CURIOUS MARRIAGES

AND

INSTANCES OF LONGEVITY.

COMPILED BY

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EXTRAORDINARY MARRIAGES.

Among the many remarkable marriages on record, none are more curious than those in which the bridegroom has proved to be of the same sex as the bride. Last century there lived a woman who dressed in male attire, and was constantly going about captivating her sisters, and marrying them! On the 5th of July, 1777, she was tried at a criminal court in London for thus disguising herself, and it was proved that at various times she had been married to three women, and "defrauded them of their money and their clothes." The fair deceiver was required by the justices to give the daughters of the citizens an opportunity of making themselves acquainted with her features by standing in the pillory at Cheapside: and after going through this ordeal, she was imprisoned for six months. In 1773 a woman went courting a woman, dressed as a man, and was very favorably received. The lady to whom these not very delicate attentions were

paid was much older than the lover, but she was possessed of about a hundred pounds, and this was the attraction to her adventurous friend. But the intended treachery was discovered; and, as the original chronicler of the story says, "the old lady proved too knowing." A more extraordinary case than either of these was that of two women who lived together by mutual consent as man and wife for six-and-thirty years. They kept a public-house at Poplar, and the "wife," when on her death-bed, for the first time told her relatives the fact concerning her marriage. The writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (1776) who records the circumstances, states that "both had been crossed in love when young, and had chosen this method to avoid further importunities." It seems, however, that the truth was suspected, for the "husband" subsequently charged a man with extorting money from her under the threat of disclosing the secret, and for this offence he was sentenced to stand three times in the pillory, and to undergo four years' imprisonment.

It is usually considered a noteworthy circumstance for a man or woman to have been married three times, but of old this number would have been thought little of. St. Jerome mentions a widow that married her twenty-second husband, who in his turn had been married to twenty wives—surely an experienced couple! A woman named Elizabeth Masi, who died at Florence in 1768, had been married to seven husbands, all of whom she outlived. She married the last of the seven at the age of 70. When on her death-bed she recalled the good and

bad points in each of her husbands, and having impartially weighed them in the balance, she singled out her fifth spouse as the favorite, and desired that her remains might be interred near his. The death of a soldier is recorded in 1784 who had had five wives; and his widow, aged 90, wept over the grave of her fourth husband. The writer who mentioned these facts naïvely added: "The said soldier was much attached to the marriage state." There is an account of a gentleman who had been married to four wives, and who lived to be 115 years old. When he died he left twenty-three "children" alive and well, some of the said children being from three to four score. A gentleman died at Bordeaux in 1772, who had been married sixteen times.

In July 1768 a couple were living in Essex who had been married eighty-one years, the husband being 107, and the wife 103 years of age. At the church of St. Clement Danes, in 1772, a woman of 85 was married to her sixth husband.

Instances are by no means rare of affectionate attachment existing between man and wife over a period longer than is ordinarily allotted to human life. In the middle of the last century a farmer of Nottingham died in his 107th year. Three days afterwards his wife died also, aged 97. They had lived happily together upwards of eighty years. About the same time a yeoman of Coal-pit Heath, Gloucestershire, died in his 104th year. The day after his funeral his wife expired at the age of 115; they had been married eighty-one years.

The announcements of marriages published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* during the greater part of last century included a very precise statement of the portions brought by the brides. Here are a few of such notices:

"Mr. N. Tillotson, an eminent preacher among the people called Quakers, and a relative of Archbishop Tillotson, to Miss ——, with £7,000."

"Mr. P. Bowen to Miss Nicholls, of Queenhithe, with £10,000."

"Sir George C. to the widow Jones, with £1,000 a-year, besides ready money."

The following announcement follows the notice of a marriage in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for November 1774:—"They at the same time ordered the sexton to make a grave for the interment of the lady's father, then dead." This was unusual; but a stranger scene took place at St. Dunstan's church on one occasion, during the performance of the marriage ceremony. The bridegroom was a carpenter, and he followed the service devoutly enough until the words occurred, "With this ring I thee wed." He repeated these, and then shaking his fist at the bride added, "And with this fist I'll break thy head." The clergyman refused to proceed, but, says the account, "the fellow declared he meant no harm," and the confiding bride "believed he did but jest," whereupon the service was completed. A still more unpleasant affair for the lady once happened. A young couple went to get married, but found on their arrival at church that they had not money to pay the customary fees. The

clergyman not being inclined to give credit, the bridegroom went out to get the required sum, while the lady waited in the vestry. During his walk the lover changed his mind, and never returned to the church. The young girl waited two hours for him, and then departed,—"Scot free," dryly remarks one narrator. A bridegroom was once arrested at the church door on the charge of having left a wife and family chargeable to another parish, "to the great grief and shame of the intended bride."

In Scotland, in the year 1749, there was married the "noted bachelor, W. Hamilton." He was so deformed that he was utterly unable to walk. The chronicler draws a startling portrait of the man: "His legs were drawn up to his ears, his arms were twisted backwards, and almost every member was out of joint." Added to these peculiarities, he was eighty years of age, and was obliged to be carried to church on men's shoulders. Nevertheless his bride was fair, and only twenty years of age! A wedding once took place in Berkshire under remarkable circumstances: the bridegroom was of the mature age of eighty-five, the bride eighty-three, and the bridesmaids each upwards of seventy—neither of these damsels having been married. Six grand-daughters of the bridegroom strewed flowers before the "happy couple," and four grandsons of the bride sung an epithalamium composed by the parish clerk on the occasion. On the 5th February, in the eighteenth year of Elizabeth (corresponding to 1576), Thomas Filsby, a deaf man, was

married in St. Martin's parish, Leicester. Seeing that, on account of his natural infirmity, he could not, for his part, observe the order of the form of marriage, some peculiarities were introduced into the ceremony, with the approbation of the Bishop of Lincoln, the commissary Dr. Chippendale, and the Mayor of Leicester. "The said Thomas, for expressing of his mind, instead of words, of his own accord used these signs: first he embraced her [the bride, Ursula Russet] with his arms; took her by the hand and put a ring on her finger; and laid his hand upon his heart, and held up his hands towards heaven; and, to show his continuance to dwell with her to his life's end, he did it by closing his eyes with his hands, and digging the earth with his feet, and pulling as though he would ring a bell, with other signs approved." At the more recent marriage of a deaf and dumb young man at Greenock, the only singularity was in the company. The bridegroom, his three sisters, and two young men with them were all deaf and dumb. There is a case mentioned in Dodsley's *Annual Register* of an ostler at a tavern in Spilsby who walked with his intended wife all the way to Gretna Green to get married—240 miles.

Some of the most remarkable marriages that have ever taken place are those in which the brides came to the altar partly, or in many cases entirely, divested of clothing. It was formerly a common notion that if a man married a woman *en chemisette* he was not liable for her debts; and in *Notes and Queries* there is an account by a clergyman of the celebration of such a marriage some

few years ago. He tells us that, as nothing was said in the rubric about the woman's dress, he did not think it right to refuse to perform the marriage service. At Whitehaven a wedding was celebrated under the same circumstances, and there are several other instances on record.

A curious example of compulsory marriage once took place in Clerkenwell. A blind woman, forty years of age, conceived a strong affection for a young man who worked in a house near to her own, and whose "hammering" she could hear early and late. Having formed an acquaintance with him, she gave him a silver watch and other presents, and lent him £10 to assist him in his business. The recipient of these favors waited on the lady to thank her, and intimated that he was about to leave London. This was by no means what the blind woman wanted, and as she was determined not to lose the person whose industrial habits had so charmed her, she had him arrested for the debt of £10 and thrown into prison. While in confinement she visited him, and offered to forgive him the debt, on condition that he married her. Placed in this strait, the young man chose what he deemed the least of the two evils, and married his "benefactress," as the writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* calls her. The men who arrested him gave the bride away at the altar. In 1767 a young blacksmith of Bedford was paying his addresses to a maiden, and upon calling to see her one evening was asked by her mother, what was the use of marrying a girl without

money? Would it not be better for him to take a wife who could bring £500? The blacksmith thought it would, and said he should be "eternally obliged" to his adviser if she could introduce him to such a prize. "I am the person, then," said the mother of his betrothed, and we are told that "the bargain was struck immediately." Upon the return of the girl, she found her lover and parent on exceedingly good terms with each other, and they were subsequently married. The bride was sixty-four years of age, and the bridegroom eighteen. This disparity of years is comparatively trifling. A doctor of eighty was married to a young woman of twenty-eight; a blacksmith of ninety (at Worcester, 1768) to a girl of fifteen; a gentleman of Berkshire, aged seventy-six, to a girl whom his *third* wife had brought up. The husband had children living "thrice the age" of his fourth wife. At Hill farm, in Berkshire, a blind woman of ninety years was married to her ploughman, aged twenty; a gentleman of Worcester, upwards of eighty-five, to a girl of eighteen; a soldier of ninety-five, "who had served in King William's wars, and had a ball in his nose," to a girl of fifteen. In 1769 a woman of Rotherhithe, aged seventy, was married to a young man aged twenty-three—just half a century difference between their ages. A girl of sixteen married a gentleman of ninety-four—but he had £50,000.

CONNECTION OF DISTANT AGES BY THE LIVES OF INDIVIDUALS.

The shortness at once and speed of human life are brought strongly before our minds when we cast the simplest look back upon our own career, find ourselves grandfathers so long before what appears the proper time, and finally discover that we are about to leave the world with not half of our plans and wishes accomplished. The matter is also very pointedly illustrated by the great changes which every one finds in the *personnel* of his surrounding world every ten years or so; the boys become men, the little girls now reckoning each their two or three babies, the matronly hostesses who used to sit at the heads of hospitable tables now retired into quiet dowagerhood, the vigorous mature men now becoming shaky and unfit for business, the old and venerable now to be found only in the churchyard! On the other hand, one sometimes get an exhilaration as to human life and his own individual prospects, by instances of lives at once remarkably protracted and attended by singular health and vigor. To find a Brougham at eighty-two heading a great social gathering like that which took place at Glasgow in September 1860, or a Lyndhurst at eighty-eight pouring out the words of experience and sagacity in the House of Lords for four hours at a time, is felt by all younger persons as a moral glass

of champagne. The day looks brighter by our even hearing such a fact alluded to. And the reason obviously is that we get from such facts a conviction of pleasant possibilities for ourselves. We all feel that such *may*, in favoring circumstances, be our own case. It seems to imply that Time is, after all, not so deadly an enemy to us as he is generally represented: if we use him well, he will use us well. There is, moreover, a spirit in man which gives him the desire and the power to resist the influence of surrounding agencies. We delight to brave cold, hunger, fatigue, and danger. The unconquerable will joyfully hardens itself to throw off the common effects of life's many evils. It is a joy to this spirit to find that some valorous souls can and do live on, and on, and on so long, seeming as if they had acquired some mastery over fate itself—that Power—"*nil miserantis Orci*,"—before which, alas, we must all fall sooner or later.

There is, we must admit, a limit to this satisfaction; for when life becomes in any instance protracted to a decidedly extraordinary extent, the individual necessarily feels himself amongst strangers—perhaps helplessly dependent on them—the voice of every youthful companion hushed—wife, perhaps even children, removed from his side—new things in which he has no part or vocation all around him. Then, indeed, it were better for him to follow those who have gone before. Yet, while the spectacle of such a superfluous relic of past ages gives us, of course, little pleasure in the contempla-

tion, and can inspire us with no pleasant anticipations, it may become a matter of considerable interest to a mind which dwells upon time with a regard to either its historical or its sentimental relations.

For example, while no one could wish to imitate the recently deceased American, Ralph Farnham, in length of days—the fact being that he lived to 107—no one could see him, as the Prince of Wales did in November 1860, and reflect that here was still in the body one of the little civic band which defended Bunker Hill in 1775, without feelings of extreme interest. Such a man, thus so long surviving the multitude amongst whom he once acted, becomes to us as one returned from the dead. He ought to be a shadow and a recollection, and behold he is a reality! The whole story of the War of American Independence is now so far removed into the region of history, that any living link between it and the present time is necessarily heard of with extreme surprise. Yet Lord Lyndhurst, who still (1862) takes a part in our public affairs, was born in Boston, a British subject, the State of Massachusetts being then and for some years later a British province.

The affair of the *Forty-five* precedes the struggle for American Independence by thirty years; yet even that event is brought into apparent closeness to us by many surprising connections. There were still one or two Culloden men living when George IV. was king: one came to see him at Holyrood in 1822, and greeted him as "the last of his enemies." It is worth noting that an uncle

of the present Lord Torphichen (1862) was an officer in the royal army in 1745, was present at the battle of Prestonpans, and is noted by Dr. Carlyle in his *Autobiography* as the only wounded man on the king's side who was carried to Bankton House, all the other wounded people taken there being Highlanders. [Lord Torphichen, however, had another *uncle*, who, when a boy in 1720, was supposed to be bewitched, and thus was the cause of a fast being held in Calder parish, and of three or four poor persons being imprisoned under suspicion of sorcery!] That there should be now moving in society in Edinburgh a lady whose father-in-law attended the Prince in his wanderings, does not call for particular remark. It becomes more startling to hear Mr. Andrew Coventry, of Edinburgh, a gentleman in the vigor of life, speak of having dined with the *mother-in-law* of the gallant Charles Edward. He did so in 1823, at the house of Mr. Bethmann in Frankfort. This lady was the Princess Stolberg, then ninety years of age. Her daughter, the Princess Louisa de Stolberg, had married the Prince about fifty years before. It appears from a note in Earl Stanhope's History of England, that his lordship also was introduced to the Princess at Frankfort. He states that she was "still lively and agreeable," and that she lived till 1826. "It is singular," his lordship very naturally adds, "that a man born eighty-five years after the Chevalier, should have seen his mother-in-law."

When George IV. acceded to the throne in 1820, he

had occasion to remark a very curious circumstance connecting his reign with one which we are accustomed to consider as remote. The decorations of the Order of the Garter, which then returned to the king from his deceased father, had only been worn by two persons since the reign of Charles II.! By that monarch they had been conferred upon the Duke of Somerset—he who was commonly called the proud Duke—and by him they had been retained till his death in 1748, when they were conferred upon the young Prince of Wales, subsequently George III. The entire time embraced by the two tenures of the honor was about a hundred and forty years. It was remarkable of the Duke of Somerset, that he figured in the pageants and politics of six reigns. "At the funeral of Charles II., he was one of the supporters of the chief mourner, Prince George of Denmark. He carried the orb at the coronation of James II.; at the coronation of William and Mary, he bore the queen's crown. At the funeral of King William, he was again one of the supporters of the chief mourner, Prince George; and at the coronations of Queen Anne, George I., and George II., he carried the orb." Mr. Jesse, in relating these circumstances a few years ago, makes the remark, that there might be individuals still living, who had conversed with the Duke of Somerset, who had conversed with Charles II.

