the son of George Buchan, Esq., of Kelloe, Berwickshire, by his wife, the daughter of Robert Dundas, Esq., of Armistoun, co. Edinburgh. Sir John entered the British service as a Lieutenant in the Scottish brigade in 1795, he became a full Colonel by brevet in 1819, and a Lieutenant-General in 1841; he was created a K.C.B. in 1836. Sir John Buchan saw much service, and on occasions displayed much sense and gallantry. A cross and clasp which he received were for his conduct and prowess as Colonel of the 7th Portuguese at Guadeloupe, Vittoria, the Pyrenees, Nivelle, and Nive. He obtained the Colony of the 32nd Foot in 1843. He was a Major-General in the Portuguese service. This distinguished officer died on 2nd instant, at his residence, 39, Upper Harley-street.

**SIR GEORGE CHETWYND, BART., OF  
BROCKTON, CO. STAFFORD**

The Chetwynds of Brockton descend from a common ancestor with the noble House of the same name. The first Baro-

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net, Sir George Chetwynd, the father of the gentleman whose decease we record, filled for many years the office of Clerk to the Privy Council. The late Sir George was born 23rd July, 1783, and was called to the Bar by the Hon. Society of Lincoln's Inn in 1813, and sat in Parliament for Stafford from 1820 to 1826. He married, 30th August, 1804, Hannah-Maria, eldest daughter and co-heir of the late John Sparrow, Esq., of Biahtham Hall, co. Stafford, and by her had issue, two sons and three daughters. The elder of the former, now Sir George Chetwynd, third Baronet, was born 6th Sept., 1809, and married 2nd August, 1843, Lady Charlotte Augusta Hill, eldest daughter of the late Marquis of Downshire. Of the daughters, the eldest, Maria Elizabeth, is wife of Henry Grimes, Esq., the younger, of Coton House, co. Warwick; the second, Charlotte, of Richard Ellison, Esq., of Boutham Hall, co. Lincoln; and the third Georgiana, of Sir John Hanmer, Bart., M.P.

**VICE-ADMIRAL SIR JOSIAH COGHILL COGHILL, BART.**

This gallant officer was second son of Sir John Cramer Coghill, Bart., by Mary, his wife, daughter of Dr. Josiah Hort, Archbishop of Tuam. He was born in 1773, and was twice married. By his first wife, Sophia, daughter of James Dodson, Esq., he had three daughters only; but by his second, Anna-Maria, eldest daughter of the late Right Hon. Charles Kandal Bushe, Lord Chief-Justice of the Court of King's Bench in Ireland, he had two sons, John Joseelyn, the present bart., and seven daus. His death occurred on the 20th June. Sir Josiah's naval career, we extract from Mr. O'Byrne's "Naval Biography:"—"This officer entered the navy in April, 1782, on board the Bristol, 50, Capt. Hugh Campbell and James Burney, with whom he served in the East Indies, until discharged in April, 1786. In April, 1789, he re-embarked on board the Haarlem, 64, *armée en flûte*, Captain George Burlton, in which ship, having been created an Acting-Lieutenant in September, 1798, he was officially promoted 24th March, 1800. After attending the subsequent expedition to Egypt, and cutting out, in command of the Haarlem's boats, the Prima galley, from the Mole of Genoa, he removed, 25th April, 1801, to the Africaine, Captain James Stevenson: and, on 7th May, 1802, was promoted, from the Dedaigueuse frigate, Captain Thomas George Shortland, to the command of the Rattlesnake sloop in the East Indies; where, with two boats under his immediate orders, we find him, after a sanguinary contest, destroying a pirate vessel on the

coast of Malacca. Having obtained, 25th April, 1805, the acting command of *La Concorde*, 36, Captain Coghill, on the 1st February received an Admiralty Commission, confirming his appointment to that frigate, in which he continued until September, 1807. On next joining, 2nd October, 1809, the *Diana*, 38, he forthwith proceeded to join the armament then off Walcheren, and arrived in time to perform service marked by the approbation of the Commander-in-Chief. Capt. Coghill left the *Diana* in Feb. 1810, and remained on half-pay until 7th October, 1813, when he was appointed to the *Ister*, 36, in which he served on the Leeward Island station until July, 1815. His promotion to Flag-rank took place 23rd November, 1841."

Sir Josiah succeeded to the baronetcy in 1817.

**LADY HENRIETTA FERGUSSON.**

Lady Henrietta Fergusson, widow of Sir James Fergusson, Bart., of Cilkerran, was a daughter of Admiral Duncan, created Viscount Duncan for the victory of Camperdown. Her mother, Lady Duncan, was Henrietta, daughter of the Right Hon. Robert Dundas, of Armiston, President of the Court of Session, and niece of Henry Dundas, first Viscount Melville.

Lady Fergusson, who was the second wife of Sir James Fergusson, has left a numerous family. Her only surviving brother is the present Earl of Camperdown; her sisters are Lady Stair, Lady Mary Dundas, of Dundas, and Lady Lune Dalrymple. Lady Fergusson died at Oxenford Castle, North Britain.

**LIEUTENANT-COLONEL THOMAS GEORGE FITZGERALD, OF TURLOUGH PARK, CO. MAYO.**

The Fitzgeralds of Turlough Park are a distinguished branch of the ennobled stock of Desmond. Their original estates, situated in the county of Waterford, were confiscated for the family's devotion to the royal cause.

