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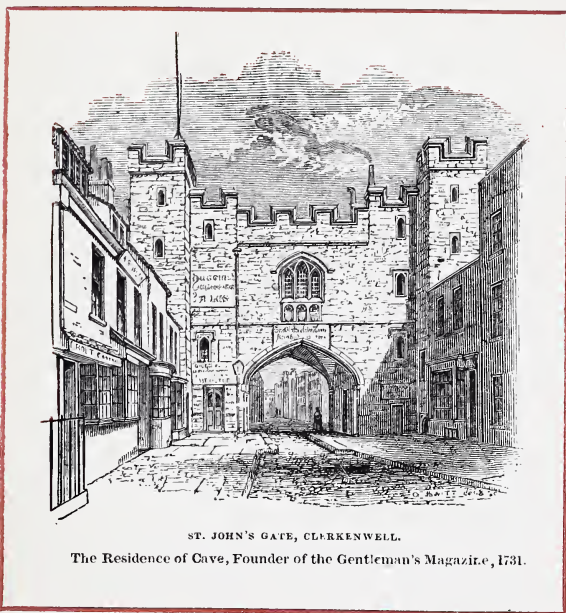
New Series v.
1868
224

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY—MAY, 1868.

THE
Gentleman's Magazine
AND
HISTORICAL REVIEW.

Aliusque et idem.—Hor.



ST. JOHN'S GATE, CLERKENWELL.

The Residence of Cave, Founder of the Gentleman's Magazine, 1731.

By SYLVANUS URBAN, GENT.

NEW SERIES, 224

VOL. V., JAN.—MAY, 1868.

(BEING THE TWO-HUNDRED-AND-TWENTY-FOURTH SINCE THE COMMENCEMENT.)

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PREFACE.

ON the First of June THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE will undergo an entire change. It will appear in a new cover, under new editorship, and at One Shilling, instead of Half-a-crown as heretofore.

Henceforth, leaving the records of Learned Societies to their own particular media, THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE will be a work of general literature. In a manly and healthy tone, it will treat of everything in which the modern gentleman is interested. Dealing with his sports and pastimes from a high standard, it will discourse pleasantly of the Arts, Music, the Drama, and Society. Fiction of the best class will be duly represented ; and space will be allotted to Sylvanus Urban for the continued publication of special letters from his numerous correspondents.

Judiciously chosen Memoirs of notable men will link still further the present with the past history and character of this famous periodical, which, it is hoped, will prove as useful and entertaining to this new generation as it was to our forefathers, when Cave the Founder, and Johnson the Contributor, were familiar friends together.

It only remains, in closing this the last volume of the present series of THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, for its Editor to express

his best thanks to the many kind friends and contributors who have endeavoured to lighten what has been truly a labour of love during the last three years, and to record his earnest wish and prayer for the continued and increasing success of Sylvanus Urban. “Floreat Æternùm!”

London, May 15, 1868.

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JANUARY, 1868.

NEW SERIES. *Aliusque et idem.*—*Hor.*

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BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENT.

The Editor has reason to hope for a continuance of the useful and valuable aid which his predecessors have received from correspondents in all part of the country ; and he trusts that they will further the object of the New Series, by extending, as much as possible, the subjects of their communications : remembering that his pages will be always open to well-selected inquiries and replies on matters connected with Genealogy, Heraldry, Topography, History, Biography, Philology, Folk-lore, Art, Science, Books, and General Literature.

All MSS., Letters, &c., intended for the Editor of THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, should be addressed to "SYLVANUS URBAN," care of Messrs. Bradbury, Evans, & Co., Publishers, 11, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London, E.C. Authors and Correspondents are requested to write on one side of the paper only, and to insert their names and addresses legibly on the first page of every MS. Correspondents are requested to send their names and addresses to SYLVANUS URBAN, as no letter can be inserted without the communication of the writer's name and address to the Editor.

Subscribers are informed that cases for binding the volumes of THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE can be ordered from the publishers, through any bookseller, price 9*d.* each.

An old friend of Sylvanus Urban wishes to purchase THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE from 1855 to 1865 inclusive. Particulars to be addressed to "Americus," care of the Editor.

Another subscriber wants THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE for 1769, also for 1765 (January to June inclusive). He also requires the title-page for the year 1771, the last leaf of Index of Names for 1766, the latter part of Index to Essays for 1770, and the Index of Names for the same volume.

S. U.

The Gentleman's Magazine

AND

HISTORICAL REVIEW.

Auspice Musâ.—*Hor.*

MADEMOISELLE MATHILDE.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE SHEEPSDEN LETTER-BAG.



IT was night, and Mathilde was alone, when Mrs. Bone came in to her by the fire, holding three letters in a corner of her apron, between her finger and thumb. "Letters, miss," she said, "from France." Whereupon Mathilde fell upon her, and kissed her, after the manner of her nation. The three letters flew far and wide in the struggle, and the first one which Mathilde got hold of was from her father.

M. D'ISIGNY TO HIS DAUGHTER MATHILDE.

"MY CHILD,—A fortnight ago I received a letter from Sir Lionel Somers—much delayed in the transmission—which I am bound to say gave me the deepest grief and pain.

"I thought that there was one single soul left in this false and hollow world in which I could trust. I actually, at my time of life, believed that there was one being whom I loved, who was not entirely false and treacherous to me. How I have been deceived Sir Lionel's letter has shown me.

"I am myself utterly at a loss to conceive in what manner I have so entirely forfeited your confidence and your duty. I am unaware in what way I have failed in my duty to you as a parent. That I

am an imperfect character I am aware, and I may not have done my duty by you ; I may have erred in my affection for you, by hesitating to point out with sufficient emphasis and persistency the faults which I saw in you. Let all that be granted. But how much better would it have been had you calmly pointed out these shortcomings of mine, instead of treating me with what I am forced to call treachery and deceit.

“ I had designed you for nobler things. I believed, as I told you once last year, that you could be trusted as few women could. I then asked you, were you prepared to act with me in any complication which might occur. Your answer was ‘ Yes ; that you could die mute.’ Your conduct says ‘ No ;’ and I have done with you.

“ Done with you ; that is to say, as a trusted friend and an obedient daughter, I can trust no longer now. I can only command ; and when the time comes I *shall* command, and you will obey. For you, with the traditions of our family, to have taken up with the discarded and deceived lover, and, without consultation with me, to have engaged yourself to him, is a dereliction of duty and propriety so utterly monstrous that I confess my inability to deal with it in anything like a reasonable temper. I can go no further with the subject at present.

“ At the same time I call your attention to one fact. In case you are required here, to look after your sister, I shall demand and command your attendance. I have no more to say.

“ D’ISIGNY.”

Three days before he had quietly told Andrè Desilles that the marriage was a good and convenable one ; but there are men who will bully these women as long as these women will let them ; and so D’Isigny revenged the fearful bullying he had got from his own wife on poor Mathilde.

It maddened her. She believed every word of his foolish ill-temper, and abased herself utterly. Her horror at his silly, cruel letter was so great that she could not weep,—only walk to and fro, moaning, believing herself to be the most worthless, false, and ungrateful being under the sun. Mrs. Bone and William heard her walking up and down, talking to herself, and forbore to go in as usual. “ Mademoiselle has heard bad news,” they said. Indeed, she had.

“ He cannot trust me ? Ah, heavens ! he might, if he knew all.

Would I not give up Lionel and life for him or for Adèle. Ah! so cruel, papa, yet so just and so true. Ah! he cannot love as I can; yet, what matters? The angels in Heaven do not love—only contemplate. And I was the last in whom he could trust, and I have deceived him. That is very true; and I am so wicked. I was the very last in whom he trusted, and I have deceived and betrayed him. Why did he leave me alone, without his guidance, here? Because he trusted me. And I am never to have his confidence again? Is there no way? Yes; he speaks now—as he spoke before—of a trust he had for me to fulfil. Let him put me to the test, and I will fulfil it. He asked me, ‘Could I die mute?’ Yes, by the holy crucifix! Yes, by the holy presence——”

She paused, as if shot. Her great Protestant lover stood before her, looking down on her, and on her raving with a disturbed and puzzled face. For one instant, and for one instant only, she felt ashamed that he should have seen her in her passion and her despair. Another moment she had wound herself around him, and was crying, “Lionel! Lionel! I have no one left me in the world but you. Kill me before you cast me off, dear. I will die mute, as my father asks. But kill me before you leave me; for I have none left but you.”

English gentlemen, in those days, had, if all stories be true, a remarkable faculty of making themselves agreeable to women,—a sort of love-making instinct, in fact, more or less dangerous, which they seem to have lost in the march of civilisation. Sir Lionel, though not a man of the world, seems to have had some dim idea as to what was the best thing to do under the circumstances; for he quietly drew her to a chair, and said only, “Come, and tell me all about it, dearest.” It was not much; but the little was well done. There was a quiet, cool strength about this young man, which had a wonderful effect in quieting Mathilde. He took the letter from her, and read it, keeping his arm round her waist. When he had done he said—

“Have you pledged yourself to go to France, if he demands it?”

“Yes, Lionel. You will not leave me all alone?”

“I will never leave you, my beloved.”

“Thank God! for I have no one left but you now.”

“There you are mistaken, my little one,” said Sir Lionel; “you do not understand your father as I do. This letter is mere temper. He evidently approves of our engagement. Be quiet, now: if you

are forced to go to France by any bargain with him, I will go with you, and will never leave your side. I tell you, point blank, that there is great danger in going to France just now. Your mother is behaving with the greatest indiscretion on the Royalist side; and Jenkinson believes that there will be a Jacquerie which will throw the old Jacquerie into the shade. Yet, if you have to fulfil your bargain with your father and go, I will go with you. Now, to pleasanter matters: is this the only letter you have got?"

"Nay," said Mathilde, cheerfully; "there were two others. Mrs. Bone brought them in on the corner of her apron; and I, in kissing her, dispersed them somewhere. There they are."

Sir Lionel picked them up, and brought them to her. The first she read was more pleasant than her father's letter; it made her smile and laugh with honest happiness.

"DEAREST DAUGHTER,—The blessing of our Lord, of the Virgin, and of all saints be upon you! until we both, after our necessary trial and purification, meet face to face in Heaven.

"I thank the Lord always for you. In your rising up and in your sitting down; in your going and your coming, I praise God for you. I praise God because he has let me, in these later times, behold a Christian. Christianity, my daughter, means an utter abnegation of self; and I have seen that in you. I, therefore, praise God for you always.

"They say that you are to marry this Sir Lionel Somers. I am content; for he is noble, good, and Christian. I could have wished him a Catholic; but one cannot have everything. He will hold your faith sacred; be careful to hold his equally sacred. I am no believer in proselytes, now-a-days. He has had time to form his opinions. I think them erroneous; but if they are disturbed, you will have dangerously to disturb much else with him. My daughter, always remember that the duty of a Christian is edification—the *building up* of faith of any kind, not the *destruction* of it. Our own Voltaire, of whom, as a Frenchman, I should be proud, has pulled the edifice about our ears. *Enfin*. But he puts nothing in its place. My dear, the destruction of the Christian religion was as well done, eighteen hundred years ago, by the Scribes and Pharisees, as it has ever been done since, even by Voltaire. The petty and miserable formulas which these destructives give you in the place of our grand Christian morality, developed through so many centuries,

are as vague as the wandering waves of the Dead Sea, and are as bitter and as dusty as the apples of Sodom in the mouth. Have I not tried them myself then? Was I not nearly prosecuted for heresy by Cardinal Leroy.

“I say this to you because you are about to marry a Protestant, and because your father, in whom you trust among all men, is blown about with every wind of doctrine; going in here, going in there, until he has lost the respect of his best friends. I would sooner see you a Protestant than see you such as your father is.

“Keep, my daughter, to the Catholic faith, in which you were born. Let no man delude you into the idea that you can ‘change your faith.’ Such a thing is utterly impossible. A change of faith presupposes an examination of arguments. No faith will stand such an examination. Stay by our old Catholic formulas; they may not be absolutely perfect, but they are well enough.

“One word more. I speak these words in the face of *death*. Do not come here. We French are beginning a total *bouleversement* of all things. I cannot say where it will end. Your old friend Marat is in retirement; but his demand for three hundred thousand heads will be answered, unless I am mistaken. We secular priests will have to pay, in our lives, for the wickedness of such regular priests as De Rohan and Leroy. *Do not come here.*

“God bless you! As I said before, I thank the Lord always for you. I shall have no grave, or I would ask you to come and weep over it. Still, we shall meet again before the night. The night is very dark, and grows darker hour by hour; but Christ is risen, and has become the first-fruits of those that slept.

“MARTIN P.”

“So they do not all hate me and despise me, you see, Lionel,” she said. “There are some who think me worthy and good.”

“Do not I? Does not every one?”

“Well, my father does not; and that just now is a very bitter thing. I wish you had not seen that letter of his.”

“If I had not seen it, I could not have comforted you.”

“I could have eaten my heart out in quiet,” said Mathilde. “I want to gain your respect, and how can I ever gain it if he writes me such letters as that, and if I let you read them?”

“Do you think they would make any difference to me, knowing your worth as I do?”

“*You think not ; but I do not know. Your respect for me may survive this attack on my sincerity, made by my own father ; but it would not survive many such attacks. You are in love with me just now, and all that I do is beautiful in your eyes. The time will come when the mere sentimental love which you have for me now, must develope into something nobler and higher—into respect, confidence, and perfect trust : so that we two may go hand in hand towards the grave together, without one single cloud between us. How then will it be, Lionel, when our honeymoon is over, when my beauty is gone, when I am grey and cross, and old and unattractive ; and you and I are left all alone together in this weary world, waiting for death ? Will you not say then, ‘ I cannot trust this old woman ; her own father, a just man, accused her of treachery and of deceit ? ’ The bitter words which you have read to-day will come rankling up in your heart then, and we shall go to our graves, side by side, but not hand in hand. Ah ! but it is cruel of him.*”

Sir Lionel was very quiet with her. He was some time before he spoke, for the simple reason that he thought over what he was about to say before he said it ; and when he spoke it was to the purpose.

“*Mathilde, I do not wish to speak hardly of a father to his daughter, unless it were absolutely necessary. But it is necessary that I should tell you that I have a growing contempt for your father, and that selfish attacks, from him on you, like this one, only bind me to your side more closely.*”

“*So you think now, Lionel ; but if he attacks me thus, you will get in time to believe in his accusations, and they will undermine your respect for me. You think not ; but a woman knows, when a man thinks. Instinct ! Ah ! yes, then, instinct. Your dog knows to which bush the wounded bird has crept, and leads you to it, when you yourself would tread upon it without seeing it.*”

Sir Lionel's reply to this was that of a lover, silly and foolish beyond measure. A kiss, and a few affectionate sentimental platitudes ; earnest enough and sincere enough, but utterly out of place with *her*. The woman was in earnest, the woman's heart was on fire ; she had been bitterly wronged by her father, the man in whom she trusted beyond all other men. She had tried—clumsily enough, perhaps—to state her case to Sir Lionel and make him understand it, and he ended by answering her by a mere common-place sentimental love passage : put his arm round her waist, and by doing so showed her, once for all, that he was incapable of understanding her.

She acquiesced to his embrace with a sigh, which he did not understand either. Yet she felt that there was some one left who loved her; and in weariness laid her head upon his shoulder, and looked up into his face.

The next letter was from Adèle:—

“*St. Servan.*

“I SUPPOSE that you thought I was dead. I am, however, not dead; though nearly *ennuyée* to death. I think you might have written to me. I do not ask either for commiseration or for sympathy; I only ask for a sister’s love. I do not doubt that I have it, only I wish it would express itself more often. However, I utter no complaints, further than remarking that the total desertion of me by my own family seems to be utterly heartless and cruel. I say no more. I can bear my own burden.

“I suppose that you will reply, that you did not know where to write to me, and also that I had never written to you. I should conceive such a line of conduct on your part to be highly probable. I am not at all clever, and am but a poor judge of motives and actions, but I should not be at all surprised if you took that line.

“Sheepsden was triste enough, but this country is utterly unbearable. We are besieged and threatened always by an atrocious *Jacquerie*. Louis is but very little with me. He is as kind and good as ever; there never was anyone kinder or better. It may interest you to know that the Marquise was very ill last night, and that I shall soon be the Marquise de Valognes. It may interest you to know that. That I as Marquise de Valognes will ever be as great a lady as you will be as plain Lady Somers, I very much doubt. My dear” (this expression was erased), “they are burning the *château*, the wretches! They have burnt our father’s, and have burnt mamma out. They have destroyed La Garaye, and, therefore, what will they do with *my* *châteaux*?”

“My dear” (not erased this time, she was getting over her petulance), “I must speak to some one, and I have no one to speak to but you. I am leading the life of a corporal’s wife, in an atmosphere of drums, and, for the last few days, musketry. The day before yesterday, the regiment in which my husband, the Marquis, holds commission as Captain, was beaten out of St. Malo. I had to fly, without many of my clothes, to St. Servan. Here I am in the Tour Solidor, without a soul in my own rank in life to speak to. Lady Spencer is here, and Lord Courtenay: with their stupid insular

coarseness they seem to enjoy the escapade. But, as Marquise de Valognes, I am forced to show them the difference in our ranks ; and they laugh much, these English : what is more, again, they laugh at me. *I* heard them. Aha ! my Lady Spencer, you laugh then. This is well enough in times of *émeute*, when one herds with anyone. Wait, my Baroness, till I meet you in Parisian society, with all the prestige of my great rank,—I will say nothing of my beauty. No, my dear lady, I am not so tall or so fat as you ; but I have my attractions. Wait then, my lady, until we meet in the old Parisian society. She is Orleanist, this woman ! She is Palais Royal, this woman ! Let us wait until we meet at Versailles ; when the King has stamped the Jacquerie out under his feet.”

Wait, indeed, my poor Adèle ; and if you will forgive a vulgarism, wait a very long while.

“ I have enraged myself about this woman, and have wandered. It matters not, my dearest old Mathilde ; I tell you that she is unbearable, and that Lord Courtenay is a pig. I will say not one other word about either of them. Lady Spencer is Catholic, and Lord Courtenay is Protestant ; yet they both court favour with the people by fussing about among the wounded. They were welcome. But when Lady Spencer, after laughing at me, finds that I am in the way to become the mother of a Marquis ; then that she should suddenly change her tone, and become pitifully affectionate to *me* ; then——but I will speak of these people no more, not one word.

“ I heard Lord Courtenay say, ‘ She is a terrible little fool ;’ and Lady Spencer said, ‘ She seems so. Lionel Somers will do better with the elder sister.’ For my part, my dear Mathilde, I am sure I hope he *may*. You have qualities which I am sure will grace the fireside of Ashurst, when dear Lady Somers is in Heaven ; but I have a growing conviction that it would never have done for me.”

Mathilde had a precisely similar conviction. And it is remarkable that the Rector, the Rector's wife, Mrs. Bone, William the Silent, Lady Somers, the Dissenting Preacher, and even Martin the Poacher, all held this same fact, put above by Adèle herself, as an article of faith. They said, in different ways : “ Mathilde is the one for him. When she is Lady Somers there will be good times in the Valley.” Ah, my dear people !

“And Father Martin sides with these people—that is so exceedingly bitter. If there was one person more than another whom I thought I could have trusted, I thought it was Father Martin. He sides with these English. I must seal up here, Louis tells me, for the mail is going.”

She had stopped here ; but had gone on again a few days later :—

“*Montauban.*

“MY VERY SWEET, OLD, DEAR SISTER,—I have not heart to read over the first part of my letter, for I am sure that I was cross and *difficile*. I am at times, as you well know, dearest ; though now I have not you and Mrs. Bone to vent my poor little temper on—(Ah ! Mathilde, it is a very little one)—and I was shut up in that horrid Tour Solidor, and I was very cross and very frightened. Here ! Ah me ! I must sit down and tell you everything.

“Of course I was late for the mail : I always *am* late, you know ; so I can add to my letter. And the most astonishing and beautiful things have happened which one has ever heard of.

“My lord and master, Louis, came in to me, that night when I was so cross, and when I wrote I do not know what of crossness which you may read above ; and he announced to me that we were Marquis and Marchioness, and that there were eight châteaux and pine forests, and the hotel in Paris, and many other things. He did not mention the châteaux and the other things, but I have reckoned them all up on my fingers often enough.

“I received the notice of my new dignity but badly. Mathilde, I *do* try to be a good wife to him, and never to be cross to him or give him pain ; but you know the state I am in, and I could not help it. I fainted, and I fear very much that I made him a scene on recovering from my faintness. When I came quite to myself and looked up off his shoulder into his dear face, I saw that he was in a very tender and pathetic mood. I struggled up to kiss him, but he anticipated me ; and turning from me, he said to some one who stood by, ‘It is utterly impossible that she can go to Paris.’

“And Father Martin’s voice said, ‘It seems totally impossible. What do you think, Madame ?’

“I shuddered and clutched Louis tight in my arms, for a very quiet voice—do I rave, then ? do I babble ? I know what I mean—

a grey voice, grey, cruel, sharp, keen as the weather from the keen north-east, said,—

“‘It is impossible. It would be murder to take her there. She must go to Montauban.’

“I was looking at the grey arched stone vault over my head, for we were in the lower room of the Tour Solidor, and as I heard the voice the grey arches all reeled, rolled, and became a dim mass of grey as I fainted again; for the voice which I had heard was the voice of our mother.

“That foolish Sister Veronica, who says she knows everything about something, says that I can't be too careful about the impressions I receive. Heavens and earth!—what may not happen?—and a marquisate!”

“She was gone when I came to myself a second time; there were only Father Martin and Louis. Louis said, ‘My love, the country is very disturbed, and I cannot, under present circumstances, take you to Paris. We have many châteaux, but the only one which is safe over our heads is Montauban, to the south in Brittany. My uncle seems to have known that, for he has made it his treasure-house. Will you go there?’”

“I said I would go anywhere with him.

“‘But I mean without me,’ he answered. ‘I am a peer of France now, and must take my place. A D’Isigny would scarcely persuade a De Valognes to desert his post at this time?’

“What could I say, dear Mathilde, I do love him so: I never loved him so dearly as I did then; he becomes more and more a necessity to me day by day. Yet I am not all a fool: I am not all frivolous. Ah! I could die for him, or for you, old sister. I was ill: I felt almost as though he was deserting me; yet I knew his truth, and I said, as a D’Isigny should,—‘Go, dearest; but come back as soon as you can.’ I did well, I think; did I not?”

“And he is gone, and I am here at Montauban. I can write little more now. Father Martin brought me here, and stays with me. He is very charming, this Father Martin: he shows one little things which one never saw before. There are no leaves now, and no insects, yet he can show one the swelling bud of the horse-chestnut, and asks me,—‘Can I believe that this tar-smear'd bud will ever develop into the glorious frond of the full-blown tree?’ and I say Yes, I have seen it do so; and he says in reply that I could not take my oath of the fact. And he brings me chrysalises, and

laughs at me when I tell him that they will turn to butterflies ; in fact, amuses me much by his paradoxes. The post is really going out this time. *Enfin*, it is paradise, and my mother has been to see me. I will tell you all about everything in my next letter. Kiss for me, yourself, Lionel, Mrs. Bone, and also the Rector, if you can reach so high, you little ! I will tell you all in my next letter."

With due deference to the "Memories," we shall take the liberty of doing that ourselves, having only extracted this last letter from the Valognes' mémoires to illustrate our story, to show the Marquise de Valognes as the affectionate, petulant little creature which she most undoubtedly was. She was vocal on all occasions ; Mathilde was also vocal on most occasions, but silent, or nearly silent, on emergencies. "Let me go first," said William the Silent. "No," said Mathilde. "Le citoyen se dérobe," said Jean Bon. "Malbrook s'en va-t-en guerre," hummed Mathilde, turning her face from her crucifix. And as there were two flights of stairs and a doorway between the worthy Jean Bon and the worthy Barbot, these two worthies had not time to communicate, which was the worse for one of them.

CHAPTER XXXV.

MONTAUBAN.

POOR little Adèle had had a very hard time of it. The Revolutionists had done their revolutionary business in St. Malo in a very disagreeable manner. They had suddenly attacked the regiment in which Louis was captain, had crowded it in the narrow streets, had fraternised with some of it, and taken the arms out of the hands of another moiety. There had been nearly half a day of scuffling and crowding from street to street, a great deal of squabbling and speechifying, and a little fighting—a very little fighting. Opposite the north cathedral door the mob had let off their fire-arms, and in doing so had severely wounded the maire, a man of their own party, who was at that moment negotiating with the Bishop of Coutances, who appeared on the side of the troops ; whereupon the regiment "let fly," as De Foe says, and killed their own man, the Bishop of Coutances, stone dead.

After this wonderful passage of arms there was a parley. It was ultimately agreed that no one was bound to agree on any subject

under the sun; that any person who should express any decided opinion on any subject should be considered as no good patriot, and "hors de la loi." The assassination of tyrants was pronounced to be not only legal, but admirable; the domination of Christian priests was resolved to be abominable; any one who said anything against the new doctrine "that every man, unattainted of crime, of the age of twenty-one years, should be allowed to think and do exactly as he liked," was declared to be an enemy of the State. These and other vague resolutions were passed very quickly. But the concluding resolution was by no means vague, and I think was the only one which reduced itself to action. It was, "that the Régiment de Morbihan, and the company of the Régiment de Dauphiny, commanded by Captain de Valognes, immediately leave this town of St. Malo;" which that regiment immediately did, saying to itself, "Heh bien, donc!" and also, "Mais c'est incroyable."

There was a great deal of noise over these first passages of the French Revolution, but there was little bloodshed. Both parties were afraid of each other. Neither had got warmed to their work. In their fear, both parties saw that the quarrel was a deadly and a desperate one, and so both parties were afraid. The democracy of France did not as yet know its strength. The wolf and the dog had quarrelled, and the wolf was perfectly ready to kill the dog; but, then, the *master*—the man with the whip? *He* out of the way, it would take three dogs to kill a hungry wolf. However, there was the master with the gun and the whip, and so the regiment of Morbihan was let to march over to St. Servan peaceably.

Adèle, however, was deeply annoyed by the misfortune of the Morbihan regiment, and thought most decidedly that the main part of their own regiment should have crossed in small boats, under fire, into the narrow streets of St. Malo. She thought but little of the officers of her husband's regiment; nevertheless, they knew perfectly well what they were about. The operation would have been a very difficult one, even if conducted by the *gardes du corps* itself, with all its loyalty, even when disguised in liquor. With a regiment like that of the 2nd of Dauphiny, unpaid, consequently sober, and with no Swiss regiment near, the thing was absolutely impossible. To keep quiet, and to get their men to stay by them until they were paid, was as much as they dared hope for. It is doubtful if even they would have moved on the Revolutionists at La Garaye, had it

not been for the influence which a frantic woman always has on men in times of excitement; the frantic woman in this instance being Madame D'Isigny.

Adèle was utterly out of humour with everything. Louis was exceedingly poor, and she really was leading a life little better than that of a sergeant's wife. She had, since her break with Sir Lionel Somers, taken it into her head to hate the English, call them Orleanists, Palais Royalists—all kinds of names—and gave herself ultra-Royalist airs. It so happened that Lord Courtenay, and his sister, Lady Spencer, having French connections, had come over here on business, and, as we have seen, put her in the exceedingly bad fit of temper during which she had written the first part of her letter to Mathilde.

Louis had come to her with the news of their splendid succession. She was utterly dazed and stunned by it. The Marquis was not really expected to die. What Adèle said about his dangerous illness she hardly believed in; he had been so ten times before: she only said it in self-assertion against Lady Spencer. He was a hale old man of sixty, who had had illnesses, of indigestion mainly, and had sometimes been crapulous for days and days after an insular drinking bout with some of his English friends; but that he should die suddenly no one ever dreamt. It was no "insular" brandy drinking which killed him; it was that he overdid himself with too much consideration. Cardinal Leroy, prince of the Holy Roman Church, who was found gasping on his bed the next morning, and praying for wine, said that when he left the Marquis the night before, the Marquis was as sober as himself. Valets might laugh, but the noblesse did not. The Marquis de Valognes had over-excited himself about the state of public affairs.

Adèle had not at first taken in the full magnificence of her new station. She at once began to give herself airs with Lady Spencer and Lord Courtenay, and to write to Mathilde a more or less true account of her astonishing good fortune; but she kept her ill temper on. It might suit her to be good-tempered and amiable, but that required consideration. No one better than herself knew the enormous social advantage of getting a name for having a difficult temper. She was not inclined to forego that advantage just at present.

It is so very difficult to decide between two ladies, when they both give an entirely contradictory account of the same fact. We have heard Adèle's account of the matter, which seems entirely

probable; but then, just look at Lady Spencer, from her diary: "Feb. 18 (1790, of course). "Our silly little new-made Marquise," says *her* diary, "more absurd than ever. Yesterday when her husband brought her news of her astounding good fortune, and told her of the awful death of this wicked old Marquis, whom she had never seen; having no grievance left, she was determined to make a new one; she burst into tears, and walked up and down the caserne, lamenting that her dear old uncle had died without her having been there to smooth his pillow." When ladies disagree on facts, we had better not try to decide between them.

One thing, however, seems to be perfectly certain: that when she had fully realised her splendid inheritance, her temper returned; and she behaved most reasonably and most well. Her devotion to the Marquis (whom we will continue to call Louis de Valognes) was excessive; yet she very nobly, under the circumstances (I do not speak ironically), made no opposition to his going to Paris, and consented to go to Montauban with Father Martin. She cried very bitterly on parting with Louis, but said: "You will not be long, my love; not long." She may have been perverse and foolish, but she was very loveable.

Here, for the sake of telling the story properly, I must call your attention to the parting words between Louis and Father Martin.

"I would sooner she went to Paris with me out of mischief," said Louis. "But it is impossible."

"More the pity, it is impossible," said Father Martin.

"Do not let her get into trouble," said Louis.

"I will not, if I can help it. Is she to admit her mother?"

"How can we stop it?" said Louis. "I know not how. I wish your wife was further from her mother-in-law."

"But you," said Louis, "can manage Madame D'Isigny. I have heard you say things to her absolutely terrible."

"And with what result?" asked Father Martin. "What is one's purpose in pouring water on a duck's back. As to *me*, she will listen, but act her own way after all; as regards Adèle, Madame D'Isigny will not even so much as listen. She will play Adèle as a card, mark you. I thank God that Mathilde is safe married in England."

"Not married yet," said Louis.

Adèle had not seen the Revolution as yet. She hated it, as a child

hates the French, the idolaters, the pagans, the Roman emperors, inbred sin, or the Jesuits,—from hearsay. She knew but little of their purposes, and less as to how they were to be carried out. In her journey to Montauban her knowledge and her hatred were considerably increased.

She was a tolerably good hand at bullying or coaxing, or both, every one whom she met, to let her do exactly as she pleased; and she very soon managed the gentle and tender-hearted Father Martin. He tried hard to prevent her from taking the old Château D'Isigny on their way south to Montauban. He told her that it would shock her; that it was merely a mass of charred ruins; but for some reason she was determined to see it, and prevailed. As usual, Father Martin was right, the effects of the sight upon her were almost disastrous.

They alighted from their coach at the ruined gateway, and walked arm-in-arm through the winding but now neglected shrubberies; Father Martin silent and anxious, and she rallying him and prattling on about their rebuilding it with their money as a surprise to her father, when the king should have stamped out this embroglio. She remembered every step of the way. Here was the place where André and Louis had hidden in black masks, made—do you understand?—of an old *tablier noir* of Madame, then aunt of Dinort (which was droll again, if you thought of it), and had rushed on her and Mathilde as brigands, and made Mathilde cry—the foolish Mathilde. Here again, in this very spot they had played, those four, the story of Job! and André Desilles had been the devil, going up and down the earth growling; and he had played so well that he had frightened Mathilde, and she had run away, “for she has no personal courage, that foolish old Mathilde; and here is the end of the wall by the flower-garden, and we shall see the dear old place again—and—ah, great Lord! you should not have brought me here. You should not have shown me this, you cruel man. I shall die! Mathilde! Mathilde!—à moi! à moi!—Mathilde! Mathilde!”

She had buried her pretty eyes in Father Martin's cassock, and had clutched his strong arm with her tiny fingers, for they had come suddenly on the old home of her childhood, and she had seen the ruin, and had appreciated it in one instant, in her keen, narrow little brain. Only one stack blackened gable rising from among the scorched trees; and that solitary flame-eaten gable pierced by one half-ruined window—the window of their old nursery, where, years

agone, she had prattled, played, and quarrelled with poor old lame Mathilde. She had looked on the Revolution at last.

She lay moaning on Father Martin's cassock. A wolf, disturbed from among the ruins, with arched tail, raised lips, and grinning fangs, fled past them to his lair in the forest; but this she did not see. Father Martin got her away, and by the time they reached the carriage she was quite silent, and sat silent beside him for the rest of the journey—quite silent. Father Martin got thinking somehow of a pretty, charming little kitten he had had once, while studying in the ecclesiastical seminary at Coutances—the nicest little kitten in the world; how the bishop's forester, bringing home a present of quail to his room had brought his dog, which had hunted his kitten into a corner. Why did he think of that expression of utter terror and unutterable hate, which he saw in the face of his dear little kitten just now, with the lovely and loveable little Marquise de Valognes beside him in the carriage? Who shall say?

The glories of Montauban were veiled in night as they approached it. He handed Adèle, the Marquise, out of the carriage; and as he took her up the steps, cast a look right and left at the splendid façade of the almost unequalled building. There was little to be seen except a broken, apparently interminable mass of peaked towers, with blinking stars behind them; there was little to be heard except a plashing of fountains, and the howl of a wolf, far away in the broad forest, with which the seigneur had fenced this home of unutterable selfishness and sin.

Nothing had been changed, for the old Marquis was buried but yesterday. The house was lit and warmed, and everything was prepared for them. The hall, a very noble one of marble, was filled with liveried servants, mostly young men, mostly (one may say with *ex post facto* wisdom) of the *Henriot* type. Silent, obedient, watching. Father Martin shuddered as he looked, and said to himself: "*Here is the Revolution;*" and, for my part, I do not think that the good Father was far wrong.

The person who *ex officio* received Adèle was a very quietly-dressed, lady-like woman, in grey silk, with a few, very few, rather handsome jewels, but who, in mark of her being a menial, wore a cap; which Father Martin recognised as the cap of Coutances; but, as he remarked, worn with a difference. There was a bit of lace about it somewhere, or there was something which a stupid male eye could not detect; but although it was of the same shape as

the cap which the Coutances girls wore (and with which, meaning no scandal, Father Martin, when a student, was tolerably familiar), yet it was a very jaunty cap. And the woman again? Father Martin was now an old man, and his ghostly duties had carried him into some very queer places; and whenever he thought of the very queerest places to which he had been called to perform the last offices of his religion, he always thought of a certain square-faced, middle-aged woman, in a cap smarter than anyone else's, however dirty she might be. And here was this same woman, in silk and diamonds now, receiving Adèle with *empressement*, and preparing to conduct Madame la Marquise to her apartment. Was it the *same* woman, or was there a race of them?