Lord Campbell quotes, in his *Lives of the Chief Justices*, the statement of the Earl of Mansfield to Mr. Murray of Henderland, about 1787, that "he had conversed

with a man who was present at the execution of the Blessed Martyr." Mr. Murray, who died a very few years ago, accompanies his report of this statement with the remark, "How wonderful it seems that there should be only one person between me and him who saw Charles' head cut off!" Perhaps this is scarcely so wonderful as that the mother of Sir Walter Scott, who survived 1820, had seen a person who had seen Cromwell make his entry into Edinburgh in 1650; on which occasion, by the way, the individual in question remarked nothing in the victor of Dunbar but the extraordinary magnitude of his nose! It was also quite as singular that Charles James Fox, who might have lived to attend the levees of Queen Victoria without being much older than Lord Lyndhurst now is, had an uncle in office as joint paymaster of the forces in 1679! This last person was a son of Sir Stephen Fox by his first marriage. All Sir Stephen's first family having predeceased him, he wedded in his old age, in Queen Anne's time, a healthy young woman, the daughter of a Lincolnshire clergyman, and by her left two sons, one of whom was the father of Charles James.

Dr. Routh, who died December 22, 1854, President of Magdalen College, Oxford, in the hundredth year of his age, "knew Dr. Theophilus Leigh, Master of Baliol, the contemporary of Addison, who had pointed out to him the situation of Addison's rooms: and he had been told by a lady of her aunt, who had seen Charles II. walking round the parks at Oxford (when the Parliament was

held there during the plague of London) with his dogs, and turning by the cross path to the other side when he saw the heads of horses coming."—*Times*, Dec. 25, 1854.

One more such case may be noticed in reference to the reign of Charles II. Dr. John Mackenzie, who had been Burns's medical attendant at Mauchline, and who died in Edinburgh in 1841 at no very advanced age, had attended professionally a lady of rank who was born eight years before the death of the Merry Monarch. This was the Countess of London, widow of the third Earl. She was born in 1677 and died in 1777, having attained the venerable age of a hundred.

Elizabeth, Countess Dowager of Hardwicke, who died May 26, 1858, was daughter of a person who had been a naval officer of Queen Anne, and a rebel at the battle of Sheriffmuir, namely, James, fifth Earl of Balcarres. This venerable lady could have said that at her grandfather's first marriage King Charles gave away the bride; an event which took place nearly a hundred and ninety years before her own death.

This marriage, by the way, was a remarkable one. The young Colin, Earl of Balcarres, was obtaining for his bride a young Dutch lady, Mauritia de Nassau, daughter of a natural son of Maurice, Prince of Orange. "The Prince of Orange, afterwards William III., presented his fair kinswoman on this joyful occasion with a pair of magnificent emerald ear-rings, as his wedding gift. The day arrived, the noble party were assembled in the church, and the bride was at the altar; but, to the dis-

may of the company, no bridegroom appeared! The volatile Colin had forgotten the day of his marriage, and was discovered in his night-gown and slippers, quietly eating his breakfast! Thus far the tale is told with a smile on the lip, but many a tear was shed at the conclusion. Colin hurried to the church, but in his haste left the ring in his writing-case;—a friend in the company gave him one,—the ceremony went on, and, without looking at it, he placed it on the finger of his fair young bride;—it was a mourning-ring, with the mort-head and cross-bones. On perceiving it at the close of the ceremony, she fainted away, and the evil omen had made such an impression on her mind, that, on recovering, she declared she should die within the year, and her presentiment was too truly fulfilled.

When Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, in 1840, made a tour in Ireland, in order to prepare the beautiful book regarding that country which they afterwards published, they were startled one day by finding themselves in the company of a gentleman of the county of Antrim, who could tell them that his father had been at the battle of the Boyne, fought exactly a hundred and fifty years before. The latter was fifteen at the time of the battle. He lived a bachelor life till, on approaching old age, he overheard one day some young collateral relations talking rather too freely of what they would do with his property after his death; whereupon, in disgust, he took an early opportunity of marrying, and became the father of the gentleman in question. It is even more remarkable that Mau-

rice O'Connell, of Derrynane, who died in 1825 at the age of 99, knew Daniel M'Carthy, who had been at the battle of Aughrim (July 12, 1691),—who was indeed the first man to run away from it,—but who, being 108 at his death, in 1740, might have equally well remembered Cromwell's massacre at Drogheda, in 1649. The gentleman who relates this fact in the *Notes and Queries*, says: "I remember being told in the county of Clare, about 1828, of an individual then lately deceased, who remembered the siege of Limerick by General Ginkle, and the news of the celebrated Treaty of Limerick (October 3, 1691)."

If we go back to any former period of British history, we shall find precisely similar linkings of remote ages by the lives of individuals. Lettice, Countess of Leicester, who died in 1634, was born about 1539; consequently might have remembered Henry VIII., whose queen, Anne Boleyn, was her great aunt. To pursue the remarks of a contemporary writer, "during the reign of Edward VI., the young Lettice was still a girl; but Sir Francis Knollys, her father, was about the court, and Lettice no doubt saw and was acquainted with the youthful sovereign. The succession of Mary threw the family of Lettice into the shade. As a relative of the Boleyns, and the child of a Puritan, she could expect no favor from the daughter of Catherine of Aragon; but Mary and Philip were doubtless personally known to her. At Elizabeth's succession, Lettice was in her eighteenth year, and in all the beauty of opening womanhood. About 1566, at the

age of twenty-six, she was married to the young Walter Devereux, Viscount Hereford, created Earl of Essex in 1572. He died in 1576, and in 1578 his beautiful Countess was secretly married to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. The great favorite died in 1588, and within the year of her weeds Lettice was again married to an unthrifty knight of doubtful character, Sir Christopher Blount. In 1601, Lettice became a widow for the third time: her husband was a party to the treasonable madness of her son, and both suffered on the scaffold. Such accumulated troubles would have sufficed to kill an ordinary woman; but Lettice retired to Drayton Bassett, and lived on in spite of her sorrows. In James's time her connections were in favor. She came up to London to share the smiles of the new dynasty, and to contest for her position as Countess of Leicester against the base-born son of her predecessor in the Earl's affections. At James's death she had attained the age of eighty-five, with faculties unimpaired. We may imagine that she was introduced to the new sovereign. The grandmother of the Earls of Holland and Warwick, and the relation of half the court, would naturally attract the attention and share the courtesies of the lively Henrietta and the grave, stately, formal Charles. He was the sixth English sovereign (or the seventh if Philip be counted) whom she had seen. The last few years of her life were passed at Drayton:

> "'Where she spent her days so well,
> That to her the better sort
> Came as to an holy court,

And the poor that lived near
Dearth nor famine could not fear
Whilst she lived.'

"Until a year or two of her death, we are told that she 'could yet walk a mile of a morning.' She died on Christmas Day in 1634, at the age of ninety-four.

"Lettice was one of a long-lived race. Her father lived till 1596, and one of her brothers attained the age of eighty-six, and another that of ninety-nine.

"There is nothing incredible, nor even very extraordinary, in the age attained by the Countess Lettice; but even her years will produce curious results if applied to the subject of possible transmission of knowledge through few links. I will give one example: Dr. Johnson, who was born in 1709, might have known a person who had seen the Countess Lettice. If there are not now, there were amongst us, within the last three or four years, persons who knew Dr. Johnson. There might therefore be only two links between ourselves and the Countess Lettice, who saw Henry VIII."

Even these cases, remarkable as they are when viewed by themselves, sink into comparative unimportance before some others now to be adverted to.

The first gives us a connection between the time of Cromwell and that of Queen Victoria by only two lives. William Horrocks, born in 1657, one year before the death of the Protector, was married at the usual time of life, and had a family. His wife was employed as a nurse in the family of the Chethams at Castleton Hall, near

Rochdale. In 1741, when eighty-four years of age, he married for a second wife a woman of twenty-six, who, as his housekeeper, had treated him with a remarkable degree of kindness. The circumstance attracted some share of public attention, and the Chetham family got portraits of the pair painted, to be retained in their mansion as a curiosity; which portraits were not long ago, and probably still are, in existence. To William Horrocks in 1744 there was born a son, named James, who lived down to the year 1844, on a small farm at Harwood, about three miles from Bolton. This remarkable centenarian, who could say that he had a brother born in the reign of Charles II., and that his father first drew breath as a citizen of the Commonwealth, is described as having been wonderfully well-preserved down almost to the last. At ninety, he had one day walked twenty-one miles, returning from Newton, where he had been recording his vote at an election.

The second case we have in store for the reader is a French one, and quite as remarkable as the preceding. It may first be stated in this form: a lady, who might be described as a niece of Mary Queen of Scots, died so lately as 1713. She was the widow of the Duc d'Angoulême, a natural son of Charles IX., king of France, who died in 1574, so that she survived her father-in-law a hundred and thirty-nine years. At the time when she left the world, a sixth generation of the posterity of Mary (Prince Frederick, father of George III.) was a boy of five years.

A third case may be thus stated: A man residing in

Aberdeenshire, within the recollection of people still living there, not only had witnessed some of the transactions of the Civil War, but he had seen a man who was connected with the battle of Flodden, fought in September, 1513. The person in question was Peter Garden, who died at Auchterless in 1775, aged 131. When a youth, he had accompanied his master to London, and there saw Henry Jenkins, who died in 1670, at the extraordinary age of 169. Jenkins, as a boy, had carried a horse-load of arrows to Northallerton, to be employed by the English army in resisting the invasion of James IV. of Scotland, and which were in reality soon after used at the battle of Flodden. Here two lives embraced events extending over two hundred and sixty-two years!

MARRIAGE FORTUNES.

Under the 15th March 1735, the *Gentleman's Magazine* records—"John Parry, Esq., of Carmarthenshire, (married) to a daughter of Walter Lloyd, Esq., member for that county; a fortune of £8,000." It seems to us indecorous thus to trumpet forth a little domestic particular, of no importance to any but the persons concerned; but it was a regular custom in the reign of George II., and even considerably later. There is scarcely a single number of the magazine here quoted which does not include several such announcements, sometimes accompanied by other curious particulars. For example, in 1731, we have—"Married, the Rev. Mr. Roger Waina, of York, about twenty-six years of age, to a Lincolnshire lady, upwards of eighty, with whom he is to have £8,000 in money, £300 per annum, and a coach-and-four during life only." What would now be matter of gossip in the locality of the marriage was then deemed proper information for the whole community. Thus, in March 1735, the *Gentleman's Magazine* gives this *annonce*—"The Earl of Antrim, of Ireland, to Miss Betty Pennefeather, a celebrated beauty and toast of that kingdom." It is to be feared that Miss Betty Pennefeather was without fortune; otherwise it would have been sure to be stated, or at least alluded to.

Towards the end of the century, such announcements

were given with less glaring precision. Thus in the *Gazette* of January 5, 1789, we find—"Sunday se'nnight, at St. Aulkman's Church, Shrewsbury, A. Holbeche, Esq., of Slowley Hill, near Coleshill, in this county, to Mrs. Ashby, of Shrewsbury, a very agreeable lady, *with a good fortune.*" On the 2d of January 1792—"Yesterday, at St. Martin's Church, William Lucas, Esq., of Hollywell, in Northamptonshire, to Miss Legge, only daughter of the late Mr. Francis Legge, builder, of this town; an agreeable young lady, *with a handsome fortune.*" And on the 29th of October 1798—"A few days ago, at St. Martin's Church, in this town, Mr. William Barnsley, of Soho, to Miss Sarah Jorden, of Birmingham Heath; an agreeable young lady, *with a genteel fortune.*" In other cases, where possibly the bride was penniless, her personal qualifications alone were mentioned; as this, in April 1783—["MARRIED] on Saturday last, Mr. George Donisthorpe, to the *agreeable* Mrs. Mary Bowker, both of this town."

One of the latest notices of the kind occurs in *Aris's Birmingham Gazette*, of July 14, 1800, being that of the Right Hon. Mr. Canning, Under Secretary of State to Miss Scott, sister to the Marchioness of Titchfield, "*with* £100,000 *fortune.*"

ANCIENT WIDOWS.

JANUARY 22, 1753, died at Broomlands, near Kelso, Jean, Countess of Roxburgh, aged 96. No way remarkable in herself, this lady was notable in some external circumstances. She had undergone one of the longest widowhoods of which any record exists—no less than seventy-one years; for her first and only husband, Robert, third Earl of Roxburgh, had been lost in the *Gloucester* frigate, in coming down to Scotland with the Duke of York, on the 7th of May, 1682. She must also have been one of the last surviving persons born under the Commonwealth. Her father, the first Marquis of Tweeddale, fought at Long Marston Moor in 1644.

Singular as a widowhood of seventy-one years must be esteemed, it is not unexampled, if we are to believe a sepulchral inscription in Camberwell Church, relating to Agnes Skuner, who died in 1499, at the age of 119, having survived her husband, Richard Skuner, *ninety-two years!*

These instances of long-enduring widowhoods lead us by association of ideas to a noble lady who, besides surviving her husband without second nuptials during a very long time, was further noted for reaching a much more extraordinary age. Allusion is here made to the celebrated Countess of Desmond, who is usually said to have died early in the seventeenth century, after seeing

a hundred and forty years. There has latterly been a disposition to look with doubt on the alleged existence of this venerable person; and the doubt has been strengthened by the discovery that an alleged portrait of her, published by Pennant, proves to be in reality one of Rembrandt's mother. There is, however, very fair evidence that such a person did live, and to a very great age. Bacon, in his *Natural History*, alludes to her as a person recently in life. "They tell a tale," says he, "of the old Countess of Desmond, who lived till she was seven score years old, that she did *dentire* [produce teeth] twice or thrice; casting her old teeth, and others coming in their place." Sir Walter Raleigh, moreover, in his *History of the World*, says: "I myself *knew* the old Countess of Desmond, of Inchiquin, in Munster, who lived in the year 1589, and many years since, who was married in Edward the Fourth's time, and held her jointure from all the Earls of Desmond since then; and that this is true all the noblemen and gentlemen in Munster can witness." Raleigh was in Ireland in 1589, on his homeward voyage from Portugal, and might then form the personal acquaintance of this aged lady.