The gentleman whose decease we record, was eldest son of the late Charles Lionel Fitzgerald, Esq., of Turlough Park, by Dorothea, his wife, eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Butler, Bart., and grandson of Captain George Fitzgerald of Turlough, by Lady Mary Hervey, his wife, sister of Frederick Earl of Bristol. He was born 5th June, 1778, and married twice: first, in 1806, Delia, daughter of Joshua Field, Esq., of Heaton, co. York; and secondly, in 1819, Elizabeth, only daughter of James Crowther, Esq., M.D., of Boldshay Hall. For many years he resided at Maperton House, co. Somerset, and acted as a Deputy-Lieutenant of that shire.

Colonel Fitzgerald died 5th June. His uncle was the well-known George Robert Fitzgerald, notorious in the last century as "fighting Fitzgerald."

ALICE-MARY, COUNTESS DOWAGER OF LIMERICK.

Her Ladyship was the only daughter and heiress of Henry Ormsby, Esq., of Cloghan, by Mary his wife, sister of Sir Henry Hartstonge, Bart., of Bruff. She was born 27th August, 1764, and married, 29th January, 1783, her cousin, Edward Henry Pery, Lord Glentworth, subsequently Earl of Limerick. The children of the union consisted of three sons and seven daughters. The former were—1. Henry-Hartstonge, the late Lord Glentworth, whose son is the present Earl of Limerick; 2. William Cecil, killed at St. Sebastian in 1813; and Edmund-Sexton, who is married to Elizabeth Charlotte Cockayne, niece of the last Viscount Cullen.

The Countess Dowager died in Mansfield Street, on the 13th June having nearly completed her 87th year.

MISS JANE PORTER.

(In continuation from page 63.)

As in the case of the recent death of Miss Edgeworth, it is singular that so little notice has yet been taken of the demise of Miss Jane Porter, one of the most distinguished novelists which this nation has produced. Miss Porter may be said to have been the first who introduced that beautiful kind of fiction, the historical romance, which has so prospered with us, and has added such amusement and interest to English literature. The author of "Thaddeus of Warsaw" and the "Scottish Chiefs" has done much to preserve the lasting respect and gratitude of her country.

The family of this excellent woman and able writer is of Irish descent; her father was an officer of Dragoons in the British service. He married a Miss Blenkinsopp, of the Northumbrian house of Blenkinsopp, which Camden styles "a right ancient and generous family." Miss Porter's father died in the prime of life, and left his widow with five almost infant children, in slender circumstances. The great talent of this orphan family raised them to affluence and distinction. Three of the children were sons; of these the eldest perished in a dangerous climate abroad at the commencement of a promising career; the second became a physician, and practised successfully. He is the present Dr. William Ogilvie Porter, of Bristol. The third son was the late Sir Robert Ker Porter, K.C.H., distinguished as an author, a painter, and a soldier. Some of

our finest battle-pieces are the work of his pencil, and he himself followed heroes to the field. He was with Sir John Moore when he fell victoriously at Corunna, and he earned a high reputation throughout the Peninsular War. He afterwards became a diplomatist, and was latterly consul at Venezuela. His travelling sketches in Russia and Egypt procured him also an author's fame. Sir Robert Ker Porter died suddenly about seven years ago; he left by his wife, a Russian lady, an only daughter, who is married and resides in Russia. The two sisters of these brothers Porter were even more distinguished. The younger of them, Miss Anna Maria Porter, became an authoress at twelve years of age. She wrote many successful novels, of which the most popular were the "Hungarian Brothers," the "Recluse of Norway," and the Village of "Mariendorpt." She died at her brother's residence, at Bristol, on the 6th of June, 1832. The elder sister, Miss Jane Porter, the subject of this notice, was born at Durham, where her father's regiment was quartered at the time. She, with her sister Anna-Maria, received her education under Mr. Fulton, at Edinburgh, where her widowed mother lived with her children in their early years. The family afterwards removed, first to Dilton, and thence to Esher, in Surrey, where Mrs. Porter, a most intelligent and agreeable lady, resided with her daughters for many years until her death in 1831. Mrs. Porter was buried in the churchyard of Esher; and on her tomb the passer-by may read this inscription:—"Here lies Jane Porter, a Christian widow."

As a novelist, Miss Jane Porter obtained the highest celebrity. Her three most renowned productions were her "Thaddeus of Warsaw," written when she was about twenty years of age; her "Scottish Chiefs," and her "Pastor's Fireside." "Thaddeus of Warsaw" had immense popularity; it was translated into most of the continental languages, and Poland was loud in its praise, Kosciuzko sent the author a ring containing his portrait. General Gardiner, the British Minister at Warsaw, could not believe that any other than an eye-witness had written the story, so accurate were the descriptions, although Miss Porter had not then been in Poland. The "Scottish Chiefs" was equally successful. With regard to this romance it is known that Sir Walter Scott, admitted to George IV. one day, in the library at Carlton Palace, that the "Scottish Chiefs" was the parent in his mind of the Waverley Novels. In a letter written to her friend, Mr. Litchfield, about three months ago, Miss Porter, speaking of these novels,

said:—"I own I feel myself a kind of sybil in these things; it being full fifty years ago since my 'Scottish Chiefs,' and 'Thaddeus of Warsaw,' came into the then untrodden field. And what a splendid race of the like chroniclers of generous deeds have followed, brightening the track as they advanced. The Author of *Waverley*, and his soul-stirring '*Tales of my Landlord*,' &c.; then comes Mr. James, with his historical romances on British and French subjects, so admirably uniting the exquisite fiction with the fact, that the whole seems equally verity. But my feeble hand" (Miss Porter was ailing when she wrote the letter) "will not obey my wish to add more to this host of worthies; I can only find power to say with my trembling pen that I cannot but esteem them as a respected link with my past days of lively interest in all that might promote the virtue and true honour of my contemporaries, from youth to age." These eloquent words become the more touching, when we consider that, within three months after they were written, this admirable lady quitted this life in the maturity of her fame.