If Father Martin had known his Hogarth he would have seen his friend looking out of window on the right-hand side of the street in the "March to Finchley," not to mention elsewhere. Curiously enough, Shakespeare, who got nearly everything, never got her. Poor, foolish, nonsensical old Quickly and she are miles apart. Defoe got her as "Mother Midnight;" as did also Hogarth. Dickens *once*, and only once, in the "Uncommercial Traveller." The least said about her the soonest mended. Nothing on earth is gained by the contemplation of unmeasurable wickedness. Defoe tried, holding up the character in its native wickedness (that is the formula, I believe), and did less than no good at all; merely disgusting the good, who did not want disgusting, and telling the wicked a great deal more than they knew before. I would not have touched on the subject unless I had been in good and pure company. I would have avoided the subject if I could.

Father Martin saw this woman advance to greet Adèle, with a calm stare in her wicked old eyes—a *connoisseur* stare—which made him clench his teeth and clench his hands. He saw his own Adèle, his own little silly ewe lamb, innocent, foolish, loveable, careless, go toiling up the great marble staircase with this woman holding the light for her, and staring down on her as she lighted her. Did he swear?—there are many kinds of swearing; he resolved, which is more to the purpose. He resolved that this wicked household should be broken up the next day. "I have full powers to act from Louis," he thought. "But will they go? I wonder what I had better do?" He had assistance the next day, from a quarter whence he neither desired nor expected assistance.

He was utterly lost in thought, until turning round he found

himself face to face with a foolish-looking old major-domo, who seemed as though it would be a cruelty to expect him to be sober, and ridiculous to suppose that he ever had sufficient strength of character to get drunk. The young Mamelukes in embroidered liveries still stood round, and among them Father Martin looked on the face of this half-tipsy old fool as on the face of a friend. The Mamelukes stared at Father Martin, in their way respectfully, as at something they had not seen lately. They had seen many queer things, and expected doubtless to see many more; but the spectacle of a priest at Montauban was almost too much for even their highly finished manners.

“Monseigneur L'Évêque” (the major-domo thought he would be on the safe side, though he knew that Father Martin was only a secular priest) “will be desiring his supper. It is prepared.”

“My supper,” said Father Martin, recovering himself. “Certainly. Send these young men to bed. You can serve me.”

That was impossible. Monsieur the Marquis had given orders that his eminence was to have every attention paid him. There was a supper of nine *plats* ready for Monsieur.

“Put them on all together then, and send these fellows to bed. Wait on me yourself. I want to talk to you. I shall stay here until the supper is on the table. Then come you and serve me; and mind that you are sober.”

The major-domo was about as sober, or about as drunk as ever he was, when, having put on the supper, he sent the Mamelukes to bed, he stood behind Father Martin's chair, ready to serve him; but Father Martin, leaning his elbows on the table, left some priceless dish untasted while he thought, “Can I get this kindly-looking tipsy old fellow to talk confidentially with me? I'll try him with sentiment;” and this determination of Father Martin led to a little incident, possibly illustrative of those times.

“My friend,” he said, rising from his untasted supper, and confronting him, “I fear this has been a very wicked house?”

The major-domo nodded.

“A *very* wicked house?”

He nodded again, more strongly.

“There are rooms,” he said, “which will do very well without airing at the present; of these rooms I hold the keys, which will most probably be better in the custody of Monseigneur the Father Confessor, until the return of Monsieur the Marquis. I will yield them to-night. Monsieur the Marquis is very innocent; he should

not have sent Madame here without preparation. Madame is fresh and innocent as the rose."

"My friend," said Martin, "I think you are an honest man. I like your face, and I wish to trust you. Had you ever a sister?"

"I had once," said the major-domo, retreating from him, and growing pale. "But I have none now."

"Do you remember her when she was young, innocent, gentle?"

"I remember her well. A light-footed, bright, beautiful, angel of a girl, who sang always till the birds in the wood sang in emulation: gentle, innocent, amiable, with a laugh for the rich, and a heart for the poor. Lucille was the pride and the darling of our town: why do you torture me? Is she not gone?"

"I do not wish to torture you," said Father Martin, gently. "I wish to call forth your better and older nature. But I ask you to remember your lost sister as she was, and to think of our poor little Marquise in her place. Would you have had your sister lighted to *her* bedroom by the horrible, hideous, wicked-looking woman who has just done so——"

He was as nearly frightened as ever he was by the effect of his speech. The major-domo, deadly pale, advanced towards him again, pointing one finger at him, and said, with a rapid, hoarse, guttural articulation—horrid to hear—"You are no priest—you are a fiend out of hell. That hideous hag who has just lighted up the pretty bride, is my sister, the tender, gentle, little sister, in answer to whom the birds sang. He, the late Marquis, who now"—(I will spare my readers)—"*He* made her what she is. Is it a wonder that I made myself what *I* am, and tried to forget it?"

So the major-domo departed like a hot Breton as he was, leaving Father Martin's appetite for the supper of twelve *plats*, by no means improved. He had thoroughly roused the old Adam in this Breton's heart now, for he was in most furious rebellion; he only appeared once again that night. He appeared suddenly at the door of the dining-room, and said, "If Monsieur requires nothing more brought, I will retire. There are the keys of which I spoke to Monsieur." He then laid them on the table and departed.

Father Martin took the keys and wandered over the house. Above, on the higher stories, the footmen were wrangling and laughing alternately. The open rooms he left for daylight; but the few, in a very distant wing, which he found locked, he opened with his keys, and examined. Verily here *was* the Revolution.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MEDEA.

IF it could be stayed, even only at the threshingfloor of Araunah ! Prayer had done great things in the history of the world ; but could prayer change the counsels of the All-wise and All-mighty. He was bound to believe so : he believed that he believed so : and yet this evening his faith had left him utterly ; and all that his prayers came to that long and dreadful night, was a wild *ad misericordiam* cry to God not utterly to desert him in the darkness. Father Martin was not the first who cried "Eloi ! Eloi ! Lama Sabachthani" in gloom of a dark wild evening, rapidly closing into the mirk of an unnatural midnight, which gave promise of no dawn.

He was a man who hated to excite himself and get into an ecstatic state over his religion. No man in this world was a more uncompromising Roman Catholic than he. No man could fight the battle of the doctrines of his church better than he. Yet no one was more furiously opposed to ecstatic religion than he. In the lull which came before the end, he took occasion to illustrate this point by an example to Adèle, who required it. "The night we came to Montauban," he said, "I wrestled all night in prayer ; and towards morning I cast myself on my bed, and had a dream, which can perfectly well be accounted for by the state of my brain. Had I been a fool I should have called it a vision. I prayed directly and indirectly, to the saints and to the throne (I do not use his words, but an intelligent reader can supply them), until at last I lay on my bed with the crucifix beside me. Then I thought of all which happened on Calvary, and prayed to St. Veronica ; and at that moment I believe that I fell asleep. The last thing which I saw with my waking eyes, was the crucifix beside me ; in another moment St. Veronica, with her handkerchief, was beside me ; and she was beautiful to look upon.

"I would have looked after him who was toiling up the hill, but she would not let me, but held the handkerchief in her hand with the divine head upon it, and bade me look. And I looked and adored. But while I adored and wept, the head changed into Latin writing, slowly, letter by letter, beginning from the thorn on the extreme left of the crown, and ending to the extreme right of the

mouth. I repeated the words as they appeared; what were they? The words of the Lord's Prayer—only that; and when the dream ended and I awoke, I was saying, loudly, 'In Secula Seculorum.' For ever and everlasting, Adèle. Not for a Revolution; not for a period of time; not for all time; but 'in secula seculorum,' 'for ever and ever' God's Almighty glory, and his eternal justice is to rule the great creation. I heard the voices of the wicked Mamelukes^a laughing overhead; and I said the old prayer again, and found it the best of all. I slept like a child."

They were very fierce in their faith, just now, these priests. So, unluckily for them were men of the Marat and Carrier school. Who is going to win after eighty years: we have not seen as yet; and with the Emperor on the tight rope between 100,000,000 of catholics and the Revolution, it would be wise to withhold one's opinion for a few weeks.

Father Martin slept soundly after a time, and when he awoke he became aware that there was a woman sitting by his bedside, with her foot in a silver stirrup, netting fisherman's nets. He was not very much surprised; the Revolution was on them, and nobody was

^a Expression antedated most probably. Martin could not have known so much about them as the French did a year or so later; it may as well stand. It is *extremely* difficult to put a good story together which in any way touches on the past, without making *wilful* errors. Of course, in the present state of historical knowledge, no novelist of decent repute would dream of writing a tale of the past without being very particular on the score of dates, costumes, and so on. Pedantry in such a matter as this, however, very often injures a good story. What would that splendid story, "Kenilworth," have been had not Sir Walter Scott, with a glorious audacity, outrageously violated all chronology. He makes Amy Robsart appear at the revels at Kenilworth eleven years after the painful and notorious inquest on her dead body at Abingdon (*vide* Pettigrew's Pamphlet). He makes Leicester nod to Shakspeare, and ask him if he has written any more plays? Shakspeare then being twelve years old. I am not aware that anyone so much as winked his eye over these astounding bouleversements of chronology. I of course would not dare for an instant to make a wilful error. Big dogs may bark where little dogs may not sneeze. Yet I am sure that the littlest dog of us all would not wish Kenilworth altered for the sake of a question of chronology. Having read merely, let us say, "*Comme un autre*," as every one reads now, Kenilworth seems to me about the truest historical novel we have. I believe that in that story, by Scott's genius, you get as near the real puzzle of the woman Elizabeth, as you do anywhere. State papers? Must you not to write an admissible state paper be a very perfect special pleader. Which is worth most in history? A state paper, written by a man who if he does not invent, at least suppresses; or the idle, loose-mouthed babble of page or waiting-woman? Considering that the one has generally an object to serve, and the other none, I would almost prefer the page. Was it Mathew Arnold who called his story "A Mississippi of lies?"

likely to be surprised any more. Still he went as far as to say, Ho, Madame!

“Taisez donc,” said Madame D’Isigny the Terrible. “I have come to the end of a row, and I must calculate. I drop here forty stitches in the whole length, or is it forty-five? I wish you would wake like another, and not so suddenly.”

Father Martin got quietly off the bed and confronted Madame D’Isigny.

“Madame,” he said, “will excuse my extreme dishabille. I was tortured with doubts last night about many things, and I did not take off my clothes. Will you give me *congé* to retire and put my dress in order?”

“If I had wanted to see you in fine clothes I should hardly have invaded your bedroom,” said Madame D’Isigny. “Lie down again. I wish to talk to you.”

Father Martin looked for his steel latched shoes, put them on, and then sat on the edge of the bed, smoothing his chin, staring straight at Madame D’Isigny, and absolutely silent.

“Which of us is going to speak first?” said Madame D’Isigny.

Certainly not Father Martin. He sat absolutely silent, at the edge of the bed, stroking his chin, and looking fixedly at Madame.

“I suppose I must speak first, then?” said the terrible Madame, after a time.

As there seemed to be no ghost of a doubt about this matter, she spoke.

“This is a very beautiful house here!”

Dead silence from Father Martin. Nothing but the cool, quiet stare. Madame dropped her eyes and went on with her netting.

“It will make a nice house for the young couple, and I shall be near my daughter in the times which are coming. It has all happened very well.”

Not a single word from Father Martin’s side: he merely sat on the edge of the bed and looked at her. She, on her part, netted faster and faster.

Did he know his woman? He knew his woman. She had put on her sweetest temper and her most charming manners, in order to entrap him, HIM, into a pleasant conversation. He, on the other hand, desired particularly to exasperate her, and to cause her to make a fool of herself; so he sat on the edge of the bed and looked at her.

She netted faster and faster, and tugged harder at her stirrup.

“You wish to exasperate me,” she said, growing white with anger. “You wish to exasperate me by keeping silence. You shall not succeed. No!” she went on, rising, rolling up her netting, and casting it to the other end of the room; “you shall not succeed in exasperating me, on your old priestly trick of silence. Speak, and speak to the purpose.”

Father Martin, taking up one leg and nursing his foot, spoke at last. He said,—

“I was waiting for Madame to speak to the purpose. When she does, I will answer.”

Madame spoke to the purpose—

“I only wanted your help, and you as priest; or, what is the same thing, as time-server; or, what is again the same thing, as coward; or, what is once more one and the same thing, *coquin et misérable*; sit on the edge of your bed, stroking your wicked old shoe, and driving me to madness. You calculated by your silence to drive me into incoherent fury. You have succeeded—but no, my dear, you have not succeeded in your plan. Look then, I am coherent enough. I want your help. I am quite calm, see you. But this is not, with its present household, quite the place for my tender and innocent Adèle. You must help me to get rid of this household, my dear Father. You must go with me in this.”

Father Martin said that Madame now spoke to the purpose, and that he would be most delighted to do so.

“I am calm and sensible, then,” she went on. “That netting which I threw; I saw a rat against the door, and I threw it at the rat. They catch rats in nets, do they not? Was it not clever in me to throw the net at the rat?”

Father Martin, I fear very much directed by the devil, said that Madame’s courage was only equalled by her dexterity.

“And they catch rats like that now, do they not?” continued Madame D’Isigny.

I regret to say that Father Martin’s answer, while he contemplatively stroked his shoe and was thinking of far other things, was,—

“Certainly, Madame; all the world catches rats in that way now. And the rats caught so, are far superior to those which are reared as standards, even to those planted against north walls.”

“You can be like another, you priest,” was Madame’s sudden and short commentary on Father Martin’s wool-gathering. “I could make you say what I chose.”

Father Martin, who had been undoubtedly wool-gathering, felt horribly guilty. He had guessed at her next move, and was thinking how to checkmate it, when he made this horrible fiasco about the rats.

“I am not aware, Madame, that I have said anything foolish while speaking of pears.”

“*Grand imbécile!* we were speaking of rats; and all the time I watched you, and you were trying to checkmate me. Pick up that netting there, which I have cast to the end of the room, and then come here; listen, and obey.”

Father Martin picked up the netting, and brought it to her. But she had met her master for all that. He now sat on the edge of his bed again, waiting for her to speak. She spoke.

“I said just now that these——” (I must spare my readers her language; if they want such, let them read the flowers of speech^b cast by our young friend Camille Desmoulins on the path of Brissot) ——“that these footmen must be discharged to-morrow. I have no authority here: you have some. Dear Father Martin, are they, or is that woman, fit companions for my daughter?”

Martin agreed at once.

“I,” he said at once, “will do that for Madame. I have power to do so from the Marquis. It is an extremely dangerous thing to do, for we shall make deadly enemies of these discharged servants. You are, Madame, the most furious and *emportée* woman I have ever seen in my life; and I love you for this, because you will not, at any risk, see your innocent daughter living here with this horrible *entourage*. I will have these servants dismissed for you, Madame; but under one condition.”

Madame was extremely puzzled to think what that condition might be. Her curiosity so far got the better of her self-possession, that she stopped her netting, and put her head on one side. Martin gave his condition.

“I will cleanse and purify this house instead of taking, as I could, Adèle out of it, on the simple condition that you do not, when it is silent and quiet, make it the centre of your Royalist plots. Madame, I adjure you, by the God we both adore, not to involve Adèle. Think, madame, that you are the mother who bore her. Reflect on her facility, her beauty, her frivolity. Remember the time of her

^b “Histoire des Brissotins.” Imprimerie patriotique et républicaine. 1793.

babyhood, and for heaven's sake spare her. I know well, Madame, that you are infuriated in the cause of the Royalists : I know well, Madame, that Adèle, since she has seen the ruins of the château, is infuriated against the Revolution. But as a woman, do not implicate her ; as a mother, spare her. Listen to me, then, you inexorable woman. Adèle is a fool and a coward, and if you play her as a card, she will ruin the game. Your face is hard and cruel, Madame. You propose to play that card. It will be to the ruin of many of us if you do. Do you require a martyrdom ? Then send for Mathilde. She will die mute."

Medea was down on her knees at his feet in one moment. Her splendid, square, grey head was just opposite to Father Martin's as she knelt to him. What did she say ? words. Would she sacrifice her daughters ? Let Father Martin look her in the face. Her own daughters ! Father Martin looked her in the face, and his answer was "Yes." She has the face of a fanatic. *She* would die for either of them ; but then she would sacrifice either for her faith.

(To be continued in our next.)

HERNE'S OAK.^a



HERE fell, on the last day of August, four years ago, in Windsor Home Park, an oak-tree of no small renown. It had long been known as "Herne's Oak," and becomingly enough, its fall was brought about by old age and natural decay alone. Entirely denuded of its bark, and having lost almost every vestige of its once mighty arms, it had long stood at such an inclination from the perpendicular, as assured all who saw it that its end would not be far distant. And so at last it fell. The heart of the tree, for above two-fifths of its height upwards, had entirely perished ; and for more than another fifth, it had perished in the same way from the top. About one-fifth of its whole length was sound wood, "and some good wood remained around the hollow parts." ^b Mr. Perry also says, that "from long exposure, being

^a "A Treatise on the Identity of Herne's Oak, showing the Maiden Tree to have been the real one." By W. Perry, Wood-Carver to the Queen. 1867.

^b Perry, p. 55.

unprotected by bark, fissures are frequently met with at a great depth from the surface" of the solid wood.

It is said to have been about fifteen feet in girth at the largest part, and is calculated, but upon what principle is not obvious, to have been 650 years old. Furthermore, it was what is called a "maiden tree," that is to say, it had never been pollarded.

"Two or three fragments" of this tree were given by a friend to Mr. W. Perry; and he was "subsequently employed to make articles of *virtu* by those possessing some of the wood. By the Queen's "commands" he even "executed a bust of Shakspeare for Her Majesty," which has been appropriately placed in the Royal Library at Windsor Castle; where, also, it may be added, is preserved a small well-dried spray of oak leaves, on one of which is written, in a hand by no means modern, "A leaf from Herne's Oak." This was found in the fine copy of the 2nd folio, which once belonged to Charles I., carefully placed next the passage of the "Merry Wives of Windsor" which speaks of the tree.

Now, it is well known, that there has been no little controversy regarding "Herne's Oak." And in consequence of the confident assertions of some, that the tree which fell four years ago was not the genuine one, Mr. Perry adopted the somewhat unusual but much-to-be-commended plan of writing in defence of his tree. "Being employed upon the wood," he says, "I felt myself in a manner identified with it; that a reproach impended over me if it was spurious, and therefore, that a duty of satisfying myself at least devolved upon me, as to whether the late tree was or was not the oak mentioned by Shakspeare in the "Merry Wives of Windsor."^c

The interest of this argument to others differs in several respects from Mr. Perry's. They can afford to consider the subject in a more dispassionate way. To him, evidently, one of two things must be established; either his tree was "Herne's Oak," or that which stood not very far from it, and was cut down in 1796. It has not occurred to him that there is, as usual, a *third* alternative. But neither did it occur to the two champions of the tree of 1796, the honoured and venerable Charles Knight, and the authors of the "Annals of Windsor," Messrs. Tighe and Davies. Fighting against such odds one cannot but entertain some admiration for the

^c Perry, p. x.

courage of Mr. Perry. And we may add here, that quite apart from the question at issue, the "Treatise on the Identity of Herne's



Herne's Oak, 1860.

Oak," is one of those pleasant, racy, Shakspearian pamphlets which every one could read with satisfaction. The point of view is so novel; the reasoning is so earnest; the audacity with which evidence is wholly overlooked, altered, all but invented, is so *naïve*, so unconscious; the resolution to win displays such true English pluck, that one wishes at last that it had been Herne's Oak, or that there

had been some special Herne's Oak perpetually renewed, to reward the adventurous "Wood Carver."

As Mr. Perry puts the question, this is to be decided:—Was the tree which fell in 1863 the real Herne's Oak; or was the real tree that which was cut down in 1796?

We cannot quote our author's summary of his reply in full; but we can follow it, and use it here and there, always allowing him to speak for himself, wherever our space will permit; and to answer the arguments of his opponents without suffering them to state them themselves. His tree,—and the allegation is unquestionably correct,—would admit of the "Dance of Custome round about the Oak," for it stood, as all might see, sufficiently distant from the "pit hard by," to afford ample sward for such fairy-revels, and yet was near enough to allow the counterfeit fairies to appear upon the scene at a moment's notice. The tree of 1796, on the other hand, was too near the edge of this old pit for any dance *round* it; nor could the false fairies have "couched" there, even "with obscured lights," without immediate discovery. And we see no possible rejoinder to this.

"We have the evidence," Mr. Perry goes on to say, "of its having been preserved, in preference to all the other trees in the Park, from its infancy."^d But in fact, "all the other trees in the Park" have been "preserved" from their infancy, or how should they be there now? Probably this might be said of one huge oak, a hundred or two yards from Mr. Perry's tree, of which he himself speaks (p. 58), and which is not properly a pollard, but a self-planted tree, which seems at first to have struggled for the bare life amongst thick underwood and over-topping forest mates, until its bulk and the grandeur of its vast arms won for it a reverence, which Mr. Perry's never received. It is at least twenty-nine feet round, at five feet from the ground, and may have been a lusty young tree when the Norman Conqueror first hunted at Windsor. There is another oak, midway between this patriarch of the forest and Mr. Perry's, now quite stripped of its bark, and most fantastically draped in ivy, which tosses its bare arms about so wildly that, until two winters ago, it presented on one side the very image of Herne the Hunter's own head, "with great ragg'd horns." And there are many others, with just as much claim to have been "preserved."

^d Perry, p. 61.

Mr. Perry's tree had a more favourable neighbourhood than its companions, and never had its leading shoot broken (for they did not poll oaks in a mere wild bit of forest then), and so kept its attributes of a "maiden tree;" that is all.

William III. is next summoned. He is alleged to have planted



Herne's Oak, 31st August, 1863.

the long avenue stretching, but not in one direct course, from the top of the Long Walk eastward to the very edge of the river, opposite Datchet. And Mr. Perry's tree, having plainly been allowed to stand as one of the trees of this avenue (it being, as we know, a straight and shapely tree), it is alleged by Mr. Jesse and accepted by Mr. Perry, that he diverted the line of his avenue in

honour of Herne's Oak,—not simply allowed it to stand where it would be quite in place, as soon as the elms had acquired their usual growth. No evidence of William's entertaining this design in planting the avenue is offered.

Collier's map, which was published in 1742, is then appealed to. Here we see, plainly enough, the avenue just spoken of, and the pit so often referred to; and a hand points to a fine looking tree, but *within* the limits of the pit, quite apart and distinct from the avenue, with this inscription—"Sir John Falstaff's Oak." How to make Collier's map evidence for Mr. Perry's tree, instead of that of '96,—this is the question. Nothing easier. If it is not Mr. Perry's tree, where *is* Mr. Perry's tree? Besides, this tree was too big to be quite in the line of the avenue; and the tree of '96 *could not* have had, in 1742, so fine a head, compared with the elms, as the map shows. So, let us draw this part of the map over again, in fact, just as Collier would have drawn it, had he lived now, instead of then; and like Mr. Perry, had been "employed upon the wood" of a different tree from that which he called "Falstaff's Oak," and had "felt himself in a manner identified with it." It is done; and now Collier, like a sensible man, is a witness on our side, and when we refer to his map, we make no secret of meaning our own improved edition of this part of it!

It must be acknowledged that it is excessively droll to find enthusiasm about the identification of a tree carried so far, as to present such a splendid example of "pious fraud" as this. And it is all the more amusing, because Mr. Perry writes in the most perfect good faith. Many considerations might be suggested to a thoughtful mind, that would not be wholly unfavourable to those who hitherto have been supposed to monopolise this manufacture. And we might learn much about this intricate subject by studying it in an instance where no influences, theological, ecclesiastical, or religious, could be so much as suspected to be present.

But we must hastily summarise, in Mr. Perry's own words, the remainder of his evidence and argument. "We have the evidence of some of the oldest inhabitants of Windsor, whose assertions go back as far as the time of [William III.]. We have the valuable evidence of Mr. Gilpin, given at a period previous to the destruction of the supposititious tree. We have the tacit consent of all those who were living at the time that that tree was cut down, professing belief but practising disbelief; who, having had five years'

warning of its intended fate, did not think it worth rescuing. We have the evidence of George III., who ordered this false tree to be cut down because it was confounded with the real one; his Majesty even refusing some chairs that were presented to him, made out of its wood, on the ground that Herne's Oak was (at that time) still



Herne's Oak in 1840.

standing; we know the particular care the king always took of it. . . . We have also seen how George IV., William IV., and the other members of the royal family of that day, believed in its identity, and many others also. And last, but not least, the evidence of our present gracious Queen Victoria; who, immediately the venerable object fell, in order to perpetuate its evidence to future ages, unselfishly commanded its remains to be reduced to convenient forms and sizes, for distribution and use, that many others may have an opportunity of preserving a relic of this *interesting memorial* as well as her Majesty, who has had several interesting articles made of its

wood," (pp. 61, 62). "Surely, courteous reader," continues Mr. Perry,—but we know what the end of the sentence must be, and we need quote no more.

To render more than even-handed justice, we will not quote one word from those who have maintained the second alternative, and have stood up for the tree of '96. As far as Mr. Perry's argument is concerned, he shall refute himself, or bear off all the honours of the field. Our readers shall be the judges.

But we must say a few words about that "third alternative," and a few will suffice. For the moment overlooking the fact that we are dealing here with a "stage play," and not with the literary drama,—for whatever Shakspeare may be to *us*, the "Merry Wives of Windsor" was written to be acted at Windsor before Queen Elizabeth,—we may not unfairly assume that the poet had before his mind a definite picture of the scene he was placing the characters in, and through which he was conducting the action of his piece. Nor is it too much to say that as we have positively no authority but Shakspeare for the legend of Herne the Hunter, or the existence of his Oak, we must rely on Shakspeare alone for our means of identifying the site of the tree. Let us, then, turn to the play.

"*Merry Wives of Windsor*," act iv., scene 4: after Mrs. Page has given a short but graphic account of the legend, Page adds—

"Why, yet there want not many that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak."

Near to some road or foot-path, one would say; for the "many" have never been those who would roam through forest and glade "in deep of night." Page must have had in his mind some tree not far from a public way. Now, at that time there were two several ways across the Home Park between the Castle and that pit near Mr. Perry's tree: one from the Castle Hill, which went close beside the southern ditch of the Castle; the other, from Park Street (then Pound Street), and both uniting before they reached the bridge, which then was the sole means of communication between Windsor and Datchet.

Next, *Id.*, *ibid.*—

"As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
With some diffused song."

This description of the plot seems to have been overlooked by the

advocates of the trees. It brings the site of the oak very much nearer, both to the town and to the Castle, than either Mr. Perry's tree or that of '96 occupied. Collier's map shows how little reliance must be placed upon presently-existing facts for the understanding of the topography of this small tract in Shakspeare's time. And it must be borne in mind, that just about this very period the forest—for such it might still be called—was being converted into an English park; and so, for the convenience of the further conversion of well-grown trees into serviceable joists and planks, would be established not too far away from the town, nor from the regular ways across the Park. Added to which, one sees plainly enough in Norden's View of Windsor Castle, in the reign of James I., a facsimile of which is given in Tighe and Davis' second volume, close beside the northernmost path to Datchet, and just upon the spot now within the Iron-gates, opposite the Lancaster Tower, a "timber yarde," with timber lying about in it. And this seems to be conclusive as to the approximate site of the "saw-pit."

It is scarcely needful to point out that all the funny little minor plots about the marrying of "sweet Anne Page," presuppose something less than some half a mile to be traversed before the town could be reached by the runaways. The next passage appears to support this conclusion very strongly. *Ibid.*, act v. scene 2:—

"Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

"Page. Come, come; we'll couch i' the castle ditch, till we see the light of our fairies."

And when "the light of our fairies" has been seen, it is astonishing with what readiness and alacrity these worthies appear upon the scene. Here, then, we have, once more, an indication of proximity to the Castle; and, as it seems, all the former combatants have forgotten this little line. The site of both the controverted Herne's Oaks is more than half a mile from the nearest corner of the old Castle ditch. And if Mr. Slender "couched" himself there, or Page, who abetted him, allowed it, they deserved to be choused. Half-a-dozen Fentons and Dr. Caiuses might have stolen her away whilst they were running from the Castle ditch to what Mr. Perry calls, "the Fairies' Dell."

Lastly. *Ibid.*, scene 3:—

"Mrs. Page. They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's Oak, with obscured lights."

That is in the "saw-pit," in front of the present King George IV.'s gate, as shown before.

To confirm conclusions, heretical, doubtless, yet apparently having some ground of their own to stand upon, comes a very remarkable oral tradition. A householder of this reign, who has lived either in "Slough or Windsor" all his life, and been about the Castle full thirty years, says that his uncle, nearly fifty years ago—he being then a man well-stricken in years, fourscore and ten upwards—told him, as a lad, that the site of the true Herne's Oak was somewhere near where the present road from the Castle to Frogmore is drawn. The whole of the ground was then open, and full of pits and mounts, and altogether unlike what it now appears. At various times, and owing to various circumstances, the actually old trees have all disappeared from this corner of the Park; but this is no ground for disputing their existence.

We have, at least, drawn the hunt nearer the Castle. We must give up "Herne's Oak" as a hopeless quest; and perhaps it might be as well to set off on a new line of investigation. The "Richard Horne" record has, certainly, nothing to do with our Herne. Where else in England and Germany are similar legends to be found?

It would be cruel to remind Mr. Perry of his admission, that the play was written for the stage, and not for Windsor Home Park even. And we will not do so. But we do very heartily recommend his little book about the "Tree that fell in '63," as one which ought, and which deserves, to hold a place in every Shakspearian library, even if only for the frank and unconscious daring of its line of argument.

B. B. WOODWARD.

*Royal Library, Windsor Castle,
December, 1867.*



THE LATE MISS HOWARD, OF CORBY.—A monument has lately been erected in the Cemetery of St. Lorenzo at Rome to the memory of the late Miss Mary Francis Howard, eldest child of P. H. Howard, Esq., of Corby Castle, Cumberland, whose death occurred at Rome on the 24th of June last (see THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, N.S., vol. iv., p. 257). The following is a copy of the inscription: "A ✠ Ω. Hic in pace Christi quiescit Maria Francisca, Philippi Henrici Howard, F., Nobili Anglorum genere; quæ Romam concedens ut Petri, Apostolorum principis, solemnibus sæcularibus interesset, febris præcipiti absumpta est, viii. Kal. Quintil. an. MDCCCLXVII. an. na. XX M.V.D.XII. Moriens Christi Jesu, quem unice adamarat cordi se suamque vitam obtulit. Vale, et vive in Deo, Maria Francisca.

EPOCHS OF ENGLISH POETRY.^a

BY THE REV. F. W. FARRAR, M.A., F.R.S.,

Late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and one of the Assistant Masters of Harrow School.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.



It is obviously impossible in the short space of an hour's lecture to treat of so wide and important a subject as the "Epochs of English Poetry" in any but the slightest way. All that I can expect to do, and even that in the most cursory manner, is to bring before you the most *salient* characteristics of those few poets who most distinctly mark an era in our literature. But my encouragement is, that an hour spent in speaking of our poets can hardly, under any circumstances, be time absolutely wasted.

Poetry has been well defined as "imaginative passion;" and in an age so weary with overwork, so seared and vulgarised by the struggle for life as our own, the elements of noble imagination and deep feeling are precisely those which we have the greatest need to cultivate. In our national literature we have abundant means for this cultivation. Not even Greece, not even Rome, with all the wealth and glory of their literature, can produce greater individual names than those which have adorned our own tongue; and in variety and range and splendour they are far unequal to us. I am very far indeed from undervaluing the dead languages; but he who knows English, and English only—English, the very tongue which in our system of education we have hitherto most neglected—has the key to a richer treasure-house of thought and feeling than would be open to him in any other single language. In our poets alone he may find delightful occupation for the leisure hours of a lifetime.

Nor will the study of them bring amusement only, for the poets are teachers too. The poet Wordsworth writes thus to a friend:—

"I doubt not that you will share with me an invincible confidence, that my writings—and among them these little poems—will co-operate with the benign tendencies of human nature and society, wherever found; and that they will, in their degree, be efficacious in making men better and wiser. . . . To console the afflicted; to add sunlight to daylight, by making the happy happier; to teach the young and the

^a This paper was delivered, as a lecture, before the Literary Society of Hampstead, Nov. 25, 1867. As it was not intended for publication the Author begs here to apologise for its numerous and obvious imperfections.

gracious of every age to see, to think, to feel, and therefore to become more actively and securely virtuous,—*this* is their office, which I trust they will faithfully perform, long after we—that is, all that is mortal of us—are mouldered in our graves.”

“To add sunlight to daylight, by making the happy happier ; to teach the young and the gracious of every age to become more actively and securely virtuous,”—surely this is a noble description of poetry ; and yet, noble as it is, all our best and truest poets have come up to it. We can all attain to hearts simple enough, and calm enough, to furnish ourselves with those sources of quiet happiness which are all that man really needs ;—we can attain to minds balanced and kept full of hope, first by religion, and next by those pure intellectual pleasures to which religion is most closely akin—a reverence for the Divine, the Eternal, and the Unseen ;—a love of Nature as God’s work, and of man as God’s noblest work. It is a higher thing to be wise and good than to be great ; and to something of this wisdom poetry can help us. It was never meant merely to amuse an idle hour, but far more than this—to raise, to ennoble, to purify, to cheer ; to nerve the mind at once for lofty action and lowly self-denial ; to lend beauty and glory, indeed, to the living present, but to point with beckoning finger and to lead with radiant footstep towards a more beautiful and more glorious future.

But, before I speak of our actual poets, let me remark, that if you would seek the very earliest germs of English poetry—the poetry of *thought* rather than of *song*, the poetry of those unconscious poets who lived and suffered and enjoyed and stamped the indelible impress of their genius upon the words they used—you must look for it in the history of that great English tongue which bids fair, in the far future, to be the universal language of the globe. “Every dead language,” it has been said, “is full of all monumental remembrances of the people who spoke it. Their swords and their shields are in it ; their faces are pictured on its walls ; and their very voices ring through its still recesses.” It depends for its very existence upon a poetic metaphor, without which no unseen thing could have been named. It bears the impress of an age, when, to the newly-awakening and happy intellect of man, the warmth, the west wind, the ornaments of springtime recurred with ever fresh sensations of wonder,—and when, if an arch of resplendent colours unveiled itself in heaven, it seemed to rain upon the earth a shower of precious stones.