We have another early reference to the Countess from Sir William Temple, who, speaking of cases of longevity, writes as follows: "The late Robert, Earl of Leicester, who was a person of great learning and observation, as well as of truth, told me several stories very extraordinary upon this subject; one of a Countess of Desmond, married out of England in Edward IV.'s time, and who

lived far in King James's reign, and was counted to have died some years above a hundred and forty; at which age she came from Bristol to London, to beg some relief at Court, having long been very poor by reason of the ruin of that Irish family into which she was married."

Several portraits alleged to represent the old Countess of Desmond are in existence: one at Knowle in Kent; another at Bedgebury, near Cranbrook, the seat of A. J. Beresford-Hope, Esq.; and a third in the house of Mr. Herbert at Mucross Abbey, Killarney. On the back of the last is the following inscription: "Catharine Countesse of Desmonde, as she appeared at y^e^ court of our Sovraigne Lord King James, in this preasent A.D. 1614, and in y^e^ 140th yeare of her age. Thither she came from Bristol to seek relief, y^e^ house of Desmonde having been ruined by Attainder. She was married in the Reigne of King Edward IV., and in y^e^ course of her long Pilgrimage renewed her teeth twice. Her principal residence is at Inchiquin in Munster, whither she undoubtedlye proposeth (her purpose accomplished) incontinentlie to return. Laus Deo." Another portrait considered to be that of the old Countess of Desmond has long been in the possession of the Knight of Kerry. The existence of so many pictures of old date, all alleged to represent Lady Desmond, though some doubt may rest on them all, forms at least a corroborative evidence of her existence. It may here be remarked that the inscription on the back of the Mucross portrait is most probably a production, not of her own day, as it pretends to be, but of

some later time. On a review of probabilities, with which we need not tire the reader, it seems necessary to conclude that the old Countess died in 1604, and that she never performed the journey in question to London. Most probably, the Earl of Leicester mistook her in that particular for the widow of the forfeited Garrett, Earl of Desmond, of whom we shall presently have to speak.

The question as to the existence of the so-called Old Countess of Desmond was fully discussed a few years ago by various writers in the *Notes and Queries*, and finally subjected to a thorough sifting in an article in the *Quarterly Review*, evidently the production of one well acquainted with Irish family history. The result was a satisfactory identification of the lady with Katherine Fitzgerald, of the Fitzgeralds of Dromana, in the county of Waterford, the second wife of Thomas, twelfth Earl of Desmond, who died at an advanced age in the year 1534. The family which her husband represented was one of immense possessions and influence—able to bring an array of five or six thousand men into the field; but it went to ruin in consequence of the rebellion of Garrett, the sixteenth Earl, in 1579. Although Countess Katherine was not the means of carrying on the line of the family, she continued in her widowhood to draw her jointure from its wealth; did so even after its forfeiture. Thus a state paper dated 1589 enumerates, among the forfeitures of the attainted Garrett, "the castle and manor of Inchiquin, now in the hands of Katherine Fitz-John, late wife to Thomas, sometyme Earl of Des-

mond, for terme of lyef as for her dower." It appears that Raleigh had good reason to know the aged lady, as he received a grant out of the forfeited Desmond property, with the obligation to plant it with English families; and we find him excusing himself for the non-fulfilment of this engagement by saying, "There remaynes unto me but an old castle and demayne, which are yet in occupation of the old Countess of Desmond for her jointure."

After all, Raleigh did lease at least two portions of the lands, one to John Cleaver, another to Robert Reve, both in 1589, for rents which were to be of a certain amount "after the decease of the Lady Cattelyn, old Countess Dowager of Desmond, widow," as the documents show.

Another important contemporary reference to the old Countess is that made by the traveller Fynes Morrison, who was in Ireland from 1599 to 1603, and was, indeed, shipwrecked on the very coast where the aged lady lived. He says in his *Itinerary:* "In our time the Countess of Desmond lived to the age of about one hundred and forty years, being able to go on foot four or five miles to the market-town, and using weekly so to do in her last years; and not many years before she died, she had all her teeth renewed." After hearing on such good authority of her ladyship's walking powers, we may the less boggle at the tradition regarding the manner of her death, which has been preserved by the Earl of Leicester. According to him, the old lady might have drawn on the thread of life somewhat longer than she did, but for an accident. "She

must needs," says he, "climb a nut-tree to gather nuts; so, falling down, she hurt her thigh, which brought a fever, and that brought death."

It is plain that, if the Countess was one hundred and forty in 1604, she must have been born in the reign of Edward IV. in 1464, and might be married in his reign, which did not terminate till 1483. It might also be that the tradition about the Countess was true, that she had danced at the English Court with the Duke of Gloucester (Richard III.), of whom it is said she used to affirm that "he was the handsomest man in the room except his brother Edward, and was very well made."

FLEET MARRIAGES.

The *Weekly Journal* of June 29, 1723, says: "From an inspection into the several registers for marriages kept at the several alehouses, brandyshops, &c., within the Rules of the Fleet Prison, we find no less than thirty-two couples joined together from Monday to Thursday last without licenses, contrary to an express act of parliament against clandestine marriages, that lays a severe fine of £200 on the minister so offending, and £100 each on the persons so married in contradiction to the said statute. Several of the above-named brandy-men and victuallers keep clergymen in their houses at 20*s.* per week, hit or miss; but it is reported that one there will stoop to no such low conditions, but makes, at least, £500 per annum, of divinity-jobs after that manner."

These marriages, rather unlicensed than clandestine, seem to have originated with the incumbents of Trinity Minories and St. James's, Duke's Place, who claimed to be exempt from the jurisdiction of the bishop of London, and performed marriages without banns or license, till Elliot, rector of St. James, was suspended in 1616, when the trade was taken up by clerical prisoners living within the Rules of the Fleet, and who, having neither cash, character, nor liberty to lose, became the ready instruments of vice, greed, extravagance, and libertinism. Mr. Burn, who has exhausted the subject in his *History of*

Fleet Marriages, enumerates eighty-nine Fleet parsons by name, of whom the most famous were John Gayman or Gainham, known as the "Bishop of Hell"—a lusty, jolly man, vain of his learning; Edward Ashwell, a thorough rogue and vagabond; Walter Wyatt, whose certificate was rendered in the great case of Saye and Sele; Peter Symson; William Dan; D. Wigmore, convicted for selling spirituous liquors unlawfully; Starkey, who ran away to Scotland to escape examination in a trial for bigamy; and James Lando, one of the last of the tribe. The following are specimens of the style in which these matrimonial hucksters appealed for public patronage:

"G. R.—At the true chapel, at the old Red Hand and Mitre, three doors up Fleet Lane, and next door to the White Swan, marriages are performed by authority by the Rev. Mr. Symson, educated at the university of Cambridge, and late chaplain to the Earl of Rothes.—*N.B.* Without imposition."

"J. Lilley, at ye Hand and Pen, next door to the China-shop, Fleet Bridge, London, will be performed the solemnisation of marriages by a gentleman regularly bred at one of our universities, and lawfully ordained according to the institutions of the Church of England, and is ready to wait on any person in town or country."

"Marriages with a license, certificate, and crown-stamp, at a guinea, at the New Chapel, next door to the China-shop, near Fleet Bridge, London, by a regular bred clergyman, and not by a Fleet parson, as is insinuated in the public papers; and that the town may be freed mistakes, no

clergyman being a prisoner within the Rules of the Fleet, dare marry; and to obviate all doubts, the chapel is not on the verge of the Fleet, but kept by a gentleman who was lately chaplain on board one of his majesty's men-of-war, and likewise has gloriously distinguished himself in defence of his king and country, and is above committing those little mean actions that some men impose on people, being determined to have everything conducted with the utmost decorum and regularity, such as shall always be supported on law and equity."

Some carried on the business at their own lodgings, where the clocks were kept always at the canonical hour; but the majority were employed by the keepers of marriage-houses, who were generally tavern-keepers. The Swan, the Lamb, the Horse-shoe and Magpie, the Bishop-Blaise, the Two Sawyers, the Fighting-Cocks, the Hand and Pen, were places of this description, as were the Bull and Garter and King's Head, kept by warders of the prison. The parson and landlord (who usually acted as clerk) divided the fee between them—unless the former received a weekly wage—after paying a shilling to the plyer or tout who brought in the customers. The marriages were entered in a pocket-book by the parson, and afterwards, on payment of a small fee, copied into the regular register of the house, unless the interested parties desired the affair to be kept secret.

The manners and customs prevalent in this matrimonial mart are thus described by a correspondent of *The Grub Street Journal*, in 1735: "These ministers of wick-

edness ply about Ludgate Hill, pulling and forcing people to some pedling alehouse or a brandy-shop to be married, even on a Sunday stopping them as they go to church, and almost tearing their clothes off their backs. To confirm the truth of these facts, I will give you a case or two which lately happened. Since midsummer last, a young lady of birth and fortune was deluded and forced from her friends, and by the assistance of a wry-necked, swearing parson, married to an atheistical wretch, whose life is a continued practice of all manner of vice and debauchery. And since the ruin of my relative, another lady of my acquaintance had like to have been trepanned in the following manner: This lady had appointed to meet a gentlewoman at the Old Play-House, in Drury Lane; but extraordinary business prevented her coming. Being alone, when the play was done, she bade a boy call a coach for the city. One dressed like a gentleman helps her into it, and jumps in after her. 'Madam,' says he, 'this coach was called for me, and since the weather is so bad, and there is no other, I beg leave to bear you company; I am going into the city and will set you down wherever you please.' The lady begged to be excused, but he bade the coachman drive on. Being come to Ludgate Hill, he told her his sister, who waited his coming but five doors up the court, would go with her in two minutes. He went, and returned with his pretended sister, who asked her to step in one minute, and she would wait upon her in the coach. The poor lady foolishly followed her into the house, when instantly the

sister vanished, and a tawny fellow, in a black coat and a black wig, appeared. 'Madam, you are come in good time, the doctor was just going!' 'The doctor,' says she, horribly frighted, fearing it was a madhouse, 'what has the doctor to do with me?' 'To marry you to that gentleman. The doctor has waited for you these three hours, and will be paid by you or that gentleman before you go!' 'That gentleman,' says she, recovering herself, 'is worthy a better fortune than mine;' and begged hard to be gone. But Doctor Wryneck swore she should be married; or if she would not, he would still have his fee, and register the marriage for that night. The lady, finding she could not escape without money or a pledge, told them she liked the gentleman so well, she would certainly meet him to-morrow night, and gave them a ring as a pledge, 'Which,' says she, 'was my mother's gift on her death-bed, enjoining that, if ever I married, it should be my wedding-ring;' by which cunning contrivance she was delivered from the black doctor and his tawny crew. Some time after this, I went with this lady and her brother in a coach to Ludgate Hill in the daytime, to see the manner of their picking up people to be married. As soon as our coach stopped near Fleet Bridge, up comes one of the myrmidons. 'Madam,' says he, 'you want a parson?' 'Who are you?' says I. 'I am clerk and register of the Fleet.' 'Show me the chapel.' At which comes a second, desiring me to go along with him. Says he: 'That fellow will carry you to a pedling alehouse.' Says a third: 'Go with me, he will carry you to a brandy-

shop.' In the interim comes the doctor. 'Madam,' says he, 'I'll do your job for you presently!' 'Well, gentlemen,' says I, 'since you can't agree, and I can't be married quietly, I'll put it off till another time;' and so drove away." The truthfulness of this description is attested by Pennant: "In walking along the street, in my youth, on the side next the prison, I have often been tempted by the question: '*Sir, will you be pleased to walk in and be married?*' Along this most lawless space was hung up the frequent sign of a male and female hand enjoined, with *Marriages performed within* written beneath. A dirty fellow invited you in. The parson was seen walking before his shop; a squalid, profligate figure, clad in a tattered plaid night-gown, with a fiery face, and ready to couple you for a dram of gin or a roll of tobacco."—*Some Account of London*, 1793.

In 1719, Mrs. Anne Leigh, an heiress, was decoyed from her friends in Buckinghamshire, married at the Fleet chapel against her consent, and barbarously ill-used by her abductors. In 1737, one Richard Leaver, being tried for bigamy, declared he knew nothing of the woman claiming to be his wife, except that one night he got drunk, and "next morning found myself abed with a strange woman. 'Who are you? how came you here?' says I. 'Oh, my dear,' says she, 'we were married last night at the Fleet.'" These are but two of many instances in which waifs of the church and self-ordained clergymen, picking up a livelihood in the purlieus of the Fleet, aided and abetted nefarious schemers. For a con-

sideration, they not only provided bride or bridegroom, but antedated marriages, and even gave certificates where no marriage took place. In 1821, the government purchased the registers of several marriage-houses, and deposited them with the Registrar of the Consistory Court of London; and in these registers we have proofs, under the hands of themselves and their clerks, of the malpractices of the Fleet parsons, as the following extracts will show:

"5 Nov. 1742, was married Benjamin Richards, of the parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Br. and Judith Lance, Do. sp. at the Bull and Garter, and gave [a guinea] for an antedate to March ye 11th in the same year, which Lilley comply'd with, and put 'em in his book accordingly, there being a vacancy in the book suitable to the time."

"June 10, 1729.—John Nelson, of ye parish of St. George, Hanover, batchelor and gardener, and Mary Barnes of ye same, sp. married. Cer. dated 5 November 1727, to please their parents."

"Mr. Comyngs gave me half-a-gninea to find a bridegroom, and defray all expenses. Parson, 2*s.* 6*d.* Husband do., and 5. 6 myself." [We find one man married four times under different names, receiving five shillings on each occasion "for his trouble."]

"1742, May 24.—A soldier brought a barber to the Cock, who, I think, said his name was James, barber by trade, who was in part married to Elizabeth; they said they were married enough."

"A coachman came, and was half-married, and would give but 3*s.* 6*d.*, and went off."

"Edward —— and Elizabeth —— were married, and would not let me know their names."

"The woman ran across Ludgate Hill in her shift." [Under the popular delusion that, by so doing, her husband would not be answerable for her debts.]

"April 20, 1742, came a man and woman to the Bull and Garter, the man pretended he would marry ye woman, by w'ch pretence he got money to pay for marrying and to buy a ring, but left the woman by herself, and never returned; upon which J. Lilley takes the woman from the Bull and Garter to his own house, and gave her a certifycate, as if she had been married to the man."