Miss Porter wrote, in conjunction with her sister "*Tales Round a Winter's Hearth*." She was also an indefatigable contributor to the periodicals of the day. Her biographical sketch of Colonel Denham, the African traveller, in the *Naval and Military Journal*, was much admired, as one of the most affecting tributes ever paid to departed merit. Miss Porter was a Chanoiness of the Polish Order of St. Joachim, which honour was conferred upon her after the publication of "*Thaddeus of Warsaw*;" she is in her portraits generally represented in the habit of this order.

Miss Porter died on the 24th ult., at the residence of her brother, Dr. Porter, in Portland Square, Bristol. That brother, so tenderly beloved by her, and so justly respected by all who knew him, is now the last survivor of this brilliant company of brothers and sisters, and he too, we are sorry to say, is in an enfeebled state from paralysis, aggravated by the recent shock of his gifted relative's demise. Except himself, and his married niece in Russia, there remains no representative of a family which England has good cause to hold in honoured and grateful remembrance.

#### JAMES SMITH, ESQ., OF DEANSTON.

This eminent agriculturist was born in the city of Glasgow, on the 3rd January, 1789. His father was a respectable mer-

chant there, whither he had come from his birth-place, Galloway, in the south-west of Scotland. His mother was daughter of James Buchanan, of Carston, a landed proprietor in the west of Stirlingshire. Mr. Smith's father having died when he was only two months old, the care of his education devolved upon his mother, who was aided in her task by five of her brothers, all of them remarkable for enterprise and energy.

Mr. Smith acted as one of the Commissioners for inquiring into the means of improving the Health of Towns; and he was especially active in his occupation as a Superintending Inspector of the General Board of Health. Mr. Smith closed his useful career very suddenly. He was, on the 10th instant, found dead in his bed, at the house of his cousin, Mr. Buchanan, of Catrine, Ayrshire. By all who knew him, and particularly by those who were in his employment, the death of this truly great and good man will be deeply lamented. His loss to society at large will be a severe one. He leaves behind him a name deserving of lasting memory and honour in the agricultural records of his country.

#### ADMIRAL TROLLOPE.

Rear-Admiral George Barne Trollope was the son of the Rev. John Trollope, who was grandson of Sir Thomas Trollope, the third baronet of that name. The Rear-Admiral's half-brother, Sir Henry Trollope, K.C.B., a gallant and distinguished naval officer, died in 1839; he himself entered the navy the 8th of May, 1790, and after an eminent career in the service of his country, rose to the rank of Rear-Admiral, having been made a C.B. in 1816. He married, in 1813, Barbara, daughter of J. Gable, Esq., of Kinsale, and leaves a family. Admiral Trollope died at Harpur-street, Bedford, on the 31st ult.

#### SIR GEORGE TALBOT, BART.

Sir George Talbot, of Belfast, co. Antrim, was the younger son of Charles Henry Talbot, Esq., of Mickleman, Surrey, and Belfast, Antrim, a scion of the great English house of Talbot, who was created a Baronet of Ireland on the 31st May 1790. Sir George was born on the 14th of March, 1763, and succeeded his brother, Sir Charles Talbot, as third Baronet, in November, 1812. He married, on the 14th May, 1797, Anne, daughter of the Rev. Thomas Preston, of Swanton, by whom he leaves two daughters. Sir George Talbot died on the 10th June.

# OBITUARY.

JUNE AND JULY.

## HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

The death of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, took place at Cambridge House, Piccadilly, on Tuesday the 8th July.

On Monday, a bulletin was issued by his Royal Highness's medical gentlemen, stating the Duke to have been in a very exhausted state during the night, but to have rallied in the morning.

At mid-day, the Queen and Prince Albert arrived at Cambridge House.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester, who arrived at Cambridge House in the morning to learn the state of her Royal brother, returned at half-past nine o'clock in the evening, and ten minutes afterwards the Royal Duke expired. The following bulletin, signed by the medical attendants, announced the death of his Royal Highness:—

Cambridge-house,

July 8, 1850, ten o'clock p.m.

"His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, after passing a tranquil day, expired somewhat suddenly, and without suffering, at twenty minutes before ten o'clock."

The melancholy intelligence was immediately announced to the Queen and Prince Albert by Major Baron Knesebeck, principal Equerry to the Royal Duke, directly after which Prince Albert paid a visit of condolence to the Duchess of Cambridge and Prince George.