“ Upon the breast of new-created earth
 Man walked ; and when and wheresoe'er he moved,
 Alone or mated, solitude was not.
 He heard, borne on the wind, th' articulate voice
 Of God ; and angels to his sight appeared,
 Crowning the glorious hills of Paradise,
 Or, thro' the groves, gliding like morning mist
 Enkindled by the sun.”

It was to this bright, healthy feeling that we owe all those sweet and pathetic legends, and many of those picturesque and delicate fancies that characterise our early literature and popular terminology. It was from the people that came such names for constellations as the Dragon, and Charles's Wain, and the Milky Way ; such names of flowers as Daisy, and Honeysuckle, and Forget-me-not, and Traveller's Joy ; such names for birds as Cuckoo, and Kingfisher, and Robin Redbreast, and Stormy Petrel, because, like St. Peter, it seems to walk upon the waves. Words, as has been well said, are at once fossil poetry and fossil history. Who would have thought, *à priori*, that the name of “ amethyst ” recalls its ancient credit as a charm against the fumes of wine ; that the word “ varnish ” is a reminiscence of the golden tresses of Berenice ; that the history of the word “ emery ” takes us back to a quaint rabbinical legend about the magic powers of Solomon ; and that the origin of the word “ naphtha ” is to be found embalmed in a marvellous tale of Nehemiah, which occurs in the second book of Maccabees ? Yet so it is. It has been said that every language is a dictionary of faded metaphors ; it might be added, that every language is also a library of unsung poems.

But I must leave these “ Iliads without a Homer ” to introduce the first articulate singer of our strictly national literature. Every literature has some one poet who serves as its morning star, a herald and precursor of its coming dawn. The morning star of Greek poetry was Homer ; of Roman poetry, Ennius ; of Italian poetry, Dante ; of German poetry, the writers of the Niebelungen ; of English poetry, Geoffrey Chaucer. Over that great name we must for a few moments pause ; for Chaucer is one of the greatest, and is the earliest conspicuous, landmark of our poetic literature. He was born in 1328, and died—a date easy to remember—in the year 1400.

Chaucer was at once a man of letters, and a man of the world ; a courtier, a soldier, and a poet. He married the sister of that Catherine Swinford who afterwards became the wife of John of Gaunt, son of Edward III. Through the whole of Edward's

splendid reign he lived in wealth and distinction, and, travelling abroad as an ambassador, he made the acquaintance of the great Italian poet Petrarc, as Milton afterwards made that of Galileo. In the succeeding reign of Richard II. he fell into disgrace, and was even imprisoned during the political turmoils of the day; but, being subsequently restored to favour, he died in prosperity. To his wonderful genius we are indebted for more than one eminent service, which made him worthy to be the first of that mighty line of poets whose dust has been laid in the most venerable of our abbeys. He was the first to fix and to enrich the forms of our language which, remember, at that time was only beginning to emerge from its old illiterate Anglo-Saxon roughness. It required no little prescience for an ambitious man to entrust his writings to a tongue which at that time was too much despised to be spoken either at court or in the public offices. So doubtful was it whether, as a language, English would attain any permanence, that Gower, Chaucer's successor, writing three poems, had not courage to commit more than one of them to the vernacular; but composed a second in Latin, and a third in French. Then it was Chaucer, too, who introduced into our language that famous ten-syllable heroic rhyme, which is perhaps the most national of all our metres, and has been used in some shape or other by all our poets. But, besides these great formal services, he has a high claim to be considered one of our best poets; and there are only one or two who can stand on the same line with him. He is far too much neglected; and if you would read a truly charming, fresh, witty, gentle, characteristic poem, you would study the famous prologue to the "Canterbury Tales." You will find in it the traces of a poet eminently resembling Shakspeare in happy sprightliness, in cheerful and serene benignity; of one who is, what all poets should be, "simple, sensuous, passionate;" of a man who knew the world and could enjoy it, and had passed through it without austerity; of a man who can wake your laughter by a delicate touch of playful satire, and now bring the tears into your eyes by a stroke of most natural pathos. There is something about these old poets which modern versifiers have inevitably lost. They are minstrels, rhapsodists, tellers of stories. There is a certain objectivity and outwardness about them. Modern poets are always writing from within, subjecting to a sort of morbid anatomy their thoughts and feelings, their hopes and fears. They are the poets of meditation; but the ancient poets, like Chaucer, are the poets of action. They tell you a tale—

they show you something going on. Then there is a beautiful child-like wonder about them; that wonder which, as the poet Coleridge says, is the offspring of ignorance, but the birththroe of knowledge, and the parent of adoration. They look on the world with the large, open eyes of child-like astonishment. The world has not yet lost for them its vernal freshness; life for them is a poetry full of mystery and grace. They have none of the *blasé* cynicism—none of the worn-out despairing anxiety of so many modern bards. And that is why they are so gloriously cheerful, so overflowing with bright, healthy laughter. The more our years pass on the more we feel the value of this beautiful quality. “Positively,” says Frederic W. Robertson, “I will not walk with anyone in these tenebrous avenues of cypresses and yew. I like sunny rooms and sunny truth. When I had more of sun and warmth I could afford, in youth, to be prodigal of happiness; to love the darksome lawn brushed by the owl’s wing, and to meditate for hours over decay. Now, I want sunlight and sunshine. I desire to enter into those regions where cheerfulness, and truth, and health of mind and heart reside.” And this is quite the spirit of Chaucer. He would, doubtless, have agreed with the philosophy of Dante, who places in one of the lowest circles of his “Inferno” those wretches, who, during their lives were, without all necessity, sad in the sunshine. “We were sad,” they say,

“In the sweet air made gladsome by the sun;
Now in this murky darkness are we sad.”

I will not read you any long passage of Chaucer, partly because I should have to disconnect it from some story, and partly because the antiquity of his diction makes him more pleasant to read than to hear. Eight lines, however, I *will* read, for the sake of making on them one more remark. They are the description of a scene near his home at Woodstock,

“And right anon as I the day espied,
No longer wolde I in my bed abide.
I went forth myself alone, and boldly,
And held the way down by a brookes side,
Till I came to a land of white and grene,
So fair a one had I never in been;
The ground was grene y-powderèd with daisy,
The flowres and the groves alike high,
All grene and white—was nothing else seen.”

I only read these lines to show you with what exquisitely simple

materials Chaucer works. He is a poet entirely devoid of that "poetic phraseology," that gorgeous hæmorrhage of half-appreciated words, that thick incrustation of paints and jewels which bedaub the modern Muse. It would be a healthy sign if in this our younger poets would imitate him. Could anything be more exquisitely true, yet more absolutely simple, than the little touch of simple white and green with which he brings a spring meadow under the sunlight before our eyes?

Chaucer has been compared to an April day, full in itself of warmth and brightness, but followed often by rough weeks and frosty nights, which nip all the early blossoms. He died in 1400, and the whole remainder of that 15th century does not produce a single pre-eminent poet. The jealousy and opposition of the clergy to all novelties,—a prescient intuition of the day when they should smart under the scourge of such poets as Skelton, Lyndsay, and Butler,—the absence of all patronage, the troubles in the civil wars of the Roses, in which, says the chronicler, "the sound of the church bells was not heard for drums and trumpets," may have contributed to the dearth of all prominent poets. Possibly, however, to the middle of this dull century is due, in its oldest form, that grand old ballad of "Chevy Chase," which Sir Philip Sydney used to say "stirred his heart like the blast of a trumpet;" and it is at least probable that during this prosaic period many another of our great ballads sprang from the passionate heart of the people. These ballads are quite a distinct and separate phase of literature, and well worth your study and attention. For myself, I cannot describe the charm they have for me; the well-springs of feeling in them are so unfathomable; their tenderness is so tender, their weird power so imaginative, their pathos so intense. There is a charm even in the ruggedness of their antiquity, and the uncertainty of their original form in the multitudinous shapes they have assumed in the traditions of the people; just as one venerates an old sword all the more for the rust upon its scabbard, and the hacks and dents upon its blade; they deal in strong situations, and describe with infinite yet reverent truth the fiercest possibilities of human nature. Undoubtedly they are hot, rude, graphic; he whose mind is not strong enough to walk among scenes of battle, and murder, and sudden death; he whose "slothful loves and dainty sympathies" are too fine spun to face the darkest and most unspoken tragedies of human nature, must turn elsewhere. Yet, as Mr. Allingham observes, "All is not darkness and tempest

in this reign of song; gay stories of true love with a happy ending are many; and they who love enchantments, and to be borne off into fairy land, may have their wish at the turning of a leaf."

As an instance of what I have been saying, take the well-known ballad of Helen of Kirkconnel. Her lover is talking to Helen, when his rival aims a shot at him, which the maiden receives into her own heart:—

“ O think na ye my heart was sair,
 When my love dropt and spak na mair,
 Then did she swoon with mickle care
 On fair Kirkconnel lea ;
 And I went down the water side,
 None but my foe to be my guide,
 None but my foe to be my guide
 On fair Kirkconnel lea.
 I crossed the stream, the sword did draw,
 I hackèd him in pieces sma',
 I hackèd him in pieces sma',
 For her sake that died for me.”

And then, after this terrific outburst of savage vengeance, mark the sudden gush of unspeakable love, tenderness, and regret, in the very next verse:—

“ O Helen fair beyond compare,
 I'll make a garland of thy hair,
 Shall bind my heart for evermair
 Until the day I dee.
 I wad I were where Helen lies ;
 Night and day on me she cries,
 And I am weary of the skies,
 For her sake that died for me.

The same qualities come out perhaps with yet more striking intensity in the ballad of “Edom o' Gordon.” This traitor makes a raid upon a castle in the lord's absence, and tries to seize the person of his lady. Seeing the armed men in the distance, she thinks it is her lord returning, arrays herself in her robes, and prepares a banquet; but when Gordon comes the gates are shut, and she mounts the tower to parley with him. He orders her to come down, on pain of being burnt in the castle with her three babes; in reply she bids her attendant load a gun, and fires at Edom.

“ She stood upon her castle wa',
 And let twa bullets flee ;
 She missed that bloody butcher's heart,
 And only rased his knee.

'Set fire to the house,' quo' fause Gordon,
 Mad wi' dule and ire;
 'Fause ladye, ye sall rue that shot,
 As ye burn in the fire.' "

Without a single break in the narrative, instantly, in the poet's imagination, the castle is in flames, and the thick smoke is rolling through it in choking volumes towards the chamber of the little ones.

" O then bespak her little son,
 Sat on the nurse's knee :
 ' O mither dear, gie owre this house,
 For the reek it smothers me.'

' I wad gie a' my gowd, my bairn,
 Sae wad I a' my fee,
 For ae blast of the western wind
 To blaw the reek frae thee.'

O then bespak her daughter dear,
 She was baith jimp and sma' :
 ' O, row me in a pair o' sheets,
 And throw me o'er the wa'.'

They rowed her in a pair o' sheets,
 And throwed her owre the wa' ;
 But on the point o' Gordon's spear
 She got a deadly fa'.

O bonnie, bonnie was her mouth,
 And cherry were her cheeks,
 And clear, clear was her yellow hair,
 Whereon the red bloud dreeps.

Then wi' his spear he turned her owre ;
 O gin her face was wan !
 He said, ' Ye are the first that e'er
 I wished alive again.'

He cam, and lookit again at her,
 O gin her skin was white !
 ' I might hae spared that bonnie face
 To hae been some man's delight.

' Busk and boun, my merry men a',
 For ill dooms I do guess :
 I canna look on that bonnie face,
 As it lies on the grass.'

Stricken with this new and wild remorse,—aghast to see the sweet flower-face of the young girl, with its dew of blood upon the yellow hair,—the wretch flies. Meanwhile, the lord riding back to the castle finds it in flames, and urges his men forward :—

" Then some they rade, and some they ran,
 Out owre the grass and bent ;
 But ere the foremost could win up,
 Baith ladye and babes were brent.

And after the Gordon he is gane,
 As fast as he might drie ;
 And soon i' the Gordon's foul heart's bluid
 He's wroken his fair ladye."

Now, after reading such a horrible tragedy as this, one asks, is it a fit subject for poetry? is it right to deal with such horrors? And the answer is simple. No; it is not right, if they be told simply to harrow our feelings with idle and fruitless horror, which is the vice—and a serious vice it is—of our modern sensationalism; but yes, it is right, if the sin and crime be spoken of with due gravity and

rightness of feeling. Pity and terror may be evoked, but, as was ever the case in ancient tragedy, they may be evoked only for purifying purposes. It is a sin and an error to paint the dark horrors of life for the purpose only of whiling an idle hour; but it is right for the poet to gaze upon them,—right for him “to see life steadily, and see it whole,” if he does so with a due sense of its solemn and unspeakable import.

I ought not, however, to leave you without one complete specimen of our old ballads. I have chosen one which is very characteristic of the *intensity* and of the swift pathetic transitions of ballad style in the midst of its simplicity,—the ballad of “Edward, or the Twa Brothers,”—the ancientness and popularity of which is best attested by the immense number of different versions in which it appears.

“There were twa brothers at the scule,
And when they got awa’,
It’s ‘Will ye play at the stane-chucking,
Or will ye play at the ba’,
Or will ye gae up to yon hill head,
And there we’ll wrestle a fa’?’

‘I winna play at the stane-chucking,
I winna play at the ba’,
But I’ll gae up to yon bonny green hill,
And there we’ll wrestle a fa’.’

They wrestled up, they wrestled down,
Till John fell to the ground:
A dirk fell out of William’s pouch,
And gae John a deadly wound.

‘O lift me up upon your back,
Take me to yon well fair,
And wash my bloody wounds o’er and
o’er,
And they’ll ne’er bleed nae mair.’

He lifted his brother upon his back,
Ta’en him to yon well fair,
And wash’d his bloody wounds o’er and
o’er,
But they bleed aye mair and mair.

‘O tak ye aff my holland sark,
And rive it gair by gair,
And bind it in my bloody wounds,
And they’ll ne’er bleed nae mair.’

He’s taken aff his holland sark,
And rived it gair by gair.

And bound it in his bloody wounds,
But they bled aye mair and mair.

‘O tak ye aff my green sleiding,
And row me saftly in,
And tak me up to yon kirk style,
Where the grass grows fair and
green.’

He’s taken aff the green sleiding,
And rowed him saftly in,
He’s laid him down by yon kirk style,
Where the grass grows fair and green.

‘O what will ye say to your father dear,
When ye gae hame at e’en?’

‘I’ll say ye’re lying by yon kirk style,
Where the grass grows fair and
green.’

‘O no, O no, my brother dear,
O ye must not say so;
But say that I’m gane to a foreign
land,
Where no man does me know.’

When he sat in his father’s chair,
He grew baith pale and wan.

‘O what bluid’s that upon your brow,
O tell to me, dear son?’

‘It is the bluid of my red roan steed,
He wadna ride for me.’

‘O thy steed’s bluid was ne’er sae
red,
Nor e’er sae dear to me.

'O what bluid's that upon your cheek,
O dear son tell to me?'

'It is the bluid of my greyhound,
He wadna hunt for me.'

'O thy hound's bluid was ne'er sae red,
Nor e'er sae dear to me.

O what bluid's this upon your hand,
O dear son tell to me?'

'It is the bluid of my falcon gay,
He wadna flee for me.'

'O thy hawk's bluid was ne'er sae red,
Nor e'er sae dear to me.

'O what bluid's this upon your dirk,
Dear Willie tell to me?'

'It is the bluid of my a'e brother,
O dule and wae is me.'

'O what will ye say to your father dear,
Dear Willie, tell to me?'

'I'll saddle my steed, and awa I'll ride
To dwell in some far countree.'

'O when will ye come back hame again,
Dear Willie, tell to me?'

'When sun and mune leap on you hill,
And that will never be.'

She turned hersel' right round about,
And her heart burst into three :

'My a'e dear son is dead and gane,
And my t'other ane ne'er I'll see.'"

This ballad appears to me truly wonderful : the picture of the gay boys coming out of school ; the wrestle on the bonny green hill ; the accident, the tender care of the homicide for his brother, and the brother's sympathising fear of the results to him ; the agitation as he sat in his father's chair : the creeping chill which comes over his mother's heart as, question after question, she divines with more and more terrible certainty what has happened ; the boy's dread of his father's anger ; the burst of remorse with which he makes his wild confession ; his headlong flight ; and then the terrifically powerful image — unmatched and unmatchable, save in Homer and the *Nibelungen*—

“ She turned hersel' right round about,
And her heart burst into three.”

All these combine to give a splendid specimen of the peculiar power and excellence of our ancient ballad literature.

Pope said that it was easy to mark the general course of English poetry : Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, are the great landmarks of it ; if we add the names of Pope, Cowper, Wordsworth, and Tennyson or Browning (for between these two last names the future rather than the present must decide), the list of poetic epochs is complete. The dulness which I have said characterises the whole of the 15th century, lasted far on into the 16th. The first half indeed of that century had the rugged satire of Skelton to enliven it ; but Edmund Spenser, born in 1553, is its first memorial name. Ten years later was born the poet of all time, William Shakspeare. This is the Elizabethan age of our literature, an astonishing and unequalled period of growth. Never again till the

great French Revolution was there such a sudden blaze of majesty, of genius, and of strength. The decay of scholasticism, the downfall of the feudal power, the revival of classical literature, the discovery of America, the progress of scientific invention, above all the spread of the Reformation, and the disenthralment of the national mind from their on tyranny and superstition of Romish priest-craft, combined to stimulate the intellect of, and to thrill them with such electrical flashes of eagerness and awakenment, as to account in part for the mighty result. The soil had been broken up, and the vegetation burst forth in tropical exuberance. In that day lived Shakspeare, and Bacon, and Sidney, and Spenser, and Surrey, and Hooker, and Ben Jonson, and Raleigh,—and the names of poet, and soldier, and statesman, and philosopher, formed often one garland for a single brow. In poetry, however, the name of Spenser is the earliest; and in spite of the tediousness of long-continued allegory, the chivalry, the sweetness, the richness of his “*Faerie Queene*” will always win him an honourable place among the lovers of true poetry. In him too, as in all our greatest, we have a noble, moral purpose. His end was, he tells us, “to fashion a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline;” and Milton said of him, that “he dare be known to think our sage and serious poet Spenser a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas.” The two qualities that best mark his style, and very fine qualities they are for a poet, are gorgeousness and melody. And though we may not dwell upon him, suffer me to quote you but one stanza which has always been admired for its superlative sweetness.

“The joyful birds, shrouded in cheerful shade,
Their notes unto the voice attemperd sweet,
Th’ angelical, soft, trembling voices made
To th’ instruments divine resonance meet;
The silver-sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmurs of the waters’ fall,
The waters’ fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now low, unto the wind did call;
The gentle, warbling wind, low answerèd to all.”



MEMORIES OF COMPIÈGNE.



SINCE the month of May last, records of various French palaces, in which illustrious guests have been severally entertained by Napoleon III., during the late eventful year, have successively appeared in this Magazine; and as it was at Compiègne that his Majesty parted with the last but by no means least welcome crowned visitor who honoured the great Champ de Mars Peace Exhibition with his presence, some historical memories of that palace, and not a few of them cementing a bond of personal union between the imperial families of France and Austria, here ensue.

With the year celebrated by it, the French "Temple of Fame" has vanished, though but a few months since the eagerly expectant world beheld its

"Sounding gates unfold,
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold
Raised on a thousand pillars, wreathed around
With laurel foliage, and with eagles crown'd :
And all the nations, summon'd at the call,
From diff'rent quarters fill the crowded hall."

Young summer leaves were on the trees then, and now, like the past year and its Temple of Fame, the leaves are fallen; but, as the imperial host of Compiègne himself once observed, "Les générations qui se succèdent participent toutes les mêmes élémens." And here, with due respect and deferential reserve, it may be briefly added that at Compiègne, in the midst of all things imparting a splendid though not less social charm to winter, and of illustrations, in one sense, how "l'amélioration des sociétés marche sans cesse," Napoleon III. can scarcely pursue his meditations on "progress and its continuity since the world began," or on the progressive changes which cycles and centuries bring with them, without reference to some of the many historical memories in which the château and forest abound.

That some of these memories are of very ancient date may be assumed by the reader, who is here reminded that Compiègne was called *Compendium* by the Romans, of whose time, when it was a place for military stores, it still abounds in remains;^a but as such

^a A scientific, though none the less interesting, paper on these remains, by Charles Roach Smith, F.S.A., was published in the Antiquarian Notes of this Magazine, Sept., 1867.

relics are quite beyond the scope of this present paper, it will suffice here to say that since the time of Clovis, first Christian King of France, and grandfather of the hermit, Saint Cloud,^b Compiègne was a favourite residence of French monarchs, some of them repairing thither for the enjoyment of such out-door sports as were favoured by its vast forest, and others resorting to its garrison for military purposes, which last was the case in 1422, when Charles VII., who eventually owed his crown to Jeanne d'Arc, was King.

What thinking person, when at Compiègne, or elsewhere, regarding the celebrated work of a French princess who, though of a different race, manifested the same love of art which at present is displayed by more than one talented member of the imperial family of France,—what thinking person, when beholding the well-known statuette which has helped to immortalise the memory of Jeanne d'Arc, can forget that at Compiègne she, the heroic “Maid of Orléans,” displayed dauntless heroism under reverses for which her previous miraculous successes had ill prepared her? She, the patriot peasant girl, humble at heart, yet believing herself inspired by Heaven to expel the invaders of her country, had raised the siege of Orléans, and, with sacred banner in hand, had conducted the King to be crowned at Rheims. Then, declaring her divine mission fulfilled, she desired to return to the seclusion of her former pastoral existence. Had she been allowed to do so, her well-known fate might have been averted; but the King and his army, believing in the special providence of her presence, compelled her to remain at the garrison of Compiègne, and there, whilst performing feats of valour, she fell into the hands of the enemy. From that time, until the day she was burnt to death as a sorceress (at Rouen), her only nourishment was “the bread of pain and the water of anguish;” but, though tortured, she calmly awaited her martyrdom, and when at last she ascended the fatal pile, a cross made of two broken sticks, said to have been mercifully placed in her hand by an Englishman, was pressed to her heart in the attitude immortalised by the young Princess of Orléans, resident at Compiègne four hundred years after Jeanne d'Arc, “Maid of Orléans,” was there taken prisoner.^c It was

^b “Memories of Saint Cloud.”—G. M., Nov. and Dec., 1867.

^c The well-known statue of Jeanne d'Arc alluded to above, is generally supposed to be the *chef-d'œuvre* of the accomplished Princesse Marie, daughter of Louis Philippe, late ex-King of the French; but by many connoisseurs the palm is awarded to another work by the same hand (representing an Angel), placed in the chapel of Dreux,

near an old bridge across the stream that Jeanne d'Arc was captured; and although that bridge is now removed, and the fortified royal retreat of former days has given place to the palace which owes its date to the reign of Louis XV., as will presently be seen, the forest-lands of Compiègne, like those of Fontainebleau, echo the universal truth that in Nature, ever renewing and renewed, ever young yet ever old, centuries are but yesterdays.

It has been said elsewhere how, when, in 1602, bright autumn tints were on the forest trees of Fontainebleau, shouts of joy resounded there because the cry of the first-born legitimate son of Henri IV. had just made itself heard in the world.^d

Marie de Médicis, the young child's mother, had, as queen and wife and mother, threefold cause to rejoice in that event which then took place at Fontainebleau; but when her son (Louis XIII.), only nine years afterwards, succeeded his father, who had been assassinated by the fanatic Ravaillac, much tribulation did civil war cause to her, the Queen Regent of France; and at Compiègne, in 1631, she found herself the prisoner of her own son (then just thirty years of age), or rather of his ministerial adviser, Cardinal Richelieu.

In the month of July, 1631, Marie de Médicis, captive at Compiègne, appealed to the protection of Parliament against the Cardinal, albeit she had formerly treated the Parliament with contempt; and there are reasons appertaining rather to general history than to these pen-and-ink sketches for supposing that her escape from Compiègne was, for his own sake, ultimately favoured by Richelieu. During her captivity there she was placed under a strong guard, although treated with all marks of external respect, and at liberty to take walking exercise, if she chose.

Beneath the forest trees of Compiègne, how bitterly must Marie de Médicis have reflected on the instability of human greatness, the illusions of human hopes and ambition! She, the daughter of a sovereign prince, the mother of crowned princesses, the Queen-Mother of the reigning King of France, and the widow of the heroic French monarch called "the Great,"—she, a woman to whose charms of person and mind in youth Italian poets had sung songs, was deprived even of the society of those of her Court who were still faithful to her, and doomed by her own son to wander

the burial-place of the Princesse Marie and other members of the Orléans family. See "Memories of the Palais Royal."—G. M., Aug., 1867.

^d "Memories of Fontainebleau," Part I.—G. M., Sept., 1867.

desolate in the shades of a gloomy forest, knowing that spies on her despairing movements were lurking in its shades. Her political honour and reputation were attacked; the Parliament was powerless to defend her against the Cardinal, and her son, the King, thus addressed his brother, the Duc d'Orléans, concerning her:—“You have no right to censure my actions, nor those of my ministers My cousin, Cardinal Richelieu, has on all occasions served me faithfully and with courage. I should ill deserve the title of ‘Just’ if I failed to testify to the whole world my perfect satisfaction at the signal services he has rendered to my person and the State, or suffered any opportunity to escape of conferring fresh favours on him. Know, once for all, that I have perfect confidence in him.” More so, it would appear, than the Cardinal had in his own position after the appeal of the captive Queen to the Parliament; for even if it be true that at one time of her forced residence at Compiègne, Marie de Médicis was not allowed to wander beyond the fortifications, it seems none the less certain that her guards were so distributed, in the summer of 1631, that during the night of the 28th of July she succeeded in evading their vigilance and escaped, first to Capelle, a frontier town in Picardy, where she might easily have been re-captured, but was not, and finally to Brussels. In the month of July, just eleven years after her flight from France, she died at Cologne; the “pressure of want” and the increasing infirmities of age having meantime been added to the heartburning miseries of her position, and it was not until too late that her son, Louis XIII., repented of his conduct towards her. He had, as shown in his letter above quoted, delighted in being called “the Just,” but after his exiled mother’s death his repentance darkened into remorse: “a just punishment for his injustice towards a parent who, whatever might be her failings, could never be accused of a want of tenderness for her son.” In the winter of the same year (Dec., 1642) that Marie de Médicis died in poverty at Cologne, Cardinal Richelieu, of the Palais Royal, expired in the midst of his splendour and was buried at the Sorbonne. It was by his death-bed advice to the King that Mazarin succeeded him in the direction of State affairs.

A slow fever consumed the King; and on the 14th day of May, 1643, he died. His son, then in the fifth year of his age, to whom Mazarin was godfather, succeeded him, under the regency of the widowed Queen-mother, Anne of Austria. The influence of

Cardinal Mazarin then made itself felt throughout Europe, and how absolute was his authority over the young King, Louis XIV., has been already shown in a previous number of this Magazine.^e

After Louis XIV. had attained his majority, Mazarin's power over him was unabated, even to the sacrifice his Majesty was compelled to make of his affection for Marie Mancini, the Cardinal's own niece.

Separated from her, the youthful monarch bewailed his fate at Compiègne, for thither was he compelled to retire for a season previously to his marriage with the Infanta of Spain. A jealous guard did his mother, Anne of Austria, there maintain over him, although for some time he succeeded in so far eluding her watchfulness as not only to indite "sonnets to his mistress's eyebrow," but to employ emissaries in placing his written declarations of love beneath the eyes of Marie Mancini. Woe, however, to all who ventured to express sympathy for the lovers; and when Christina, eccentric and errant ex-Queen of Sweden, arrived on a visit to the Queen-mother of France at Compiègne, she incurred the displeasure of her royal hostess by declaring that could she and the love-sick King change places, Marie Mancini would not long be left to weep in a convent.

By Mazarin was Christina presented to Louis XIV. and his mother, they having gone forth in state to meet the Queen of Sweden on her road to Compiègne. Crowds had previously assembled to witness her arrival in Paris, where all sorts of reports were rife as to her masculine garb and manners. Mademoiselle de Montpensier, "the *grande Mademoiselle*," cousin of Louis XIV., was deputed to receive her at Fontainebleau; and if it be true, as some of Christina's biographers surmise, that any idea of a marriage between the Swedish royal lady and Louis XIV. had been entertained, it must have been quickly scared away by the written reports of Mademoiselle de Montpensier, who was herself at one time suspected of matrimonial designs on her royal kinsman. Elegant in person and manner was Anne of Austria, and so fastidious in her tastes, so sensitive in her sense of touch, that no cambric could be found fine enough, no velvet soft enough, for her wearing apparel. Cardinal Mazarin is said by an old French author (Anquetil) to have jestingly observed, that "if punishment were reserved for her Majesty hereafter, it would be to lie in holland sheets." What,

^e "Memories of Fontainebleau," Part I.—G. M., September, 1867.

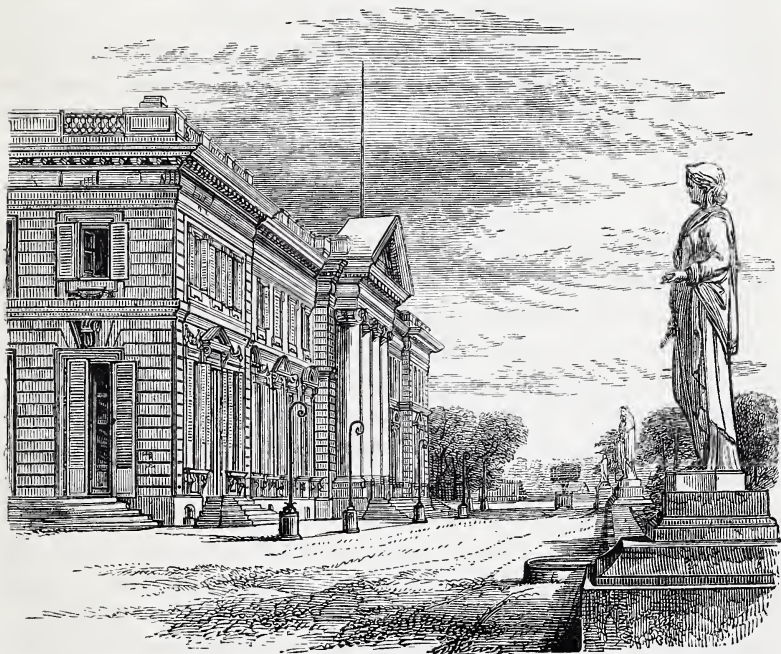
therefore, could this Queen-Mother of France have thought at Compiègne when news from Fontainebleau there reached her of the Swedish Queen sitting up in bed with a towel tied round her head because she had just been shaved; or of her stalking about the stately galleries (where Francis I. and Catherine de Médicis had successively held their sumptuous courts) in male boots, a buff jerkin, and a man's wig? Strongly-flavoured, but epigrammatic compliments did Christina pay both to Louis XIV. and Anne of Austria, when they met her on her road to Compiègne; and to them she was a subject not less of amusement than of wonder, until, as beforesaid, she incurred the displeasure of the Queen by her loudly-expressed opinions concerning the unfortunate position of Louis XIV. as a royal lover. Her subsequent outrage to princely hospitality by the murder of Monaldeschi at Fontainebleau, is notorious; and when to this crime her Swedish Majesty, whose chief passion was for philosophy and abstruse science, added the offence of writing in flattering terms to Ninon de l'Enclos, the French Aspasia of her time, it need scarcely be said that she was henceforth coldly regarded by the Court of France.^f

And yet, strange to declare—strange, both in point of time and conscience (or *convenance*)—Madame de Maintenon herself, the demure wife of Louis XIV. in his later years, was also the friend of Ninon de l'Enclos; or, rather, she was not ashamed to own her admiration of the intellectual gifts bestowed on that too celebrated and marvelously long-lived beauty. Louis XIV. himself could scarcely fail to remember this fact when visiting Compiègne, in company with Madame de Maintenon, long after most of the actors in the drama of his youth had passed away. The perfume of a forest flower may then have recalled how remarkably fond his mother (dead of cancer in 1667) was of sweet scents; and by the beauty of Madame de Maintenon's hand Louis XIV. might have been reminded how Christina of Sweden—who seldom, if ever, wore gloves herself—prevailed on Anne of Austria to withdraw her own glove, and then, with coarse flattery but in curt terms, declared her admiration of the most beautiful hand and arm in the world—upon which was displayed his own portrait.

^f Readers, who have not time to search for themselves into the chronicles of the 17th century, may gain a very clear view of Queen Christina of Sweden from an English biography written by Henry Woodhead, and published, in 1863, by Hurst & Blackett, London.

What a difference between the portrait of Louis XIV., lover of Marie Mancini, in his youth at Compiègne, and Louis XIV. in old age, the husband of Madame de Maintenon—she having been for many intervening years the governess of his children, by Madame de Montespan! What a difference during the whole of his long reign between Versailles and Compiègne! When his mother, Anne of Austria, received the ex-Queen of Sweden at Compiègne, the palace of Versailles was not built. Madame de Soissons, another of Cardinal Mazarin's seven nieces, then presided at the Tuileries, the people of Paris having incurred the displeasure of Anne of Austria; and for some time after the death of Mazarin, Madame de Soissons—that beautiful and witty relative of his, and sister of Marie Mancini—was the centre of a brilliant circle in the capital of France. It was in the midst of the Tuileries' circle that Louis XIV. acquired “the air of politeness and gallantry which he preserved during the remainder of his life, and which was admirably blended with dignity and decorum.” But, though thus at the Tuileries, when Madame la Comtesse de Soissons was *Surintendante* of that metropolitan palace, acquiring graces which afterwards helped to win for him the sobriquet of the “grand monarque,” Louis XIV. himself in later years shunned a residence at that palace, as his mother, Anne of Austria, had done in the days of his youth at Compiègne. As a new seat of glorified French monarchy he erected Versailles, little foreseeing that this separation of the King from the capital—the heart—of France, would eventuate in the death of the monarchy itself. At Compiègne, nevertheless, appeared his great-grandson and successor from time to time; but it was from Versailles, not the Tuileries, that he came to rouse the echoes of the forest by the hunting-horn, until such time that he—Louis XV.—beginning to yearn for “something new,” yet daily more and more lamenting that there was “nothing new under the sun,” determined in the midst of his luxurious life at Versailles to construct a new royal abode, worthy to be the palace of a King of Versailles, at Compiègne. And the palace, as it at present stands, then quickly rose to view, as though commanded to appear by the wave of a magician's wand. From designs of Gabriel was it erected; but here, be it remembered, there were three architects of that name. To the first, who died in Paris, 1686, may be ascribed the palace of Choisy, known, before it was engulfed by the Revolution, as “Choisy le Roy”: this architect's son, who, having completed the Pont Royal, died in 1762, was created Knight

of the Order of St. Michel ; and to his son, again, first architect to the King of France—a Gabriel who died in 1782—it seems most practically just to attribute the completion of the Château de Compiègne in its modern form, although he in all probability did but



carry out the designs of his father and grandfather, whose hereditary genius was successively displayed in the construction of other palaces of France. In a previous number of this magazine it has been observed that the Marquis de Marigny, brother of Madame de Pompadour, was Minister of Public Works, during the reign of Louis XV., and under his influence her artistic plans—some of them requiring a century to complete—were adopted.*

But Madame de Pompadour (political ally of Maria Theresa, Empress of Austria) was dead when, the modern palace of Compiègne being built, Marie Antoinette arrived there on her way to Versailles from Vienna, four years before the death of Louis XV. There were

* The view of the Château de Compiègne, presented in these pages, is taken from the Parc Réservé. In other aspects, and especially from the garden side, the palace presents a much gayer aspect.

yet additions to be made to it, but of these more presently ; the monarch destined to make those additions was only just born, in Corsica, when Marie Antoinette, Archduchess of Austria, and bride of the Dauphin of France, arrived at Compiègne, and there for the first time beheld her husband, then but “a big lubberly boy” of sixteen, to whom she was already wedded by proxy.