"1 Oct. 1747.—John Ferren, gent. ser. of St. Andrew's, Holborn, B^r^ and Deborah Nolan, do. sp. The supposed J. F. was discovered, after the ceremonies were over, to be in person a woman."

"To be kept a secret, the lady having a jointure during the time she continued a widow."

Sometimes the parsons met with rough treatment, and were glad to get off by sacrificing their fees. One happy couple stole the clergyman's clothes-brush, and another ran away with the certificate, leaving a pint of wine unpaid for. The following memorandums speak for themselves:

"Had a noise for four hours about the money."

"Married at a barber's shop one Kerrils, for half-a-guinea, after which it was extorted out of my pocket, and for fear of my life, delivered."

"The said Harronson swore most bitterly, and was pleased to say that he was fully determined to kill the minister, etc., that married him. *N. B.*—He came from Gravesend, and was sober!"

Upon one occasion the parson, thinking his clients were not what they professed to be, ventured to press some inquiries. He tells the result in a *Nota Bene:* "I took upon me to ask what ye gentleman's name was, his age, and likewise the lady's name and age. Answer was made me, G— d— me, if I did not immediately marry them, he would use me ill; in short, apprehending it to be a conspiracy, I found myself obliged to marry them *in terrorem.*" However, the frightened rascal took his revenge, for he adds in a second *N. B.*, "Some material part was omitted!" Dare's *Register* contains the following: "Oct. 2, 1743.—John Figg, of St. John the Evangelist, gent., a widower, and Rebecca Wordwand of ditto, spinster. *At ye same time gave her ye sacrament.*" This, however, is the only instance recorded of such blasphemous audacity.

The hymeneal market was not supported only by needy fortune-hunters and conscienceless profligates, ladies troubled with duns, and spinsters wanting husbands for reputation's sake. All classes flock to the Fleet to marry in haste. Its registers contain the names of men of all professions, from the barber to the officer in the Guards, from the pauper to the peer of the realm. Among the aristocratic patrons of its unlicensed chapels we find Edward, Lord Abergavenny; the Hon. John

Bourke, afterwards Viscount Mayo; Sir Marmaduke Gresham; Anthony Henley, Esq., brother of Lord Chancellor Northington; Lord Banff; Lord Montagu, afterwards Duke of Manchester; Viscount Sligo; the Marquis of Annandale; William Shipp, Esq., father of the first Lord Mulgrave; and Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland, of whose marriage Walpole thus writes to Sir Horace Mann: "The town has been in a great bustle about a private match; but which, by the ingenuity of the ministry, has been made polities. Mr. Fox fell in love with Lady Caroline Lenox (eldest daughter of the Duke of Richmond), asked her, was refused, and stole her. His father was a footman, her great-grandfather, a king—*hinc illæ lachrymæ!* All the blood-royal have been up in arms." A few foreigners figure in the Fleet records, the most notable entry in which an alien is concerned being this: "10 Aug. 1742.—Don Dominiam Bonaventura, Baron of Spiterii, Abbott of St. Mary, in Præto Nobary, chaplain of hon. to the king of the Two Sicilies, and knt. of the order of St. Salvator, St. James, and Martha Alexander, ditto, Br. and sp." Magistrates and parochial authorities helped to swell the gains of the Fleet parsons; the former settling certain cases by sending the accused to the altar instead of the gallows, and the latter getting rid of a female pauper, by giving a gratuity to some poor wretch belonging to another parish to take her for better for worse.

From time to time, the legislature attempted to check these marriages; but the infliction of pains and penalties

were of no avail so long as the law recognized such unions. At length Chancellor Hardwicke took the matter in hand, and, in 1753, a bill was introduced, making the solemnization of matrimony in any other but a church or chapel, and without banns or license, felony punishable by transportation, and declaring all such marriages null and void. Great was the excitement created; handbills for and against the measure were thrown broadcast into the streets. The bill was strenuously opposed by the opposition, led by Henry Fox and the Duke of Bedford, but eventually passed by a large majority, and became the law of the land from Lady-Day, 1754, and so the scandalous matrimonial-market of the Fleet came to an end.

MINT, SAVOY, AND MAY-FAIR MARRIAGES.

The Fleet chapels had competitors in the Mint, May-Fair, and the Savoy. In 1715, an Irishman, named Briand, was fined £2,000 for marrying an orphan about thirteen years of age, whom he decoyed into the Mint. The following curious certificate was produced at his trial: "Feb. 16, 1715, These are therefore, whom it may concern, that Isaac Briand and Watson Anne Astone were joined together in the holy state of matrimony (*Nemine contradicente*) the day and year above written, according to the rites and ceremonies of the church of Great Britain. Witness my hand, Jos. Smith, Cler." In 1730, a chapel was built in May-Fair, into which the Rev. Alexander Keith was inducted. He advertised in the public papers, and carried on a flourishing trade till

1742, when he was prosecuted by Dr. Trebeck, and excommunicated. In return, he excommunicated the doctor, the bishop of London, and the judge of the Ecclesiastical Court. The following year, he was committed to the Fleet Prison; but he had a house opposite his old chapel fitted up, and carried on the business through the agency of curates. At this chapel, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's worthless son was married; and here the impatient Duke of Hamilton was wedded with a ring from a bed-curtain, to the youngest of the beautiful Gunnings, at half-past twelve at night. When the marriage act was mooted, Keith swore that he would revenge himself upon the bishops, by taking some acres of land for a burying-ground, and underburying them all. He published a pamphlet against the measure, in which he states it was a common thing to marry from 200 to 300 sailors when the fleet came in, and consoles himself with the reflection, that if the alteration in the law should prove beneficial to the country, he will have the satisfaction of having been the cause of it, the compilers of the act having done it "with the pure design" of suppressing his chapel. No less than sixty-one couples were united at Keith's chapel the day before the act came into operation. He himself died in prison in 1758. The Savoy Chapel did not come into vogue till after the passing of the marriage bill. On the 2d January, 1754, the *Public Advertiser* contained this advertisement: "By Authority—Marriages performed with the utmost privacy, decency, and regularity at the Ancient Royal Chapel of St.

John the Baptist, in the Savoy, where regular and authentic registers have been kept from the time of the Reformation (being two hundred years and upwards) to this day. The expense not more than one guinea, the five-shilling stamp included. There are five private ways by land to this chapel, and two by water." The proprietor of this chapel was the Rev. John Wilkinson (father of Tate Wilkinson, of theatrical fame), who fancying (as the Savoy was extra-parochial) that he was privileged to issue licenses upon his own authority, took no notice of the new law. In 1755, he married no less than 1,190 couples. The authorities began at last to bestir themselves, and Wilkinson thought it prudent to conceal himself. He engaged a curate, named Grierson, to perform the ceremony, the licenses being still issued by himself, by which arrangement he thought to hold his assistant harmless. Among those united by the latter, were two members of the Drury Lane company. Garrick, obtaining the certificate, made such use of it that Grierson was arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced to fourteen years' transportation, by which sentence 1,400 marriages were declared void. In 1756, Wilkinson, making sure of acquittal, surrendered himself, and received the same sentence as Grierson, but died on board the convict-ship as she lay in Plymouth harbor, whither she had been driven by stress of weather.

ODDITIES OF FAMILY HISTORY.

Human life and its relations have certain tolerably well-marked bounds, which, however, are sometimes overpassed in a surprising manner.

One of the most ancient observations regarding human life, and one yet found acceptable to our sense of truth, is that a life passed healthily, and unexposed to disastrous accident, will probably extend to seventy years. Another is, that there are usually just about three generations in a century, and hence it arises that one generation is usually approaching the grave when the third onward is coming into existence:—in other words, a man is usually well through his life when his son's children are entering it, or a man's son is usually near the tomb about a hundred years after his own birth,—a century rounding the mortal span of two generations and seeing a third arrived at the connubial period.

It is well known, nevertheless, that some men live much beyond seventy years, and that more than three generations are occasionally seen in life at one time.

Dr. Plot, in his *Natural History of Staffordshire*, 1686, gives many instances of centenarians of his time, and of persons who got to a few years beyond the hundred,—how far well authenticated we cannot tell. He goes on to state the case of "old Mary Cooper, of King's Bromley in this county, not long since dead, who lived to be a

beldam, that is, to see the sixth generation, and could say the same I have," says he, "heard reported of another, viz.: '*Rise up, daughter, and go to thy daughter, for thy daughter's daughter hath a daughter;*' whose eldest daughter, Elizabeth, now living, is like to do the same, there being a female of the fifth generation near marriageable when I was there. Which is much the same that Zuingerus reports of a noble matron of the family of Dolburges, in the archbishopric of Mentz, who could thus speak to her daughter:

> "'(1) Mater ait (2) natæ, Dic (3) natæ, Filia, (4) natam
> Ut moveat, (5) natæ flangere (6) filiolam.'

That is, the mother said to her daughter, daughter, bid thy daughter tell her daughter, that her daughter's daughter cries."

He adduces, as a proof how far this case is from being difficult of belief, that a Lady Child of Shropshire, being married at twelve, had her first baby before she was complete thirteen, and this being repeated in the second generation, Lady Child found herself a grandmother at twenty-seven! At the same rate, she might have been a *beldam* at sixty-six; and had she reached 120, as has been done by others, it was possible that *nine* generations might have existed together!

Not much less surprising than these cases is one which Horace Walpole states in a letter dated 1785 to his friend Horace Mann: "There is a circumstance," he says, "which makes me think myself an antediluvian. I have literally seen seven descents in one family. . . . I was

schoolfellow of the two last Earls of Waldegrave, and used to go to play with them in the holidays, when I was about twelve years old. They lived with their grandmother, natural daughter of James II. One evening when I was there, came in her mother Mrs. Godfrey, that king's mistress, ancient in truth, and so superannuated, that she scarce seemed to know where she was. I saw her another time in her chair in St. James's Park, and have a perfect idea of her face, which was pale, round, and sleek. Begin with her; then count her daughter, Lady Waldegrave; then the latter's son the ambassador; his daughter, Lady Harriet Beard; her daughter, the present Countess Dowager of Powis, and her daughter, Lady Clive; there are six, and the seventh now lies in of a son, and might have done so six or seven years ago, had she married at fourteen. When one has beheld such a pedigree, one may say, 'And yet I am not sixty-seven!'"

While two generations, moreover, are usually disposed of in one hundred years, there are many instances of their extending over a much longer space of time. In our late article on the connection of distant ages by the lives of individuals, the case of James Horrox was cited, in which the father was born in 1657, and the son died in 1844, being eighty-seven years beyond the century. Benjamin Franklin, who died in 1790, was the grandson of a man who had been born in the sixteenth century, during the reign of Elizabeth, three generations thus extending over nearly two centuries. The connubial period of most men is eminently between twenty-eight and forty; but if men

delay marriage to seventy, or undertake second or third nuptials at that age with young women—both of them events which sometimes happen—it must arise, as a matter of course, that not a century, but a century and a half, or even more, will become the bounds of two generations. The following instance speaks for itself. "Wednesday last," says the *Edinburgh Courant* of May 3, 1766, "the lady of Sir William Nicolson, of Glenbervy, was safely delivered of a daughter. What is very singular, Sir William is at present ninety-two years of age, and has a daughter alive of his first marriage, aged sixty-six. He married his present lady when he was eighty-two, by whom he has now had six children." If the infant here mentioned had survived to ninety-two also, she might have said at her death, in 1856, "My father was born a hundred and eighty-four years ago, in the reign of Charles II."

There are also average bounds to the number of descendants which a man or a woman may reckon before the close of life. To see three, four, or five children, and three or four times the number of grandchildren, are normal experiences. Some pairs, however, as is well known, go much beyond three, four, or five. Some marry a second, or even a third time, and thus considerably extend the number of the immediate progeny. In these cases, of course, the number of grandchildren is likely to be greatly extended. Particular examples are on record, that are certainly calculated to excite a good deal of surprise. Thus we learn from a French scientific work that

the wife of a baker at Paris produced one-and-twenty children—at only seven births, moreover, and in the space of seven years! Boyle tells of a French advocate of the sixteenth century who had forty-five children. He is, by-the-by, spoken of as a great water-drinker—"aquæ Tiraquellus amator." We learn regarding Catherine Leighton, a lady of the time of Queen Elizabeth, that she married in succession husbands named Wygmore, Lymmer, Collard, and Dodge, and had children by all four; but we do not learn how many.

Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty and his wife, Helen Abernethy—the grandparents of that singular genius Sir Thomas Urquhart, the translator of *Rabelais*—are stated to have had thirty-six children, twenty-five of them sons, and they lived to see the whole of this numerous progeny well provided for. "The sons were men of great reputation, partly on account of their father's, and partly for their own personal merits. The daughters were married in families not only equal to their quality, but of large, plentiful estates, and they were all of them (as their mother had been) very fruitful in their issue." Thomas Urquhart, who lived in the early part of the sixteenth century, built for himself a lofty, many-turreted castle, with sundry picturesque and elegant features, which Hugh Miller has well described in his account of Cromarty, but which was unfortunately taken down in 1772. It was also remembered of this many-childed laird, that he used to keep fifty servants. The entire population of Cromarty Castle must therefore have been considerable.

Notwithstanding the great expense thus incurred, the worthy laird died free of debt, and transmitted the family property unimpaired to his posterity.

As to number of descendants, two cases in the annals of English domestic life come out very strongly. First, there was Mrs. Honeywood of Charing, in Kent, who died on the 10th of May, 1620, aged ninety-three, having had sixteen children, a hundred and fourteen grandchildren, two hundred and twenty-eight great-grandchildren, and nine great-great-grandchildren. Dr. Michael Honeywood, dean of Lincoln, who died in 1681, at the age of eighty-five, was one of the grandchildren. The second instance was even more wonderful. It represents Lady Temple of Stow, as dying in 1656, having given birth to four sons and nine daughters, and lived to see *seven hundred descendants.*

In as far as life itself goes in some instances considerably beyond an average or a rule, so does it happen that men occasionally hold office or practise a profession for an abnormally long time. Hearne takes notice of a clergyman, named Blower, who died in 1643, vicar of White-Waltham, which office he had held for sixty-seven years, though it was not his first cure. "It was said he never preached but one sermon in his life, which was before Queen Elizabeth. Going after this discourse to pay his reverence to her Majesty, he first called her My Royal Queen, and afterwards My Noble Queen; upon which Elizabeth smartly said, 'What! am I ten groats worse than I was?' Blower was so mortified by this good-

natured joke, that he vowed to stick to the homilies for the future."