His Royal Highness the Prince Adolphus Frederick, Duke of Cambridge, Earl of Tipperary and Baron of Culloden, K.G., G.C.B.; Grand Master and First Principal Knight Grand Cross of the

Order of St. Michael and St. George; Knight of the Prussian Order of the Black Eagle; Field-Marshal in the Army; Colonel of the Coldstream Guards; Colonel-in-Chief of the 60th Foot; Commissioner of the Royal Military College and Royal Military Asylum; and Chancellor of the University of St. Andrew, was the seventh and youngest son of George III. He was born the 24th of February, 1774. At an early age he was designed for the army, and received his education at the university of Gottingen, with his two brothers, the present King of Hanover and the late Duke of Sussex—each being accompanied by a governor, a preceptor, and a gentleman-in-attendance. At the completion of his military studies, Prince Adolphus had his first commission as ensign at the age of sixteen; and having become a master of the German language, by his stay of three years at Gottingen, he visited the court of Prussia, and returned to England in 1793. During that year he served with the British forces before Dunkirk, and came back wearing a coat which exhibited several sabre-marks, and a helmet through which he had been wounded in the eye. He is stated to have received nine wounds in action. In 1794 he attained the rank of Colonel, and in 1803 he was placed at the head of an army of 14,000 men, destined for the defence of Hanover; but finding, on his arrival in the electorate, that its inhabitants evinced but little inclination to aid him against the enemy, he soon solicited his recall, and, after some delay, procured permission to return to England, leaving the army under the command of Count Walmoden, who was shortly afterwards compelled to surrender.

His Royal Highness was, on the 27th November, 1801, created Baron of Cul-loden, Earl of Tipperary, and Duke of Cambridge, and he accordingly took his seat in the House of Peers.

The Duke married, on the 7th May, 1818, at Cassel, her Serene Highness the Princess Augusta Wilhelmina Louisa, third daughter of the Landgrave Frederick, of Hesse-Cassel. This marriage was re-solemnized on the 1st June of the same year, according to the ritual of the Church of England.

The Duke gradually rose to the rank of Field-Marshal; and, on the restoration of Hanover, he was appointed its Governor-General, or Viceroy, in 1816. His administration of the affairs of that kingdom was marked throughout with wisdom, mildness, and discretion. On the breaking out of a popular commotion there in the revolutionary period of 1831, the Duke's conduct was such as to eventually pacify all parties, and to effect the perfect restoration of order, in fact, the great regard the people of Hanover had for a Prince so kind and conciliatory, and yet so firm and so tenacious of his honour, went a great way to preserve the Hanoverian Crown for his family. The Viceroyalty of the Duke ceased in 1837, at the death of William IV., when his brother, the Duke of Cumberland, succeeded to the throne of Hanover. On the evening of the 4th July, 1837, his Royal Highness left Hanover.

In this country his Royal Highness has been always popular, and certainly, most deservedly so. He took the greatest interest in the furtherance of every means likely to improve the knowledge or the happiness of his fellow-subjects. He was indefatigable in the cause of charity; he was a munificent contributor to most of the charitable establishments in this country; and, as every one knows, he was always ready to support them by his personal attendance and exertions, and by his patronage. The *Times* thus alludes to his conduct in this respect. "He was not," says that journal, "found always in smooth water. He did not think it his sole duty to decide over turtle and venison, or to angle for bank-notes. He did not seek solely to dignify that which was harmonious, or to give grace and solemnity to the administrative skill of others. On the contrary, wherever there was difficulty or dispute, there was the Duke of Cambridge in the midst of it. If a close committee of some charity in which he was interested became split into parties or torn by professional rivalry, he would suddenly make his appearance on a committee-day, take the chair as president of the charity

without notice or ceremony, and, in a very short time, either compose the quarrel, or what was equally important, put the burden and disgrace of the dispute on the right shoulders. He would sacrifice none of his own dignity in investigating the most minute circumstances, and he took care that others should not peril the charity by their disputes or intrigues. This habit of rushing into the breach was strongly shewn in 1847, when the very existence of the German hospital at Dalston was perilled by a dispute amongst its officers, and still more successfully exhibited in the same year at the Middlesex Hospital, where, from similar causes, a disturbance had taken place." He evinced, too, the same fostering care towards learning and the fine arts. His private character was ever unexceptionable. When young his habits were very studious, and his acquirements as a scholar were far more considerable than was generally supposed. His manners were affable and pleasing, no person, perhaps, possessing more completely that characteristic which the French term "*bonhomie*." He was a thorough English prince in habits, disposition, and bearing, and he seemed at all times at home with the English people, and they with him. His demise will be deeply regretted by all parties.

In the House of Lords the Duke of Cambridge spoke but rarely, and then only upon very important occasions. In politics, he had from the beginning of his career acted generally in favour of the Tory party: his deep affection for his father made him resist all overtures on the part of Fox, Sheridan, his brother the Prince of Wales, and the other Whigs of that day; and, though latterly always ready to support the measures of the government as chosen by his sovereign, if he conscientiously could, he on all occasions displayed Conservative calmness and caution. His mode of address, though not eloquent, was sensible and impressive, and he was ever listened to with attention and respect.

As a friend to the soldier's widow and the soldier's orphan, his royal highness worthily imitated the example set by his brother the Duke of York; he almost weekly visited the Military School at Chelsea.

The duke was the favourite son of George III., and the following anecdote marks the opinion that sovereign entertained of his merits. When it was proposed to grant his royal highness the allowance of £12,000 a-year (since raised to £27,000), George III. said, in speaking of him, "that he had not committed

his first fault." The whole tenour of the Duke's subsequent life perpetuated the truth of this assertion.