But here we cannot do better than follow the old French Court account of all that took place on that occasion from the MS. of M. de la Ferté, who, as Keeper of the Privy Purse to His Majesty, Louis XV., felt a keen interest in observing every part of the ceremonial by which Marie Antoinette was welcomed at Compiègne.

“The king (Louis XV.) had been regularly informed of the progress of Madame the Dauphiness” (Marie Antoinette), “and when intelligence was brought to his Majesty that she had reached Soissons, he set out, about noon, accompanied by Monseigneur the Dauphin, for Compiègne, there to await her arrival. The next day his Majesty, Monseigneur the Dauphin, and Mesdames the Princesses (daughters of Louis XV.) attended by the principal officers of the royal household, went as far as the bridge of Berné to meet Madame the Dauphiness. Detachments of the king’s household troops preceded and followed the royal carriages ; and the Cabinet Ministers also formed part of the procession, which was arranged according to the precedence of rank. The bridge of Berné is situated in the forest of Compiègne. When Madame the Dauphiness perceived the King, she alighted from her carriage, at a short distance from the spot where his Majesty stood ready to welcome her, and walked towards the King. Her first equerry gave his hand to her. She was also attended by her chevalier d’honneur, and by her lady of honour, and by all the French nobility whom the King had appointed to receive her on the frontier. When the Dauphiness reached the King she threw herself at his feet. His Majesty raised her, embraced her with much tenderness, and presented her to Monseigneur the Dauphin, who also embraced her. Then the King’s daughters were presented to the Dauphiness. They, too, embraced her. The King now remounted his carriage to return to Compiègne ; he placed the Dauphiness on the seat next to himself. Monseigneur the Dauphin, and the Countess de Noailles, lady of honour, were in the same carriage opposite to them. Upon her arrival at the Château de Compiègne, Madame the Dauphiness was

conducted to her apartments by the King and Monseigneur the Dauphin, who each held one of her hands. Within her apartments, the Duc d'Orléans, the Duc and Duchesse de Chartres the Duc and Duchesse de Bourbon the Duc de Penthièvre, and the Princesse de Lamballe, were presented to the Dauphiness by his Majesty.^b

“All who were privileged by their blood to kiss the Dauphiness had that honour. The King then retired, and the nobility, who had accompanied him to Compiègne, were each in turn introduced to her. In the evening the King supped in public with the Dauphin, the Dauphiness, and the Princes and Princesses of the blood who were at Compiègne. Afterwards, the Grand Master of the Ceremonies caused a marriage-ring to be tried on the third finger of the left-hand of Madame the Dauphiness. Monseigneur the Dauphin lay that night, as on the night preceding, at the hôtel of the Comte de St. Florentin, Minister and Secretary of State.

“The next day the King, accompanied by the Dauphin and the Dauphiness, &c., set forth from Compiègne, for the Château de la Muette” (in the Bois de Boulogne), “and there his Majesty, having ordered a magnificent set of diamonds to be prepared for Madame the Dauphiness, caused them to be presented to her. A necklace of pearls was also destined for her, the smallest of which was the size of a filbert. This necklace, originally brought into France by Anne of Austria, was always the property of the Dauphiness for the time being. The next day (the 16th of May) about ten o'clock in the morning, Madame the Dauphiness arrived at Versailles.”

The original French MS., from which the above account of Marie Antoinette's first reception at Compiègne is quoted, then proceeds to give a most elaborate and ceremonious description of her marriage at Versailles, but with that this present paper has nothing to do. It is remarkable, however, that Napoleon I., knowing as he did the fatal political results of that marriage, and prone as he was to superstition—simply, perhaps, because he had reason to believe that to him all things were possible—should model the ceremonial of his marriage with Marie Louise in conformity with that of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. That last-named unfortunate Archduchess was married by proxy before leaving Vienna for France; and Napoleon made choice of his “glorious adversary, the Archduke Charles,”

^b Biographical sketches of the members of the royal family named in the above paragraph are contained in “*Memories of the Palais Royal.*”—G. M., Aug., 1867.

to represent him at Vienna in the marriage ceremony with the Archduchess Marie Louise, niece of the martyred Marie Antoinette, although the cruel fate of that Queen was a melancholy omen. Upon this point M. Thiers remarks: "But the more sad that fate the more did it enhance by contrast the brilliance of the present. Napoleon would have the glory not only of having raised up royalty from martyrdom to the loftiest grandeur, but of having restored even its system of alliances. The measure of his glory and his services was the difference between the scaffold which Marie Antoinette had ascended and the dazzling throne to be mounted by Marie Louise. The old malcontent nobility of the Faubourg St. Germain were infected with the common feeling, and many of them came over to the new *régime*, thinking it no shame to serve under him whom the greatest reigning family in the world consented to adopt as a son-in-law; but Napoleon displayed consummate tact in forming the household of the Empress, Marie Louise, by choosing for her first lady of honour the Duchesse de Montebello, widow of Marshal Lannes, killed at Essling by an Austrian cannon-ball."

(To be continued.)

HISTORY OF HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

DURING the past year London has lost an opera house which, though in many respects faulty as regarded its internal arrangements, was certainly one of the largest and handsomest in Europe.

The first theatre erected in the Haymarket, on the site of the one lately destroyed by fire, was built by Sir John Vanbrugh. It was raised by thirty persons of rank, who—to judge from the inscription of the first stone to the celebrated beauty, Lady Sutherland—were of the Whig party. Each of these individuals subscribed 1000*l.* towards the expenses, and the building was opened to the public April 9, 1705, with an Italian Opera, entitled "The Triumph of Love," which was withdrawn at the end of three nights, having on each occasion been performed to a scanty audience. It was immediately followed by "The Conspiracy" of Sir John Vanbrugh, a comedy adapted from "Le Bourgeois à la Mode" of Dancour. Soon after this, Congreve, who had a share in the theatre, resigned it, and all interest

in the undertaking. The fault of the house was its size. There was such an undulation in the voice of each actor that, in the words of Cibber, "generally what they said sounded like the gabbling of so many people in the lofty aisles of a cathedral." It was further objected that it was too far removed from the more populous parts of the town. Sir John Vanbrugh presently retired in favour of a Mr. McSwiney, who, after a few seasons of "legitimate drama," returned to Italian opera. The first work of this kind produced under his management was "Pyrrhus," supported by Nicolini, Valentini, and Mrs. Tofts. The second of this eminent trio sang as *Turnus* in "Camilla," using his own language, while the rest of the company sang in English.

It was at the King's Theatre that Handel produced many of his operas, as well as his oratorio, "Esther," which was performed for the first time in this country in May, 1732. On 10th June "Acis and Galatea" was given, with dresses and decorations. The theatre was burned down 17th June, 1789, and 40,000*l.* worth of property was lost in the flames. The fire broke out a little before ten, whilst many of the performers were practising for the next evening, on which was to have been a benefit for Signor Ravelli, the acting manager, and Mr. William Taylor, the proprietor. Madame Ravelli was saved only by the courage of a fireman, who rescued her at the risk of his life. The heat of the flames was felt even in St. James's Square and Leicester Fields. The conflagration was said to be the work of Pietro Carnivalli, the leader of the orchestra, and whose wife had been one of the leading singers. He is reported to have confessed on his death-bed, about a year afterwards, that he did it out of revenge for an affront from Ravelli, who had formerly been a monk, and who had the sobriquet of "Don Antonio."

The new theatre was built during 1790, the first stone being laid on 3rd April of that year, by the Right Hon. John Hobart, Earl of Buckingham. The architect was Michael Novosielski. The theatre opened 25th March, 1791, for music and dancing only, a theatrical licence having been refused. It was called the "King's Theatre," as was also the Opera, then established at the Pantheon, Oxford Street. When the latter had been destroyed by fire, the licence was transferred to the house in the Haymarket. The Pantheon had been under the management of Mr. O'Reilly, who in one season contracted debts to the amount of 30,000*l.* On the completion of the

new Opera, it was arranged by a committee, headed by the Prince of Wales, that it should assume his liabilities, as the condition of getting back his licence. Thus the enterprise started under a burden of 30,000*l.*, besides that of the tremendous outlay for the building and opening of the theatre. The management, before long, devolved upon Mr. Taylor, in whose hands it remained till 1803, in which and the following year he sold Mr. Goold shares to the amount of 17,500*l.*, or seven-sixteenths of the whole, the remaining shares being mortgaged to the same gentleman for 5,700*l.* The ground was held on lease from the Crown, the audience and stage parts on two distinct leases; the former, at 1260*l.*, the latter at 300*l.* per annum. Both leases extended to 1891. Goold continued manager till his death in 1807. The great attraction of his reign was Catalani, whose salary for one year was 5000*l.*, her total profits, with concerts, etc., being, 16,700*l.* Goold was succeeded by Taylor, who was soon engaged in Chancery proceedings with Walters, Goold's executor. In 1813 the theatre was closed, by order of the Lord Chancellor, to reopen the following year under the management of Mr. Waters, who purchased it under decree for 35,000*l.* In the meanwhile Taylor was a prisoner in the King's Bench. In 1813 the building was put up for sale, and the whole concern was bought by Waters for 70,150*l.* To raise the money he had mortgaged the opera house and other property to Chambers, the banker, who accordingly became an inmate of the King's Bench, where he remained twenty years, for some time carrying on the management, and dilating on the advantages of a spot uninvaded by the insolence and ill-humour of singers.

Amongst the earliest operas performed at this theatre, were the "Barbière" of Pacini, and the "Semiramide" of Bianchi, both superseded twenty years later by Rossini's master-pieces of the same names. It was here that Braham made his *début*, at once achieving immense popularity. He was the first English tenor who won a decided success in Italian opera. Amongst the early performers was Mrs. Billington, who was the first Englishwoman who gained laurels on the Italian stage since Cecilia Davies and Anastasia Robinson. She was associated with the lovely and talented Grasini, aunt of Giulia Grisi.

It was at the King's Theatre that Mosart's music was first introduced to the English public. "La Clemenza di Tito" was performed on the 29th of March, 1806, the "Cose fan tutti" on the

9th of May, 1811, "Il Flauto Magico" on the 6th of June in the same year, and "Le Nozze di Figaro" and "Don Juan" in 1817. In 1806 Catalani appeared, proving equally and unprecedentedly successful in tragedy and comedy. In 1818 Rossini was introduced; his "Tancred" being followed by the "Barbière," the "Cenerentola," and the "Italiana in Algiera." In 1824 came Pasta, and during the next season Veluti, the last male soprano heard in London, who sustained the chief part in Meyerbeer's "Crocato in Egitto," the first work of this composer ever performed in England.

In 1828 the theatre passed into the hands of MM. Laporte and Laurent; the former, an eminent French actor who ultimately became sole manager. At this time the opera had become a quarrelsome oligarchy, and no man ever entered on a reign under less propitious circumstances. At his very outset a serious objection was raised to the removal of the great chandelier; and there was much discontent at a rule of the new manager's, that no one should be allowed behind the scenes except on business connected with the stage. The brightest star of the season was Madame Pasta, then at the height of her fame, who ventured on a daring but not altogether successful experiment by undertaking the part of *Othello* in Rossini's opera of that name. Malibran was engaged by Laporte for seventy guineas a night, and made her first appearance in London as *Desdemona*. The critics, objected to her performance as being too essentially different from Pasta's. Mdlle. Sontag had also been engaged, and curiosity was excited by every means in the manager's power, a thousand anecdotes being set afloat concerning her, and her "romantic history" being dilated upon in the most extravagant terms. Before the season was over, Sontag and the manager quarrelled. In 1829 "stalls" were introduced, and though the innovation caused much dissatisfaction, it was persisted in, and was soon acknowledged as an improvement. In 1830 Taglioni made her *début* in the ballet of "Guillaume Tell," adapted from Rossini's opera, won instant popularity, created an entirely new school of dancing, and helped to revive the declining taste for that art. During the same season appeared Louis Lablache; and in 1831 Rubini, called "the king of tenors." In 1832 a Mr. Monk Mason took the theatre at the exorbitant rental of 16,000*l.* He was not a speculator in the ordinary sense of the word, and aimed at raising the opera to a height that it had never yet attained in this country. His enterprise, commercially, was a failure; but it served to introduce

Beethoven's "Fidelio," with the famous Schröder Devrient in the principal part; Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable,"—the mounting of which alone cost 6000*l.*—Giuletta Grisi, who failed, and Tamburini.

At the close of Mr. Monk Mason's season, M. Laporte resumed the management. He brought forward Fanny Ellsler, who did not at once gain the favour she deserved, and in 1834 the charming Duvernay. By this time the music of Bellini was rising into favour, and amongst the new singers engaged was Giulia Grisi. Year by year the position of the manager became more unbearable. Everything was ruled by a combination of singers that was encouraged in its course by many young men of fashion, and which obtained the sobriquet of "La vielle garde," and later of the "Cabal." In 1835, Mr. Lumley, who had just begun practice as a solicitor and parliamentary agent, was requested to aid M. Laporte in a legal capacity. A close friendship sprung up between the two, and the young lawyer was ultimately induced to undertake the superintendence of the financial department of the theatre. In 1838 the name of the house was altered to "Her Majesty's Theatre." About 1840 an arrangement was effected between the assignees of Chambers and the other conflicting parties; and the building being offered for sale, was bought by Mr. Lumley. The latter part of Laporte's reign was embittered by the tyranny of the "Cabal;" and in order to break it up, he purposely neglected to engage Tamburini; so that on the very night that Cerito was to have made her *début*, the theatre became the scene of a disgraceful riot, led by a prince of the blood.

The other chief events of the season were the appearance of Rachel and a French company, of Ronconi as *Enrico* in "Lucia," and Ronconi's farewell to the stage. "Ah," cried he, "if you but knew how difficult I find it to resolve on relinquishing 100*l.* a day!" Before the season was over Laporte died in Paris, and, much against his will, Lumley was persuaded to become sole manager. On the 25th of March, 1843, appeared the celebrated basso, Fornasari, who achieved unparalleled popularity, but failed to sustain it in after years. "Linda" and "Don Pasquale" were presently produced, the latter being a great success through the singing of Grisi and Mario. Towards the close of the season Lola Montez made her *début*, and gave considerable offence. 1844 was signalised by the performance of Costa's "Don Carlos," the appearance of Favanti (Miss Edwards) in the "Cenerentola," and of Fornasari in "Zampa;" also by the occurrence of two riots, the one in favour

of the engagement of an unknown tenor named Salvi, and the other on account of a supposed insult to the Duke of Beaufort by Signor Leon, the dancer, and the husband of Cerito. On the 8th of March, 1846, "Ernani" was brought forward, with Angelina Bosio as the heroine. The "Desert," by Felicien David, was also produced. A sensation was caused by the Viennese dancers, thirty-six little girls admirably trained. A great feature in the ballet this year was the *pas de quatre*, designed by Perrot, and danced by Taglioni, Cerito, Carlotta Grisi, and Lucille Grahn. Previous to the season of 1846, Lumley spent 10,000*l.* in decorations. Soon afterwards a dispute began with Costa about the directorship of the Philharmonic Concerts. On the 20th of May there was a disturbance in the theatre caused by the hoarseness of Mario and the non-appearance of Cerito. The same evening the King of the Belgians and Ibrahim Pasha were present. 1847 was the year of secession. Costa, Grisi, Mario, Persiani, and Tamburini joined the new establishment at Covent Garden. Lumley employed Frascini and Gardoni as his tenors, and outstripped all rivalry by the engagement of Jenny Lind, who appeared on the 4th of May. The engagement, secured with much difficulty, led to litigation with Mr. Bunn of Drury Lane. The next season the young Swede was still immensely popular, and Cruvelli sang and made a mark by her fine voice and impulsive acting. Sims Reeves also came forward, but being disappointed at not being cast for *Edgardo* in "Lucia," retired. In 1849 Alboni joined her Majesty's, having already made a deep impression at the other house. In May, Jenny Lind performed for the last time. On the 7th of July, Sontag (Countess Rossi) returned to the stage, her voice still unimpaired. During the next year Sims Reeves and Catherine Hayes sang together in "Lucia," and on the 8th of July Halévy's "Tempesta" was played for the first time; but though a work of some merit it was not a real success, its principal attractions being Dr. Arne's air of "Where the Bee sucks," and Lablache's *Caliban*, which was considered his finest part. Before the close of the season the "Black Malibran," Maria Martinez, appeared. In 1851 Auber's "Prodigue" was performed, with partial success. In 1853 an attempt was made to establish a management by a limited liability company, but without effect, and the building remained closed for three years. It re-opened in 1856 with the re-appearance of Alboni. On the 24th of May, Maria Piccolomini sang for the first time, and though she was neither a fine actress nor a great

singer, she created a profound effect, chiefly by the fire and impulsiveness of her style. On the 14th of June, Johanna Wagner played the part of *Romeo*, but though she pleased at first, she did not deepen the impression she had made. Her services had been fought for by the two houses with bitter rivalry. In 1857 Guiglini appeared in the "Favorita," and at once gained an honourable position. During the next season Titiens was introduced as *Valentina* in the "Huguenots." Lumley retiring, E. T. Smith became lessee, opening the theatre 10th of April, 1860. On Boxing night he produced "Tom Thumb," the first pantomime performed on the lyric stage. His reign was remarkable for the appointment of Luigi Arditi as musical conductor. During his management, which lasted about a year, he carried out many important alterations and improvements. On the 26th of May, 1862, J. H. Mapleson took the theatre, having made a previous essay at operatic management at the Lyceum. In 1863 he brought forward Gounod's "Faust," the most popular of modern operas. On Monday, November 7th, 1864, Mr. William Harrison commenced a season of English opera with Maillart's "Lara." An Italian season was begun April 22nd, 1865, another 7th April, 1866, and a third in the summer of 1867.

The principal peculiarities of Her Majesty's Theatre were its acoustic properties, and the fact that it was the first instance of the adoption of the horse-shoe form of auditory in this country. It was remodelled in 1818 and 1820, by Nash and Repton, the exterior in the Roman-Doric style. The bas-relief on the Haymarket side, representing the Progress of Music, with Apollo and the Muses in the Centre—was by Bubb. It was the largest theatre in England, its internal dimensions being within a few feet of those of the grand Opera at Milan. The length from the curtain to the back of the boxes was 102 ft.; the extreme width to the back of the boxes, 75 ft.; the width at the curtain, 40 ft.; that of the pit, 65 ft. The height to the ceiling was 56 ft. The measure measured 60 ft. from the orchestra to the back wall, and 80 ft. between the side walls. The building was of brick, covered with Roman cement. The entablature was of Bath stone. The surrounding columns, coloured like stone, were of cast-iron, and 17 ft. in height. The east, or principal front, was 283 ft. long, and 64 ft. high. The exterior colonnades and façades were furnished by Nash and Repton in 1818, at a cost of 50,000*l.*

THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.



THE "Adelphi" of Terence was performed by the Queen's Scholars at St. Peter's College, Westminster, on the nights of the 12th, 17th, and 19th of December. The dormitory where, according to ancient custom, the play was put upon the stage, was densely crowded on each of the three nights—a proof, if one be needed, that the popularity of dramatic entertainments in general, and of Terence in particular, has in no way fallen off. H.R.H. Prince Arthur, the Bishop of Rochester, the Dean of Westminster, Lady A. Stanley, Sir R. Phillimore, and a distinguished party, were present on the concluding night of the performances.

The "Adelphi" is not, perhaps, a very good acting play. There is too much dialogue, and most of it is absorbed by the two brothers, *Micio* and *Demeca*. To modern audiences who are accustomed to what the French call *le fracas théâtral*, it is wearisome to hear the plot slowly evolved in conversation with scarcely any incident or change of scenery. The *vis comica* is imbedded in the language of the poet, and it requires considerable histrionic talent to exhibit it in action to the audience.

The following was the cast :—

Demeca	W. C. Lefroy.	Hegio	D. A. Williams.
Micio	F. S. Eaden.	Sostrata	B. Darley.
Æschinus	E. Bray.	Canthara	B. W. Eddis.
Ctesipho	G. W. M. Dasent.	Geta	F. A. O'Brien.
Syrus	S. Giles.	Dromo	H. Barren.
	Parmeno		H. Wace.

It is hardly fair to look for perfection, or even very marked ability, in the performance of youthful amateur actors, but certainly the *Æschinus* of Mr. Bray and the *Ctesipho* of Mr. Dasent seemed deserving of the highest praise; and there was an elegance and power in Mr. O'Brien's impersonation of *Geta*, which was particularly admired and loudly cheered. He threw himself, heart and soul, into his part, the same which three or four years ago was sustained equally well by his elder brother; his natural aptitude for the classical stage was especially apparent in his lively and amusing dialogue with *Ctesipho*, and the well-known drunken fit in the fifth act. The part of the droll and cunning *Syrus* lost nothing in the hands of Mr. Giles. The female characters of *Sostrata* and *Canthara* were capitally sustained by Messrs. Darley and Eddis, the former of whom went off into hysterics to perfection in the third act.

The Prologue and Epilogue were as follows:—

PROLOGUS.

VETERI de more vetera sub penetralia
 Visum venistis quid feramus nos novi :
 Quid non novatur hodiè ? Sed nondum Scholam
 Profana nostram temere subvertit manus
 Non ignis, atrâ qui tot invidus face
 Hausit theatra, ceu recens incendio
 Dilapsam in cineres Italæ Musæ domum
 Ploramus hodiè, ut antea ploravimus
 Sæclo peracto clade correptam pari ;
 Non ignis nocuit hic, nec temporum fuga
 Nec vis. Sunt qui id minentur : an credam fore
 Ut sede quisquam propriâ Terentium
 Expellat, longâ aut notis consuetudine
 Jubeat Camenas exulare sedibus ?
 Non fiet herclè tantum, non fiet nefas.
 Verum nec solus ille nos amor tenet
 Non defuere nostris è Penatibus
 Docti naturæ arcana scrutari viri :
 Astronomus qualis ille, nuper Regiæ
 Qui societatis præses ereptus necesse est :^a
 Medicus insignis alter, ante alios open
 Menti labanti ferre præsentem sciens ;^b
 Noster etiam ille est, Indiam qui cortice
 Auxit febrifugâ quondam c—Abyssiniæ plagas
 Nunc radio descripturus, castris additus
 Pergit Britannis. Alter è nostris ibi
 Explorat oras ante, et agmini viam

Designat omnem.^d Militiæ hæc ; domi quidem
 Alumnum, donis nos qui ditavit suis
 Relatum jam gaudemus inter Judices,^e
 Vivant præclari, vivant, et partos novis
 Cumulent honores ! Veterum Alumnum decus
 Sævâ quotannis mors rapax carpit manu ;
 Quot illa Proceres mensibus paucis tulit !^f
 Ergo qui restant tanto nos impensius
 Amamus ac fovemus : ergo sedulo
 Inspicere, tanquam in speculum, in vitas nos decet
 Nostrorum honestas, sumere et exemplum boni.
 Tibi vero Princeps optime, qui nunc fabulam
 Spectatum eandem, quæ Patri visa est, venis,
 Domi fuit unde discas ! haud facile foris
 Virtutum specimen omnium præclarior
 Reperire possis : illius ut vestigiis
 Insistas, ultra nil opus facto sit
 Ut omni laude floreas. Tibi non labor
 Honestus sordet, nec doctrinæ præmia ;
 Nec qualis insit in Terentio lepor
 Novisse pigeat. Nosmet quantum in nobis est
 Operam præstamus. Tu secundus respice,
 Juvenumque juvenis interesse lusibus
 Ne dedigneris : est sua his quoque gratia :
 Est quod Principibus placuit sæpius viris,
 Tibi quod placuerit forsân, ut Patri prius,
 Tua si modo pueris faveat indulgentia.

EPILOGUS IN ADELPHOS.—1867.

ÆSCHINUS—SYRUS (Entering from opposite sides).

SYR.—O noster salve ! ex omni te parte beatum
 Dis fretum faustis, consilioque meo,
 Æschine, jam video ! ÆSCH.—Sum gratus !
 SYR.—Cur tamen, oro,
 Obductam frontem, sollicitamque geris ?
 ÆSCH.—Ah ! nihil est ! SYR.—Num salva domi
 res ? ÆSCH.—Salva ! quietis
 Sed nimis tædet ! SYR.—Tam citò ! (Aside.)
 ÆSCH.—Confiteor,
 Esse aliquis cupio, Patriæ et prodesse labanti !
 Olim tu consuisti, des, Syre, consilium !
 SYR.—Toto corde dabo ! ÆSCH.—Monstra, quâ
 me quoque possim
 Tollere humo ! SYR.—I, nubes Aëronauta super.
 Glissherî comes, et flammantia mœnia mundi
 Sic Londinensis despice nocte nigrâ !
 ÆSCH.—Terra magis mihi firma placet ! SYR.—
 Terrestria mavis ?
 O here, turpe lucrum, divitiæque placent ?—
 Incepti grandis fias cujuslibet auctor,
 Et multos operis fac tibi participes !
 Res erit in tuto ; nam certo limite damnum
 Claudetur ! ÆSCH.—Lucri num quoque limes
 erit ?—
 Displicet id ? SYR.—Cœtus quidam, Socialis,
 ut aiunt,
 Congressus famâ nuper in Urbe viget !
 Istos tu nôstin ? ÆSCH.—Sanè !—Sed quem sibi
 finem
 Proponunt ? His me suaseris associem ?
 SYR.—Omnino !—celebris fies ! (Enter Demea)—
 id Micio vellet !
 Explet enim hoc anno Præsidis ipse vicem !
 DEM. (from behind)—Quidnam velle ait hic fratrem ?—
 Salvete ! (to Æsch.) Putâram
 Te servare, tuæ Pamphilæ amore, domum !
 Æschine, quidnam agitur ? SYR.—Tibi dicam
 ego ! Filius optat
 Monstrari hic digito, notus et esse foris !

Ergò Doctores Sociales inter haberi,
 Qui curant nosmet, nostraque, Dis similes,
 Doctus et ipse parat ! DEM. (in astonishment)—
 Quenam hæc farrago ? Quid iste
 Inceptat ? (Aside) Morem sed gero, ut in-
 stitui !—
 Laudo ! SYR.—Philanthropos tanquam decet,
 omnia in usus
 Vitæ communes his stautisse labor !
 Consultit multum de cenis—deque cloacis—
 De domibus Plebis—deque dysenteris—
 De notis—atque ignotis—de scibili et omni—
 Deque impossibili—possibilique Bono.
 Quiquid agas—seu decumbas—seu manè resurgas,
 Sternutes—curras—stes—mediteris—edas—
 Ecce ! tibi Normam Mentor definit agendi,
 Et gressus, nutrix sicut amica regit !
 DEM.—Ceptum admirandum sanè ! (To Æsch.)
 Nil felicius usquam
 Hoc melius ! Sumptum protinus ipse dabo !
 ÆSCH.—O lepidum caput ! SYR.—Assoliti ser-
 monis abundat
 Materies ! promptum est, ecce, tibi specimen !
 SYR. (with gravity)—
 Celandum ad corpus, retegendumve, aptior an sit
 Vestis, qualem hodie fœmina pulcra gerit ?
 Se nudos an ritè humeri, pectusque, querantur.
 Obscurat penitus dum stola longa pedes ?—
 Dein quibus in rebus veloci tarda puella
 Distet ? Dianæ hæc num magis illa placet ?
 Anne extare diu possit reverentia patris
 Salva, gubernator si merus audierit ?
 An benè, cum tandem vix sit toga sumpta virilis,
 Jactet se senibus noscere plura puer ?
 DEM.—Hæc gravia, et graver tractari digna !
 ÆSCH.—Peritus,
 Quicumque hos nodos solverit arte, sapit !
 Mi crassum atque hebes ingenium ! DEM.—Faci-
 am ipse periculum !

^d Col. Merewether.

^e Sir Robert J. Phillimore, Judge of the Admiralty Court and Court of Arches.

^a Lord Wrottesley. ^b Dr. A. J. Sutherland.
^c Clement R. Markham, Esq., by whose exertions the cinchona trees were obtained and conveyed from Peru to India ; now attached as Geographer to the Abyssinian expedition.

^f Besides Lord Wrottesley, the Earl of Mayo, Viscount Barrington, Lord Colchester, Lord Aveland, have all been removed by death within the year.

- Æschine, tracta aliquid tu populare magis!
(Enter Micio.)
Ast eccum fratrem! salve! MIC.—Et vos! SYR.
—Micio, cernis,
(Pointing to Demea)
Discipulum dignum te, sociumque! MIC.—
Placet!
DEM. (continuing the subject)—
Inter Etonenses, Hergensesque omnibus annis
Certamen, *Lordi* quod celebratur agro,
Excultas argumentis sapienter—an istud
Ingenus prosit plus, noceatve, gregi!
Excitat hos virtus *laudis* que immensa cupido;
Angliacæ florem pubis arena capit!
ÆSCH.—Tum quæ compositis vis, ac solertia
membris!
(Imitating the postures of cricket)
Lumina fixa — manus prompta — agilesque
pedes—
(Turning to Micio)
En! Athletarum, baculique, pilæque Patronus
(Pointing to Demea)
Proditipse Pater! MIC.—Vix mihi credibile est!
Hem! Quid, frater, ais? *Terrestrium* an iste
Globorum
Usus ritè animos erudiat juvenum?
An prosit pueris, ut *praxi* huic usque Palæstræ
Concedat Præxis Virgiliana locum?
Adde, quod insano fervent vicina tumultu
Compita, tota via, ac curribus obstruitur;
Purpura cæruleo quin conflictata colori
Accendit partes in fera bella duas!
Et malè celatis iras matrum atque sororum
Alea fortunæ provocat ancipitis!
Jamque reportatâ palmâ, campoque relicto,
Victam pars victricis vocibus insequitur!
Hæ reduces sibi plaudentes per strata vehuntur!
Hæ tacitæ mussant, torquet et ora dolor!
DEM.—Non ternerè hæc culpanda! *Sly*-entia
nam socialis
Vera illa est! agere hinc discitur atque pati!
Ah! pereant Musæ! pereant Græca atque Latina!
Floreat at lusus nobilis ille pilæ!
- MIC.—Tunc facis flocci Musas? DEM.—Con-
sentit in istud,
Dira mmans, critici vox hodierna gregis!
Vile "Poëtarum" cur "Corpus," et Historico-
rum,
Tot rodendo annos nostra Juventa terat?
Cedant Scriptores, fuerint quicumque, vetusti!
Tractamus nos res, non mera verba, Sophi!
Thucydidem totum superat (taking up *The Times*)
charta una diurna!
Millius et multò major Aristotele est!
MIC.—Credo, unum docuit saltem illos Græcia;
amicos
Tutoresque procul pellere ab urbe suos!
DEM.—Id nihil est! Summâ contendere nervo-
rum vi
Ingenus juvenes laus ea vera manet!
Præcipes se dent, saltent, luctentur, anhelent,
Vitam ipsam absument! MIC.—Sanus an ista
probas?
Nonne recens dictum Chirurgi territat? DEM.—
Istud
Futile et absurdum ridiculumque puto!
MIC.—Tunc adolescentes perdis? Frænanda
juventa est!
Desipit illa ætas, in vetitumque ruit!
DEM.—Non memor es, facili ingenio, mi frater,
ut olim
Permisti natis omnia vota meis?
Cur mos mutatus? Quæ hæc inconstantia? MIC.
—Tu me
Rides? DEM.—Jam gladio hunc ipse suo
jugulo!
At nostris Bellum Sociale hoc cesset Adelphis!
Sumamus jam nos festum hilarumque diem!
Vosque hodiè siquid vidistis forte jocos,
Plaudite, quòd festo fugerit hora pede!
Sed si nostra tulit pro risu Fabula somnos
Plaudite, quòd fessis jam licet ire domum!
Unum at jam restat! Sociali nempe Professor
Eminet ante alios, doctus in arte, Coquus!
Auspice eo, variæ coëunt sententiæ in unum!
Vos sitis paritèr plausibus unanimes!

 NUGÆ LATINÆ.—No. XXIII.

EVENING.

EVENING now from purple wings
Sheds the grateful gifts she brings;
Brilliant drops bedeck the mead;
Cooling breezes shake the reed;
Shake the reed, and curl the stream,
Silver'd o'er with Cynthia's beam;
Near the chequer'd lonely grove
Hears and keeps thy secrets, Love.

S. JOHNSON.

VESPERA.

MUNERA diffundit, roseas dum concutit
alas,
Vespera, largiri quæ reditura solet:
Frigidulo gracilis Zephyro vibratur arundo,
Et madidum exornat gemmea gutta
solum.
Aura levis crispas tranquilli fluminis
æquor,
Quâ dubia in tacitâ luna renidet aquâ;
Vicinumque nemus timidos non fallit
amantes,
Ut secreta loquax verba susurret Amor.

E. BICKERSTETH.

DISTINGUISHED MUSICIANS.^a

ON the second day of July, 1714, at Weissenwangen, was born a Bohemian child whose name, now immortalised, did then but belong to the chief forester of the Prince de Lobkowitz—for such was the father of Christopher Glück. Unprophetic were friends and neighbours that the child whose cry was then first heard in the world would some day thrill it with harmony; for so careless were they in chronicling the exact date of his birth, that in after years it was with difficulty elucidated as above stated; and although, for the few first summers of his life, the boy might have been seen listening with delight to the singing of birds in his native forest home, he soon disappeared from its neighbourhood altogether, for his father died, and he was sent to the city of Prague—probably at the expense of the Prince de Lobkowitz—there to learn music in one of those popular schools which have done so much to develop German, and especially Bohemian, talent. The orphan boy was poor in all save genius and courage; his genius soon displayed itself on various instruments—especially on the violoncello—and his courage was manifested when, at or about fourteen years of age, he travelled to Vienna—as a strolling musician, it is supposed—there to pursue his studies, and to support himself by the exercise of his talents.