The late Earl of Aberdeen had enjoyed the honors of his family for the extraordinary period of sixty years,—a fact not unexampled, however, in the Scottish peerage, as Alexander, ninth Earl of Caithness, who died in 1765, had been peer for an equal time, and Alexander, fourth Duke of Gordon, was duke for seventy-five years, namely, from 1752 to 1827. It is perhaps even more remarkable that for the Gordon dukedom, granted in 1684, there were but four possessors in a hundred and forty-three years, and for the Aberdeen earldom, granted in 1682, there were but four possessors in a hundred and seventy-eight years! In connection with these particulars, we may advert to the long reign of Louis XIV. of France—seventy-two years.

Odd matrimonial connections are not infrequent. For example, a man will marry the niece of his son's wife. Even to marry a grandmother, though both ridiculous and illegal, is not unexampled (the female, however, being not a blood relation).

"Dr. Bowles, doctor of divinity, married the daughter of Dr. Samford, doctor of physic, and *vice versa*, Dr. Samford the daughter of Dr. Bowles; whereupon the two women might say, These are our fathers, our sons, and our husbands."—*Arch. Usher's MSS. Collections, quoted in Reliquiæ Hearnianæ*, i. 124.

The rule in matrimonial life, where no quarrel has taken place, is to continue living together. Yet we know

that in this respect there are strange eccentricities. From the biography of our almost divine Shakspeare, it has been inferred that, on going to push his fortune in London, he left his Anne Hathaway (who was eight years his senior) at Stratford, where she remained during the sixteen or seventeen years which he spent as a player and play-writer in the metropolis; and it also appears that, by-and-bye returning there as a man of gentlemanly means, he resumed living with Mrs. Shakspeare, as if no sort of alienation had ever taken place between them. There is even a more curious, and, as it happens, a more clear case, than this, in the biography of the celebrated painter, George Romney. He, it will be remembered, was of peasant birth in Lancashire. In 1762, after being wedded for eight years to a virtuous young woman, he quitted his home in the north to try his fortune as an artist in London, leaving his wife behind him. There was no quarrel—he supplied her with ample means of support for herself and her two children out of the large income he realized by his profession; but it was not till *thirty-seven years had passed*, namely, in 1799, when he was sixty-five, and broken in health, that the truant husband returned home to resume living with his spouse. It is creditable to the lady, that she was as kind to her husband as if he had never left her; and Romney, for the three or four years of the remainder of his life, was as happy in her society as ill-health would permit. It is a mystery which none of the great painter's biographers, though one of them was his son, have been able to clear up.

QUEEN CAROLINE.

On the 7th of August, 1821, expired the ill-starred Caroline of Brunswick, stricken down, as was generally alleged, by vexation at being refused admission to Westminster Abbey in the previous month of July, when she desired to participate in the coronation ceremonies of her consort, George IV. The immediate cause, however, was an illness by which she was suddenly attacked at Drury Lane Theatre, and which ran its course in the space of a few days.

The marriage of the Prince of Wales with his cousin, Caroline Amelia Elizabeth, daughter of the Duke of Brunswick, was essentially one of those unions in which political motives form the leading element, to the almost entire exclusion of personal affection and regard. By his reckless prodigality and mismanagement, he had contracted debts to the amount nearly of £650,000, after having had only a few years before obtained a large parliamentary grant for the discharge of his obligations. His father, George III., who was determined that he should contract this alliance, had engaged that, on his complying with this requisition, another application would be made to the Commons, and a release effected for him out of his difficulties. The prince, thus beset, agreed to complete the match, though he used frequently to intimate his scorn of all *mariages de convénance*. A more

serious impediment, such as, in the case of an ordinary individual, would have acted as an effectual bar to the nuptials, existed in the union which, a few years before, he had contracted with Mrs. Fitzherbert, a Roman Catholic lady, but which the Royal Marriage Act rendered in his case nugatory. This circumstance in his history was long a matter of doubt, but is now known to be a certainty. With such antecedents, it is easy to understand how his new matrimonial connection would be productive of anything but happiness.

Caroline herself is said to have unwillingly consented to the match, her affections being already engaged to another, but is reported to have expressed an enthusiastic admiration of the personal graces and generous qualities of her cousin. Her portrait had been forwarded to him, and he showed it to one of his friends, asking him at the same time what he thought of it. The answer was that it gave the idea of a very handsome woman. Some joking then followed about "buying a pig in a poke;" but, observed the prince, "Lennox and Fitzroy have seen her, and they tell me she is even handsomer than her miniature." The newspapers landed her charms to the skies, descanting on the elegance of her figure, style of dress, her intelligent eyes and light auburn hair, and the blended gentleness and majesty by which her demeanor was characterized. They also extolled her performance on the harpsichord, and remarked that, as the prince was passionately fond of music, the harmony of the pair was insured. Great talk was made of the magnificent dress-

ing-room fitted up for the young bride at a cost of £25,000, and of a magnificent cap, presented by the bridegroom, adorned with a plume in imitation of his own crest, studded with brilliants. Her journey from her father's court to England was beset by many ill-omened delays and mischances, and not less than three months were consumed from various causes on the route. On the noon of Sunday, the 5th of April, 1795, she landed at Greenwich, after a tempestuous voyage from Cuxhaven. An enthusiastic ovation attended her progress to London, where she was conducted in triumph to St. James's Palace, and received by the Prince of Wales. On his first introduction to her, his nerves are reported to have received as great a shock as Henry VIII. experienced on meeting Anne of Cleves, and according to a well-known anecdote, he turned round to a friend, and whispered a request for a glass of brandy. Outwardly, however, he manifested the most complete satisfaction, and the rest of the royal family having arrived to pay their respects, a domestic party, such as George III. delighted in, was formed, and protracted till midnight. Three days afterwards, on the 8th of April, the marriage took place, evidently to the immense gratification of the king, who ever testified the utmost respect for his daughter-in-law, and acted through life her guardian and champion.

But this blink of sunshine was destined to be sadly evanescent. The honeymoon was scarcely over ere rumors began to be circulated of disagreements between the Prince and Princess of Wales, and at the end of a twelve-

month, a formal and lasting separation took place. One daughter had been born of the marriage, the Princess Charlotte, whose untimely end, twenty-two years afterwards, has invested her memory with so melancholy an interest. The circumstances attending the disunion of her parents have never been thoroughly explained, and by many the blame has been laid exclusively on the shoulders of her husband. That he was ill fitted for enjoying or preserving the felicities of domestic life, is indisputable; but there can now be no doubt, however much party zeal may have denied or extenuated the fact, that Caroline was a woman of such coarseness of mind, and such vulgarity of tastes, as would have disgusted many men of less refinement than the Prince of Wales. Her personal habits were even filthy, and of this well-authenticated stories are related, which dispose us to regard with a more lenient eye the aversion, and in many respects indefensible conduct, of her husband. His declaration on the subject was, after all, a gentle one: "Nature has not made us suitable to each other."

Through all her trials, her father-in-law proved a powerful and constant friend, but her own levity and want of circumspection involved her in meshes from which she did not extricate herself with much credit. On quitting her husband's abode at Carlton House, she retired to the village of Charlton, near Blackheath, where she continued for many years. Here her imprudence, in adopting the child of one of the laborers in the Deptford dock-yard, gave rise to many injurious suspicions, and

occasioned the issue of a royal commission, obtained at the instance of the prince, for the investigation of her conduct in regard to this and other matters. The results of this inquiry were to clear her from the imputation of any flagitious conduct; but the commissioners who conducted it, passed a censure in their report on the "carelessness of appearances" and "levity" of the Princess of Wales. On being thus absolved from the serious charges brought against her, the paternal kindness of George III. was redoubled, and he assigned her apartments in Kensington Palace, and directed that at court she should be received with marked attention. With old Queen Charlotte, however, who is said to have been thwarted from the first in the project of wedding her son to Princess Louisa of Mecklenburg, afterwards the amiable and unfortunate Queen of Prussia, Caroline never lived on cordial terms.

In 1814, the Princess of Wales quitted England for the Continent, where she continued for six years, residing chiefly in Italy. Her return from thence in 1820, on hearing of the accession of her husband to the throne, and the omission of her name from the liturgy of the English Church, with her celebrated trial on the charge of an adulterous intercourse with her courier or *valet de place*, Bartolomo Bergami, are matters of history. The question of her innocence or guilt is still a disputed point, and will probably ever remain so. She was certainly, in many respects, an ill-used woman, but that the misfortunes and obloquy which she underwent were in a

great measure traceable to her own imprudent conduct and want of womanly delicacy, there can also exist no reasonable doubt.

In considering the history of Queen Caroline, an impressive lesson is gained regarding the evils attending ill-assorted marriages, and more especially those contracted from motives of state policy, where all questions of suitability on the ground of love and affection are ignored. As a necessary result of such a system, royal marriages have been rarely productive of domestic happiness. It is satisfactory, however, to reflect that in the case of our beloved sovereign, Queen Victoria, and her family, a different procedure has been followed, and the distinct and immutable laws of God, indicated by the voice of nature, accepted as the true guides in the formation of the nuptial tie. The legitimate consequence has been, the exhibition of an amount of domestic purity and happiness on the part of the royal family of Great Britain which leaves nothing to be desired. Long may our young Prince, with the partner of his choice, enjoy that true happiness and serenity which can only spring from the union of two loving and virtuous hearts!

PETER CUMMIN AND OTHER CENTENARIANS.

March 22, 1724, was buried in Alnwick churchyard, Peter Cummin, a day-laborer, reputed as upwards of a hundred and twenty years old. His name could not be found in the parish register of baptisms, because all previous to 1645 were lost. In his latter years this venerable person used to live from house to house amongst the gentry of the district. It is related of him that, coming to the house of Mr. Brown, of Shawdon, near Alnwick, he looked round him, and expressed wonder at the great changes that had taken place since he was there last. He was asked how long that was ago, when, on a comparison of circumstances, the family found it was just a hundred years.

It may be added that, at Newcastleton, in Roxburghshire, they point to a field in the neighborhood, where, one day about 1770, amongst those engaged in reaping, was a woman of great age, but still in possession of a fair share of strength. Chatting with some of her neighbors, she told them she had once reaped in that field before, when she was a girl; and after some discussion, this proved to have been exactly a hundred years before.

As an additional pendant to the case of Peter Cummin, the reader may take that of a noted vagrant, named

James Stuart, who died at Tweedmouth, April 11, 1844, aged 116, having been born in South Carolina on 25th December, 1728. A few charitable persons having combined to make the last days of this veteran comfortable, he naively remarked to an inquiring friend one day, that "he had na been see weel off this hunder year."

One of the most curious, though not the most extreme instances of longevity, was described in a letter by Thomas Atkins, dated Windsor, September 28, 1657, addressed to Fuller, and printed by him in his *Worthies*. The subject of the recital was the Rev. Patrick M'Ilvain, minister of Lesbury, near Alnwick. He was a hundred and ten years of age, having been born at Whithorn, in Wigtonshire, in 1546. Atkins heard this ancient pastor perform the service and preach, as was his custom, using neither spectacles for reading, nor notes for his sermon. "His text was, 'Seek you the kingdom of God, and all things shall be added unto you.' In my poor judgment he made an excellent good sermon, and went cleverly through, without the help of any notes." It appeared that many years before, he had exhibited the usual symptoms of decay; but latterly his eyesight had been restored, he had got a fresh crop of thin flaxen hair, and three new teeth appeared in his gums. He had always been a spare man, and very abstemious in his habits. Having married when above eighty, he had four youthful daughters living with him, besides his wife, who was only about fifty. It does not appear how long the veteran survived 1657.

KITTY CANNON.

On the 11th of August, 1755, died John, Lord Dalmeny, eldest son of James, second Earl of Rosebery, in the thirty-first year of his age. In the life of this young nobleman there was a romantic circumstance which has been handed down to us by an English provincial newspaper, and appears to be authentic. In London, some years before his death, he casually encountered a lady who made a deep impression on him, and whom he induced to marry him, and accompany him on a tour of the continent. This union was without the knowledge of relations on either side, but it apparently fulfilled all the essential conditions of matrimony, and the pair lived in great harmony and happiness till the lady was overtaken by a mortal illness. When assured that she was dying, she asked for pen and paper, and wrote the words: "I am the wife of the Rev. Mr. Gough, rector of Thorpe, in Essex; my maiden name was C. Cannon, and my last request is, to be buried at Thorpe." How she had happened to desert her husband does not appear; but Lord Dalmeny, while full of grief for her loss, protested that he was utterly ignorant of this previous marriage. In compliance with her last wishes, he embalmed her body, and brought it in a chest to England. Under the feigned name of Williams, he landed at Colchester, where the chest was opened by the custom-house officers, under

suspicion of its containing smuggled goods. The young nobleman manifested the greatest grief on the occasion, and seemed distracted under the further and darker suspicions which now arose. The body being placed uncovered in the church, he took his place beside it, absorbed in profound sorrow ;—the scene reminded a bystander of Romeo and Juliet. At length he gave full explanation of the circumstances, and Mr. Gough was sent for to come and identify his wife. The first meeting of the indignant husband with the sorrow-struck young man who had unwittingly injured him, was very moving to all who beheld it. Of the two, the latter appeared the most solicitous to do honor to the deceased. He had a splendid coffin made for her, and attended her corpse to Thorpe, where Mr. Gough met him, and the burial was performed with all due solemnity. Lord Dalmeny immediately after departed for London, apparently inconsolable for his loss. "Kitty Cannon," says the local narrator, "is, I believe, the first woman in England that had two husbands to attend her to the grave together." In the Peerages, Lord Dalmeny is said to have died unmarried.

A GROUP OF OLD LADIES.

Died at Edinburgh, on the 2d of April, 1856, Miss Elizabeth Gray, at the age of 108, having been born in May, 1748. That cases of extraordinary longevity are seldom supported by clear documentary evidence has been very justly alleged; it has indeed been set forth that we scarcely have complete evidence for a single example of the centenarian. In this case, however, there was certainly no room for doubt. Miss Gray had been known all her life as a member of the upper circle of society in the Scottish metropolis, and her identity with the individual Elizabeth Gray, the daughter of William Gray, of Newholm, writer in Edinburgh, whose birth is chronicled in the register of her father's parish of Dolphington, in Lanarkshire, as having occurred in May, 1748, is beyond dispute in the society to which the venerable lady belonged. It may be remarked that she was a very cheerful person, and kept up her old love of whist till past the five score. Her mother attained ninety-six, and two of her sisters died at ninety-four and ninety-six respectively. She had, however, survived her father upwards of a hundred years, for he died in 1755; nay, a more remarkable thing than even this was to be told of Betty Gray—a brother of hers (strictly, a half-brother) had died so long ago as 1728. A faded marble slab in the wall of Dolphington Kirk, which records the decease

of this child—for such he was—must have been viewed with strange feelings, when, a hundred and twenty-eight years later, the age-worn sister was laid in the same spot.