The duke leaves issue, with two daughters, one son, Prince George William Frederick Charles, now Duke of Cambridge, K.G., G.C.H. and G.C.M.G., a Major-General in the army, and Colonel of the 17th Lancers. The daughters are the Princess Mary Adelaide Wilhelmina Elizabeth, and her elder sister, the Princess Augusta Caroline Charlotte Elizabeth Mary Sophia Louisa, who was married, June 28, 1843, to Frederick William Charles, Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and has issue.

#### VISCOUNT CANTILUPE.

George John Frederick, Viscount Cantilupe, was eldest son and heir apparent of the present Earl De la Warr, and grandson, maternally, of the 3rd Duke of Dorset. He was born 25th April, 1814, and was formerly an officer in the Grenadier Guards. He sat in Parliament for several years, first for Helston, and afterwards for Lewes. His lordship had been for some days suffering from rheumatic fever, which at last attacked the brain and proved fatal. By his death, his next brother, the Hon. Charles Richard Sackville West, becomes Viscount Cantilupe, and heir apparent of the honours of the House of De la Warr.

#### SIR ROBERT PEEL, BART.

It has been generally said that the family of Sir Robert Peel was of humble origin, a tale probably emanating from that love of the marvellous, which could not be contented with a man's rising to the highest station by the simple means of talent pushed on by wealth and favoured by opportunity, but must needs lower the ground of his ascent that his flight might seem all the higher. The truth is that the great grand-uncle of Sir Robert, so far back as 1650, was a clergyman of the established church, and even in the beginning of the fifteenth century we find a branch of the family of Peele—for so the name was then spelt—seized of lands in the Salisbury and Wiltshire districts of the county of Lancaster.

The late minister was born on the 5th of July, 1788, in a cottage near the family residence of Chamber Hall, and not far from Bury, in the county of Lancashire, under circumstances the most favourable to his future eminence. When he was only two years old, his father who had amassed an immense fortune by manufactures, and found leisure as well as inclination to plunge into the vortex of politics, wrote a pamphlet entitled "The

National Debt Productive of National Prosperity." This new and somewhat startling view of the subject aroused a fierce spirit of controversy, and if it drew down upon him some assailants, it also procured for him many admirers, and brought him at once into public notice. We may suspect too that his success in this instance made him aim at a seat in parliament, which it was not long before he attained, being returned for Bury; and it certainly led to his acquaintance with Mr. Pitt, who was in the habit of consulting him upon all questions connected with manufactures and commerce. Henceforth the ambition of raising his family to political eminence took entire possession of him. He determined that his son Robert should one day be Mr. Pitt's successor, and having once mounted this hobby-horse he rode on right gallantly, though in the commencement the prize must have seemed at an almost immeasurable distance. For once too—a thing that does not often happen—the natural tendencies of the son ran in the same line with the wishes of the father. At a very early age the embryo prime-minister was sent to Harrow, where in 1803, we find him on the list of the upper fifth form. Byron in speaking of him long afterwards observes, "There were always great hopes of Peel amongst us all, masters and scholars. As a scholar he was greatly my superior. As a schoolboy out of school I was always in scrapes, and he never; and in school he always knew his lesson, and I rarely."

In 1804, Peel left Harrow, and entered Christ Church, Oxford, where he seems to have persisted in the same course of steady diligence, his parts being evidently more solid than shining—more distinguished, that is, for judgment and an even balance of the intellectual powers than for imagination. In taking his degree he obtained what is termed at Oxford a double first-class, or highest honour both in classics and mathematics.

This it must be owned was a promising commencement. Such had been the steadiness of the son's application, and so admirably had nature adapted him to the path chalked out for him, that in no one instance had the old man's schemes encountered the slightest check or deviation. As he had planned so had it happened, and so we shall see it continuing to happen up to the very last, with a regularity beyond all parallel. Had he been arranging the characters in a play or romance he could not have disposed of them more completely according to the suggestions of his own fancy.

In 1809, Peel came of age, when his father purchased for him the representa-

tion of Cashel, that he might enter without loss of time upon his political career. Nor did the latter make the least secret of his expectations. He openly avowed his belief that his son would follow in the path of the great minister, and one day attained the same distinction, a hazardous prophecy to indulge in, for though Pitt, Burke, and Fox were gone, and Sheridan had lost all his youthful brilliance, still the house was not deficient in men of talent, and might even boast of men of genius in Canning, Palmerston, and Romilly. In addition to these potent names were Tierney, Windham, Wilberforce, Whitbread, Castlereagh, Croker, Brougham, Henry Petty, Percival, Horner, Robinson, and Sir Henry Parnell, all either dangerous rivals or existing obstacles to a young man entering upon his career. Circumstances, however, favoured him. Canning and Castlereagh fought their absurd duel—as indeed what duel is not absurd?—and both in consequence quitted office. The Duke of Portland also resigned. Percival became prime minister, the Marquis of Wellesley, Lord Liverpool, and Lord Palmerston, forming the principal supports of the new cabinet. Parliament was about to meet, and at the very opening the disastrous expedition to Walcheren had to be defended, or palliated, in order to carry through the address. Peel was not yet two and twenty, and consequently with none of those advantages which experience alone can give, when the cabinet determined to entrust him with the seconding of the address, either in the hope of rebuking his ambition by failure, or perhaps urged to it by the wealth and influence of his father. If the former was the motive it was destined to be utterly defeated. His speech—and it was his first—proved in the highest degree spirited, and led to an animated debate which ended in the government obtaining a great majority. This took place on the 10th of January, 1810.