Some years later—years they must have been of thrift and hard work—he went to Italy, and there placed himself under the direction of the great musician, San Martini; but it was not until 1741 that Glück's first opera, "Artaxerxes," was placed on the stage at Milan.

This, being followed by others, attracted sufficient notice for the young composer to be invited to London, there to produce an opera afterwards known as "La Chute des Géants," but which only attained a very moderate success in England. With the composer Arne, however, Glück was in this country associated, there being much sympathy between them in point of classical dramatic tastes and literary pursuits; and as Arne's wife was a vocalist of the first order, the Bohemian musician found consolation in their society for professional disappointment, and resolved to profit by English criticism, as was proved on his return to Vienna by the amelioration of his style. Working on with the same courage dauntlessly displayed by him in combating the difficulties of his earlier life, Glück accomplished his *chef-d'œuvre*, "Orfeo," in which opera sublime and pathetic strains alternately succeed each other, and, as declares a French biographer of Glück, to whom we are indebted for some facts above glanced at, "Rien de plus suave, de plus pathétique que les accents d'Orphée apaisant graduellement la fureur des esprits infernaux."

It was in 1764 that Glück completed his great opera of "Orfeo," and in 1765 he produced a little *opéra de circonstance* on the marriage of the Emperor Joseph, son of Maria Theresa Queen-Empress of Austria,—a

^a "Letters of Distinguished Musicians. Glück, Haydn, P. E. Bach, Weber, Mendelssohn." Translated from the German by Lady Wallace. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1867.

proof of the estimation in which by that time he was held at the Court of Vienna. His association there with Metastasio, the Italian poet, sheds a lustre on the Court that protected them both, and to them the young Archduchess Marie Antoinette owed the best part of her education before her departure from Vienna. That she herself believed this was evinced by her summoning Glück to Versailles soon after her own arrival there as Dauphiness; for she desired that that great Bohemian composer should prove, by his interpretation of them, "what fine harmonies French poems and tragedies could produce;" and this in opposition to Piccini, the celebrated Italian composer and musical *protégé* of Madame du Barry. But, as few readers can forget the musical feud which then arose in France betwixt Glückistes and Piccinistes, or the dramatic politics of that time, when the lively satirist, Beaumarchais ("Figaro"), stepped upon the scene with his "Barber of Seville," it is needless here to recount with what energy Glück was alternately attacked and defended by French critics, his friends or foes, or with what enthusiasm Marie Antoinette meanwhile protected his "Armida" and "Iphigenia," and eventually accepted his dedication to her—his "especial benefactress"—of that *chef-d'œuvre*, long studied at Vienna, "Orphée et Euridice: Tragic Opera in Three Acts; given for the first time by the Royal Academy of Music, August 2, 1774, chez Des Lauriers."

Scarcely three months had elapsed since Marie Antoinette, "*petite reine de vingt ans*," had ascended the throne of France, when Glück's great tragic opera thus appeared under her special protection; and the foregoing slight biographical sketch of that composer may possibly help to give an additional interest to the collection of his Letters, now translated from the German and offered to the English public by Lady Wallace; for it is remarkable that a writer possessing such powers of patient research, as she has evinced in the work before us, should have neglected to place some account of Glück's life before his epistolary correspondence now under notice. And more especially is this omission unaccountable when Lady Wallace in her Preface says:—"The name of Glück is associated with a revolution in music. He propounded principles which were generally unacceptable, and he never faltered in what he supposed to be his duty. His letters tell the story of a man assured of the truth of his convictions." Why did not Lady Wallace tell the story of *the man* herself? Had she done so it might have left us a larger margin here for quotations from her translations of his letters. Nevertheless, we must thank Lady Wallace for reminding us of the English Dr. Burney's description of Glück, when, in 1773, he paid a visit to him in the Faubourg St. Marc:—

"He (Glück) is very well housed there; has a pretty garden, and a great number of neat and elegantly furnished rooms. He has no children. Madame Glück, and his niece who lives with him, came to receive us at the door, as well as the veteran composer himself. He is much pitted with the small-pox, and very coarse in figure and look, but was soon got into good humour; and he talked, sang, and played." As will be seen by the date above given, this visit of Dr. Burney to Glück occurred before the accession of Marie Antoinette to the throne, and consequently before the representation of "Orphée et Euridice."

But, even after that great triumph of his life, Glück was still so harassed by adverse criticism that in Nov. 1779, we find him, through the medium of Lady Wallace, writing from Vienna thus: “. . . . I mean to write no more operas. I have finished my career; my age and the annoyances I lately met with in Paris about my opera ‘Narcisse’ have for ever disgusted me from again writing operas.”

In 1786, Glück made his will, in which he appointed his “dear wife, Anna Von Glück, *née* Bergin,” his heir, “sole and exclusive,” and in 1787 he died of apoplexy at Vienna.

Various are the professional thoughts of Glück presented by Lady Wallace's translation of some of his letters; but with regard to biography, or autobiography, she has been more liberal in her notice of Bach,—not the great “Johann Sebastian Bach, Capellmeister, and finally Music-Director at Leipzig,” but Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach, one of the four eminently musical sons of that celebrated composer.

Carl Bach, though allowed space in Lady Wallace's pages to tell the story of his own life, was, on the whole, such a prosperous man that it is surprising he should have felt impelled to write about himself. His father had paved the way for him in his profession. “What's in a name?” A great deal, as proved by Carl Bach. And in 1744, “I married,” says he, “Johanna Maria Danneman, daughter of a Berlin wine merchant, the fruits of this marriage being two sons and a daughter, all now living.”

Dr. Burney, in his “Journal of a Tour,” mentions having visited Carl Bach at Hamburg, and “found with him three or four rational and well-bred persons, his friends, besides his own family, consisting of Madame Bach, his eldest son, who practises the law, and his daughter. The instant I entered,” says Dr. Burney, “he conducted me upstairs into a large and elegant music-room, furnished with pictures, drawings, and prints of more than one hundred and fifty eminent musicians. After I had looked at these, M. Bach was so obliging as to sit down to his Silbermann clavichord, and favourite instrument, upon which he played three or four of his choicest and most difficult compositions with the delicacy, precision, and spirit, for which he is so justly celebrated among his countrymen. He is now fifty-nine, rather short in stature, with black hair and eyes, and brown complexion; has a very animated countenance, and is of a cheerful and lively disposition.” And yet this prosperous and domesticated Carl Bach was in some sort “the founder of pianoforte music, in the same way that Glück is that of the Musical Drama.” He was born in 1714, the same year as that in which Glück is affirmed to have first seen the light, and died in 1788, the year after that of Glück's death.

Joseph Haydn! We here salute that glorious composer, who, in Lady Wallace's volume, follows Carl Bach; and as his biography and autobiography are both there given, the reader of leisure, interested in the subject, will do well to consult them for himself, together with the various letters following them, most of which are addressed to Frau V. Genzinger, his “fair musical friend,” who sends him her music, whose young daughter appears at one time to have been his pupil, and between whose family and himself much sympathy existed. Most so, however, with the talented fair Frau herself, to whom Haydn in June,

1790, writes : " Friends ! What do I say ? *One* true friend ; there are no longer any true friends, but one female friend. Oh, yes ! no doubt, I still have one, but she is far away. May God bless her, and may she never forget me. Meanwhile, I kiss your hands a thousand times."

In the course of these letters there are many pleasant glimpses of various facts in Haydn's long life. Born March 21, 1733, he inherited from his father—a common wheelwright in the market-town of Rohran, Lower Austria—a love of music ; for Haydn's father had learned or taught himself to play the harp, and on Sunday he played his songs, while Haydn's mother sang them. Never did Haydn himself forget those simple songs, or how he himself, as a child of five years, was wont to sit beside his parents, "and taking a piece of wood in his right hand, scrape away at his left shoulder, pretending to play the violin."

In his seventh year, however, these humble home delights came to an end, for the boy was adopted by the Capellmeister Von Reutter, who placed him in the Capell Haus at Vienna, for the purpose of educating the musical genius already manifested by him. Soon did the young Haydn sing soprano both at St. Stephen's and at Court, for he was a chorister ; but at sixteen years of age he lost his voice. Not less did he continue his musical studies with ardour ; and, one opportunity after another favouring him, he was eventually removed from Vienna to Estoras, and there appointed Capellmeister to his Highness Prince Esterhazy, in whose service he continued for many years, and "hoped to live and die."

But the Prince died, and Haydn, having inherited a pension for life of 1000 florins, and being invited professionally to London, set off thither when he was sixty years of age, and upon that occasion embraced for the last time his pupil Mozart. Mozart, indeed, strove to prevent Haydn's departure. "Papa," said he, "you have had no training for the great world, and can speak but few languages." "My language," replied Haydn, "is understood all over the world." "Mozart," as Lady Wallace tells us, "would not leave his revered friend the whole day. He dined with him (at Vienna), and at the moment of their separation said, with tears in his eyes, 'We shall, no doubt, now take our last farewell in this life !' Haydn, too, was deeply affected, interpreting these words as referring to himself, the old man ; but scarcely had a year elapsed when he had to make the following entry in his diary, 'Mozart died, December 5, 1791.'"

Great were Haydn's professional exploits in London, where, however, an adverse clique attempted to bring forward his pupil Pleyel in opposition to him ; but by the good feeling subsisting between these two musicians, such cruel attempts to make them rivals were overcome.

A Doctor's degree was meanwhile conferred on Haydn at Oxford, and in the same letter recording this fact, addressed to the "dearest and kindest lady," Frau V. Genzinger, he mentions a visit he had lately paid to the Duke of York's country seat, by express invitation of the Prince of Wales (George IV.). "The Prince presented me," says Haydn, "to the Duchess (a daughter of the King of Prussia), who received me very graciously, and said many flattering things. She is the most charming lady in the world, possesses much intelligence, plays the piano, and

sings pleasingly. I stayed two days there No compositions played but Haydn's. I directed the symphonies at the piano. The sweet little lady sat close beside me at my left hand, and hummed all the pieces from memory, having heard them so repeatedly in Berlin. The Prince of Wales sat at my right hand, and accompanied me very tolerably on the violoncello. They made me sing, too. The Prince of Wales is having me painted just now, and the portrait is to be hung up in his private sitting-room. The Prince of Wales is the handsomest man on the face of God's earth; he has an extraordinary love of music, and a great deal of feeling, but very little money. *Nota bene*, this is *entre nous*."

As Haydn thus alludes to his own portrait, and as one of them is prefixed to the collection of his Letters now before us, it is interesting to look at it. But Haydn was no longer young when it was taken, and though the fire of his immortal genius may still have illumined his features in life, they look heavy; the nose large and long; the jaw massive, with under-lip projecting; the eye penetrating, but overhung by somewhat bushy eyebrow; the head, on which is worn a carefully-combed and curled wig with long pigtail, bent forward on the chest, which defect is increased by the large folded coat-collar standing up high at the nape of the neck;—and yet, though heavy, Haydn's countenance is benevolent, and must have been susceptible, when animated by the spirit within, of emotional and varied expression, of sublime inspiration, and of human hope or fear.

"As for myself, now an old man," Haydn writes in 1799, "I only hope that the critics may not handle my "Creation" with too great severity, and be too hard on it;" by which passage this great master only proves the truth of his own assertion, that "his Heavenly Father had preserved him all his life long from conceit and arrogance."

Meek was this great genius; so much so, that when he heard that the Parisian artists had embellished the "Creation," he wrote to them, generously declaring his appreciation of their talents, and protesting that they had "earned the right to share in the applause the composition has called forth." "Yes, gentlemen," Haydn nobly added, "yes, you have crowned my grey hairs, and strewed flowers on the brink of my grave. My heart cannot express what it feels, nor can I write to you all my profound gratitude and devotion. You will yourselves know how to estimate these feelings; you, gentlemen, who cultivate the arts from enthusiasm, and not from self-interest, and who regard the gifts of fortune as nothing, but fame as everything.—HAYDN."

Traces of the same liberal spirit are to be found in Haydn's "Last Will and Testament," a copy of which Lady Wallace has inserted in the interesting volume before us.

Haydn died at Vienna, as before said, in 1809, but his works are immortal.

Without those works to study, would the genius of Weber, Haydn's successor, in the pages before us, ever have been developed as it was? Upon this point Lady Wallace would have given us better means of forming an opinion had she prefixed a biographical sketch of Weber to his numerous Letters now presented to the English public by her.

As few general readers have time to sift for themselves into some

facts, without which Weber's letters might never have been written, it may be pardonable here briefly to state that Carl Maria Von Weber, born Dec. 18, 1786, at Eutin, Holstein, was the son of a baron, and major in the German armies, whose taste for music and painting was, as an amateur, remarkable. The young Carl, first taught by his own father to play and to paint, was, at a very early age, placed by him under such musical direction as seemed most likely to foster his one great talent; and it is scarcely, therefore, to be wondered at that by twelve years of age, the boy had composed six "petites figures pour le clavecin." At thirteen years of age he wrote his first opera, "Die Macht der Liebe und des Weins" (The Might of Love and Wine), and various other pieces, which, at a later date, he threw into the fire.

As early as November, 1800, the young Weber's opera, "The Wood Maiden," was successfully represented, not only at the Theatre Royal of Munich, but afterwards at Vienna, St. Petersburg, and Prague. But far from being spoilt by this premature success, he, in 1803, voluntarily placed himself under the "sure guidance of the celebrated Abbé Vogler;" and so entirely did Weber submit himself to it, that for two whole years he renounced composition, and gave himself up to the study of great masters (Haydn included), and to an analysis of their *chefs d'œuvre*. It was at that time Weber first became acquainted with the Tyrolese, Johann Gänsbacher, his fellow pupil under Vogler, and to whom most of his correspondence, now translated by Lady Wallace, is addressed, Gänsbacher being always Weber's "Dearest and best friend and brother in harmony."

In 1804 Weber was appointed Director of Music at Breslau; and in 1806 the Duke Eugène of Wurtemberg, a most enlightened protector of fine arts, invited him to take up his abode in Silesia, and in the society of that Prince did Weber dwell there until the political events of the time compelled them to separate. An asylum was then offered to Weber by Prince Louis (of Wurtemberg), at Stuttgart; and there, amongst other things, Weber produced his opera of "Sylvana," which indeed was but another and more finished edition of his "Wood Maiden," before mentioned.

Great though his genius, Weber was still but little known in name to the musical world at large, until, in 1812, a great patriotic revival taking place in his native land, he set twelve of the warrior songs of Kœrner to music, and these being published under the title of "Leier und Schwert (Lyre and Sword), won for him fame, and the appointment of Director of Music at the Opera of Prague.

In 1816 Weber was at Berlin; there he published some of his most beautiful sonatas; but his *chef d'œuvre* was yet to come; and it was not until June 18, 1821, that it did come in the form of "Der Freyschütz" (Le Franc Tireur), which glorious opera was then performed at the Kœnigstadt theatre. Fame, then, at last crowned Weber with unfading laurels; and, meantime, he had loved and married. In July, 1814, he had written to his beloved friend Gänsbacher, before alluded to, "It is Madlle. Caroline Brand, whom I fervently love, and daily do I pray to God that He will vouchsafe to make her a little better than the rest of her sex."

Writing from Berlin, Dec. 1816, he mentions his completion of the

third book of "Lyre and Sword," then adds:—"On the 19th I invited my dearest friends to an oyster feast, and was betrothed to my beloved Lina. If she remain steady all this year, and I succeed in getting a tolerably good appointment, she will then leave the theatre, and become my wife. On the 20th she left for Dresden, where she played five times."

In March, 1817, he writes from Dresden of his appointment as Royal Saxon Capellmeister and Director of the German Opera, and in 1818 says:—"November 4th was my wedding-day, which was kept in the quietest way. . . but in all cheerfulness and happiness. . ." Then follow letters chiefly on professional subjects, but here and there giving forth bright gleams of Weber's domestic life, and telling of the birth of children. Above all things he seems anxious to prove to Gänsbacher how his wife sympathised in his friendship for that companion of his youth and early studies: "My Lina," he writes in 1822, "My Lina feels just as I do. May God prosper your work, and my faithful efforts!" Weber was no longer solitary in his home; but his health was rapidly declining. He had achieved great fame, but not for long did he remain on earth to enjoy it.

In 1811 he had written thus: "Weighed down by struggling against adverse circumstances I have attained so much apparent calmness that few, under my cheerful, nay, even gay, exterior, are likely to discover the grief that consumes me, oppressing and irritating both body and soul. Does the wave rise only under pressure? Only under pressure does the steel spring show its elasticity? And have unfavourable circumstances and conditions alone given birth to great men?"

In 1824, and in the full tide of success, Weber writes: "I am at this moment in treaty with London. . . . I am very delicate, and suffering." He came to London at last, by way of Paris; in which latter city he was welcomed with such enthusiasm that, in a letter to his wife, he declared that he really could not attempt to describe it lest the paper on which he wrote should blush. At Ems, also, he sojourned on his way. It was in 1824 that Weber, having been requested to write an opera for Covent Garden, had adopted the subject of Oberon, an ideal one suited to him: and in July, 1826, the great master died in London, on the same night when his latest opera, "Oberon," was performed.

Away from fatherland, and longing to return to it,—away from wife and children, yet yearning to behold them once more, Weber was soothed in his last days by the friendship of Sir George Smart, Fürstenau, and Moscheles. To them all he spoke of his approaching journey home, not thinking how soon, and in what way, that journey would be accomplished. "I must go back to my own," said Weber, during the last evening of his earthly existence. Sir George Smart was most anxious concerning his guest, Weber; but the latter declined to have any one watch by his bedside. "God reward you all for your kind love to me," said he to his three friends above-named, when bidding them all his last "good night." Having given "his white, transparent, trembling hand to all, he wound up his watch with his usual, punctilious care; then, with all that charm of amiability for which he was conspicuous through life, he murmured his thanks. . . . and said, 'Now let me sleep!'" The next morning the watch was still ticking, but Weber had "gone home."

“His head rested on his left hand, as if in tranquil sleep—not the slightest trace of pain or suffering on his noble features. The soul, yearning for the dear objects of his affection, had burst its earthly covering and fled. The immortal master was not dead. He had gone home.” So declares his son, Baron Max Maria Von Weber, in a biography quoted by Lady Wallace.

Weber’s funeral rites were celebrated with all due and solemn magnificence at St. Mary’s, Moorfields, when Mozart’s Requiem was performed; but in 1844 his mortal remains were transferred to Dresden, “all the musical corps of every institute in Dresden and an endless mass of friends following. The ceremony was at an end, the torches extinguished, the crowds dispersed; but by the light of two candles still burning on the altar might be seen the form of a middle-aged woman, who had flung herself upon the bier, while a pale young man knelt in prayer by her side.”

“My Lina feels just as I do,” had Weber written long ago; and Time, though it brought back his dead body to his country, could not restore to his Lina the perfect sympathy she had lost with him.

On the 11th day of October, 1860, a fine statue of Weber was inaugurated at Dresden. Forty years did Weber live, and just forty years have passed away since he died; but his music stirs the pulse, and echoes in the hearts of thousands of human beings born since Fame—long and patiently waited for by him—first proclaimed Weber immortal.

To the letters of Glück, Bach, Haydn, and Weber, Lady Wallace adds some few hitherto unpublished ones, written by Mendelssohn Bartholdy; but as most readers are well acquainted with that pure-minded composer’s correspondence, not long since given to the world in a larger form, it is not thought necessary here to advert to this fragment of it, except to say that it is translated with the same graceful ease which generally characterises the interesting volume before us; upon which volume it is hoped that one or two slight biographical sketches contained in the above notice may help to throw some additional light.



NEWS FOR THE PLAYGROUND.



HEARTY welcome to a new and improved edition of an old friend, who has amused more than one generation already, and who is likely to amuse a good many to come! Here we have the “Boys’ Own Book,” handsomely bound in crimson and gold, with the same pattern on the back as of yore, the same “delicately and gracefully illustrated title-pages, with the gold rims; the same venerable tail-pieces, so cleverly drawn and so full of sly humour; the same dear old pictures of the good-tempered little boys, with big round heads, immense lay-over collars, and pantaloons braced well up under the arms and within an inch or two of the neck. What respect we had for those model schoolboys who were never without a broad, if a somewhat unmeaning smile, who were always

so intent on their games, and who were never sulky or free with their fists—as our own companions were apt to be when they had an extra allowance of impositions, and SYLVANUS URBAN was some years younger than he is at present. We had a deep admiration for those well-behaved boys, and couldn't for a moment believe that the benevolent schoolmaster with the white hair, the Quaker's hat and the gaiters, kept a cane or a birch in his desk. There were one or two pictures that possessed a delightful dash of mystery, particularly those in connection with chemistry and optics. We could never quite understand the view of the city trying so hard to stand topsy-turvy; we had not the slightest sympathy with the arithmetical puzzles, or with the aggravatingly demure young gentleman who looked solemn and counted on his fingers, in the head-piece to it. Those of the rising generation who are lucky enough to get the new edition of the "Boys' Own Book" as a Christmas or birthday present, will find besides the "original" cuts of lads in spasmodic attitudes, and directing cricket-bats towards various points of the compass, of pigeons and other pets, and of rabbits with great long ears that always seem in their owner's way, delightful sketches of dapperly-dressed young ladies playing Aunt Sally and croquet, of shadow pantomimes, the basket trick, and of a good many other persons and things that it would take a whole page of *THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE* merely to catalogue.

The "Boys' Own Book" would be cheap at a couple of guineas—at least we used to think so of such books in bygone days—but with its many improvements and additions, it is a marvel of cheapness, and will be an unfailling fund of delight and instruction to its possessors.



Correspondence of Sylvanus Urban.

Sin scire labores,

Quære, age : quærenti pagina nostra patet.

[Correspondents are requested to append their Addresses, not, unless it is agreeable, for publication, but in order to facilitate Correspondence.]

FAMILY OF FOE OR DEFOE.

1. MR. URBAN,—Are any of your readers in possession of facts with regard to the family of Foe, Foe, or De Foe, who must have been at one time yeoman at Elton in Huntingdonshire?

Chalmers and Wilson both accept the story that the great Daniel Defoe was grandson of the farmer at Elton. Now, on the other hand, Chadwick rather stoutly denies the fact, and states that he can find no trace of such a family in those parts. Again, the Rector of Elton (with whom I put myself in communication) has in a most courteous letter informed me that, after a diligent search in his registers, he can find no trace of such a family. Yet I *know* from half a dozen sources, that such a family was in such a parish, at such a time. Can any of your correspondents throw a light on this question?

One way of accounting for this singular

darkness is, that the Foes were dissenters, and that, therefore, not being baptised into the church, their names are not on the parish register. But old Foe of Elton was hardly a dissenter, for he kept a pack of hounds. I never came across a greater puzzle in my life. Chadwick is positive that no such family ever existed at Elton, and the present rector confirms him. Yet the great Daniel himself, in his "Appeal to honour and justice," and elsewhere, distinctly asserts that his grandfather was a yeoman at Elton (two miles from Fotheringay), and even gives the names of his grandfather's hounds. It is not an uninteresting question: one would like to have a discussion on the matter in the pages of SYLVANUS URBAN.—I am, &c.,

H. KINGSLEY.

Wargrave, Henley-on-Thames.

THE BARNSELYS OF WORCESTERSHIRE.

2. MR. URBAN,—Nash, in his "Worcestershire" (1799), vol. i. p. 155, says of Barndesley Hall, Bromsgrove: "This seat of ancient gentry, as Mr. Habingdon styles it, is pleasantly situated on the skirt of the Lickey hill. In the time of Edward I. it was called Brandeley, mentioned before among the villages existing at that time in Bromsgrove. Afterward it obtained the name of Barndesley without much variation, and then of Barnsley. There is reason to suppose that a family of the same name lived here from a very early period, though no authentic evidence fixes it sooner than the reign of Edward III. They were descended from the Ardens of Parkhall in Warwickshire. Barndesley Hall was in the possession of a Mr. Barndesley in the time of Queen Elizabeth (Habingdon MSS.); and William

Barnesley, of Barnesley Hall, gent., entered his pedigree at the visitation of Worcestershire, anno 1634 (C. 30, F. 107 in Coll. Armor)."

At p. 163 of the same volume, Nash says that "in the middle aisle of the church (Bromsgrove) lieth one of the ancient family of Barnesley, of Barnesley Hall. The brass plate on which was the inscription is taken away."

I have in my possession a manuscript copy of a pedigree of the Barnsley family, the early part of which was written upon parchment by one of that name long since deceased. The original was lent to me several years ago by a member of the family, a female, whose needy circumstances illustrate the strange declensions and vicissitudes of the families of ancient gentlefolks. As the information con-

tained in the pedigree is somewhat curious, I transcribe the same for your pages. The heading runs as follows:—

“The Barnsley family came in with William the Conqueror, and possessed an estate of £1500 p^r annum. William Barnsley, Esq., was worth £300 p. ann. at Barnsley Hall. His whole estate was valued at about £1700 p. ann. V. Ambassador's Travels, p. 81 and 131, Fo. Edit. London, 1662. There is a reputed thigh bone of a giant preserved at Barnsley Hall. I measured it in the small 1 f. 2 circumference. It is clasped with iron, and locked on the old staircase. There is a handsome brick gateway remains, and an old hall built of oak; above are oak beams screwed to the floor, and supporters of the same wood. The remains of the old house is brickwork with stone coins, windows, and the rest was burnt. The father, William, and his son John's pictures in small oval gilt frames was left to Mrs. Katherine Giffard by Mrs. Macklow by will, which are in that family, hung over the chimney at Chillington in Staffordshire. I have an excellent portrait of that ancestor hung over the best room up stairs at Charingworth, with a beard quite down to his middle, and his gown clasp'd with jewels, the gift of Mr. Roden of Quat by Bridgenorth, whose wife Mary desired him to leave it to me by legacy. Old Mr. W^m B. had a white horse that kneel'd down for him to mount and get off, and a white bear that waited on him, which rifled a higler's pots while he was within, but after some merriment he was paid for them. He died by cutting a corn and its bleeding profusely. His son John disinherited his son Henry of Barnsley Hall, and gave great portions to his daughters, leaving his eldest son only £50 a year, who being an officer in the Parliament Army drove off his fathers est^e fat cattle to feast with his companions at Bromsgrove. Dr. Atwood of Worcester. told me of a gentleman's passing by Barnsley Hall saw 3 Barnsleys in a direct line cracking nuts together, and observed that Death very seldom came that way. One of them replied It is very true, but when he did he took them by clusters.”

Then follow several notes which are referred to by letters and a mark in the pedigree, as—“× In the parish register at Bromsgrove, 1591—1664. W. Register office at Worcester, 1590—1711. Consulted y^e Register office at Lichfield, 1562—1667. H. Herald's office.”

The ancestor was Reginald Barnsley, against whose name is put the reference,

“H. c. 2. 30.” He married “Daughter of Tibson. H.”, by whom he had issue: “Nicholas Barnsley, of Barnsley Hall, Worcester, H.”, who married “Lee of Kingsnorton, H.”, by whom he had issue three sons, namely, “John Barnsley, H. 1559 living”; “Gilbert, H. c. 33, 34”; and “John, H. c. 33, 34. Claim from this a Charles Grand (*sic*) & Captⁿ of a troop of horse in C. 1st.” The first-named son, John, married Ann Arden of Warwickshire (H.), by whom he had issue: “William Barnsley, Esq., of Barnsley Hall in Worcest^e, 1 mile N. of Boarsgrove, b. in 1534, d. 1660, æt 126.”

This is the William Barnsley who is referred to by Nash, and who is mentioned in the heading of the pedigree. If the dates of his birth and death may be relied upon, he was a marvel of longevity. He married three wives, of whom the first was “Ann, daughter of Cox of Ceeve, Gloucest^e”; another, Mary; and another, “Lady Editha Peckham; ob^t he 100, she 17; her tombstone in Bromsgrove church, d. 1640” (then follows a × referring to the notes), “of Dumbleton, Gloucest^e”. William Barnsley “is said to have had 12 children”; but only ten are marked on the pedigree, and there is no line to tell who was the mother of any of them. The first child was (1) “Thomas Barnsley, gent., d. 1641, ×,” who married “Mary, d. 1640, ×.” The second child was (2) “John Barnsley, Esq., × b. 1593. Merch^t in Moscow 1634, × d. 1661. Will proved by W. Humph. Low 1662. Left Simpson of Bendly all his lands.” He married “Anne, × d. 1616.” The third child was (3) “William Barnsley of Hartlebury in Worcestershire,” who married “Anne, daughter of Rich^d Coningesby, of Nennufolers (?) in Worcestershire.” Another child was (4) “Mary B., b. in 1595, mar. the Baron of Raymond, 1610, d. in 1658. V. Ambassador's Travels into Mus., 131.” Another was (5) “Edmund Barnsley, gent^r × d. 1654. Will provd at Doctors Commons 1655 by Anne, his sister.” The other children were, (6) Richard; (7) Henry, born in 1602, ×; (8) Penelope; (9) “Anne, wife to Griffith;” and (10) Elizabeth. William Barnsley, the third child, had issue by his wife, Anne, “Richard Barnsley, of Lambeth, living 1623,” who married “Anne, daught. of Pickering, of Tukmersh, Northamptonshire.”

John Barnsley, who died in 1661, had

issue by his wife, Anne, five children, namely, (1) "Henry Barnsley, living 1660, of Burcott. His fr left him only £50 p. annum." He married "the granddaugh. of Liggon, a mercer's daugh^r of Bromsgrove." (2) "William Barnsley. Liv^d at Moscow, and died there a merch^t and courtier." (3) "Elizabethth Barnsley. mar. Mr. Feutrill, a merch^t, who died at Moscow. She died at Worcest^r. Legacy by Fr." (4) "Anne Barnsley, b. 1612, mar. Capt. Sheldon, a near relation of Sheldon, Bish^p London," by whom she had "a dau^r, a great beauty." (5) Katherine Barnsley, mar. Mr. Taylor, Romⁿ Catholic. She changed her religion. II. husband, Mr. Gifford, gent., Blackladies, Staffordshire." (6) "John Barnsley. Grandf. left him legacy."

Henry Barnsley, who was living in 1660, had issue four sons, namely, (1) "John Barnsley, b. 1655 X, a tinman at Bridgenorth, d. 1725." He married "Eliz., daughter of Will. Orsbourn, at the Spout, in the parish of Hansworth, in Staffordshire. D. 1738, age 77. They were bur. in the chancel of y^e Upper Church, Bridgenorth; their tombstone there." (2) "Henry Barnsley, b. 1661 X, mar. in London.—A daughter d. unmarried. His widow d. —." (3) "Thomas Barnsley, b. 1664 X. Was a trooper in Lord Oxford's Blues. Kill'd 1711, age 47." He married "Mary Aris, heiress, Charingworth, b. 1711, d. 1737. Bur. at Ebrington, by her husband, in the isle of the ch." (4) Robert, who was born in 1653, and died in the following year.

Elizabeth Barnsley, who married Feutrill, had by him issue four children, namely, (1) Andrew; (2) John, a merchant in London; (3) Dorothy, who married Major Mucklon, and died at Worcester, in 1723, a widow, at the age of 82; and (4) Elizabeth. "John, grandfather, left these 4 grandchildren legacies."

Andrew Feutrill had issue three children, namely, (1) Elizabeth, who married Sherman, a draper, in London, and had two sons and three daughters; (2) Susan, who married Solyman, an ironman; and (3) Sarah, who married Fisher, an attorney at Bath.

Katherine Barnsley, who married Mr. Taylor, had by him Catherine, and by Mr. Gifford, a son, "Gifford of Chillington," who by his first wife had no issue, but by his second wife, "daughter of S^r Robert Throgmorton," had sons.

John Barnsley, who died in 1725, had issue by Elizabeth Orsbourn seven children, namely, (1) "Mary Barnsley, mar. 1 Bennet, a barber-surgeon. 2 the Rev. Mr. Roden, of Bridgnorth, then of Quat. d. 1748." (2) "Eliz. Barnsley, mar. Mr. Sherwood, at the Clee Hills, in Shropshire," by whom she had Mary, who married Edward Rea, and had issue. (3) "John Barnsley, b. 1689. Capt. of a Man of War, d. 1745. Marble monument, S. wall, chancel of ch. —don (?)." (4) "Henry Barnsley, died in the West Indies." (5) "Thomas Barnsley, mar., London. His widow had a large stock of goods left her by her aunt." (6) "William Barnsley, d. 1756, Cordwainer in London, bur. in St. Luke's churchyard." He married Elizabeth Cowley, who was born in 1707. (7) "Dorothy Barnsley, mar. Mr. Skett, maltster, at Much Wenlock, Shropshire."

Thomas Barnsley, the trooper, who was killed in 1711, had issue by Mary Aris five children, namely, (1) Mary, who died unmarried, and was buried in Ebrington church. (2) "John Barnsley, gent., Charringworth, in Gloucestershire, b. 1691, d. 1767, bur. Ebrington ch. isle, y^e burying place of y^e Aris's." He married Jane Cookes, the daughter of Edward Cookes. (3) "Rowland Barnsley; in the Horse Guards; fled to France after a duel; d. in Jamaica, 1736." (4) "Thomas Barnsley, grocer, at Winchelsea, in Sussex, d. 1760." (5) Alice, who married Mr. Johnston, of Tidmington, in Worcestershire, by whom she had two sons, Thomas and Harman.

William Barnsley, the cordwainer, who died in 1758, had issue one daughter and one son, namely, (1) Elizabeth, who was born in 1729, and married Thomas Romaine, a pipemaker, by whom she had a son, Thomas, born in 1756. (2) Benjamin Barnsley, born in 1735, an attorney at law, in London, who married Cornella Geddes, born in 1736, an heiress, and the daughter of Captain Geddes.

Dorothy Barnsley, who married Mr. Skett, had issue (1) John, "not good natural parts"; (2) Sarah; (3) Richard, who married Mary Bower; (4) Dorothy, who married Thomas Mason, and had issue sons, William and Richard; and (5) Mary, who married J. Mason, and had issue a son, Thomas.

John Barnsley, of Charringworth, who died in 1767, had issue (1) John, born in 1713, who married Eleanor Dappa. (2)

Henry, born in 1715; he married Mrs. Allen, a widow, and was wrecked in 1759 in H.M. ship "Tilbury." (3) Thomas, born in 1719, died in 1746, a farmer. (4) Mary. (5) Jane, who married Payne, of Comebrook, Warwickshire, and had issue, Jane. (6) Samuel, Lieutenant of a man-of-war, who married Mrs. Woodcock, a widow.