Little more than two years after the death of Miss Gray, there died in Scotland another centenarian lady, about whose age there could be no ground for doubt, as she had lived in the eye of intelligent society all her days. This person was the Hon. Mrs. Hay Mackenzie, of Cromartie. She died in October, 1858, at the age of 103; she was grandmother to the present Duchess of Sutherland; her father was the sixth Lord Elibank, brother and successor of Lord Patrick, who entertained Johnson in Edinburgh; her maternal grandfather was that unfortunate Earl of Cromartie who so narrowly escaped accompanying Kilmarnock and Balmerino to the scaffold in 1746. She was a most benevolent woman—a large giver—and enjoyed universal esteem. Her conversation made the events of the first half of the eighteenth century pass as vividly before the mind as those of the present day. It was remarked as a curious circumstance, that of Dunrobin Castle, the place where her grandfather was taken prisoner as a rebel, her granddaughter became mistress.

It is well known that female life is considerably more enduring than male; so that, although boys are born in the proportion of 105 to 100 of girls—a fact that holds good all over Europe—there are always more women in existence than men. It really is surprising how enduring women sometimes become, and how healthily enduring

too, after passing the more trying crises of female existence. Mrs. Piozzi, who herself thought it a person's own fault if they got old, gives us in one of her letters a remarkable case of vigorous old-ladyism.

"I must tell you," says she, "a story of a Cornish gentlewoman hard by here [Penzance], Zenobia Stevens, who held a lease under the Duke of Bolton by her own life only ninety-nine years—and going at the term's end ten miles to give it up, she obtained permission to continue in the house as long as she lived, and was asked of course to drink a glass of wine. She did take one, but declined the second, saying she had to ride home in the twilight upon a young colt, and was afraid to make herself giddy-headed."

The well-known Countess Dowager of Cork, who died in May, 1840, had not reached a hundred—she had but just completed her ninety-fourth year—but she realized the typical character of a veteran lady who, to appearance, was little affected by age. Till within a few days of her death she was healthy and cheerful as in those youthful days when she charmed Johnson and Boswell, the latter of whom was only six years her senior. She was in the custom to the last of dining out every day when she had not company at home. As to death, she always said she was ready for him, come when he might; but she did not like to see him coming. Lady Cork was daughter of the first Lord Galway, and she lived to see the *sixth*, her great-grand-nephew.

Mr. Francis Brokesby, who writes a letter on antiqui-

ties and natural curiosities from Shottesbrooke in 1711 (published by Hearne in connection with *Leland's Itinerary*, vi. 104), mentions several instances of extremely protracted female life. He tells of a woman then living near the Tower in London, aged about 130, and who remembered Queen Elizabeth. Hearne himself subsequently states that this woman was Jane Scrimshaw, who had lived for four score years in the Merchant Tailors' alms-houses, near Little Tower-hill. She was, he says, born in the parish of Mary-le-Bow, London, on the 3d of April, 1584, so that she was then in the 127th year of her age, "and likely to live much longer." She, however, died on the 26th of December, 1711. It is stated that even at the last there was scarcely a gray hair on her head, and she never lost memory or judgment. Mr. Brokesby reported another venerable person as having died about sixty years before—that is, about 1650—who attained the age of a hundred and forty. She had been the wife of a laboring man named Humphry Broadhurst, who resided at Hedgerow, in Cheshire, on the property of the Leighs of Lyme. The familiar name she bore, *The Cricket in the hedge*, bore witness to her cheerful character; a peculiarity to which, along with great temperance and plainness of living, her great age was chiefly to be attributed. A hardly credible circumstance was alleged of this woman, that she had borne her youngest child at four score. Latterly, having been reduced by gradual decay to great bodily weakness, she used to be carried in the arms of this daughter, who was herself

sixty. She was buried in the parish church of Prestbury. It was said of this woman that she remembered Bosworth Field; but here there must be some error, for, to do so in 1650, she would have needed to be considerably more than 140 years old, the battle being fought in 1485. It is not unlikely, however, that her death took place earlier than 1650, as the time was only stated from memory.

AN ECCENTRIC.

Lysons, in his *Environs of London*, gives a singular account of one Russell, a native of Streatham, who, as appears by the register, was buried on the 14th of April, 1772, the following passage being annexed to the entry:—"This person was always known under the guise or habit of a woman, and answered to the name of *Elizabeth*, as registered in this parish, Nov. 21st, 1669, but on death proved to be a man." John Russell, his father, had three daughters and two sons, William and John, who were baptized respectively in 1668 and 1672. "There is little doubt, therefore, that the person here recorded was one of the two," and must consequently have been either 100 or 104 years of age at the time of his death; but he himself used to aver that he was 108 years old. Early in life he associated with gipsies, and he accompanied the celebrated Bampfylde Moore Carew in many of his rambles. He also visited most parts of the Continent as a stroller and vagabond; and having acquired a knowledge of astrology and quackery, he returned to England, and practised both arts with much profit. This was after his assumption of the female garb, and Lysons remarks that "his long experience gained him the character of a most infallible *doctress;*" he was likewise "an excellent sempstress, and celebrated for making a good shirt." In 1770, he applied for a certificate of his baptism, under

the name of his sister Elizabeth, who had been christened in November, 1669. About the same time he became a resident of his native place, where his extraordinary age obtained him a charitable notice of many respectable families, and among others that of Mr. Thrale, at whose house "Dr. Johnson, who found him a shrewd, sensible person with a good memory, was very fond of conversing with him." He died suddenly, and his true sex was then discovered, to the extreme surprise of all the neighborhood.

A BLUE-COAT MARRIAGE.

Pepys, in a letter to Mrs. Steward, dated September 20, 1695, notes that the extreme depression of the London public at that time, under a grievous war and heavy losses at sea, was enlivened by an extraordinary occurence in connection with Christ's Hospital (the Blue-Coat School). Two wealthy citizens, lately deceased, had left their estates, the one to a Blue-coat boy, the other to a Blue-coat girl, and this had led some of the magistrates to bring about a match between these two young persons. The boy, in a habit of blue satin, led by two of the girls; the girl, in blue, with a green apron, and yellow petticoat, all of sarsenet, led by two of the boys; proceeded in procession along Cheapside to Guildhall, where (in the chapel) they were united in wedlock by the dean of St. Paul's, the lord mayor giving away the bride. Then there was an entertainment in the hall of the hospital, Bow bells ringing out a merry peal all the time. The high patronage thus bestowed upon the union of two persons in nonage, gives a strange idea of the taste and morals of the age. It would be easy to show that the incident was far from being unique.

CHARLES MACKLIN.

A RARE and remarkable instance of length of days, combined with an ardnous and successful theatrical career, is exhibited in the great age of Macklin, who died in his one hundred and seventh year. Born two months before his father was killed, fighting for King James at the battle of the Boyne, in 1690, Macklin died in 1797, thus witnessing the extremities of two centuries, and nearly having lived in three. As an actor, he was distingnished for his performance of Shylock, Sir Archy, in his own comedy of *Love à-la-Mode*, and other parts in which sarcasm forms the leading trait of character. His writings display the same sarcastic tone, and his best performances seem to have been reflections of his own personal disposition. Even his repartees were generally of the severe kind. For instance, on a dignitary of the church, who had a doubtful reputation for veracity, telling Macklin that a tradesman in the parish had called him a liar, the actor asked: "What reply did you make?" "I told him," said the clergyman, "that a lie was one of the things I dared not commit." "And why, doctor," retorted Macklin, "why did you give the fellow so mean an opinion of your courage?"

Macklin's shrewdness, knowledge of the world, long experience of life, and liberal ideas rendered his conversation peculiarly pleasant and instructive, when he was not

in the sarcastic mood. Nor was he unaware of his failing in the latter respect. Alluding to it on one occasion, he said: "It takes a long time for a man to learn the art of *neutralizing* in conversation. I have, for a great part of my life, been endeavoring at it, but was never able to act up to it as I wished. I could never sit still hearing people assert what I thought wrong, without laboring to set them right, not considering how difficult it is to correct the errors of others, when we are so wedded to our own. But this folly generally attaches to men of inexperience and lively imagination; your dull fellows know better; they have little but neutrality to trust to, and soon find out the policy of it."

Macklin's recollections of the very different manners and customs that prevailed in the earlier part of the last century were very interesting. Then, the east and west of London were as totally distinct as two cities one hundred miles apart. The merchant then scarcely ever lived out of the city, his residence being invariably attached to his counting-house; his credit, in a great degree, depending upon the observance of this long-established practice. The first emigration of the city merchants westward was about 1747, and then only as far as Hatton Garden; and even this removal was ventured upon by such only as had already realized large fortunes, and possessed reputations for wealth beyond any shadow of doubt. "The lawyers, too," said Macklin, "lived mostly in the Inns of Court, or about Westminster Hall, and the players all resided in the vicinity of the theatres, so that they could

attend rehearsal without inconvenience, or expense of coach-hire. But I do not know how the change has been effected; we, the actors, are all now looking out for high ground, squares, and genteel neighborhoods, no matter how far distant from the theatres, as if local selection could give rhythm to the profession, or genteel neighborhoods instantaneously produce good manners."

Macklin's last appearance on the stage was in his hundredth year, in the character of Shylock. Even at that very great age, he was physically capable of performing the part with considerable vigor; but his mental powers were almost gone. In the second act, his memory totally failing him, he with great grace and solemnity came forward, and apologized to the audience. For a few years afterwards, he scarcely felt the infirmities of advanced age. He lived then, as he always had been accustomed to do, much from home; taking long walks, and frequenting a tavern in Duke's Court every evening, where, though still by no means unready at putting down an impudent questioner by a biting sarcasm, he used to relate, with tolerable distinctness, many interesting anecdotes to gratified listeners. As his infirmities increased, he wandered feebly about the vicinity of Covent Garden, and often visited the theatre, more, apparently, from the force of habit, than from any amusement he derived from the performance. On these occasions, however full the house might be, the pit audience always made room for him in his accustomed seat—the centre of the last row, next to the orchestra.

Mr. Kirkman relates a conversation he had with Macklin, less than a year before he died, which forms an interesting and not unpleasing picture of faculties still shrewd and vivacious, though fast fading into decay. As a specimen of the conversation of a man upwards of one hundred and six years old, it is probably unique.

Kirkman. Are you not pleased when your friends come and converse with you?

Macklin. I am always very happy to see my friends, and I should be very happy to hold a—a—a—see there now—

Kirkman. A conversation, you mean, sir?

Macklin. Ay, a conversation. Alas, sir! you see the wretched state of my memory; see there now, I could not recollect that common word—but I cannot converse. I used to go to a house very near this, where my friends assemble. . . . It was a—a—a [a company]; no that's not the word, a—a—club, I mean. I was the father of it, but I could not hear all; and what I did hear, I did not a—a—under—under—understand; they were all very attentive to me, but I could not be one of them. Indeed, I found, sir, that I was not fit to keep company, so I stay away.

Kirkman. But I perceive with satisfaction, sir, that your sight is good.

Macklin. O, sir! my sight like everything else begins to fail too; about two days ago, I felt a—a—a—there now—— I have lost it; a pain just above my left eye.

Kirkman. I think you appear at present free from pain.

Macklin. Yes, sir, I am pretty comfortable now; but I find my, my—a—a—my strength is all gone. I feel myself going gradually.

Kirkman. But you are not afraid to die?

Macklin. Not in the least, sir. I never did any person any serious mischief in my life; even when I gambled, I never cheated; I know that a—a—a—see there now—— death, I mean, must come, and I am ready to give it up.

Kirkman. I understand you were at Drury Lane Theatre last night.

Macklin. Yes, sir, I was there.

Kirkman. Yes, sir, the newspapers of this morning take notice of it.

Macklin. Do they?

Kirkman. Yes, sir; — the paragraph runs thus: "Among the numerous visitors at Drury Lane Theatre last night we observed the Duke of Queensberry and the veteran Macklin, whose ages together amount to one hundred and ninety-six."

Macklin. The Duke of who?

Kirkman. The Duke of Queensberry, sir.

Macklin. I don't know that man. The Duke of Queensberry! The Duke of Queensberry! Oh! ay, I remember him now very well. The Duke of Queensberry old! Why, sir, I might be his father! Ha, ha, ha!

Kirkman. Well, sir, I understand that you went to the Haymarket Theatre to see the *Merchant of Venice.*

Macklin. I did, sir.

Kirkman. What is your opinion of Mr. Palmer's Shylock?

Macklin. Why, sir, my opinion is, that Mr. Palmer played the character of Shylock in *one style.* In this scene there was a sameness, in that scene a sameness, and in every scene there was a sameness: it was all same, same, same!—no variation. He did not look the character, nor laugh the character, nor speak the character of Shakspeare's Jew. In the trial scene, where he comes to cut the pound of flesh, he was no Jew. Indeed, sir, *he did not hit the part, nor did the part hit him.*"

Macklin seems to have been mainly indebted for his long life to a vigorous constitution. He never was an abstemious man. His favorite beverage was ale, porter, or white wine thickened to the consistence of a syrup with sugar. For many years before he died, his loss of teeth compelled him to eat only fish, hash, and other spoon-meats. For the last ten years of his existence, he had no fixed hour for meals. He ate when he was hungry, at any hour of the day or night, drank when he was thirsty, and went to bed or arose just as he felt inclined, without any reference to time. There can be no doubt that the constant care and attention of his devoted wife, combined with her thorough knowledge of his disposition, constitution, and temper, was partly the cause of the prolongation of his life.

"OLD PARR."

Though several sceptical individuals, denying the possibility of the life of man being protracted beyond the period of a hundred years, have maintained that no such instance of longevity can be produced, there is abundant and satisfactory evidence to confute this statement, and establish indisputably the fact of the existence of numerous centenarians both in ancient and modern times. One of these instances, that of "Old Parr," whose extreme and almost antediluvian age has become proverbial, rests on such well-authenticated grounds, that no reasonable doubt can be entertained as to its truth.