Shortly afterwards he spoke again upon the bringing up of the report of Lord Rochester's committee, condemnatory of the expedition to the Scheldt, and again for the rejection of the Livery of London petition with regard to the committal of Sir Francis Burdett. If in these speeches he felt short of the expectations he had raised, he as much went beyond them when upon the 18th of March, 1811, he spoke upon the Peninsular war, and defended Lord Wellington, exclaiming, with the prophetic spirit of one whose keen eye already discerned the future—"He could not help reminding the house that at this very hour Lord Wellington might be preparing for action to-morrow;

and when he reflected upon the venal abuse which had been disseminated against that illustrious character, he cherished sanguine expectations that the day would soon arrive when another transcendent victory would silence the tongue of envy and the cavils of party animosity; when the British commander would be hailed by the unanimous voice of his country with the sentiment addressed on a memorable occasion to another illustrious character—'*invidiam gloria superasti.*'"

This speech is said to have made a great impression upon the house, and so satisfied was Percival with it that he forthwith appointed the young orator Under Secretary of State for the Colonies. The same spirit of order and application, which had distinguished the boy at school and the youth at college, was not likely to desert his riper manhood. His attention to the business of his office was undeviating, and being further guided by an excellent judgment, the minister began to look upon him as a useful and promising adherent, and avowed his intention of soon bringing him into the cabinet. The untimely death, however, of Percival anticipated the execution of this project. On the 11th of May, 1812, he was shot by Bellingham in the lobby of the House of Commons, in revenge for the real or supposed neglect the assassin had experienced from the British ministry, though, as it appeared from his subsequent confession, his hatred was chiefly directed against Lord Leveson Gower, whom he would much rather have killed had he fallen in his way. A singular phenomenon is said to have been observed by the surgeons on the dissection of the body of this determined murderer, who, there can be little doubt, laboured under partial insanity. The expanding and contracting powers of the heart continued perceptible until one o'clock in the day, or in other words to be alive for four hours after he had been laid open, a tenacity of life which, if it be true, is without a parallel. Had this extraordinary vigour of the heart anything to do with the resolution he displayed from first to last, as well in the perpetration of the deed, as in the whole business of the execution?

On the 1st of June the Marquis of Wellesley was sent to form an administration; but upon his failure Lord Liverpool became Prime Minister, when amongst other changes Peel was appointed to the Chief Secretaryship for Ireland. He found the business of his new office in extreme confusion. This he immediately set about correcting, and in a short time as much order prevailed throughout the whole department as before there had

been disorder, while his courteous manners and evident desire to improve the trade of Ireland endeared him to all the merchants and manufacturers who had access to him.

By this time the Catholic question had become the great difficulty of the day with ministers. Although not so much felt in England, it had already created no little movement in the sister isle, where O'Connell, then in the vigour of his life, was rousing the whole country with one general cry of emancipation. Canning at length became convinced of the necessity of granting what the Irish demanded, and on the 22nd of June, 1812, he carried, by a majority of 234 to 106, a motion pledging the house to consider the Catholic claims in the ensuing session. On this occasion Peel voted in the minority, so that he appeared in Ireland as the decided opponent of the question which so deeply interested a vast majority of the people, but it was not until the year 1813, when Mr. Grattan moved for a committee to take the Catholic claims into consideration, that he spoke determinedly upon the subject. Those however, who were capable of looking into him with considerate eyes, must have seen that he was actuated in this by no jealous party spirit, for shortly afterwards in a debate upon the state of education in Ireland, he strongly argued for the right of the people to be taught.

The wisdom of the young statesman's views in this last matter could be as little doubted as the error of his policy in regard to Catholic emancipation. By the continued denial of this claim, the south of Ireland was brought in 1814 to a state closely bordering upon social disorganization. The Lord-Lieutenant had recourse to the simple expedient of force, suppressing the Catholic Board by proclamation, a measure which Peel strenuously defended, while he imputed the condition of the country to the agitators, and proposed to secure a better obedience to the laws by the appointment of superintending stipendiary magistrates and an organized police. This system was adopted, and in 1822 so extended that the constabulary of Ireland now forms an important addition to the standing army. In the meanwhile there occurred so deficient a harvest (1816) that to alleviate the famine, Peel obtained a treasury order for the admission of American flour free of duty; but notwithstanding this salutary measure distress and agrarian outrage increased on all sides, and, as if that had been a panacea for hunger, the cry became louder than ever for Catholic emancipation. On the 9th of May, 1817, Mr. Grattan again

brought the measure before the house. Peel replied to him, urging in a speech of unusual force and eloquence, that if this were once granted, the Catholics would use the political power thus attained to the destruction of the established church, and aspire, as was most natural, to the restoration of their own faith in all its early splendour. Henceforth the task of defending Catholic exclusion and Protestant ascendancy was chiefly entrusted to him; and session after session he had to fight the same battle, his opponents, like Anteus when he touched the ground, seemed to gather fresh strength from each defeat. His labours, however, did not go entirely without recompense. Shortly after the debate in 1817, when Mr. Speaker Abbott, M.P. for the University of Oxford, was raised to the peerage, notice was given to Christ Church of Peel's intention to contest the vacancy, and the seat was secured for him before Canning's friends commenced their canvass.

In the following year he resigned his office of Secretary for Ireland. We now come to one of the most important features of his political career.