Henry Barnsley, who was shipwrecked in 1759, had issue (1) Henry, who also was shipwrecked. (2) Thomas, who was born in 1756. (3) John, born in 1752, and married, in 1785, to Betty Whiteway, daughter of Samuel Whiteway, of Sunbury, Middlesex, gent. (4) Robert, born in 1753. (5) William, born in 1755. (6) Lucy, born in 1756.

John Barnsley, who married Betty Whiteway, had issue (1) "John Henry Barnsley, born March 5th, 1786. Lost his life by a fall from the mizen top on board

the 'Otter,' merchantman. Buried at Archangel, in Russia, July 17, 1800." (2) Benjamin William, born May 25th, 1787. (3) Samuel, born January 30th, 1788. (4) Robert, born January 15th, 1791. (5) George, born February 28th, 1793. (6) Richard Northey, born June 16th, 1795, died March 3rd, 1798. (7) Charles, born October 16th, 1797. (8) Caroline, born November 4th, 1801.

Here ends the pedigree, the latter part of which was written at a more recent period than the earlier. From other sources I have ascertained that the only one of the last-mentioned eight children now alive is Benjamin William, a very aged man, who for many years has resided in Australia, and who has a son and daughter living.—I am, &c.,

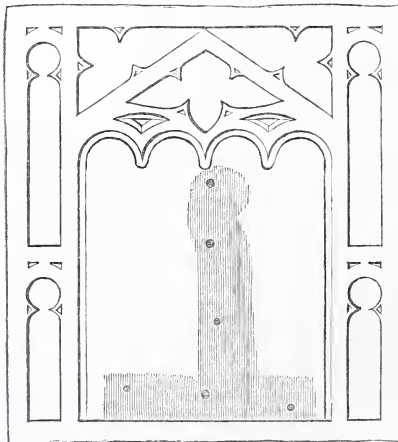
EDWARD J. WOOD.

5, Charles Square, N.

TABLET IN BOTTESFORD CHURCH.

3. MR. URBAN,—The beautiful early English chancel of Bottesford church is now undergoing restoration. The white-wash and plaster with which the daubers

of the last century had clogged the walls have been removed; and during this process the remains of a small monumental tablet of late perpendicular type has been



brought again to light. The brass that once adorned it has gone, but, as your readers will see from the annexed engraving, the outline yet remains of a kneeling figure, with hands lifted in prayer. The tracery work is simple, but very elegant. Unhappily, however, the material out of which it is carved—a soft, dark stone, like slate—is in a very crumbling condition.

Though every endeavour has been made to preserve it, I fear that it will soon drop in pieces. It is just possible that a copy of the inscription may exist among the papers of some note-maker of former days; I should be very glad to hear of such a discovery.—I am, &c.,

EDWARD PEACOCK.

Bottesford Manor, Brigg.

LONGLEAT.

4. MR. URBAN,—Having just read your most interesting article on Longleat, I am reminded of certain verses respecting that noble mansion, which I have had by me for many years, but which, as far as I am aware, have not appeared in print. I enclose them, as they may possibly amuse some of your readers.

A conversation having arisen at Longleat on the difficulty of making rhymes, Lady M—, a in support of an opinion which she had maintained, that there was no difficulty in the task, composed, during her drive to Bath the same morning, the following lines, and sent them back by post to the party left in the house.

LINES WRITTEN ON LEAVING LONGLEAT.

“ With tardy steps my lingering feet
Turn from thy portals, fair Longleat !
For who that once had found retreat
Amidst the pleasures of Longleat,
But would with sorrowing heart repeat,
Adieu ! adieu ! beloved Longleat.
And with the courser's foot less fleet
That bears him distant from Longleat,
What hospitable welcomes greet
The happy guest who seeks Longleat !
And when the howling tempests beat
Against the casements of Longleat,
How gay the ling'ring hours they cheat
Around thy cheerful hearths, Longleat !
When flames the trunk (nor coal, nor
peat),
Hewn from the forests of Longleat.
Can Windsor or Versailles compete
With thy magnificence, Longleat ?
For sovereigns a dwelling meet,
Are thy majestic halls, Longleat !
And Science, glad, would fix her seat
Amidst thy ponderous towers, Longleat !
With every luxury replete,

All charms the senses at Longleat :
The flow'rets elsewhere smell less sweet,
And look less gay than at Longleat.
Nothing is wanting—all replete—
Perfection's empire is Longleat.
When heifers low and young lambs
bleat

In spring, how green thy lawns, Longleat !
When summer pours its fervent heat,
How cool thy shady groves, Longleat !
In autumn, how the golden wheat
Waves o'er thy smiling fields, Longleat !
Midst wintry blasts and driving sleet,
How gay thy warm saloons, Longleat !
No beggar haunts the village street
Which joins thy fair domain, Longleat !
Lacks he but clothing, drink, or meat,
He seeks and finds them at Longleat.
The cottage children, clean and neat,
Are taught their horn-book at Longleat ;
And when the wished-for Christmas treat
Awaits them, ready at Longleat,
With merry hearts they grateful eat
Their beef and pudding at Longleat.
For me it borders on conceit
In idle verse to sing Longleat ;
And well I know 'twere more discreet
To leave to wiser heads Longleat ;
Though, after all, 'tis no great feat—
So many words rhyme with Longleat ;
But modesty is obsolete
(Though still it blushes at Longleat) ;
And, as I know they hate deceit,
Falseness, and flattery at Longleat,
I'd sooner yield to a defeat,
Than practise them upon Longleat.
So, as my rhymes are all effete,
Which chime so glibly with Longleat,
Unwillingly I fold my sheet,
Seal and despatch it to Longleat.”

I am, &c.,

J. S.

TREASURE TROVE.

5. MR. URBAN,—Lately, as Rd. Christian, a labourer, in the employ of Mr. W. Woolston, builder, was employed removing soil at the rear of a modern-built house a few yards from the east wall of St. George's Church, he bared a fictile vase, containing about three thousand silver groats of the reigns of Edward III., Henry IV., Henry V., Henry VI., Edward IV., and two Scotch groats. The

mouth of the vase was eighteen inches from the surface, and the site of the discovery about fifty yards from the town wall, and a short distance from the water-gate bastion. During the civil wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, Stamford was ravaged by an army of the latter party, under their leader, Anthony Trollope; and it is conjectured that at that time the owner of the coins buried them for safety, but a premature death prevented their recovery till the present time.—I am, &c.,

STAMFORDIENSIS.

Stamford.

* The late Dowager Countess of Morley, a great wit in her day, and an intimate friend of the Bath family, was the writer of these verses and a Mr. Sneyd is said to have been the instigator of the doubt as to the possibility of making rhymes to Longleat.—S. U.

THE TRUMPET AT WILLOUGHTON.

6. MR. URBAN,—Permit me one word in reply to Mr. Fowler's remarks in *THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE* for July last. As my authority for the supposition that the tin trumpet at Willoughton was an "old Saxon blast horn," I quoted "The Camp of Refuge," by Macfarlane, a book which describes the Fen Counties particularly as the scene of the story. We often read of "the blast horn;" *e.g.*, "Taking the largest horn in the house, he again ascended to the roof, and was answered by three or four horns in the town."—(p. 30.) "'Now, Saxons, your blast horns again; blow ye our second signal.' The hornmen blew might and main; and before their last blast had ceased echoing from an angle of the walls, another horn was heard blowing inside the house," &c. —(*Ibid.*, p. 126.)

Considering that the author of the work above quoted is describing—doubtless from historical research and antiquarian experience—the state of things in Lincoln at, and just previous to, the Norman conquest of the Fen Country, of which Lincolnshire is the principal portion; and as Willoughton is in Lincolnshire, it seems to me most probable that the tin trumpet in debate is one which has been used as a fen-man's blast horn in Saxon times, and possibly one which had been used in some sacred house: as the "Cell" at Spalding, or the "Abbey" at Croyland, the localities of the story. Relics of this kind are common enough in churches, as I need not remind either Mr. Fowler or the readers of *THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE*. —I am, &c.,

W. M. BROOKES.

THE WALNUT TREE.

7. MR. URBAN,—The shade of the walnut is not more injurious than that of other trees, but if the leaves are allowed to accumulate, the bitter properties in them are prejudicial to the growth of grass. On account of the size and strength of the tap-root, there is no tree more able to resist the effects of wind, or better adapted for exposed situations. In no part of England do they constitute an important article of diet; but in many parts of France, Spain, Germany, and Italy, people live during the season of their ripening almost entirely on walnuts.

Evelyn states that such is the importance attached to the growth of this tree, that "in several places between Hanan and Frankfort in Germany no young farmer is permitted to marry a wife till he brings proof that he has a stated number of walnut trees, and the law is inviolably observed to this day, for the extraordinary benefit which this tree affords the inhabitants."

Anglers employ an infusion of the leaves or husks for pouring upon the earth, in order to produce worms, which it speedily brings to the surface. There is no tree that requires less pruning than the walnut, and where large branches are cut off it is almost invariably followed by a decay of the tree at the spot where abscission was performed. The best soil for the walnut is a deep, stiffish, dry-bottomed

loam. It will thrive, however, almost anywhere, provided the soil is free from stagnant moisture. The best fruit is obtained from trees growing in calcareous soil.

The following curious account of a walnut tree at Glastonbury, from Hearne's "History and Antiquities of Glastonbury, 1722," may interest some of your readers. Mr. Eyston says:—

"Besides the holy-thorn, Mr. Camden says there was a miraculous walnut-tree, which, by the marginal notes that Mr. Gibson hath set upon Camden, I found grew in the Holy Churchyard, near S. Joseph's Chappel. This tree, they say, never budded forth before the Feast of S. Barnabas, which is on the 11th of June, and on that very day shot out leaves and flourish't—then as much as others of that kind. Mr. Boughton says the stock was remaining still alive in his time, with a few small branches, which continued yearly to bring forth leaves upon St. Barnabas's Day as usual. The branches, when he saw it, being too small, young, and tender, to bring forth fruit or sustain their weight; but now this tree is likewise gone, yet there is a young tree planted in its place, but whether it blows, as the old one did, or, indeed, whether it was raised from the old one, I cannot tell. Doctor James Montague, Bishop of Bath and Wells, in King James II.'s days, was so wonderfully taken with the extraordinariness of the holy-thorn and this wal-

nut tree, that he thought a branch of these trees was worthy the acceptance of the then Queen Anne, King James I.'s consort. Fuller, indeed, ridicules the holy-thorn; but he is severely reprov'd for it by Doctor Heylin, who says 'he hath heard, from persons of great worth and credit, dwelling near the place, that it had budded and blowed upon Christmas-day,' as we have asserted."

Cowley, in his "Plants," thus speaks of the walnut:—

"On barren scalps she makes fresh honours grow.

Her timber is for various uses good :

The carver she supplies with useful wood.

She makes the painter's fading colours last.

A table she affords us, and repast.

E'en while we feast, her oil our lamp supplies,

The rankest poison by her virtues dies ;

The mad dog's foam and taint of raging skies.

The Pontic king, who lived where poison grew,

Skilful in antidotes, her virtues knew."

I am, &c.,

J. P., JUN.

RECENT SHAKSPEARIAN LITERATURE.

8. MR. URBAN,—I have just chanced to see the last number of THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE. I have been rather surprised to observe that in the article on "Recent Shakspearian Literature" no mention whatever is made of my edition of the Plays (Bell and Daldy, 1864, &c.), or of my "Shakspearian Expositor" (J. Russell Smith, 1867), containing between 1,200 and 1,300 original emendations of

the text. To me the omission is a matter of perfect indifference; but I do not think it fair to the readers of THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE not to inform them of the existence of these works of one who is allowed to be the best editor of Milton.—I am, &c.,

THOS. KEIGHTLEY.

Belvidere, Kent.

ENGLISH SPELLING.

9. MR. URBAN,—In the collective edition of Byron's works inscribed by Mr. Murray to Sir Robert Peel, in 1837 (p. 580), it is declared that "Among the monthly critics the first place is due to the venerable SYLVANUS URBAN." It is not, therefore, to be expected that you, Mr. Urban, the critic and patron of Dr. Samuel Johnson, can look down from the height of that first place you occupy so as to take a long, or formal notice of a new spelling-book; yet, remembering how the mighty lexicographer himself sometimes paused in his great work to play with children, you may possibly deign to glance for a moment at a small work now placed before you, for it blends amusement with instruction, and may for that reason be acceptable to children as a New-year's Gift.^a

This unpretending volume is declared by the present Archbishop of Dublin to be "based on sound principles," and the exercises it contains on words kindred in sound but distinguished from each other by a correct pronunciation, are so ingenious that of neither of the talented compilers can it with truth be said—"He affects much but effects little."

The appendix to this same volume shows, by means of choice extracts, from the works of authors and poets of various dates, what curious changes have gradually taken place both in English orthography and the structure of English sentences; and as it also includes a copy of the Lord's Prayer in Saxon, even Dr. Johnson himself might have accorded a nod of approbation to this spelling-book, concerning which, Mr. Urban, it is hoped that the few foregoing lines may be inserted in your forthcoming number.

I am, &c.,

A. E. C.

Upper Wimpole-street, W.

Dec. 24, 1867.

^a "English Spelling," a Series of Dictation Lessons, for the Use of Schools and Private Students. Arranged by A. H. BARFORD, B.A., F.L.S., Head Master of the St. Marylebone and All Souls' Grammar-School; and HENRY A. TILLEY, Vice-Principal of Hanwell College, Middlesex. London: Charles Bean, 81, New North-road, Hoxton. 1867.

Antiquarian Notes.

BY CHARLES ROACH SMITH, F.S.A.

— Quid tandem vetat
Antiqua misceri novis ?

ENGLAND.

Somersetshire.—The Rev. Prebendary Scarth has recently read a paper to the Bath Literary Club, on a volume just printed by the Camden Society, entitled “History from Marble,” compiled in the reign of Charles II., by Thomas Dingley, Gent., in which are described, among other antiquities at Bath, what appears to be a Roman sculpture, not noticed by any other writer, and now lost. Dingley left behind him several MS. works, six of which are now known to be in existence. The “History from Marble,” which is now printed, is also called by the author, his “English Journall,” and his “English Itinerary.” Mr. J. Gough Nichols, who has edited it, says it appears to have been in progress during many years. The materials are gathered from various counties, but are more particularly copious and curious in Herefordshire and Wiltshire, and from the cities of Bath and Oxford. They are chiefly of his own collection. His home was at Dillwyn, in Herefordshire, and he died at Louvaine, in Flanders. He was a bachelor, and the last of his family. The part of his works with which we are now concerned is his record of monuments in Bath, since lost, and his description of the buildings of the city as then existing. He has by means of graphic pen and ink sketches, conveyed a clear idea of these, as well as by delineating the heraldry upon the monuments, and by short notes attached to his delineations. The part relating to Bath contains sketches of the Abbey Church as then existing, also of the baths, *i.e.*, the King’s Bath, Queen’s Bath, and the Cross Bath, and of the old stone pulpit in the Abbey, now lost, which was erected by Bishop Montague, and had an inscription carved upon it. Some of the monuments, or parts of them, described by Dingley, are now wanting, also the inscription on the great west doors of the Abbey Church, which record that they were “beautified outside and inside, at the charges of Sir Henry Montague, Knt., Lord Chief Justice of the King’s Bench, anno dno. MDCXVII.” But, as Mr. Scarth observed, that which is especially interesting to the student of Roman antiquities is the fact that Dingley authenticates those sculptures which are drawn in Dr. Guidot’s work, and gives actual sketches of them as they stood in the city walls, and which are evidently much nearer the truth than the fanciful figures given in Guidot. He also supplies some not recorded elsewhere, and says : “Bath city hath been famous for Roman antiquities, some whereof are still visible to the traveller in niches and otherwise fixed in the walls at this day as antique statues and figures, with fragments of inscriptions. . . . The most observable are two grave-stones and a Roman urn turned up by a ploughman (as it is said) somewhat less than an hundred years ago, which Mr. Chambers, a studious lover of antiquities,

removed into his garden over against the Cross Bath." This is well known, though the original is now lost. "Between the north and west gates of the city of Bath is a stone in the wall with this fragment of an inscription, not to be slighted by the traveller, though I cannot read it." He then gives that to the *Decurio* of *Glevum* (Gloucester) :—

DEC. COLONIAE GLEV.
VIXIT AN. LXXXVI,

sketching the manner in which it was walled in, and says "not far from the last inscription is a stone carved after the manner (drawn) on the left hand, whether it signify Peace or Plenty I cannot judge; thus far it may, because there seemeth an olive branch in the right hand, the token of peace, and in the left a torch." This sculpture is not mentioned or drawn by Guidot, nor by Camden, or Horsley, or any writer on the Roman antiquities of Bath, and is, Mr. Scarth considers, certainly Roman.

Yorkshire.—About the commencement of November, a mere accident—the ploughing up of the upper stone of a Roman mill—induced examination of a field situate on the glebe farm in the township of Amotherby and parish of Appleton-le-Street, with noteworthy results. The Rev. James Robertson, of Appleton, is the explorer, and this gentleman has, up to the present time, laid bare a series of large paved floors, varying from 6 inches to 2 ft. 6 in. below the surface of the land. Beyond the fact that an occasional piece of Roman pottery was picked up in the soil, there was no indication of any remains in the field. The place is very near the supposed junction of two great lines of Roman road—one from Derwentio to Isurium, the other from Eburacum to Prætorium; of the former the affix "in the street" marks the route; and the latter is defined by a line of small camps and the name "Roman Road." The field in question has been tried in various places, and pavements have been found over a wide area. So far no trace of walls or foundations have been found, they are simply pavements. These are irregular in outline, and varying in size, one being 29 feet by 13½ feet, another 90 feet. Some are detached, while others have paved pathways as connections. The floors are paved with blocks of oolite limestone and sandstone (the latter mostly burnt quite dark in colour) and sea pebbles, in some parts flat slabs of limestone being paved edge-wise. The floors are not level, but fall off to the sides. Under the crown there is generally a deposit of ashes, charcoal, and burnt animal bones. Below this is a second pavement. All round the edges is burnt matter, which yields quantities of broken Roman pottery of various kinds—wheel-made and otherwise, with a few pieces of Samian ware. The hand-made pottery is very rude. Singularly, nearly the whole of it—nine pieces in every ten, certainly—consists of the rims of various vessels; and there are a few necks and handles of amphoræ. The major part of the pottery is found round the edges of the floors, and somewhat below their level; but much has also been dug up between the paving-stones. Two upper stones of mills (querns) have been found, and several fragments of the nether millstone, but not a perfect one. Three small brass Roman coins, and various minor objects, include the collec-

tions from this not very intelligible establishment. Mr. Robertson himself is by no means satisfied with the result of his researches, which have only served to induce him at an early opportunity to resume the excavations.

The Yorkshire Wold Tumuli, during the Rev. W. Greenwell's last excavations for the winter season, have furnished nothing particularly novel, but the repetitions of facts in scientific inquiries are valuable; and Mr. Greenwell has now collected materials enough to enable him to place the results of his successful labours before the public, with the additional advantage of diagrams and engravings.

The estate of Lord Londesborough at Willerby, was the site of the most recent excavations. The first tumulus opened, 68 ft. in diameter, and $3\frac{1}{2}$ ft. high, was formed of earth; pieces of flint, potsherds, and charcoal being mixed with the earth of the mound. Over the centre was about one-third of a plain urn, in a rabbit-hole, the rabbits in burrowing having doubtless disturbed the burial, if a cremated one. At the centre was an oval grave, made east and west, 6 ft. by 5 ft., and 2 ft. 3 in. deep. At the west end was a body, as usual, doubled up. Before the face was a fine urn with four pierced ears, entirely covered with herring-bone work, the markings being made in the clay by a pointed stick or other implement. Behind the skull of the skeleton were two flint knives, and four unworked flints, forming a circle round the head. Clay was deposited over the grave.

The second barrow, 45 ft. in diameter, and 2 ft. high, was formed of soil and chalk rubble. Among the materials were many worked flints and potsherds; among the flints was a fine long flake, much used, as if with scraping. At eight feet east of the centre was a deposit of four bodies upon the natural surface. The bodies were those of an adult (believed to be a woman); and three children, from three to ten years of age. Apparently all four had been interred at the same time. Nothing whatever was buried with them. At the centre of the barrow was a large grave 5 ft. diameter, and 4 ft. deep. In it was the body of a strongly made young man of about twenty-five years, the skull almost perfect. The body was on the left side, in the doubled up position, with the head to the N.W., the left hand up to the face, and the right hand on the breast. The bottom of this grave was a solid floor of chalk, and upon that solid floor was a carefully arranged pavement of slabs of chalk, on which the body had been laid. The burial had been covered with turf, and the rest of the grave filled in with chalk. This burial was not the original one in the centre. The filling in of the grave revealed fragments of human bones which had been disturbed to introduce the central but later interment. Indeed, numerous examples of disturbed bodies, for after-interments, have now been noticed in the Wold barrows. The Rev. Canon Greenwell will open the tumuli on the estates of Sir Tatton Sykes, at Linton, and of Mr. T. W. Revis, D.L., at Duggleby; and subsequently in this month those on the Moor estates of Lord Feversham, in North Yorkshire.

Northumberland.—Mr. Clayton is continuing excavations at Chesters, the site of the important Roman station Cilurnum. Dr. Bruce states that a cutting has been made to see in what way the great wall joined

the station, the theory being that Cilurnum was one of the fortresses established by Agricola. Mr. Clayton having found masonry of a somewhat puzzling kind, directed a portion of the rampart of the station on the north to be laid open. A gateway revealed itself. This had, however, been walled up with solid masonry. This gateway is a double one, like that in the east rampart of Amboglanna. The upper guard-chamber is now being excavated. In clearing the earth away, not very far from the surface a slab dedicated to Antoninus Pius was discovered. Mr. Clayton and Dr. Bruce consider that this gateway was blocked up when the great wall, in process of erection, was carried to the north of the station.

At the last meeting of the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Dr. Charlton exhibited a series of photographs of the recent discoveries at the church of St. Clement, at Rome, and, in explanation, stated that the church was founded about the year 900. It was known that there was another church erected on the same spot about the years 300 to 400, and it was supposed to have been destroyed about 790. The church of St. Clement belongs to the Irish Dominicans, and the present prior determined to excavate under the church, it being known that it was by no means unfrequent to find two churches the one built over the other. The excavations were proceeded with, and it was found that the original church was standing filled up with *débris*. Owing to the dryness of the soil with which the church was filled up, the frescoes on the wall were almost perfect. The photographs were examined with much interest; and it is hoped they will be engraved.

Kent.—At Gillingham, near Chatham, on the property of Mr. J. H. Ball, a little to the north-east of Burnt Oak, on the high ground, several Roman funereal interments have been discovered. It would seem they had been deposited in a straight line, the ground in which they lay having the appearance of a filled-up trench. They presented the usual characteristic of Roman burials, when burning the body was a common practice,—small vessels arranged round the larger urn with the burnt bones. In one deposit it appeared that a large narrow-mouthed jar had been taken and the top broken off to admit the bones with which it was placed inside the jar, the widened mouth being closed by a patera, by the side of which were laid two other vessels. The whole of the pottery bears the impress of the Medway manufacture, with the exception of two red lustrous vessels, a cup and a patera; these bear the names of the potters Calenus and Reburrus. Previously Mr. Ball had discovered similar deposits near the high-road, when making a cutting for the purposes of the pier now being constructed. In every case he has spared no pains in examining the ground, and in carefully extricating the groups of vessels which, it need hardly be added, are safely preserved.

Kingston and Barham Downs.—It is reported that Mr. T. Godfrey Faussett is making successful excavations on the sites of the explorations of his ancestor, the author of the “*Inventorium Sepulchrale*.” At Kingston some very interesting Saxon remains had been previously discovered, which it is expected will be engraved in the forthcoming volume of “*Archæologia Cantiana*.”

FRANCE.

To the "Bulletin Monumental,"^a published by M. de Caumont, the archæological world is deeply indebted. This bi-monthly organ of the "Société Française d'Archéologie" has now completed its thirty-second volume (of 900 pages, 8vo), full of illustrations, and written and edited with the vigour and intelligence which have directed all its issues. No society, either in France or in any other country, can lay claim to such prolific and healthy results. The articles which constitute these numerous volumes are all purely archæological; and it would be very difficult to find a paper or dissertation which is without value. If we look to the printed works of other societies (by which alone such bodies can be estimated), the vast superiority of the "Bulletin Monumental" will be admitted at once; indeed, it is alone from its pages we learn of the existence of many societies, and hear of their publications, while, whether there are any at all printed in the great metropolis of France, is a question which even the "Bulletin" cannot or does not solve. From this volume most of the materials for the notes for the present month are derived.

Saint-Aubin-sur-Gaillon.—M. Paul Baudry in a report on excavations made at St. Aubin, describes a new example of Roman Oculists' Stamps, such as have now been collected in rather considerable numbers; but it is somewhat remarkable, only a very few have been found in Italy. They have justly engaged the attention of antiquaries, for they throw some light on the practices of the medical profession in the Roman provinces, and curiously illustrate the works of the ancient writers in medicine, who give the compositions of many of the preparations which these stamps were intended to mark and identify. One of the most recent writers on the subject is Professor Simpson, of Edinburgh, who, in a paper printed in the "Monthly Journal of Medical Science," has exhausted the examples found in Great Britain, and most of those discovered on the Continent. Mr. Wright, also, has treated on them in his "Celt, Roman, and Saxon;" and in his forthcoming work on Wroxeter, where one was discovered. These stamps are usually cut on the four sides of a squared greenish schist, or stealite, about half an inch thick. In the stone found at St. Aubin, three sides only are engraved. They are as follows:—

1. SEXT. ROM. SYM
FORIDIARH_oDoN
2. SEX. ROM. SYMF_oRI
ANICET. ADDIATHE
3. - - XT. ROM. SYMFO
- DIAMISAADDIAT.

The three preparations are *Diarhodon*, made from roses, saffron, opium, and myrrh; *Anicetum*, a compound with anise for its basis; and *Diamisa*, of which misy was the chief ingredient; and they are certified as the make of *Sextus Romanus Symforus*, for affections of the eyes, *ad diatheses*.

^a Paris, Caen, and Rouen.

The Royal Museum of Antiquities of Brussels has recently acquired one by these seals which was found at Heerlen. Of this M. Habets has printed a notice in the "Bulletin des Commissions royales d'art et archéologie (vi. p. 21). One side only appears to be legible. It reads—

EVTYCHETIS DIALEPIDOS
ADASPRIT ET CICATRICES.

i.e., the Dialepidos of Eutyches (composed of oxide of copper), for cicatrices and other affections of the eyes. The Greek writers on medicine enumerate a vast number of diseases of the eyes for which they prescribe collyria, many of which are named in these little monuments; and Pliny also shows how very common affections of the organs of sight must have been. The cause may probably have been owing in a great measure, to the wood fires, and the imperfect way in which the smoke was carried off.

Valentine (Haute-Garonne).—The Haute-Garonne is included in that extensive district of the south and south-west of France, abounding in Roman and early Christian monuments and antiquities. The railway from Nismes by Narbonne to Toulouse now affords great facilities for exploring the country to the right and to the left. Auch, Aire, Tarbes, Pau, Dax, Bayonne, and intermediate places can be reached not wholly without difficulty, or exertion rather; but with so slight an amount, that after the imprisonment in a railway carriage for, it may be, some days, the freedom and independence of travelling on foot in such a country will be accepted and enjoyed with additional delight.

The discovery of a very extensive Roman villa at Valentine has induced M. Morel, in the course of his researches, to study, in connection with the discoveries, a metrical inscription which was found built into a wall of the church of Valentine. It is a memorial erected by the widow of a certain person named Nymfius, who was evidently in a high position, and probably a præfect. M. Morel considers it may be assigned to the 4th century, when the old pagan sepulchral formulas were being modified and almost wholly changed by the increasing influence of Christianity. In France, towards the south, similar inscriptions are not uncommon; but I am not aware of many examples having been found in England. It is well worth being given in full, from M. Morel's copy.

Nymfius aeterno devinctus membra sopore
Hic situs est; caelo mens pia perfruitur.
Mens videt astra; quies tumuli complectitur artus;
Calcavit tristes sancta fides tenebras;
Te tua pro meritis virtutis ad astra vehebat
Intuleratque alto debita fama polo;
Immortalis eris, nam multa laude vigebit
Vivax venturos gloria per populos.
Te coluit proprium provincia cuncta parentem;
Optabant vitam publica vota tuam;
Exceperere tuo quondam data munera sumptu
Plaudentis populi gaudia per cuneos.

Concilium procerum per te alma patria vocavit,
 Seque tuo duxit sanctius ore loqui ;
 Publicus orbatus modo luctus conficit urbes ;
 Confusi sedent anxia turba patres ;
 Ut capite erepto torpentia membra rigescent ;
 Ut grex amisso principe moeret iners.
 Parva tibi conjux magni solatia luctus
 Hunc tumuli titulum moesta Serena dicat
 Haec individui semper comes addita fulcri
 Unanimam tibi se lustra per octo dedit
 Dulcis vita fuit tecum ; comes anxia, lucem
 Aeternam sperans, hanc cupit esse brevem.

The parentage of Nymfius, the offices he held at his death and previously, this epitaph does not mention ; neither does the mourning wife in giving her name say more of herself than that she had lived with him happily during eight *lustra*, or forty years ; that in the hope of eternal life she trusted her earthly stay would be short. But the public virtues of Nymfius are referred to ; his care, as a father, for the people ; and the popular applause given him in the theatre for liberality, and the general grief in losing him ; this and other public functions alluded to, warrant our considering him a præfect ; and M. Morel is quite justified in supposing that the large and sumptuous villa discovered at Valentine was probably his residence. The Christianity of Nymfius must not, perhaps, be insisted on, though M. Morel does not doubt its impress on the inscription ; and, under this persuasion, he renders *concilium procerum*, &c., as “par toi la douce Patrie implora l'assistance des saints,” &c. ; but it would rather seem to allude to his convoking, by virtue of his office as præfect, the chief men of the province ; and the monument is probably earlier than he supposes.

The villa and its extensive appurtenances require elevations and engravings of details, of which a written description and a ground plan give but imperfect notions. On the south side were a piscina, flanked by a series of small wells, with aqueducts ; and an apartment with a tessellated flooring, of elegant pattern, composed of four vases, one on each side, from which proceed scrolls and fantastic wreaths of leaves and flowers ; the white, black, and green tesseræ of native marbles ; the red of polished tile.

Senlis.—Senlis, generally allowed to be the modern representative of the Augustomagus of Antoninus, is one of those interesting old cities which hitherto may be said to have remained unknown to the English archæologist ; and almost so to those of France. In the September number of THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, I have noticed the course of the Roman road given in the Itinerary of Antoninus, from Amiens (*Samarobriva*) to Soissons. It passed through the town which occupied the site of Champlicu, the remarkable remains of which I have attempted to describe, by or over Mont Bernay, where are now being disclosed the ruins of another town of wide extent ; and yet neither of these towns is mentioned, admitting Senlis to be the Augustomagus of the route ; and the distance, twenty-two miles, is incorrect, for Soissons

from Senlis is nearer thirty-six miles. Senlis can now be easily visited by railway from Creil, or direct from Paris. It will now probably receive more attention, as M. De Caumont makes known the discovery of an amphitheatre by a newly instituted local society, under whose auspices excavations have been commenced, supported by subscriptions of 100 francs by the Société Française d'Archéologie, and 400 francs by the Minister of Public Instruction.

Maine-et-Loire.—The amphitheatre of Gennes, in the district of Saumur, is also being excavated by the aid of grants of 200 francs from the Société Française d'Archéologie, and of 500 francs by the Government.

Some very fine mural paintings have been brought to light during repairs of the church of St. Pierre-de-Chemillé. They represent a subject from the Apocalypse, the object of the painting being to show that Paradise, lost through sin, was regained by the crucifixion of the Saviour. Thus the paintings include the Lamb, the four animals symbolising the Evangelists, the four-and-twenty ancients crowned, bearded, and clothed in rich robes, the four rivers of the terrestrial Paradise, &c. They are being copied in colours by an experienced artist.

By the assistance of 300 francs given by the Société Française, the ancient chapel of St. Maur-sur-Loire has been repaired. During the reparation a mutilated lapidary inscription, relating to Joan of Arc, was discovered. What remains is as follows :—

. VINT VNE PVCELLE
. ANS LEVA LA SIEGE.

The restoration of the inscription seems satisfactorily established either by—

*En France survint une pucelle
Qui d'Orléans leva la siège.*

Or, possibly—

*A Saint-Maur vint une pucelle
Qui d'Orléans leva la siège.*

It is certain that before the siege, Joan of Arc, in April, 1429, visited the Benedictine convent of St. Florent-lès-Saumur, which is not far from the monastery of St. Maur-sur-Loire, the first establishment of the Benedictines in France. In either case, whichever of the two restorations may be accepted, it will appear that the monks of St. Maur, after the siege of Orleans, wished to record an event so honourable to France; and at the same time, probably, to confront this to another inscription in the same chapel (discovered some years ago) of a very opposite kind, namely :—

EN L'AN MCCCLV FVT CEANS (*sic.*)
DES ANGLOYS LE LOGEIS
CRISSOVALE ET CARVALLEY.

Crissovalé and Carvalley were English captains, who had possession of St. Maur until they were driven out by Du Guesclin.

L'Anjou possesses two other inscriptions relating to the English occupation; the one at Linières-Bouton, the other from Trelozé.

St. Germain, near Paris.—A very important museum is now being established in the Imperial Château. It is to consist solely of monuments relating to and illustrative of the history of ancient France. At present the long suite of fine rooms is more than half filled; but from the want of a printed catalogue, and even of copious labels, it is quite impossible for the visitor, who is hurried through the rooms, to do more than get a very imperfect notion of the remarkable treasures of ancient art now being arranged. There are models of dolmens, cromlechs, and tumuli of various kinds, including Gavr' Innis, and weapons and objects from various sites investigated by order of the Emperor when preparing his "Life of Cæsar," with a view to identify the sites of battles and sieges; but notwithstanding the great pains taken to make this museum really national and useful to archæology as a science, the absence of any catalogue frustrates and nullifies what are clearly the Emperor's wishes and object. The Christy and Lartel collections from the caverns of Dordogne, and M. Boucher de Perthes from the valley of the Somme, are well represented here. The Gaulish weapons and armour are of great interest; they include a perfect cuirass and a sword with a large ivory handle, briefly marked from the cemetery of Hallstadt. The metallic defences and ornaments of the long shield, so well shown in the statue at Avignon (see "Col. Ant.," vol. v.), may here be seen. A bracelet from the Somme, marked "wood," is clearly of our Kimmeridge coal, or of a shale very similar. There are also some sculptures which are tantalising from their reserve. If M. Bertrand (the director, as I am told) would only put his fingers to the mute pipe, no doubt it would "discourse most eloquent music." The thousands who visit these places on Sundays and holidays are quite content to pass through the rooms and see things they neither understand nor care to understand; but it is vexing to the student, who has travelled probably a long distance, to be debarred from working, simply because the history of the objects is not given. There is a key which would at once open to him the materials which he brings power to mould to useful purposes; but somebody keeps this key in his pocket, and probably will do so until the Emperor himself sees the obstruction to the promotion of the very researches he is wishing to encourage. The want of catalogues giving the history of the discoveries of the antiquities, is the worst feature in the museums of France. It is an almost universal evil, protested against by the archæologists of France as well as of foreign countries; but it is one of those evils which has long become chronic and apparently incurable.