The christian name of this venerable patriarch was Thomas, and he was born at Winnington, in the parish of Alberbury, Shropshire, in 1483. His father, John Parr, was an agricultural laborer, and Thomas throughout his long life followed the same occupation. Till the age of eighty, he continued a bachelor, and then married his first wife, with whom he lived for thirty-two years. About eight years after her death, when he himself was a hundred and twenty years old, he married for the second time. Having, in 1635, attained the wonderful age of a hundred and fifty-two years and upward, he was visited in that year by the Earl of Arundel, who, having gone down to see some estates of his in Shropshire, was attracted by the reports which reached him of so remark-

able an old man. His lordship was greatly struck by the intelligence and venerable demeanor of Thomas Parr, who was thereupon induced to pay a visit to London; the earl, as we are informed, "commanding a litter and two horses (for the more easy carriage of a man so enfeebled and worn with age) to be provided for him; also that a daughter-in-law of his (named Lucye) should likewise attend him, and have a horse for her owne riding with him; and to cheere up the olde man, and make him merry, there was an antique-faced fellow, called Jacke, or John the Foole, with a high and mighty no beard, that had also a horse for his carriage. These all were to be brought out of the country to London, by easie journeys, the charges being allowed by his lordship: and likewise one of his honour's own servants, named Brian Kelly, to ride on horseback with them, and to attend and defray all manner of reckonings and expenses; all which was done accordingly."

It would have been better, however, had Lord Arundel left the old man undisturbed in his native parish. Partly owing to the fatigues of the journey, partly to the crowds of visitors who thronged to see him, and above all to the unwonted mode of life which he led, Parr, ere many months were over, fell ill and died. He was buried on 15th November, 1635, in Westminster Abbey, where a monument was erected to his memory. After death his body was examined by the celebrated Dr. Harvey, who found it remarkably stout and healthy, without any trace of decay or organic disease, so that had it not been for

the abnormal influences to which he had been subjected for a few months previous to his death, there seems little doubt that Parr might have attained even a much greater age.

The principal authority for the history of Old Parr is John Taylor, the "Water Poet," who, while the patriarch was residing in London, about a month before he died, published a pamphlet entitled *The Olde, Olde, very Olde Man; or The Age and Long Life of Thomas Parr.* From the period at which this work was issued, we are warranted in placing considerable reliance on its statements, which appear never to have been controverted. In addition to those above quoted, we are informed by Taylor that, at the age of a hundred and five, Parr was obliged, in consequence of an intrigue with Catharine Milton, whom he afterwards married as his second wife, to do penance in a white sheet at the door of the parish church of Alberbury. When presented to Charles I. at court, that monarch observed to him: "You have lived longer than other men, what have you done more than other men?" Parr's reply was: "I did penance when I was a hundred years old." In the meeting of the venerable patriarch with the British sovereign, a parallel is almost suggested with the grand simplicity in which the presentation of Jacob to Pharaoh is recorded in the Book of Genesis.

Thomas Parr seems, through life, to have been of temperate and industrious habits, of which the following metrical account is given by Taylor:

"Good wholesome labor was his exercise,
Down with the lamb, and with the lark would rise;
In mire and toiling sweat he spent the day,
And to his team he whistled time away:
The cock his night-clock, and till day was done,
His watch and chief sun-dial was the sun.
He was of old Pythagoras' opinion,
That green cheese was most wholesome with an onion;
Coarse meslin bread, and for his daily swig,
Milk, butter-milk, and water, whey and whig:
Sometimes metheglin, and by fortune happy,
He sometimes sipped a cup of ale most nappy,
Cyder or perry, when he did repair
T' Whitson ale, wake, wedding, or a fair;
Or when in Christmas-time he was a guest
At his good landlord's house amongst the rest:
Else he had little leisure-time to waste,
Or at the ale-house huff-cap ale to taste;
His physic was good butter, which the soil
Of Salop yields, more sweet than candy oil;
And garlick he esteemed above the rate
Of Venice treacle, or best mithridate.
He entertained no gout, no ache he felt,
The air was good and temperate where he dwelt;
While mavisses and sweet-tongued nightingales
Did chant him roundelays and madrigals.
Thus living within bounds of nature's laws.
Of his long-lasting life may be some cause."

There was doubtless something peculiar in Parr's constitution which enabled him to resist so long the effects of age and natural decay. As a corroboration of the theory of the hereditary transmission of qualities, it is a

curious circumstance that Robert Parr, a grandson of this wonderful old man, who was born at Kinver in 1633, died in 1757, at the age of a hundred and twenty-four. Perhaps one of the most ingenious devices in the art of quackery is that by which a well-known medicine, bearing Parr's name, is vaunted to the public as the mysterious preparation by which he was enabled to attain the extraordinary age of a hundred and fifty-two. The portrait which is frequently attached to the puffing placard advertising these drugs, is derived from a likeness of Old Parr, drawn by the celebrated painter Rubens.

EDWARD DRINKER

Was born on the 24th of December, 1680, in a small cabin, near the present corner of Walnut and Second streets, in the city of Philadelphia. His parents came from a place called Beverly, in the State of Massachusetts. The banks of the Delaware, on which the city of Philadelphia now stands, were inhabited, at the time of his birth by Indians, and a few Swedes and Hollanders. He often talked to his companions of picking whortleberries and catching rabbits on spots now the most improved and populous in the city. He recollected about the time William Penn came to Pennsylvania, and used to point to the place where the cabin stood in which he and his friends that accompanied him were accommodated upon their first arrival. At twelve years of age, he went to Boston, where he served his apprenticeship to a cabinet maker. In the year 1745, he returned to Philadelphia with his family, where he lived until the time of his death. He was four times married, and had eighteen children, all of whom were by his first wife. At one time of his life, he sat down at his own table with fourteen children. Not long before his death, he heard of the birth of a grandchild to one of his grandchildren, the fifth in succession to himself.

He retained all his faculties till the last year of his life.

Even his memory, so generally diminished by age, was but little impaired. He not only remembered the incidents of his childhood and youth, but the events of latter years; and so faithful was his memory to him, that his son has informed us that he never heard him tell the same story twice, but to different persons, and in different companies. His eye-sight failed him many years before his death, but his hearing was uniformly perfect and unimpaired. His appetite was good till within a few years before his death. He generally ate a hearty breakfast of a pint of tea or coffee, as soon as he got out of his bed, with bread and butter in proportion. He ate likewise at eleven o'clock, and never failed to eat plentifully at dinner of the grossest solid food. He drank tea in the evening, but never ate any supper; he had lost all his teeth thirty years before his death, which was occasioned, his son said, by drawing excessively hot smoke of tobacco into his mouth; but the want of suitable mastication of his food did not prevent its speedy digestion, nor impair his health. Whether the gums, hardened by age, supplied the place of his teeth to a certain degree, or whether the juices of the mouth and stomach became so much more acrid by time, as to perform the office of dissolving the food more speedily and more perfectly, is not known; but it has often been observed that old people are most disposed to excessive eating, and that they suffer fewest inconveniences from it. He was inquisitive after news in the last years of his life. His education did not lead him to increase the stock of his ideas any other way.

But it is a fact well worth attending to, that old age instead of diminishing, always increases the desire for knowledge. It must afford some consolation to those who expect to be old, to discover that the infirmities to which the decays of nature expose the human body, are rendered more tolerable by the enjoyments that are to be derived from the appetite for sensual and intellectual food.

He was remarkably sober and temperate. Neither hard labor, nor company, nor the usual afflictions of human life, nor the wastes of nature, ever led him to an improper or excessive use of strong drink. For the last twenty-five years of his life, he drank twice every day of toddy, made with two tablespoonfuls of spirit, in half a pint of water. His son, a man of fifty-nine years of age, said that he never saw him intoxicated. The time and manner in which he used spirituous liquors, it is believed, contributed to lighten the weight of his years, and probably to prolong his life. "Give wine to him that is of a heavy heart, and strong drink to him that is ready to perish with age, as well as with sickness. Let him drink and forget his sorrow, and remember his misery no more."

He enjoyed an uncommon share of health, insomuch that in the course of his long life he never was confined more than three days to his bed. He often declared that he had no idea of that most distressing pain called the headache. His sleep was interrupted a little in the last years of his life with a deflexion on his breast, which produced what is commonly called the "old man's cough."

The character of this aged citizen was not summed up in his negative quality of temperance: he was a man of the most amiable temper; old age had not curdled his blood; he was uniformly cheerful and kind to everybody; his religious principles were as steady as his morals were pure. He attended public worship about thirty years in the Rev. Dr. Sproat's church, and died in a full assurance of a happy immortality. The life of this man is marked with several circumstances which, perhaps, have seldom occurred in the life of an individual. He saw and heard more of those events which are measured by time than have ever been seen or heard by any man since the age of the patriarchs; he saw the same spot of earth which, at one period of his life, was covered with wood and bushes, and the receptacle of beasts and birds of prey, afterwards become the seat of a city, not only one of the first in wealth and arts in the new, but rivalling, in both, many of the first cities in the old world. He saw regular streets where he once pursued a hare; he saw churches rising upon morasses where he had often heard the croaking of frogs; he saw wharves and warehouses where he had often seen Indian savages draw fish from the river for their daily subsistence; and he saw ships of every size and use in those streams where he had often seen nothing but Indian canoes; he saw a stately edifice, filled with legislators astonishing the world with their wisdom and virtue, on the same spot, probably, where he had seen an Indian council-fire; he saw the first treaty ratified between the newly confederated powers of Ameri-

ca and the ancient monarchy of France, with all the formalities of parchment and seals, near the spot where he once might have seen William Penn ratify his first and last treaty with the Indians without the formality of pen, ink, or paper; he saw all the intermediate stages through which a people pass from the most simple to the highest degrees of civilization. He saw the beginning and end of the empire of Great Britain in Pennsylvania. He had been the subject of seven successive crowned heads, and afterwards became a willing citizen of a republic; for he embraced the liberties and independence of America in his withered arms, and triumphed in the last years of his life in the salvation of his country.

It might have been said of him also, that he was in spirit and politics a real Whig of the Revolution, and liked to get the king's proclamations and make them into kites for the use of his grand and great-grandchildren. The late Joseph Sansom, who often used to see him at his father's, described him as a little, withered old man, bearing heavily upon his staff, while Mr. Sansom's father, to please the ancient man, searched his clock-case for old tobacco pipes to serve him. When Dr. Franklin was asked in England to what age we lived in this country, he said "he could not tell till Drinker died."

Mr. Drinker died in Philadelphia on the seventeenth day of November, 1782, at the extraordinary age of one hundred and two years.

MRS. REBECCA WELLS

Was born in Warren Street, in the City of New York, in the year 1760, when that locality was known as the "King's Farm," and lots in Wall Street were sold for $500 each. She lived in New York during the Revolutionary War, and remembered distinctly the principal incidents which transpired in this city during the memorable eight years' struggle which terminated in the independence of the United States. She was sixteen years old when the battle of Bunker's Hill was fought, and took pleasure in referring to Washington, Lafayette, and a number of these revolutionary heroes whom she had often seen during her residence in this city. She was a woman singularly attached to her home, never having been out of New York but once during the long period of her existence. As the city took rapid strides northward, Mrs. Wells was obliged to shift her place of residence, but at each moving she manifested an inclination to locate herself as far down town as possible. Hence, in 1863, we find her still domiciled as low down town as Varick Street. Nineteen years ago she rented apartments at 201 Varick Street, with the determination of spending the rest of her days there, and so decided was she in this step that her relatives were unable to persuade her to remove. She was a regular attendant at church, and attended Divine worship on the Sabbath preceding her death. Her

relatives, who live in Williamsburg, supported her comfortably, and visited her frequently in order that she might want for nothing. Mrs. Wells was noted for her repugnance to stoves and hard coal up to the day of her death. She insisted on burning nothing but wood, and took especial pride in the bright polish of her old-fashioned andirons. Up to within a day or two of her death she did all her own housework, and bustled around the place with all the spirit of a woman fifty years her junior. Her apartments, when visited by the Coroner, presented a remarkably neat appearance, and from the antique style in which they were furnished, were quite a curiosity to look at. The antique chairs, the high-roofed bedstead, the old familiar fire-place, and the ancient pictures which hung upon the wall, were replete with history, and to the mind of the antiquarian were relics of priceless value. Mrs. Wells died at her residence, No. 201 Varick Street, New York City, in the month of February, 1863, at the age of one hundred and three years.

ALICE,

A COLORED woman, was a slave, and was born in Philadelphia, Pa., of parents who came from Barbadoes, and lived in Philadelphia until she was ten years old, when her master removed her to Dunker's Ferry, in which neighborhood she continued to the end of her days. She remembered the ground on which the city of Philadelphia stands, when it was a wilderness, and when the Indians (its first inhabitants) hunted wild game in the woods, while the panther, the wolf, and other beasts of the forest were prowling about the wigwams and cabins. Being a sensible, intelligent woman, and having a good memory, which she retained to the last, she would often make judicious remarks on the population and improvements of the city and country; hence her conversation became peculiarly interesting, especially to the immediate descendants of the first settlers, of whose ancestors she often related acceptable anecdotes.

She remembered William Penn, Thomas Story, James Logan, and several other distinguished characters of that day. During a short visit which she paid to Philadelphia in her last days, many respectable persons called to see her, who were all pleased with her innocent cheerfulness. In observing the increase of the city, she pointed out the house next to the Episcopal Church, to the southward, in Second Street, as the first brick building that was erected

in it. The first church, she said, was a small frame of wood that stood within the present walls, the ceiling of which she could reach with her hands. She was a worthy member of Christ Church; used to visit it on horseback when she was ninety-five years of age. She loved to hear the Bible read, and had a great regard for truth. She retained her hearing to the last. She lost her sight gradually when she was from ninety-six to one hundred years of age, but it returned to her again, partially, when she was one hundred and two years old. When blind she was skillful in catching fish, and would row herself out alone in the stream. She received ferriages at Dunker's Ferry for forty years. She said she remembered when the bell of the church was affixed in the crotch of a tree then standing in the church alley. Before she died, her hair became perfectly white, and the last of her teeth dropped sound from her head only a few days before her decease. She died in the year 1802, at the age of one hundred and sixteen years.