When Peel first entered Parliament, he fully coincided with his father's views upon the subject of the currency, and in 1811 voted with Mr. Vansittart in favour of a paper resolution. But in 1819 we find him one of a committee appointed to consider the state of the Bank of England with reference to the expediency of resuming cash payments. On the 24th of May he brought forward the report, advising a short extension of the restrictive period, a gradual resumption of cash payments, to become entire on May 1st, 1823, and the immediate repeal of prohibitions against the exporting and melting coin. Two years and a half before the specified time, the Bank began to pay in gold and silver, and this measure, which emanated from Peel, and was most ably defended against the attacks of William Cobbett, gained the ministry such credit with the commercial world as enabled Lord Liverpool to keep his party in office for some time longer. He himself, however, had no share in the administration.

In the same year that the currency question was finally settled, great distress prevailed throughout the manufacturing districts, in consequence of which loud demands were made by the people for Parliamentary Reform, and the abolition of the Corn Laws. On the 13th of July an attempt was made to stem this torrent by a proclamation forbidding seditious meetings. But the poorer classes had suffered much, and the consequent spirit



of disaffection fomented by those who had their own views in it, was not to be so easily put down. The people gathered on the 18th of August from all the neighbouring places, and assembled on Peterloo Field, the site of the present Free Trade Hall in Manchester. The melancholy result is still well remembered; but there can be little doubt that the terror produced by it was eventually the means of saving much bloodshed. Peel himself defended the conduct of the Manchester magistrates, upon the ground of the secret societies among the people, and the dangers that might have followed had the meeting been allowed to pass without interruption.

In June, 1820, when Queen Caroline arrived in England, a bill of pains and penalties was introduced by the Ministry of the day to deprive her of her legal rank and privileges. In this measure Peel took no part; but on the 5th of February, 1821, he defended the government against the Marquis of Tavistock's motion, condemning their conduct towards the queen; at the same time he regretted the exclusion of her name from the Liturgy, and the refusal to comply with her demand for a palace and a ship of war, not as things being intrinsically important, but because the denial of them created an impression on the popular mind that the Queen was the object of persecution.

On the 28th February, 1821, Mr. Plunkett once again brought the Catholic claims before Parliament, in a speech that proved him worthy of being the successor of the celebrated Grattan. Peel, as usual, undertook the task of opposing Emancipation, but in the modified and somewhat wavering tone of his reply might be easily seen that he did not cleave to his old opinions with the same tenacity, or carry them to the same extent, that he had done before.

Towards the end of 1821 important changes took place in the ministry. Lord Sidmouth retired, and Peel again took office, but it was this time as Secretary of State for the Home Department. In this new and elevated post, he is said to have become exceedingly popular from his general urbanity of manners, while he fulfilled all its arduous duties with his usual regularity and perseverance. During the session, Lord John Russell brought forward his first motion for a reform in parliament, but the time was not yet ripe for so great a change, and upon this occasion Peel did not trouble himself to make more than a short reply. He, however, much distinguished himself on Canning's motion, "for the restoration

of Catholic Peers to their political privileges," though he still remained on what we should now certainly term the wrong side of the question.

Another was rising fast and bright in the political hemisphere. The death of Lord Londonderry in the August of 1822, brought Canning into the Foreign Office, but it was not until the eleventh hour, nor without visible signs of the deepest reluctance on the part of the aristocratic leaders, who at no time seem to have either loved or trusted Canning. In their excuse it must be said, that Pitt entertained precisely the same distrust of this highly gifted man, and we have the testimony of Lady Hester Stanhope to his having roundly declared that so long as he continued to be Prime Minister, Canning should never be admitted into office. It was a time, however, of constant struggle with a powerful opposition, and required all the talent the ministry could allure into their ranks. Only a short time before Canning's reelection, Brougham had called the attention of the House to the threatened invasion of Spain by a French army, at the instigation of the Holy Alliance. On the 14th of April, 1823, the new Minister of Foreign Affairs laid the diplomatic papers on the table of the House, and in the debates that resulted from it, and continued throughout the month, we find Peel rising in his place to defend the pacific policy of the Government against the opposition which was endeavouring to drive the country headlong into a war for the sake of Spain.

The noble principles he laid down shewed that a considerable change was going on in the political creed of the Tory minister; but the change was slow, after the usual caution of his temper, and in the meanwhile Canning was far outstripping him in the race of popularity. The latter was favourable to the Catholic claims; his foreign policy was of a more liberal and decisive character; and in the debate upon the money-crisis of that year it can hardly be denied that he surpassed Peel on the ground that was more peculiarly his own. But if Peel had in this instance seemed inferior to himself and the expectation of his friends, he soon afterwards retrieved his lost honours and came out all the brighter from this temporary eclipse. This was on the 9th of March, when he made one of his most brilliant speeches on the introduction of important measures for the consolidation and improvement of the criminal law.

On the 18th of February, 1827, Lord Liverpool was found senseless on the floor of his breakfast room in an apoplectic fit,

and to Peel was entrusted the duty of carrying the tidings to the King at Brighton. In April, Canning undertook to form an administration, and would fain have enlisted so able a supporter amongst his adherents; but Catholic Emancipation proved, if there were no other ground, a strong cause of division between them. Peel, however modified his views might be on that subject to what they had been, could not yet bring himself to form one in a ministry of which the head was avowedly favourable to the Catholic claims. Lord Eldon and the Duke of Wellington resigned. The ministry was however formed, but on the 8th of August, Canning died, and though it was then held together for awhile under Lord Goderich it broke up on the 8th of the following January, when the Duke of Wellington was again sent for, and Peel became Secretary for the Home Department.