Scientific Notes of the Month.

Physical Science.—It turns out that the November meteors were well seen in America, and it would appear from the reports that the display was about on a par with that which we in England witnessed last year. At the Washington Observatory, 1000 were counted in twenty minutes, at about 5 A.M. local time; at Chicago, 1100 were noted between 3h. 20m. and 4h. 12m.; at Michigan, the observer counted 1500 in about the same interval, and fixed the maximum time of the display at 4 A.M. At all these stations, however, many more meteors were seen

than could be recorded. The shower was also seen from Seranto (Pennsylvania), Richmond, Poughkeepsie—where it was eagerly looked for by the ladies of the Vassar Female College, under the guidance of Miss Mitchell, the comet discoverer—and Charlestown. At Toronto, too, the display was well observed: the observer there reports 2287 meteors as having been counted between midnight and 6 A.M.; the maximum occurring between 4 and 5, during which hour 1345 were recorded. It had been thought that in point of magnificence this show would come up to that of 1833; since it did not, there has been some suspicion of exaggeration in the reports of that year's display. One who saw both the 1833 and 1866 showers, however, informs us that the latter was not to be compared with the former, and that the reports in question are not in the least high-coloured: for, says our informant, "exaggeration would be impossible; language could not come up to the beauty of the sight, much less overrate it." Among the attempts to get the best possible view of the meteors this year, we may note that of a Parisian party, who chartered M. Giffard's great balloon for a night ascent. The party included MM. Goddard, Fonville, and Van Voegenberg. They ascended at midnight to a height of about 800 metres (2624 feet), and ran over a distance of 244 kilometres (150 miles), descending at five in the morning, after having caught sight of just one dozen meteors.—The ninety-fifth member of the asteroid group was discovered on the evening of Nov. 23, by Dr. Luther, of the observatory of Bilk, near Dusseldorf. This is the fourth planet found during the year 1867.—Part of the scheme laid down by the new "Meteorological Committee" for the collecting of data for a future and more precise system of storm-warnings, consists in the equipment of a number of observatories, well distributed over the kingdom, with complete sets of self-recording meteorological instruments. Five of these are to commence operations with the beginning of this year—viz., Falmouth, Kew, Stonyhurst, Armagh, and Glasgow. Valentia and Aberdeen will be added to the list a month or two later.—At the opening meeting of the Royal Society's session, Dr. Robinson described the great reflecting telescope, of 4 ft. aperture, that has been constructed by Mr. Grubb, of Dublin, for the observatory at Melbourne. This gigantic instrument is to be shipped to the antipodes in the early part of the year, and immediately set up and to work under the hand and eye of M. Le Sueur, who has for some months past been under special training for his observational office.—Radiation is one of the sorest troubles that beset thermometer-makers and thermometer users. Dr. Joule has proposed a novel instrument of this class which is unaffected by the troublesome influence. A spiral of fine wire is suspended in a tube by a filament of silk. The tube is closed at one side by a lid, and is surrounded by a cylindrical vessel which is filled with water. When the inner tube is opened a current of air passes up it, and if the air within and without be not of the same temperature, a gentle draught is produced which turns the spiral. A mirror affixed to the spiral shows the extent of its twisting, and hence, by some scale of equivalents, the amount of difference between the temperature of the outside air and that within the tube.—A notice of a remarkable atmospheric phenomenon—to wit, a horizontal rainbow, seen by Dr. Collingwood while sailing on the Indian Ocean—

appears in the *Philosophical Magazine*. An ordinary vertical bow had been visible for some time, when Dr. Collingwood's attention was arrested by a coloured haze on the sea, immediately below the luminous arc. This haze rapidly intensified and became prismatic, and spread slowly across the sea towards the observer, till at length it presented the appearance of a brilliant horizontal rainbow floating on the waves; the apex just capping the horizon, and the limbs fading away upon the water midway between the horizon and the ship. From the position of the colours it was evident that the horizontal was the primary, and the vertical the secondary bow: the secondary bow was, therefore, formed before its primary.

Geology.—Perhaps the most concise report yet given by any eyewitness of the recent eruption of Vesuvius is that of Professor Palmieri, the director of the meteorological observatory situated on the mountain. The professor states that the volcano had been quiet since the slight disturbances of February, 1864, but that it aroused itself on the 12th of November last. Towards the end of October, the temperature of the ancient mouths or orifices became elevated, and from time to time there came from them notable quantities of vapour. During the first days of November, these vaporous discharges became continuous and more abundant; the soil was agitated by slight shocks which were signaled by the seismograph at the observatory; and finally the incandescent matter, upheaving the enormous mass of compact lava which filled the ancient crater, opened for itself outlets and formed four cones of eruption; three small ones, which in a short time united into one, and the fourth a large one, which projected into the air masses of lava, accompanied by loud detonations. By an inferior opening in this cone the lava current itself issued forth and, overflowing the ancient crater at some points, spread itself upon the superior plain of Vesuvius, which was studded with many smoke-holes (*fumarole*), from which vapour made its escape. The shocks of the soil and the disturbances of the magnetic instruments grew more frequent and more intense as the eruption increased in violence. The seismograph indicated on an average six shocks a day. This report appeared at the beginning of the past month: the eruption continues with unabated fury.—An earthquake played a fearful part in the “elemental strife” that lately devastated the West India Islands. Here are a few scraps from a report of the disaster furnished by an observer on board the mail steamer *La Plata*, off St. Thomas'. The time was 3 P.M. on Nov. 18; the barometer 30.3 inches high and the thermometer at 81 degrees in the shade, “when, without the least warning, a most fearful earthquake took place, lasting for 105 seconds, doing great damage, and spreading consternation throughout the community. The noise was very great, the shaking, tearing, cracking, rocking, upheaving motion most horrible, and beyond all description or conception; but most horrible of all was the great earthquake sea-roller, which came roaring and tumbling into the harbour, with a front of great height and a noise like thunder, destroying all before it. The *Plata* was shaken by the earthquake in a terrifying way, as if thousands of sledge-hammers were operating. In the town and harbour of St. Thomas, the fright, consternation, and

damage were perfectly paralysing. Scarcely a stone or brick structure has escaped destruction or great damage. Sides and gables of houses are thrown down, roofs have fallen in, and all weak mason work is cracked and damaged. Ten minutes after the first great shock, another smart earthquake took place, and in about five minutes more there came from the sea towards the south-east a most horrifying roaring noise, which was soon seen to be the great sea-roller, which follows heavy earthquakes. No words can describe the horror of the inhabitants at the sight of this third calamity." At the same time a volcanic eruption took place at the island called Little Saba, five miles from St. Thomas, and when, two days after, the *Plata* passed this island, it was found to have quite an altered appearance.—At a time when the volcanic energy of the earth seems to be revivifying, the announcement comes opportunely that Prof. Alexis Perry, of Dijon, has published a catalogue of earthquakes, compiled with indefatigable perseverance from all available sources.—Mr. Robinson's "New Geological Theory" promises to bring about a ventilation of the subject of physical geology. The publication of his ideas has called forth from Mr. Ogilby a still broader and more comprehensive theory, which he publishes in the *Athenæum*. To be understood, his axioms and deductions, already in the tersest form, require to be read in full, so we cannot attempt a digest of the theory; we quote, however, the two last links in his chain of inferences, from which some notion of his hypotheses may be inferred:—"The physical history of the earth is made up of a succession of long epochs of tranquillity and repose, separated by short intervals of sudden and violent convulsion, during which the superficial crust of the earth is modified, a new distribution of light and heat established, and the previously existing forms of organic life exterminated, to be replaced by a new creation. . . . Geological phenomena prove that six or seven of these periodic convulsions have already passed over the earth, forming so many distinct epochs in its physical history, and each distinguished by its appropriate climatology, and its peculiar forms of animal and vegetable life."

Geography.—Two half-commercial half-geographical projects have been instituted by the Government of India: the first is the fitting out of an exploring expedition with a view to re-opening the ancient road from Burmah to the western frontier of China. The party will start from Bamo, on the Munaddy, and take a north-easterly route across the Khakyen Hills, and the Shan States, making for Yanchan, one of the chief trading places of Yunan. The other project is the organization of a survey for a great canal to irrigate western Oude and Rohilcund; the sandy districts of Coromandel, too, are about to be fertilised for coffee plantation by the diversion of the course of a river.—Mr. Collinson reported to the Geographical Society, on Nov. 27, upon a recent survey for a route through Nicaragua, made during the present year. He described the country near the shores of the great lake as consisting chiefly of open savannah land; but on crossing the watershed, and touching the streams which flow towards the Atlantic, a dense virgin forest commenced, with a great change in the vegetation. Part of the journey was made on rafts down the Rama River, and two magnificent

waterfalls were discovered. The summit-level was found to be only 619·86 feet above the level of the lake, which showed a great break in the Andean ranges in this part of Central America.—To another meeting of this society a young American traveller, Mr. A. S. Bickmore, who had been for three years exploring the islands of the Malay Archipelago, and had finished his travels by journeying from Canton to Hankow, communicated a sketch of the country passed through on this last route. Travelling up the Si-Kiang to Wu-chau, he ascended the Cassia River to Hingnan, and near that place found that this northern affluent of the Canton River was connected by an artificial canal with the great Siang River flowing northward into the Yang-tzse. Being autumn, and the season unusually dry, the upper courses of both the Cassia and the Siang were encumbered by rapids; at other times he believed it would be possible to travel from Canton through the interior of China to Shanghai in the same boat. At Sichang, on the Siang River, are situated the principal coal-mines of the region, and some fifty boats were seen loading. The mines are nothing more than deep pits in the sides of the hills, and consequently only surface-coal is obtained. It is to be expected that better coal would occur below the water-level, but as soon as the miners come to water they are obliged to abandon the mines for want of proper pumping apparatus. From Sichang to Moukden, north of Peking, there is a continued series of coal mines. A striking spectacle was presented, on arriving at the Tung-ting Lake, at the junction of the Siang with the Yang-tzse. A heavy northerly wind had been blowing for six or seven days, and few or no boats had been able to proceed. A southerly breeze then set in, and all the boats that had been harbouring in the many creeks and bays came out, and at sunrise such a sight was obtained as could only be seen in a land where the population is numbered by the hundred million. As far as the eye could reach the surface of the lake was thickly feathered with white sails, some in sunshine, some in shadow, and some in the dim distance, apparently gliding on a thin film of air above the water. Four hundred and forty boats were counted in sight at one time. The Poyang Lake lower down the river is of the same character. It has been noticed that these great lakes have near them a group of high mountains; this is only another way of stating that where there has been an unusual elevation there has been a corresponding depression. Near the city of Quei-lin, Mr. Bickmore narrowly escaped massacre by the unruly and rebellious populace, notwithstanding the protection afforded him by the mandarins.—Mr. Whymper's Greenland journey turns out to have been somewhat unsuccessful, owing to a delay brought about by an epidemic, which deprived him of assistance till the snows that covered his proposed route had become ice, so rough and furrowed, that the sledges at his disposal could not traverse it. He, however, secured some good marine collections, and also a collection of flint implements, and Mr. Brown made a good harvest of botanical specimens.

Electricity.—An Italian Society, known as “The Forty,” which has its head quarters at Modena, has awarded its gold medal to Prof. Wheatstone, for his electrical researches and for the services he has rendered to the cause of practical telegraphy. This item of intelligence

is especially gratifying when we recollect that Italy is the country of electricians, and that for honours on behalf of researches in this science she must have many worthy claimants among her own sons.—*Apropos* of the last note, we may mention that one Signor Cantu addresses to the Historical Institute of Milan a communication claiming for Volta the honour of originating the idea of transmitting messages by electricity along a wire supported on posts. The grounds for this claim are certain hints conveyed in a letter from Volta to Professor Barletti, written in 1777. It appears that Volta's descendants are in distress, and that the Royal Institute of Lombardy proposes to buy his effects from his heirs for the sum of 10,000 Austrian *livres*.—Signor Giacomo Mannelli (an Italian, again) says that sulphate of zinc may be substituted for sulphate of copper in a Daniel's battery at less cost and with no loss of power. He also professes to have found that a very good current will be generated if zinc be substituted for copper in the same form of battery, so that the zinc is both the positive and negative metal. Probably these statements had better be received *cum grano salis*.—The best and fullest account of the works and discoveries of Faraday that has *yet* been published comes from the pen of the famous Swiss electrician, Professor de la Rive, and appears in a late number of the *Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève*. We italicise the “yet,” because Prof. Tyndall is passing through the press a memoir entitled “Faraday as a Discoverer,” which is to make its appearance during the present month. A full translation of Prof. De la Rive's essay appears in the *Philosophical Magazine* for December.—MM. Alvergniat, Frères, have contrived a new apparatus for demonstrating the fact that the electric spark does not pass through a vacuum. They create a vacuum as nearly absolute as possible in a tube which contains two platinum wires placed at a distance of two millimetres apart; the tube is then heated to a dull red heat, and the exhausting process is continued till at length an electric spark refuses to pass from wire to wire. The tube is then hermetically sealed and separated from the machine. Electricity absolutely refuses to pass through it, in spite of the slight distance between the platinum points.

Chemistry.—Dr. Watts, of the University Laboratory, Glasgow, publishes a *réclamation* concerning Professor Lielegg's observations of the spectrum of the Bessemer flame, alluded to last month. He states that Professor Roscoe, of Manchester, made known the results of similar investigations four years ago. Mr. Watts himself assisted Professor Roscoe in his examinations, and he has since pursued the subject to some length alone, carrying his researches beyond the point reached by Professor Lielegg.—An instrument for the continuous registration of the amount of ozone in the atmosphere, called hence a “chronozometer,” was described before the French Academy on Dec. 9th. It consisted merely in a clockwork movement for uncoiling a riband of ozone test-paper, some portion of the riband being always exposed to the air, and the exposed part ever passing away to give place to a part hitherto protected.—The utilisation of waste products is an important branch of chemical economy. A process has lately been introduced for producing benzoic acid, hitherto prepared only from gum benzoin, from the refuse

of coal distillation known as naphthalin. The naphthalin is first transformed into a bi-proto-chloride of naphthalin; this is converted into phthalic acid, and this in its turn into phtalate of ammonia. By distillation of the latter product with hydrate of lime, benzonitril is formed: benzoate of soda is subsequently produced by boiling this with a solution of caustic soda, and hydrochloric acid precipitates, from the benzoate of soda, benzoic acid. Such are the steps of a process which the secretary of the chemical section of the Paris exhibition asserted to be the most important discovery in technical chemistry made since the London Exhibition of 1862.—Professor Church made a curious statement to the Chemical Society, on the 5th ultimo, respecting the colouring-matter in the wings of certain birds. The pinion feathers of the Cape Lory have red spots on them which have been popularly regarded as blood stains. By dissolving out these stains with an alkaline solution, a magnificent crimson liquid was formed; upon analysis of which metallic copper was obtained, in infinitesimal quantity, and apparently in some organic form of combination. The parts of the feather not coloured did not contain a trace of the metal. Professor Church had analysed the red plumage of humming birds, but had found no copper therein.—Captain W. A. Ross communicates to the *Chemical News* a promising novelty in blow-pipe manipulation, which consists in blowing bubbles or bladders, thin enough to refract light, of borax combined with metals or oxides, and then examining the condition and extent of iridescence they exhibit. He has examined a number of *vesicula* thus formed, and has found great variety in the colouring they yield: cobalt, for instance, gives vesicles nearly clear, while those containing copper, bismuth, and manganese, are highly iridescent. After some of these compound vesicles had stood for a night they were found to be covered with a cloudy film containing white spots, and when these spots were examined by a microscope they were found to be round, radiated crystals, having dark nuclei or centres; and it was further discovered that different solutions of metals or oxides in the borax gave different and peculiar crystals.

Photography.—M. Morren, Dean of the University of Sciences at Marseilles, has found that if a tube containing chloride of silver deposited in an excess of chlorine water be exposed to sunlight, the chloride salt assumes a red-brown colour, which in time, if the tube be agitated, penetrates the entire mass. But if the tube be then placed in the dark the colour disappears gradually, and the chloride reassumes its original white tint. Upon again exposing to light it darkens, and re-lightens when returned to the shade. These curious alternations will receive M. Morren's further attention.—Perhaps the largest photographic picture ever produced was exhibited at a late meeting of the North London Photographic Society; it was a panoramic view of the vast works of Krupp, the "Tubal Cain," not of the iron, but of the steel age, at Essen, in Prussia; and it measured 30 feet long by 22 inches in depth. It is, however, fair to say that it was taken in sections, each 26 inches by 22, mounted end to end.—Dr. Vogel, a German photographer, speaks highly of a leptographic paper made by M. Obernetter, of Munich. It is a paper which is sold already silvered, and it keeps well, how long Dr. Vogel does not precisely say. Its sensibility is twice as great as

ordinary albumen-silver paper, and it gives pictures rich in colour and fine in definition ; its price is about double that of albumenised paper. A slight drawback to its use is the ease with which the film peels off in mounting if great care be not exercised.—Professional photographers are improving their not very shining hours with a little self-examination. They find trade slack and declining, and upon looking inwards for a cause, they come to the conclusion that they are not what they ought to be, not what their brethren on the Continent are ; that they have set up for artists without any knowledge of the elements of art, and turned out scores of “pictures” without possessing the inborn or the cultivated taste upon which the production of true pictures alone depends. They have been all camera, lens, developer, and toning-bath, neglectful of light, shade, chiaroscuro, pose, expression, effect, and the thousand and one great trifles that belong to art. The Paris Exhibition seems to have taught them a severe lesson, and they have come home to ruminate upon it. At a late meeting of the London Photographic Society, Mr. Hughes, throwing aside collodion and toning-bath, started the cogent question, “How is the status of Professional Photography to be raised?” and at another society in London a similar question was raised in a communication which appears in the reports as “a Suggestion for raising the position of Photographers.” Mr. Hughes was not long in coming to the solution of his question : the one thing needful, he urged, was art-culture ; from this must follow better work, which will appeal to better eyes and better purses, and bring better days for the photographer. The suggestion of the author of the second paper was that diplomas should be granted to deserving photographers by a tribunal of artists and scientific men. This is going too far, under existing circumstances, but the fact that such a proposal was made and well received by a body of professional men shows the necessity that exists for something to stimulate efforts to exalt the dignity and commercial position of photography.

Miscellaneous.—Another proposal to bridge the English channel has been put forth, by one M. Boutet, a French engineer, who at least enjoys the good opinion of his fellow-countrymen.—Dr. Maisonneuve, surgeon of the Hotel Dieu, Paris, lately read a paper before the French Academy, on the advantage of aspiration for the healing of great amputations. He said that the liquids exuding from the surface of a wound become morbid by contact with the external air, producing poisonous putrefaction ; whereas if the said liquids could be hindered from decomposing no poisonous influence would follow, and great surgical operations could therefore be performed with safety. He proposed to submit the stump of the amputated limb to continuous aspiration, so as to draw off and carry away the secretions before they have time to putrify. He was fully prepared with a method for doing this, which he described, together with such apparatus as the process requires. At the same meeting Dr. Guerin read a memoir on the same subject, claiming priority in the suggestion ; he said that Dr. Maisonneuve’s apparatus, which had yielded wonderful results at the Hotel Dieu, was only a modification of his own.

J. CARPENTER.

MONTHLY GAZETTE, OBITUARY, &c.

MONTHLY CALENDAR.

Oct. 30.—The city of San Domingo nearly destroyed by a hurricane. Two hundred lives lost, and nearly all the shipping in port wrecked.

Nov. 18.—Earthquake at St. Thomas', West Indies.

Nov. 29.—Explosion on board the *Bubulina* steam-ship in the Mersey. The vessel had been recently purchased by the Greek Government, and was about to proceed to Athens with a cargo of steam-coal, warlike implements, &c. Several persons were killed.

Dec. 1.—Arrival of H.R.H. Prince Minbontaiyou, brother of the Tycoon of Japan, on a visit to her Majesty.

Dec. 2.—Another earthquake at St. Thomas'. The sea rose forty feet. Many lives were lost, and much property destroyed.

Dec. 6.—Destruction of her Majesty's Theatre, in the Haymarket, by fire.

Dec. 7.—Adjournment of the Imperial Parliament for the Christmas holidays.

Dec. 9-12.—Smithfield Club Cattle Show at the Agricultural Hall, Islington.

Dec. 9.—Funeral procession in Dublin, in honour of the three Fenian murderers recently executed at Manchester. About 16,000 people took part in the proceedings, but all passed off quietly.

Dec. 13.—Attempt to blow up Middlesex House of Detention by the Fenians. Several houses destroyed, eight lives lost, and about forty persons wounded.

Dec. 17.—Explosion of nitro-glycerine at Newcastle-on-Tyne. Six lives lost.

APPOINTMENTS, PREFERMENTS, AND PROMOTIONS.

From the London Gazette.

CIVIL, NAVAL, AND MILITARY.

Nov. 16. Royal licence granted to G. A. Boyd, esq., of Middleton Park, co. Westmeath, to assume the name of Rochfort in addition to and before that of Boyd.

Nov. 26. The Hon. L. S. Sackville-West to be Secretary to H.M.'s Embassy at Berlin.

F. N. Wardell, esq., to be an Inspector of Coal Mines and Iron-stone Mines.

Nov. 29. J. Patterson, esq., barrister-at-law, to be a Special Commissioner for Irish Fisheries.

E. B. A. Taylor, esq., to be a member of the Executive Council of the Bahama Islands; P. Rynie, esq., to be a member of the Legislative Council of Hongkong; C. Packer, esq., to be a member of the Council of Barbadoes; and C. A. Champion de Crespigny, esq., to be a

member of the Legislative Council of Labuan.

Lord Elphinstone to be a Representative Peer for Scotland, *vice* Lord Polwarth, deceased.

Dec. 3. The Rev. Frederick Wilkinson, M.A., to be an Inspector of Schools.

Dec. 6. Edward Thornton, esq., C.B., to be Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States of America.

James Robert Longden, esq., to be Lieut.-Governor of British Honduras.

John M'Kinnon, Peter Smyth, William O. Heffernan, Samuel Creelman, Daniel M'Niel Parker, and James Frayer, esqs., to be members of the Legislative Council of Nova Scotia.

Dec. 13. Joseph Hume Burnley, esq., to be Chargé d'Affaires at Dresden.

Dr. George Augustus Selwyn (now

Bishop of New Zealand) to be Bishop of Lichfield, *vice* the Right Rev. J. Lonsdale, D.D., deceased.

Dec. 17. Major John Paul Hopkins, K.H., Governor of the Military Knights of Windsor, and Lieut.-Col. John Henry Cooke, Lieut. of Yeoman of the Guard, knighted.

The Hon. Sir C. A. Murray, K.C.B., to be Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the King of Portugal.

Sir C. L. Wyke, K.C.B., to be H.M.'s Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the King of Denmark.

MEMBERS RETURNED TO PARLIAMENT.

November.

Rutland.—H. Finch, esq., *vice* Hon. G. H. Heathcote (now Lord Aveland).

Manchester.—Jacob Bright, esq., *vice* E. James, esq., deceased.

December.

Leicester, co. (S.)—T. T. Paget, esq., *vice* C. W. Packe, esq., deceased.

Thetford.—The Right Hon. E. S. Gordon, Lord Advocate of Scotland, *vice* A. H. Baring, esq., Ch. Hds.

BIRTHS.

Sept. 17, 1867. At Ottago, N.Z., the wife of A. Chetham Strode, esq., Resident Magistrate, a dau.

Sept. 25. At Christchurch, N.Z., the wife of C. J. Foster, esq., LL.D., barrister-at-law, a son.

Sept. 29. At Hoosingabad, the wife of Major R. J. Baker, M.S.C., a dau.

Oct. 10. At Luckwall, Australia, the wife of the Hon. Chief Justice Cockle, F.R.S., a dau.

At Oakwal, Queensland, the wife of the Hon. Chief Justice Cockle, F.R.S., a dau.

Oct. 14. At Calcutta, the wife of W. B. Birch, esq., B.S.C., a son.

Oct. 15. At Lucknow, the wife of G. Colclough, Lieut.-Col. R.A., a dau.

Oct. 16. At Kandy, Ceylon, the wife of Capt. Carwithen, 25th Regt., a son.

Oct. 18. At Debroogurh, Assam, the wife of Capt. R. A. Nowell, a son.

Oct. 19. At Darjeeling, India, the wife of Capt. J. Graham, B.S.C., a dau.

Oct. 20. At Colombo, Ceylon, the wife of Capt. Hutchison, 64th Regt., a dau.

Oct. 23. At Whitcomb Vale, Somerset, the wife of the Rev. D. Moor, M.A., a dau.

Oct. 27. At Ynee Tal, India, the wife of Capt. G. W. Cockburn, a son.

Oct. 23. At Surat, Bombay, the wife of Capt. J. M. Boyd, B.S.C., a son.

Nov. 1. At Montreal, Canada, the Lady Alice Havelock, a dau.

At Ootacamund, the wife of Lieut.-Col. Alexander Simpson, R.A., a son.

Nov. 4. At Murree, Punjab, the wife of Capt. Aylmer Vivian, B.S.C., a son.

Nov. 5. At Madras, the wife of Major W. J. Bradford, R.A., a dau.

Nov. 7. At Montreal, Canada, the wife of Capt. T. C. Crowe, R.A., a son.

Nov. 9. At Kurrachee, Scinde, the wife of Major T. B. Fanshawe, 33rd Regt., a son.

Nov. 13. At Florence, the wife of H. N. Dering, esq., Secretary to Legation in Italy, a son.

At Penzance, the wife of Comm. J. S. Keats, R.N., a son.

At Marlfield House, co. Wexford, the wife of P. Magan, esq., a son.

Nov. 14. At Huddersfield, the wife of the Rev. W. Owen, a dau.

Nov. 15. At Malta, the Hon. Mrs. Bayford Butler, a son.

At Westbury-on-Severn, Gloucestershire, the wife of the Rev. C. J. Jones, a son.

At Raydon, Suffolk, the wife of the Rev. J. W. Tomkin, a dau.

Nov. 16. At Herne Bay, the wife of the Rev. T. Blandford, a son.

In Hans-place, the wife of Capt. E. R. Fremantle, R.N., a son.

At East Ogwell, Devon, the wife of the Rev. F. J. Taylor, a son.

Nov. 17. At Grantchester, the wife of E. C. Clark, esq., barrister-at-law, a dau.

At Rock Mount, Chester, the wife of the Rev. F. Davies, M.A., R.N., a dau.

At Glencarnock, Torquay, the wife of Major-Gen. Sir G. Macgregor, K.C.B., a son.

At Wapley, Gloucestershire, the wife of the Rev. W. W. Gibbon, a son.

Nov. 18. At Southsea, the wife of Lieut. W. H. Hall, R.N., a dau.

At Cheltenham, the wife of Lieut.-Col. W. C. Rich, M.S.C., a son.

At Bedford, the wife of the Rev. M. F. Saddler, a dau.

At Loddiswell, Devon, the wife of the Rev. H. Townend, a son.

Nov. 19. At Southsea, the wife of the Rev. W. Bell, R.N., a son.

At Great Chishall, Essex, the wife of the Rev. H. H. Hastie, a son.

At St. Mary's, Bedford, Middlesex, the wife of Major Read, a dau.

At Howick, Northumberland, the wife of the Rev. W. C. Streatfeild, a son.

Nov. 20. At Dogmersfield, Hampshire, the wife of the Rev. C. Foot, a son.

At Lynton, Devon, the wife of the Rev. W. L. Lawson, a son.

At Stroud, the wife of the Rev. C. Poynder, a dau.

At Bathford, Bath, the wife of Major Preston, 28th Regt., a son.

At Carlsruhe, the Paroness de Riederer, a dau.

At Edinburgh, the wife of I. E. Swinton, esq., of Swinton Bank, a dau.

Nov. 21. At Dartmouth, the wife of Capt. J. Corbett, R.N., a son.

At St. Andrew's, Fifeshire, the wife of Major Dangerfield, R.A., a dau.

At Ledbury, Herefordshire, the wife of the Rev. W. H. Lambert, a son.

In York-street, Portman-square, the wife of Capt. B. L. Nevinson (late 4th Hussars), a son.

At Stuston, Norfolk, the Hon. Mrs. Edwd. Paget, a son.

Nov. 22. At Bradford-on-Avon, Wilts, the wife of the Rev. J. C. Thring, a dau.

Nov. 23. At Shireoaks, the wife of the Rev. E. Hawley, a dau.

Nov. 24. At Albury, the wife of Sir G. Hewett, bart., twin daus.

In Eaton-place, the Hon. Mrs. Milles, a son.

At Penzance, the wife of the Rev. A. Biddell, a son.

At Chedburgh, the wife of the Rev. H. K. Creed, a dau.

At Cheltenham, the wife of De Courcy P. Dashwood, esq., a dau.

At Shinfield Grove, Reading, the wife of the Rev. G. Hulme, a son.

At Rochester, the wife of Capt. H. Lloyd, R.N., a dau.

At Pyrford, Surrey, the wife of the Rev. T. M. Ridsdale, a son.

Nov. 25. At Dublin, the wife of W. S. Pakenham, esq., a son.

At Dursley, Gloucestershire, the wife of Col. Purnell, C.B., a dau.

At Chobham House, Bagshot, the wife of H. W. Saunders, esq., a son.

In Albion-street, Hyde-park, the wife of Capt. Sergison, 4th Hussars, a son.

At Edinburgh, the wife of Lieut.-Col. Unwin, 6th Regt., a son.

At Eastbourne, Sussex, the wife of the Rev. James R. Wood, a dau.

Nov. 26. At Ashdown-park, Berks, the Countess of Craven, a dau.

In Somerset-street, Portman-square, the wife of Capt. H. R. Bradford, B.S.C., a dau.

In Sussex-square, Hyde-park, the wife of W. Nicholson, esq., M.P., a son.

At Caddington, the wife of the Rev. T. Prescott, a dau.

In Hans-place, the wife of the Rev. H. Sandham, M.A., a son.

In Craven-hill-gardens, Hyde-park, the wife of the Rev. W. G. Wrightson, a dau.

Nov. 27. At Winterbourn, Bristol, the wife of the Rev. F. Burges, a son.

At West Ilsley, the wife of the Rev. W. Chambers, a dau.

At Bournemouth, the wife of the Rev. F. J. Jameson, a son.

At Wyke-Regis, Weymouth, the wife of Major Swaffield, a son.

At Stanway, Colchester, the wife of J. H. Walford, esq., of Foxborough, Natal, a son.

Nov. 28. At Chardstock, the wife of the Rev. J. G. Brine, a son.

At Shaftesbury House, Kensington, the Hon. Mrs. Hubert Dormer, a dau.

In Gloucester - crescent, Hyde-park, Mrs. Adolphus Jerningham, a son.

The wife of the Rev. R. H. Tuck, vicar of Ringwood, a dau.

Nov. 29. The Hon. Mrs. Hallyburton Campbell, a dau.

At Grosmont, Yorkshire, the wife of the Rev. J. Bailey, a dau.

At Coventry, the wife of the Rev. H. V. H. Cowell, B.A., a dau.

At Glynn, Bodmin, the wife of Major Grylls, a dau.

At Trinity Parsonage, Bow-road, the wife of the Rev. F. S. Lea, a dau.

At Holme Eden, Carlisle, the wife of the Rev. T. Phillips, a dau.

At St. Leonard's-on-Sea, the wife of G. Sowerby, esq., jun., a son.

Nov. 30. At Eastgate, Tenterden, the wife of the Rev. S. C. Tress Beale, a son and heir.

At Edinburgh, the wife of J. Craster, esq., of Craster Tower, a son.

At Gloucester, the wife of the Rev. J. Cuming, a son.

At Dover, the wife of Major Godby, R.A., a son.

At Southampton, the wife of Capt. G. Sandford, R.E., a dau.

Dec. 1. At Latchmere House, Ham-common, S.W., the Viscountess Harberton, a son and heir.

At Scarborough, the wife of the Rev. R. F. L. Blunt, a son.

At East Hothly, Sussex, the wife of H. T. Clements, esq., a dau.

At Edinburgh, the wife of Major Crombie, late 72nd Highlanders, a son.

At Plymouth, the wife of Capt. Mackay Heriot, R.M.L.I., a dau.

At Chigwell, Essex, the wife of H. S. King, esq., a dau.

At Cambridge, the wife of P. W. Latham, esq., M.D., a son.

At Upper Norwood, the wife of S. J. Musson, esq., of Barbadoes, a dau.

At Richmond, Surrey, the wife of Major G. D. Pritchard, R.E., a dau.

At South Penge, the wife of the Rev. T. S. Scott, a son.

At Newcastle Emlyn, the wife of Capt. J. Stewart, late Madras Artillery, a dau.

Dec. 2. At Greenfield, Presteigne, the wife of Capt. F. Corbett, a dau.

At Norwich, the wife of Capt. Harry Marshall, a dau.

At Richmond, the wife of the Rev. H. D. Pearson, a son.

In Orsett-terrace, Hyde-park, the wife of R. H. Smith, esq., barrister-at-law, a son.

Dec. 3. At Southsea, the wife of Capt. Knox, V.C., a dau.

Dec. 4. At Sudbury, the Hon. Mrs. Fredk. Anson, a son.

At Sustead, Norfolk, the wife of the Rev. H. C. Fisher, a son.

At Moneygall, King's Co., the wife of Major W. H. Gresson, 65th Regt., a dau.

At Knightsbridge, the wife of the Rev. A. Majendie, a dau.

At Dover, the wife of Capt. Pocklington, 5th Fusiliers, a son.

In Cambridge-terrace, Hyde-park, the wife of the Rev. G. F. Prescott, a son.

At Morton House, Oswestry, the wife of Col. R. White, late 17th Lancers, a dau.

Dec. 5. At Bonjedward House, Jedburgh, the wife of Vice-Admiral the Hon. C. Elliot, a son.

In Chapel-street, Belgrave-square, the Hon. Mrs. Douglas Pennant, a dau.