BENJAMIN MILLER

Was born in Springfield, Massachusetts, in 1763. He entered the army of the American Revolution in 1779, when but sixteen years old, having enlisted in the town of Brimfield, where he was then living. The company to which he belonged was under Captain John Carpenter, and it was employed in guarding the United States

Armory in Springfield, Massachusetts, and he did not see any active service. In October of the same year he again enlisted for three months as a private, under Captain Caleb Keep, in the Massachusetts Militia, and marched to Albany, where, after one month or two of service, the company was discharged, and he returned home again. In June, 1780, he again volunteered in the militia of Brimfield for three months, and was marched to West Point, New York. At this time General Arnold was Commander-in-Chief at this port, and it was during the service in that vicinity in the month of September, that Arnold's treason, which came so near inflicting deadly injury upon the American cause, was developed. After remaining at West Point one month, the company to which he belonged was sent down the river to King's Ferry. He recollected the British sloop *Vulture* coming up the river, and anchoring off a place called Teller's Point. He, with a party of others, was ordered to take a field-piece and two howitzers and go down on the point and attack her, which they did, opening upon her just as the reveille was beaten on board the sloop. The firing upon her was continued until the sun was two hours high, by which time she had got her anchor up and been towed out of range by her boats. It was near this place that communications were held between the belligerents by flags of truce, and he recollects that at one time, the boats, instead of separating and going in different directions, as usual, both went on board the British vessel, which had continued in sight ever since she had been driven off

from Teller's Point, and he afterwards understood and believes that Arnold was in his boat, and went on board at this time. He lay at King's Ferry on the 2d of October, at the time Major Andre was hung—which circumstance he well remembered. Soon after this his term of enlistment expired, and he was marched back to West Point, and was discharged from the service, and did not re-enter it during the war. Mr. Miller was living in 1864, and then resided in Laurens, Otsego County, N. Y.

MARGARET KRASIOWNAL

Was born on the 12th of February, 1655. At the age of ninety-four she married, for her third husband, Gaspard Rayhow, of the village of Otwouszin, then aged one hundred and five. During the fourteen years they lived together they had two boys and a girl, and what was very remarkable, these three children bore evident marks of the old age of their father and mother. Their hair was already gray, and they had a vacuity in their gums like that which appears after the loss of teeth. Though they never had teeth, they had not strength enough to chew solid food, but lived on bread and vegetables. They were of a proper size for their age, but their backs were bent, their complexions sallow, and they had all the other symptoms of decrepitude. Mrs. Krasiownal died in the village of Koninia, in 1763, at the age of one hundred and eight. Her husband then survived her.

REV. DANIEL WALDO

Was born in Midham, Conn., Sept. 10, 1762. He entered the army in April, 1777, having been drafted into a company of Connecticut militia, under Capt. Wm. Howard, and served one month at New London. In April, 1779, a company of Connecticut troops was formed in Midham, under Capt. Nathaniel Wales, in which he enlisted, and which, in the month of June following, was attached to Col. Levi Wells's regiment and marched to Horseneek and Greenwich, Conn., and was employed in scouting and guarding the country. While stationed as a sentinel at the door of Col. Wells's house, on the 25th of December, 1779, he, with some twenty others, including the Colonel, was taken prisoner by the Tory refugees, or cow-boys, and held as a prisoner for two months in the notorious sugar-house in Liberty Street, New York, and was released and exchanged at the expiration of that time. After the war, Mr. Waldo became a clergyman, and was at one time the chaplain of the House of Representatives of the United States. He died at his residence near Syracuse, N. Y., in the year 1864, when nearly one hundred and two years of age. He retained all his faculties to the last, and preached, on several occasions, to large audiences, after he was a hundred years old.

M. FRANK

Was a native of Wilna, in Germany, and was born in the year 1758. He was a Hebrew scholar of some note, but had not attained the same reputation as his brother rabbi, Zachariah Frankel, has enjoyed for his many learned works upon the Scriptures, and who still fills the post of Grand Rabbi of Dresden. These two were looked upon by the Jewish fraternity as the most orthodox of Israelites. M. Frank was in the advanced period of his life without any of the infirmities of old age. His hearing was perfect, he read without spectacles, and took long walks up to within the last week of his life. He died in the month of December, 1866, at the age of one hundred and eight years.

MRS. NORTON,

Of the County of Kildare, Ireland, at a time when old age is often a burden, retained such vivacity that within five years of her death, she led up a country dance at the wedding of one of her great grandchildren, when forty-two of her offspring were present. She died in the year 1761, at the age of one hundred and nine.

MRS. EUPHEMIA POLHAMUS,

Widow of Aaron Polhamus, died at Charlestown, Rockland Co., N. Y., on Wednesday, February 1st, 1854. She was born on the 20th day of October, 1750, and had, consequently, reached at the day of her death the astonishing age of one hundred and three years, three months and eleven days. She died in the same town where she was born, and where she had always lived. Her faculties remained almost unimpaired until within a short time of her death. With the use of spectacles she read her Bible, of ordinary print, daily. She visited the city of New York on one occasion more than half a century past, but in consequence of the confusion of the city, was anxious to return to her own quiet home, where she lived respected and highly esteemed by all who had the privilege of her acquaintance. She had never seen either a steamboat or a railroad.

EGLEBERT HOFF

Was born in Norway, and when a lad, driving a team, news was brought to his country that Charles I. was beheaded. He served as a soldier under the Prince of Orange, afterwards King of England, in the time of King James II. In Queen Anne's war, he went privateering out of New York, being then seventy years old. When he returned, he married and had twelve children. He never used spectacles, read fluently, and his memory and senses he entirely retained until his death, which was occasioned by a fall which injured his hip. He died in Fishkill, Dutchess Co., N. Y., in the year 1764, at the age of one hundred and twenty-eight.

CHRISTIAN JACOB DRAKENBURG

Was born in Stravenger, in Norway, in 1624, and lived in single blessedness till the age of one hundred and thirteen, when he married a widow of sixty. During the latter part of his life, he was frequently visited by persons of the highest rank who were curious to see and converse with him. He died in Aarhicus, Norway, in the year 1770, aged one hundred and forty-six.

ANTHONY LOYDI,

A HUSBANDMAN, was born on the 21st of March, 1669. He never had any sickness but the oppression of his lungs which seized him a few days before his death. Having always an aversion to physic, he refused to take what was ordered him during his last illness. During his whole life he had eaten nothing but bread made out of Turkey wheat, and he always abstained from wine and tobacco. At the age of one hundred and twelve he still worked in the fields, and could get up into trees of a middling size without the aid of a ladder. He retained the use of his senses, had all his teeth, and his hair, to the day of his death. His presence of mind never forsook him to his latest breath. He died in Amerquet, province of Guipuzcon, in Spain, in 1783, aged one hundred and fourteen.

JOHN RIVA,

A STOCK-BROKER, was born in Morocco, in 1653. At the age of seventy he married, and had several children, one when he was ninety years old. He walked every day, without a stick, to St. Mark's Square, and retained his hearing and sight to the last. He died in Venice, Italy, in 1771, at the age of one hundred and eighteen.

DAVID KINNISON.

The latest survivor of the notable band of patriots, in 1773, known as *The Boston Tea-Party*, was David Kinnison, who lived to the remarkable age of more than one hundred and fifteen years. The facts of this brief memoir were obtained from his own lips by Mr. Lossing, in August, 1848, together with a daguerreotype likeness. He was then one hundred and eleven years of age. He was born in Old Kingston, Maine, on the 17th of November, 1736, and was employed in farming until the tempest of the Revolution began to lower. He was a member of a secret club, who were pledged to destroy the obnoxious article of Tea, wheresoever it might be found; and when the East India Company's ships had arrived at Boston, Kinnison and others hastened thither, were among the "Mohawks" in the gallery of the old South Church, and assisted in casting the two cargoes of tea into the waters of Boston harbor, on the evening of the 16th of December, 1773. Kinnison remained in the vicinity of the New England capital, working on a farm, until the Spring of 1775, when, as a minuteman, he participated in the events at Lexington and Concord. With his father and two brothers, he fought in the battle of Bunker's Hill; and after the British were driven from Boston, he accompanied the American army to New York. From that

time until the Autumn of 1781, he led the life of a Continental soldier, under the immediate command of Washington most of the time. Then, while engaged as a scout in Saratoga, he was captured by some Mohawk Indians, and did not regain his liberty until peace came, after a captivity of more than eighteen months.

At the close of the Revolution, Mr. Kinnison resumed the labors of agriculture, at Danville, Vermont, where he resided about eight years, and then removed to Wells, in Maine. There he lived until the commencement of the war with Great Britain, in 1812, when he again went to the field as a private soldier. He was under General Brown at Sackett's harbor; and in the battle at Williamsburg, on the St. Lawrence, he was badly wounded in the hand by a grape-shot. That was the first and only injury he had ever received in battle, but by accidents afterward, his skull had been fractured; his collar bone and both legs, below the knees, had been broken; the heel of a horse had left a deep scar on his forehead, and rheumatism had dislocated one of his hip joints. As he forcibly expressed it, he had been "completely bunged up and stove in."

Mr. Kinnison was an illiterate man, and possessed none of the elements of greatness. He was eminent because of the peculiar associations of his life, his long experience, and his remarkable longevity. He learned to write his name when in the revolutionary camp; and he was sixty-two years of age when his granddaughter taught him to read. He had married and buried four wives, who had

borne him twenty-two children. When he related this narrative, he had lost all trace of his relatives, and supposed himself childless. About a year before his death, his daughter, living in Oswego, New York, saw the portrait and biographical sketch of her long-lost father, in *Lossing's Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution.* She at once hastened to Chicago to see him. Until then, she had no idea that he was among the living. She remained with him, and smoothed the pillow of his death-bed. His pension of eight dollars a month was insufficient for his wants, and until his one hundred and tenth year, he added sufficient for a livelihood, by the labor of his hands. Then a benevolent stranger, in Chicago, gave him a home. He was little less than six feet in height, with powerful arms, shoulders, and chest; and at the age of one hundred and two years, he was seen to lift a barrel of cider into a wagon with ease. When one hundred and ten he walked twenty miles in one day. At eighty, his sight and hearing failed. Both were restored at ninety-five, and remained quite perfect until his death. That venerable man died at Chicago, Illinois, on the 24th of February, 1852, in the one hundred and sixteenth year of his age.

UZAL KNAPP

Was born in the town of Stamford, Fairfield Co., Conn., on the 24th day of October, 1759. On the 1st day of July, 1777, being then hardly eighteen years old, he enlisted for the war, in Capt. Betts' company, in the 3d Connecticut Regiment, commanded by Col. Webb, in Brig. Gen. Huntington's Brigade, and Maj. Gen. Parras's Division. During the month and year of his enlistment, his regiment was ordered to Peekskill, Westchester Co., where Maj. Gen. Putnam was then commanding. In the month of August of the same year, it was ordered to White Plains, in the same county, and once subsequently during the war. He was stationed at Peekskill when the storming of Forts Clinton and Montgomery took place, in the Fall of that year; and was standing guard on the river's bank when the British vessels passed up. Late in the Fall of that year his regiment was ordered to join its brigade in Winter quarters at Valley Forge, Penn. While on its march thither, it fell in with a large detachment from Gen. Howe's army, at Chestnut Hill, about eighteen miles from Philadelphia. It was at night, and a sharp conflict ensued, in which his regiment lost, in killed and wounded, one hundred men. Col. Webb was sick, and had been left a few miles back in a farm-house, and the

regiment at the time was under the command of Lieut. Col. Sherman. The regiment reached Valley Forge in the early part of December, and went into Winter quarters. The only known survivor of that encamped band of suffering patriots at Valley Forge, a few years since, was the subject of this sketch. In the following May the encampment broke up and marched on to Monmouth, N. J., in pursuit of the British army, then under the command of Gen. Clinton, who had superseded Sir William Howe the previous Winter. Capt. Betts' company, to which Sergeant Knapp belonged, was on the right flank of our army during the battle. The battle of Monmouth was fought on Sunday, and the day was intensely hot. A great many of our troops died from over-exertion, as well as from the effects of the heat, and drinking too much water. The heat was so excessive that day that many fell down in the ranks before the battle was half over. It commenced about 10 o'clock in the morning, and was discontinued at twilight. After the battle of Monmouth, the whole army came north, first to New Brunswick, then to Stony Point, on the Hudson, where it crossed the river, and the main body, under Washington, proceeded to White Plains, and a portion to Peekskill. Mr. Knapp's regiment was in quarters at Reading, Conn. In 1780 his regiment was ordered to West Point, where it was encamped during Summer, although it was occasionally posted on the opposite side of the Hudson. In the Winter of 1782–3, it was in camp at the same place, and there discharged in the month of June of the latter year.

Sergeant Knapp's certificate of discharge shows that he served five years and eleven months. It bears date June 8, 1783, and is signed by George Washington, and countersigned by J. Trumbull, Jr., his Secretary. While his regiment was at West Point, where Gen. Knox of the artillery commanded, Sergeant Knapp was ordered to join Washington's Life Guard, at Headquarters, Newburg, in which he performed duty as a sergeant for two months, at the expiration of which time he returned to his regiment. For some reason unknown at the present day the Commander-in-Chief wished to increase temporarily his Guard; and a few of the choicest men of the army, on the recommendation of the field officers under whom they served, were detailed. None were selected but those who had enlisted for and during the war, who were attached to the army and the cause it was defending, from principle; and whose conduct and courage had been tried and scrutinized on the hard-fought battle-fields of the previous campaign. After his discharge from the army, Mr. Knapp returned to his native State, where he resided for a few years, and then emigrated to Orange Co., N. Y., where he continued until his death. He died in New Windsor, on the 10th day of January, 1858. His funeral was numerously attended, and military honors were paid over his grave.

ISRAEL M'BEE.

Born in Pittsylvania County, Virginia, in 1761. He was drafted in Pittsylvania County for the militia, but enlisted for eighteen months, August 9th, 1778, under Capt. Cummings. He was marched to Norfolk, and from there to Philadelphia, where he remained two weeks, when his regiment, with two others, was detailed for duty South, under Brig.-Gen. Scott. They proceeded as far as Petersburg, Virginia, where his regiment was ordered to remain until further orders. About the 1st of March they were ordered to rejoin the rest of the brigade, at Camden, South Carolina; was detailed as a teamster at this time, and served in that capacity until the battle of Hanging Rock, where he was taken prisoner, and his team was captured by the British. Three days afterwards he was paroled, and was not exchanged during the term for which he was enlisted, and consequently, was not again in active service. Was living in 1861, in Granger County, Tennessee, and was then 100 years old.