On the 26th of February, 1828, Lord John Russell brought forward his motion for a repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts. Peel opposed the measure in a very cautious speech, all the arguments of which were more of a negative than an affirmative nature; he was not, he said, prepared to argue that the question was essentially interwoven with the protection of the Church of England, but then neither did he see how the Protestant Dissenters laboured under any practical grievance on account of their religious differences. The existing law merely gave a nominal preponderance to the Established Church, and there must be a preponderance of some sort. On the 18th of March he adopted the repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts as a government measure, proposing however to accompany it with a qualifying declaration of no great moment, and which seems to have been brought forward only as a salvo for the change in his opinions. This measure, as might have been expected led to Catholic Emancipation, which took place in the session of 1829, upon which occasion, he voted for the measure, not as being good in itself but because "he was willing to encounter the risk of contingent dangers rather than in the existing situation of the country endure not only the continuation but the aggravation of the present system." Having given this vote, which might be fairly considered as opposed to the wishes of Oxford, he resigned his seat on the 20th of February, and put it to the test by standing again for the University against Sir H. Inglis, when he lost his re-election by no very great majority—Inglis, 755; Peel, 609. He was not long however without a seat, being returned on the 3rd of March for Westbury, and on the last

day of the same month he brought up the Catholic Relief Bill to the Lords.

By the death of his father in the following year he became one of the richest commoners in England, and succeeded to the baronetage as well as the representation of Tamworth. In April the Wellington administration came to a close, Tories and Radicals being alike opposed to it, and chiefly owing to the extreme unpopularity of the Duke of Wellington at the time for his determined opposition to the reform for which the people were so clamorous. When, however, the Reform Bill had passed, Sir Robert, who had spoken most ably against it, at once accepted it as irrevocable, called upon his friends to fight the battle of the constitution in the Registration Courts, and applied himself to the formation of a powerful party.

In 1834, the Whig party fell to pieces by Lord Althorp, who was the leader in the House of Commons, resigning the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, which was speedily followed by Lord Grey's quitting the post of Prime Minister. King William then sent to Italy for Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Wellington holding the vacant office for him, and transacting well nigh all the business of the state.

The general election of 1834 gave no majority to Sir Robert. He was defeated on the election of Speaker, the Tithe question, and Appropriation Clause. Indeed his whole ministry may be said to have been one continued struggle for existence, and on the 8th of April, he resigned, when Lord Melbourne returned to office. He had however in this short period exhibited very superior abilities, and—most unusual thing—quitted office with increased reputation.

In 1836, Sir Robert was elected Rector of the University of Glasgow, an office to which he was fully entitled by his classical accomplishments, and in 1837, the Conservatives entertained him at a public dinner, three thousand guests sitting down at the table, upon which occasion his speech was by many thought to be the most eloquent he had ever delivered.

The Whigs being beaten on the Jamaica Bill in 1839, found themselves compelled to resign, when he was again sent for by the Queen, but declined taking office unless her Majesty dismissed the ladies of her household. Lord Melbourne, who again became Prime Minister, soon found himself unable to retain office, when Sir Robert was a third time sent for and formed an administration. At this juncture the greatest distress ever known prevailed in the country, and Sir Robert giving up the cause of protection, introduced his new

corn law, and reduced the duties upon a variety of articles, and to supply the present deficiency of revenue proposed an income-tax to last three years. It would be foreign to our plan to argue upon the comprehensive change of policy, or upon the discussions to which it gave rise, but we may be allowed to say that this great man, whether right or wrong in his measures, was the minister of the Queen and nation, and not of any party.

Sir Robert Peel married, in 1820, Julia, youngest daughter of General Sir John Floyd, Bart., and leaves issue:—Robert, the present Baronet, born the 4th May, 1822; Secretary of Legation in Switzerland. Frederick, M.P. for Leominster, born 26th October, 1823. William, born 2nd November, 1824; Captain, R.N. John Floyd, born 24th May, 1829; in the Scots Fusilier Guards. Arthur Wellesley, born the 3rd August, 1829. Julia, married in July, 1841, to Viscount Villiers, eldest son of the Earl of Jersey, and Eliza. Sir Robert was thrown from his horse on the 29th June, and died on the

2nd July from the injuries he had received.

SAMUEL ELIAS SAWBRIDGE, ESQ., OF  
OLANTIGH, KENT.

This respected and deeply-lamented gentleman was Colonel of the East Kent Militia, and twice sat in Parliament for Canterbury. He was son and heir of the late Alderman John Sawbridge, M.P. for London, and Lord Mayor in 1775; and great-grandson of Jacob Sawbridge, Esq., M.P., one of the Directors of the South Sea Company, in the memorable year 1720, who purchased, temp. Queen Anne, from the Thornhill family, the estate and seat of Olantigh, in Kent.

Colonel Sawbridge was born in 1769, and married, in 1794, Elizabeth, daughter of Brabazon Ellis, Esq., of Wyddial Hall, Herts, and had issue five sons and three daughters. Of the former, the eldest, John Samuel Wanley, having married the heiress of Richard Erle Drax Grosvenor, Esq., of Charborough Park, Dorset, is the present J. S. W. Sawbridge Erle Drax, Esq., M.P.

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