At Barton Abbey, Oxon, the wife of S. Majendie Brown, esq., a dau.

At Plumstead, Kent, the wife of Capt. A. D. Burnaby, R.A., a son.

At Heckfield, the wife of the Rev. J. Chataway, a dau.

At Sydney College, Bath, the wife of the Rev. W. R. Smith, a dau.

At South Ormsby, Lincolnshire, the wife of the Rev. J. R. Turing, a dau.

Dec. 6. At Sevenoaks, the wife of the Rev. H. Benson, a son.

At L'Espérance Villa, Jersey, the wife of Capt. W. Ross Fuller, a dau.

At Devonport, the wife of the Rev. J. Metcalfe, a dau.

At Clungunford, Salop, the wife of the Rev. T. Owen Roocke, a son.

Dec. 7. At Borley, Essex, the wife of the Rev. H. D. E. Bull, a dau.

At Dunsby, Lincolnshire, the wife of the Rev. G. W. Keightley, a dau.

At Curzon Park, Chester, the wife of Alexander Murray, esq., a son.

Dec. 8. In Eaton-place, the Lady Jane Taylor, a dau.

At Rock Ferry, Cheshire, the wife of E. S. Braddyll, esq., a dau.

At Croydon, the wife of the Rev. T. L. N. Causton, a son.

At Bath, the wife of the Rev. A. L. Foulkes, a son.

At Alnners, Chertsey, the wife of the Rev. B. Hichens, a dau.

At Whitley Beaumont, Yorkshire, the wife of E. A. Leatham, esq., a dau.

At Hendford, Yeovil, the wife of the Rev. Arthur Newman, a son.

At Uffington, Stamford, the wife of the Rev. F. I. Ramsden, a son.

At Foston Hall, York, the wife of J. R. Walker, esq., a dau.

Dec. 9. At Dawlish, the wife of Capt. W. R. Scott-Adams, a dau.

At Eastington Lodge, Gloucestershire, the wife of C. H. Hooper, esq., a son.

At Oldway, Devon, the wife of J. F. Tottenham, esq., Commander R.N., a dau.

Dec. 10. At Lewisham, the wife of Lieut. F. C. H. Clarke, R.A. a son.

At Empshott, Hants, the wife of the Rev. T. Clement, a son.

At Heathfield House, Freshwater, the wife of Commander C. G. F. Knowles, R.N., a dau.

In Hertford-street, Mayfair, the wife of Capt. Herbert Locock, R.E., a dau.

Dec. 11. At Ewell, Surrey, the wife of the Rev. Sir G. L. Glyn, bart., a son.

At Arden House, Warwickshire, the wife of Major Dartnell, 27th Regt., a dau.

At Dundas Castle, the wife of H. Dundas, esq., a dau.

At Barkby Hall, co. Leicester, the wife of C. R. Fenwick, esq., a son.

At Sullington, the wife of G. C. Carew-Gibson, esq., a son.

At Montrose, the wife of Capt. M. S. Pasley, a dau.

At Folkstone, the wife of Col. Rotton, R.A., a son.

At Priestgate, Peterborough, the wife of the Rev. E. Templeman, a son.

Dec. 12. In Hyde-park-square, the wife of C. M. Griffith, esq., barrister-at-law, a dau.

At Warminster, Wilts, the wife of D'Arcy H. Preston, esq., a dau.

At Holdfast, the wife of the Rev. E. H. M. Stone, a son.

Dec. 13. At Farmborough, the wife of the Rev. F. B. Lord, a dau.

At Blythfield, Inverness, the wife of Capt. C. W. Wilson, R.E., a son.

At Roxeth Villa, Harrow-on-the-Hill,

the wife of Commander P. H. Colomb, R.N., a son.

Dec. 14. At Pulham, Norfolk, the wife of the Rev. L. R. Henslow, a dau.

In Lansdowne-road, Kensington, the wife of D. J. K. Macdonald, esq., of Sanda, Argyleshire, a son.

Dec. 15. At Clapham-common, the wife of the Rev. R. B. Girdlestone, M.A., a son.

At Balderton Hall, Newark, the wife of T. S. Godfrey, esq., a son.

At Gillibrand Hall, Lancashire, the wife of Henry Woods, esq., M.P., a dau.

At The Dana, Shrewsbury, the wife of the Rev. E. J. Holloway, a dau.

At Shelton, Notts, the wife of the Rev. J. C. Jones, M.A., a son.

At Reading, the wife of Major W. O'Bryen Taylor, a dau.

Dec. 16. At Weston-super-Mare, the wife of the Hon. W. L. Holmes a'Court, a son.

At Carlisle, the wife of the Rev. G. F. Head, a dau.

At Ringstead, Norfolk, the wife of the Rev. W. L. Hussey, a dau.

At Balcombe, Sussex, the wife of Lieut.-Col. Sarel, 17th Lancers, a son.

At Marlborough-hill, N.W., the wife of Major Wieland, a dau.

MARRIAGES.

Oct. 3, 1867. At Wellington, N.Z., Lowther Broad, esq., Resident Magistrate and Warden of Gold Fields, Arrowtown, Otago, to Isabella Mary, second dau. of H. Bunny, esq., M.G.A.

Oct. 12. At Fyzabad, Bengal, Lieut. D. R. Clarke, B.S.C., to Mary, eldest dau. of Col. J. S. D. Tulloch, B.S.C.

At Buenos Ayres, Capt. Stephen Winthrop, second son of the Rev. B. Winthrop, of Hardenhuish-park, Wilts, to Louisa Dolores Jacoba, eldest dau. of J. Heath, esq.

Oct. 16. At Umballah, India, Cæsar Richard Hawkins, B.C.S., son of the Provost of Oriel College, Oxford, to Alice M. F. Perkins, dau. of Major E. Norman Perkins, B.S.C.

Oct. 17. At St. Kilda, Melbourne, the Hon. James McCulloch, Chief Secretary of Victoria, to Margaret, only dau. of the late W. Inglis, esq., of Walfat, co. Dum-barton.

At Hongkong, Thomas Wood, Lieut. R.A., to Alice Mary, eldest dau. of T. W. Kinder, esq., Capt. 3rd W. York Militia.

Oct. 21. At Fort William, Bengal, Major Mark Edward Currie, second son of Sir F. Currie, bart., to Catherine Louisa, only dau. of the late Major-Gen. H. M. Graves.

Oct. 23. At Mussoorie, India, J. H. Fisher, esq., B.C.S., son of the Rev. G. H. Fisher, of Bentley Hall, Staffordshire, to Julia, widow of Alworth Merewether, esq., and dau. of Major H. C. Talbot.

Oct. 29. At Poona, A. C. Trevor, esq., C.S., to Florence Mary, second dau. of Major Prescott.

Oct. 31. At Montreal, R. J. Wyrley Birch, Capt. 30th Regt., second son of G. Wyrley Birch, esq., of Wretham, Norfolk, to Catherine Leonard Margaret, second dau. of the late Alex. Home Vass, esq.

Nov. 2. At Suampore, Lieut.-Col. Hugh Rowlands, V.C., to Isabella Jane Barrow, youngest dau. of the late T. J. Raikes Barrow, esq., R.N., of Ryelands, Gloucestershire.

Nov. 4. At Poona, Theodore Methuen Ward, Lieut. B.S.C., to Augusta Eliza, eldest dau. of Lieut.-Col. C. A. Moyle, B.S.C.

Nov. 5. At Quebec, Francis Gerald Lees, esq., late Lieut. 25th King's Own Borderers, only surviving son of George Lees, esq., of Werneth, co. Lancaster, to Sophia Charlotte, only dau. of A. J. Maxham, esq.

Nov. 8. Capt. Duncan Littlejohn, to Maria, dau. of Benjamin Wood, esq.

Nov. 12. At Bombay, Capt. Wallace W. Benson, R.A., to Emily Ross, youngest dau. of the Col. W. Anderson, 51st B.N.I.

Nov. 14. At Swansea, George Grant, second son of Major Francis, of Cae Bailey, Swansea, to Marian Bath, second dau. of the late E. Osler, esq., of Swansea.

At Grasmere, the Rev. E. W. Gilbert, M.A., incumbent of Falinge, Lancashire, to Amelia, third dau. of W. Ross, esq., of Pendleton.

At Buxton, G. Poulett Scrope, esq., to Margaret Elizabeth, third dau. of T. J. Savage, esq.

Nov. 15. At Jersey, Major Daunt, M.S.C., to Charlotte Isabella, only dau. of J. M. Craigie, esq.

Nov. 16. At St. Saviour's, St. George's-square, Capt. Arthur Willoughby Crewe Read, B.S.C., to Helen, second dau. of the late Capt. W. Broughton, R.N.

At Southampton, Henry, late Capt. 5th Lancers, only son of the Rev. E. Timson, of Tatchbury Mount, Southampton, to Sarah Anne, youngest dau. of J. R. Ware, esq.

Nov. 20. At Hedenham, Norfolk, the

Rev. R. M. Marshall, M.A., to Edith, eldest dau. of Sir S. W. Baker, of Hedenham Hall.

At Shandon, Dumbartonshire, John M. Martin, younger, of Auchendennan, Dumbartonshire, to Isabella, second dau. of J. Jamieson, esq.

At Dublin, Major Owen Tudor Burne, to the Hon. Evelyne Browne, youngest dau. of Lord Kilmaine.

At Tunbridge Wells, Robert Gurney, son of J. Gurney Hoare, esq., of Cromer, to Annie, dau. of the Rev. E. Hoare, incumbent of Trinity Church, Tunbridge-Wells.

At New Brompton, Chatham, George Stevens Nash, Lieut. R.M.L.I., to Alice Raisbeck, second dau. of the Rev. J. S. Robson, M.A.

At Wardington, Oxon, William Frewin Thompson, esq., M.A., to Eleanor, eldest dau. of the Rev. Charles Walters.

At Clarina, Limerick, John Wright, Capt. 106th Regt., to Sarah McDowall, dau. of Major-General Stockley, of Carrig Beg, Limerick.

Nov. 21. At Montreal, William Henry Benyon, esq., 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, to Bessie Rea, eldest dau. of Andrew Allan, esq., of Montreal.

At Brighton, George Broom, esq., of Wargrave, Berks, to Evelyn Margaret, second dau. of J. White, esq., M.P.

At East Thorpe, the Rev. Cosmo Spenser Gordon, vicar of Messing, Essex, to Mary Matilda, eldest dau. of the Rev. G. C. Bowles, rector of East Thorpe.

At Bromham, Wilts, Lieut.-Col. Horatio H. Morant, late 68th Regt., to Katharine Selina, only child of Frances Locke, esq., of Rowdeford, Wilts.

At Folkestone, the Rev. Baker Morrell, second son of Frederick Morrell, esq., of Blackhall, Oxford, to Edith Francis, eldest dau. of the late J. D. Brett, esq.

At Stockport, George Henry Philips, esq., of Abbey Cwm Hir, Radnorshire, to Anna Theophila, fifth dau. of the Rev. C. K. Prescott, rector of Stockport.

At the Oratory, Brompton, Gerard Roope, esq., barrister-at-law, to Alice Catherine, youngest dau. of the late E. Tegart, esq.

Nov. 26. At Exmouth, Sir J. F. Davis, bart., K.C.B., to Lucy Ellen, eldest dau. of Rev. T. J. Roewe, vicar of Exmouth.

At St. Stephen's, Westbourne-park, Frederick J. Earle, esq., M.D., Indian Medical Service, to Edith Louisa, only surviving dau. of Lieut.-Col. Carruthers, Madras Army.

At Maidenhead, Henry Scott Gresley, esq., son of the Rev. W. Gresley, to Jane

Charlotte, dau. of the late Rev. A. Drummond, rector of Charlton, Kent.

At Hollington, Hastings, Capt. W. E. Smith, of Hythe, to Mary Ann, second dau. of A. Luard Wollaston, esq., of Hollington.

At Dudley, the Rev. J. Kirby Turner, M.A., vicar of Stalmine, Lancashire, to Theresa Caroline, eighth dau. of the Rev. Dr. Browne, vicar of Dudley.

Nov. 27. At Doncaster, Alfred Parkin, esq., solicitor, to Hannah Maria, eldest dau. of J. Elwis, esq., of Doncaster.

At Aberdeen, F. G. Sherlock, Capt. 72nd Highlanders, to Edith Shaw, youngest dau. of Col. T. Lumsden, C.B.

Nov. 28. At Wimpole, Cambs, Commander the Hon. Victor A. Montagu, R.N., second son of the Earl of Sandwich, to the Lady Agneta Yorke, youngest dau. of the Earl of Hardwicke.

At Dublin, William Charles Forbes, Lieut. 92nd Highlanders, eldest son of W. N. Forbes, esq., of Dunnotter, N.B., to Rhoda Kathleen, younger dau. of W. McKay, esq., of Dublin.

At Keithcock House, Forfarshire, the Rev. Frederic Graeme Littlecot, to Annie, dau. of the late Major-Gen. Cunningham, of Newton, Perthshire.

At Beuggen Castle, on the Rhine, the Rev. C. H. Rappard, Missionary in Alexandria, to Dora, second dau. of the Right Rev. the Anglican Bishop of Jerusalem.

At Tenby, Augustus Henry Webb, esq., R.N., second son of the Rev. J. B. Peplow, of Garnstone, Herefordshire, to Frances Capel, second dau. of Col. Curtis, C.B.

Nov. 30. At St. George's, Hanover-square, Robert H. S. Campbell, esq., son of the late Sir Robt. Campbell, bart., to Agnes Mary, widow of Major Johnson Phillott, H.E.I.C.S.

At Kilburn, the Rev. Hugh Reginald Harris, M.A., incumbent of St. James's, Marylebone, to Mary Eliza Joy, dau. of the late T. F. Joy, esq.

At Willesden, the Rev. Compton Reade, vicar of Cassington, to Emma, eldest dau. of the late H. R. S. Waring, esq., of Crossbeck Hall, Yorkshire.

Dec. 3. At Edinburgh, Capt. Robert Cadell, B.S.C., to Georgina, youngest dau. of R. Mackay, esq., W.S.

At St. Michael's, Chester-square, F. Steuart Chapman, esq., B.C.S., to Mary Charlotte, third dau. of E. Macnaghten, esq.

At Haverhill, Suffolk, the Rev. O. P. Halstee, rector of Scot Willoughby, Lincolnshire, to Alicia Mary, youngest dau. of the Rev. R. Roberts, vicar of Haverhill.

At High Harrogate, Lieut. F. Mills

Harris, 35th Regt., to Annie Harriette, third daa. of W. Short, esq., of Harrogate.

Dec. 4. At Hurley, Berks, the Rev. F. T. Wethered to Mary Josephine, eldest dau. of J. Bonsor, esq.

Dec. 5. At St. Leonard's-on-Sea, Robert Andrew Allison, esq., of Scaleby Hall, Cumberland, to Laura Alicia, youngest dau. of the late J. M. Atkinson, esq.

At Ayr, Thomas Bruce, esq., of Arnot, to Margaret Jane, sixth dau. of the late A. W. Hamilton, esq.

At Halifax, Nova Scotia, the Rev. Alfred Earle, M.A., only son of the late W. Earle, esq., of Hungershall Park, Tunbridge-Wells, to Alice Margaret, third dau. of G. C. Harvey, esq., of Bermuda.

At Ystradgunlais, the Rev. Robert Gwilt, of Icklingham, Suffolk, to Constance Gwennlian Harriet, eldest dau. of R. D. Gough, esq., of Ynisedwyn.

At South Shields, the Rev. John Hays, M.A., rector of Navenby, Lincolnshire, to Sarah Hannah, eldest dau. of R. Hansell Bell, esq.

At Copsewood, co. Limerick, George Purdon, R.N., of Tinerana, co. Clare, to Annie, only dau. of the late Gen. J. Caulfeild.

At St. Ann's, Stamford-hill, Owen Roberts, esq., M.A., barrister-at-law, to Jane Margaret, third dau. of Rowland Stagg, esq.

Dec. 10. At St. James's, Piccadilly, J. Evans, late Capt. Inniskilling Dragoons, and second son of S. Evans, esq., of Darley Abbey, Derby, to Lucy Jane, dau. of A. D. Hamilton, esq., of Gorepit, Essex.

At St. John's, Paddington, Capt. Burchall Helme, of Broadfield Court, Herefordshire, to Mary, elder dau. of the late T. Hodgson, esq.

At Long Ditton, Surrey, the Rev. M. Weston Moggridge, elder son of M. Moggridge, esq., of Woodfield, Monmouthshire, to Edith, younger dau. of the Rev. J. T. Giffard.

At Kill, co. Dublin, Charles Stewart, esq., barrister-at-law, to Eliza Jane, youngest dau. of C. Copland, esq., of Monkstown, co. Dublin.

At Grappenhall, Edward Townshend, esq., son of L. P. Townshend, of Winsham Hall, Cheshire, to Alicia Jane, dau. of T. Poor, esq., of Grappenhall Heyes.

At Ealing, the Rev. Main Swete Alexander Walrond, second son of the late T. Walrond, esq., of Calder Park, Lanarkshire, to Fanny Mina, third dau. of J. Marston, esq., of Ealing.

Dec. 11. At Longformacus House, Berwickshire, the Rev. Daniel Cameron, M.A., to Elizabeth Waller Doling, eldest dau. of F. S. Brown, esq., of Glugar, Penang.

At St. John's Manor, Jersey, Thomas Henry Pickering, esq., youngest son of the late F. Pickering, esq., of Millmount, co. Dublin, to Florence Elizabeth Mary, eldest dau. of F. J. Le Couteur, esq., and granddaughter of the late Sir C. E. Carrington.

Dec. 12. At Heavitree, Exeter, Arthur Armitage, esq., of The Glen, Surrey, only son of the Rev. B. Armitage, vicar of Peterchurch, Hereford, to Emily Grace, eldest dau. of F. D. L. Hirtzel, esq., of Exeter.

At Weobley, Herefordshire, the Rev. G. F. Hose, M.A., Colonial Chaplain at Malacca, to Emily Harriet, second dau. of the late J. Kerbey, esq., H.E.I.C.S.

At Stirling, Capt. E. W. Shaw, Madras Army, to Jane Isabella, dau. of the late J. Houldsworth, esq., of Cranstounhill.

At Alfreton, Derbyshire, G. A. B. D. Hackett, esq., of Moor Hall, Warwickshire, to Adela, second dau. of C. R. Palmer Morewood, esq., of Alfreton Park.

At Doncaster, Major L. Paxton, M.S.C., to Mary Norman, third dau. of the late Rev. W. Stoddart, M.A., vicar of Arksey.

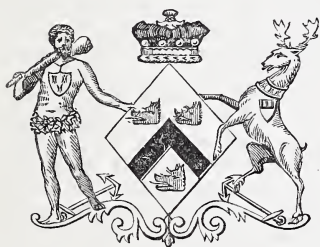
Dec. 14. At St. George's, Hanover-square, Major A. M. Mackenzie, B.S.C., to Louise Marion Frances, eldest dau. of the late Rev. W. Colville, rector of Baylham, Suffolk.

Dec. 15. At Elvaston, Derbyshire, James Penrose, eldest son of J. T. Ingham, esq., of Sugwas Court, Herefordshire, to the Lady Caroline Marguerite Stanhope, eldest dau. of the Earl of Harrington.

Obituary Memoirs.

Emori nolo ; sed me mortuum esse nihil æstimo.—*Epicharmus.*

[*Relatives or Friends supplying Memoirs are requested to append their Addresses, in order to facilitate correspondence.*]



BARONESS NAIRNE.

Nov. 12, 1867. At Paris, aged 79, the Right Hon. Margaret Mercer Elphinstone de Flahault, Baroness Nairne, in the peerage of Scotland, Baroness Keith, of Stonehaven Marischal, in the peerage of Ireland, and Baroness Keith, of Banheath, co. Dumbarton, in the peerage of the United Kingdom.

Her Ladyship was the elder daughter of George Keith, Viscount and 1st Lord Keith (an admiral in the Royal Navy, who was raised to the peerage in recompense of his services in the capture of the Cape of Good Hope), by his first wife, Jane, eldest daughter and co-heir of Col. William Mercer, of Aldie and Meikleour, co. Perth (who was grandson of Lord William Murray, 2nd Lord Nairne). She was born, June 12, 1788, and succeeded to the barony of Keith on the death of her father in 1823, and to that of Nairne on the decease of her kinsman William, Lord Nairne, in 1837.

Her Ladyship was the friend and confidante of the Princess Charlotte of Wales, and was in after years, as Madame de Flahault, Ambassadress of France at Rome and Vienna, and for a short time at the Court of St. James's. She was married, July 18, 1817, to Auguste Charles Joseph, Comte de Flahault de la Billardrie, who survives her, a distinguished French officer and diplomatist, formerly aide-de-camp to Napoleon I., and lately Ambas-

sador to England from Napoleon III. By that union her Ladyship had issue five daughters, of whom two survive—viz., Emily Jane, Marchioness of Lansdowne, and the Hon. Georgiana Gabrielle Elphinstone de Flahault. Lady Keith dying without male issue, the two baronies of Keith become extinct, whilst the Barony of Nairne passes to her elder daughter, Emily, Marchioness of Lansdowne, widow of Sir Henry Petty Fitz-Maurice, K.G., fourth Marquis of Lansdowne. The Marchioness's son is Henry Charles Keith, 5th and present Marquis of Lansdowne. The Baroness Keith just deceased, was stepdaughter of Hester Maria, Viscountess Keith, the eldest daughter of Dr. Johnson's friends, Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, and the second wife of Admiral Viscount Keith. The deceased was buried in the family vault near to Tulliallan Castle, co. Perth, the funeral being strictly private.

THE BISHOP OF TORONTO.



Nov. 1. At Toronto, aged 89, the Right Rev. John Strachan, Lord Bishop of Toronto.

The deceased was a native of Aberdeen, where he was born on the 12th of April, 1778, and at an early age was sent to the grammar-school of that city. In 1793 he entered King's College, in which he subsequently took the degree of M.A. Shortly afterwards he removed to the neighbourhood of St. Andrew's, at which university he attended divinity lectures, with the view of entering upon the ministry of the Presbyterian Church, with which he was for many years connected. Through the death of his father, his mother and two sisters became dependent on him for support, and learning that a master

was required for the parish school at Kettle, he, with several others, made application for the appointment. Mr. Strachan was at this time only nineteen years of age, but so creditably did he pass through the ordeal of examination, that he obtained the office. About this period Governor Simcoe, of Upper Canada, had conceived the design of establishing a university and grammar-schools in the province, and Mr. Strachan, who had taken a high stand in natural philosophy while at Aberdeen, was nominated to organise and establish them. He accepted the appointment, and in 1799 sailed for Canada. On arriving there, however, he found to his intense disappointment that Governor Simcoe had left the country, and that the idea of a university was given up. Acting under the suggestion of the Hon. Mr. Cartwright, he for about three years took charge of a few pupils, and having during that period devoted his leisure hours to the study of divinity, finally determined to seek for orders in the English Church. He was ordained deacon in 1803 by the Bishop of Quebec, and in the following year was admitted to priest's orders by the same prelate, and appointed to the parish of Cornwall, a small village on the St. Lawrence. Here he continued for nine years, conducting at the same time the grammar-school which he had established. In 1812 he was appointed rector of Toronto (then called York), and in 1818 he was made by royal warrant an Executive Councillor, and also a member of the Legislative Council.

"It is impossible," says the *Guardian*, "to estimate the benefits he conferred on the country through his labours in the cause of education. He established common schools throughout the province, and through his exertions a statute was passed establishing twenty grammar-schools, where a good classical education might be obtained. In 1827, through his labours, 500,000 acres of land were granted for the endowment of a university, which after many years' hard fighting he succeeded in establishing. But the fact that there was a Professor of Divinity in it, and divine service according to the usage of the Church of England, was to the Dissenters like Mordecai at the gate to Haman. A vigorous crusade was commenced, and in a few years the Church was expelled from her walls. But it is a remarkable fact that though the university was in hands

hostile to the Church and moulded to their will, now, after the lapse of a few years, every professor in it is a member of the English Church, with one exception. Most men at seventy-two years of age would have now given up the struggle, but the Bishop determined to establish a second university. He issued a stirring address to the laity, which was heartily responded to, and then proceeded to England, where, after surmounting great difficulties, he obtained a royal charter and a large amount of subscriptions. Trinity College is the noble result of his labours, and to him Toronto is indebted for her two universities."

In 1839, on the erection of Toronto into an episcopal see, Dr. Strachan was consecrated Bishop, and held it until the time of his death. He was the author of several works on emigration, and his journals of visitation contain much interesting information in reference to the Church in Canada. The Bishop married, in 1809, Ann Wood, relict of Andrew McGill, Esq., by whom (who died in 1865) he has left issue. His only surviving son, James McGill, formerly Capt. 68th Regt., married, in 1844, Augusta, dau. of the late Sir J. R. Robinson, Bart., President of the Court of Appeal of Upper Canada.

ARCHBISHOP PHILARETE.

Dec. 1. At Moscow, aged 83, The Most Reverend Philarete Drozdoff, Archbishop of Moscow.

The deceased was born in 1784. He entered the service of the Church in 1808, became Archbishop of Moscow in 1821, and was raised to the dignity of Metropolitan in 1826, by Nicholas, on the occasion of his coronation. Philarete was a most assiduous preacher, and his printed sermons have had a very wide circulation, and are regarded with great reverence by the members of the Orthodox Church. For more than half a century he has almost lived in the pulpit, and as it was his custom, we are told, to prepare a new sermon every time he preached, the total of his compositions must be something enormous. Since about 1814 he was for many years the preacher selected upon the occasion of all the great imperial *fêtes*. The personal friend of Alexander I., whose strong religious sentiments are well known in this country, he was able

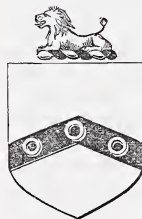
to retain his influence undiminished under succeeding sovereigns, and no great national solemnity was deemed complete without a sermon from the Archbishop of Moscow. At consecrations of churches and similar occasions his services were as eagerly sought as those of the most popular preaching bishop among ourselves.

The Archbishop, in 1811, published some sermons; and in 1813 he printed a funeral oration on the death of Prince Golenischeff-Kontousoff. In 1814 appeared his first political sermon, called "The Voice of Him that crieth in the Wilderness." This discourse appears to have established his fame as a preacher. About the same time he published "An Examination of the Moral Causes of the Surprising Successes of Russia in the War of 1812," and a commentary on the 67th Psalm. These works were followed in 1815 by "Dialogues between a Sceptic and a Believer on the Orthodox Greco-Russian Church." Next year came out a much more ambitious work, entitled "A Sketch of Ecclesiastico-Biblical History," and another called "Notes on the Book of Genesis." This last work it was which procured for him the friendship of Alexander, who gave him the bishopric of Revel. The "Great Catechism" came out in 1826, and since then Philarete's publications have been limited to sermons. He brought out two volumes in 1844, of which a second edition appeared in 1848. A third volume of collected discourses appeared in 1861, and this, we believe, was the Archbishop's last literary effort.

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, in an elaborate notice of the late Archbishop, says:—Philarete's sermons, both in matter and form, much more resemble the best specimens of English pulpit eloquence than those of Romish preachers. His language is chastened to the point of severity, and his discourses are remarkably devoid of appeals to the feelings. The frequency with which Scripture quotations are introduced is another feature in which Philarete's sermons differ strikingly from Romish preachers, and approximate closely to the Anglican fashion. The Archbishop's views appear to have been as nearly as possible identical with those of the early Anglicans, such as Hooker, barring the Eastern reverence for relics, and a belief now and then expressed in the efficacy of prayers to the same. The

doctrine of sacramental grace is assumed, without being much insisted on, as is the Real Presence in the Eucharist, but the Archbishop scarcely believed in transubstantiation. Of Mariolatry there is not a trace, though the Virgin is sometimes spoken of in terms not usual with Protestants, and auricular confession is never enjoined. The Fathers are sometimes quoted, Chrysostom especially; but with this exception the good Archbishop's reading would seem to have been confined very much to his Bible. There is no evidence in his sermons that he knew anything of English or German theological works, or had any appreciation of the great religious crisis which is agitating Western Europe. For all that appears he might have been preaching in "The Ages of Faith," which indeed have hardly yet come to an end in Russia. Personally, the late Archbishop was much beloved and venerated. He was not only pious, but benevolent and affable. He could never be induced to sit for his portrait, even to a photographer; but numerous likenesses, furtively obtained, are in circulation in Russia. From the one prefixed to M. Serpinet's French translation of the sermons, and which seems to have been recently taken, he must have been a man of impressive and venerable aspect. He wore a long flowing beard, as is the custom of Eastern ecclesiastics.

C. G. ROUND, Esq.



Dec. 1. At Birch Hall, Essex, aged 71, Charles Gray Round, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, late M.P. for North Essex, and a Magistrate and Deputy-Lieut. for that county.

The deceased was the eldest son of the late Charles Round, Esq., of Birch Hall (who was one of the Receivers-General of Taxes for Essex, and who died in 1834), by Charlotte, daughter of the late Joseph Green, Esq., of London, and he was born in the year 1797. He was the head and representative of a family long and honourably connected with the county of Essex, his ancestor, Mr. James Round, a citizen of London, having purchased Birch Hall in 1724, and the estate has continued in the family to the present time.

Mr. Round was educated at Winchester, and at Balliol College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. (obtaining a first-class in classics) in 1818, and proceeded M.A. in 1821; he was called to the Bar by the Hon. Society of Lincoln's-inn in 1822. Even as a young man, when he went the Home Circuit, Mr. Round was always regarded as a very able and intelligent lawyer, though not an eloquent pleader; and he was much and deservedly respected in his capacity as Chairman of the Essex Quarter Sessions, a post which he held for some twenty years. As Recorder of Colchester, also, a post which he filled for nearly thirty years, he gave great satisfaction, and was indefatigable in the discharge of its duties. He was also an active magistrate for Essex, and up to about four years since had for some time acted as Treasurer to the County Lunatic Asylum. He was President of the Colchester and East Essex Auxiliary Bible Society, and a warm supporter of most of the religious societies connected with the Church of England. Mr. Round was first returned as member for North Essex at the general election of 1837, in conjunction with Sir John T. Tyrell, the election being uncontested. In 1841 he was again returned, and without a contest, together with Sir J. T. Tyrell; and he continued to hold his seat until the general election of 1847, when he resigned the position of county representative in order to become a candidate for the University of Oxford, where, however, he was unsuccessful, his opponent, the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, being returned by a large majority. In Parliament he supported the Conservative policy of Sir Robert Peel, and in his earlier years he took an active part in the political movements of the country.

The *Ipswich Express* speaks of Mr. Round as one of the "Conservative ten" who were returned to Parliament from Essex in 1841. His cousin, the late Mr. John Round, who was one of the late Sir Robert Peel's staunchest personal friends, through a long period represented Ipswich, and subsequently Maldon for some years, in the Conservative interest.

The deceased gentleman married, in 1838, Emma Sarah, daughter of Major G. Brock, of St. Mary's, Colchester, but having had no issue, his estates pass to his nephew, Mr. James Round, eldest son of

the late Rev. J. T. Round, B.D., rector of St. Nicholas, Colchester, and sometime Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford.—*Law Times*.

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THE HON. H. C. LOWTHER.

Dec. 8. At Barleythorpe, Rutland, aged 77, Col. the Hon. Henry Cecil Lowther, M.P.

The deceased was the second son of William, 1st Earl of Lonsdale, K.G., by Lady Augusta Fane, eldest daughter of John, 9th Earl of Westmoreland. He was born July 27, 1790, and received his early education at Westminster School. He entered the army before he was 17 years old, as cornet in the 7th Hussars. He served in the campaign of 1809 in Spain, under Sir John Moore, and was present at the engagements of Mayorga, Sabagun, and Benevente, and in the retreat to Corunna. He was afterwards present in the campaigns with the Duke of Wellington's army from 1812 to the end of that war in 1814, and was at the investment of Pampeluna, and in several cavalry rencontres in the Pyrenees and South of France, also at the battles of Orthes and Toulouse. In 1815 he served in the 10th Hussars in the campaign of that year and at the capture of Paris. For his military services in the Peninsula he received the silver war medal, with three clasps. The hon. gentleman had been a member of the House of Commons for upwards of half a century, having represented the county of Westmoreland in that assembly since 1812, in consequence of which he has been styled "the father of the House." He was a Conservative of the old school. He was a Dep.-Lieut. for Cumberland and Rutland, and a Magistrate for Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Leicester. In 1830 he was appointed colonel of the Cumberland Militia. He married, May 19, 1817, Lady Eleanor Sherard, eldest daughter of Philip, 5th Earl of Harborough, and by her (who died June 8, 1848) leaves surviving issue two sons and three daughters. He was brother and heir presumptive of the Earl of Lonsdale, a position which is now occupied by his son, Capt. Henry Lowther, M.P. for West Cumberland.

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PROFESSOR DAUBENY, M.D., F.R.S.

Dec. 13. At Oxford, aged 73, Professor Charles Giles Bride Daubeny, M.D., Fel-

low of Magdalen College, and Curator of the Botanical Gardens at Oxford.

The deceased was the younger son of the late Rev. James Daubeny, rector of Stratton, Gloucestershire, by Helena, third daughter of Andrew Daubeny, Esq., of Bristol. He was born at Stratton in 1795, and educated at Winchester College; from thence he went to Magdalen College, where he graduated B.A., obtaining a second class in classics, in 1814, and in 1815 he gained the Latin prize essay given by the Chancellor of the University, the subject being, "In illâ Philosophiæ Parte quæ Moralis dicitur, tractandâ, quænam sit præcipue Aristotelicæ Disciplinæ Virtus?" In due course he obtained a lay fellowship at Magdalen, and having applied himself to the study of medicine obtained the degree of M.D., and for some years practised at Oxford, but, relinquishing his profession in 1829, he devoted himself to the physical sciences, and to chemistry and botany especially. In 1822 he was elected Professor of Chemistry, retaining that office until 1855, when he resigned it, and in 1834 he was appointed to the Professorship of Botany, to which was attached in 1840 the Professorship of Rural Economy, which he held at the time of his death. In 1853-4 he was physical examiner, and up to his decease was senior fellow and prælector of natural philosophy at Magdalen College, and curator of the Botanic Garden. He was a fellow of the Royal Society, a member of the Royal Irish Academy, foreign associate of the Academy of Science of Munich, &c. He took an active part from the time it was originated in the British Association, acting as one of the local secretaries at the second meeting of the society in 1832, which mainly through his instrumentality was held at Oxford, and again when it took place at Bristol in 1836. In 1847 he was one of the vice-presidents when the association met again at Oxford, and in 1856 he filled the office of president at the Cheltenham meeting. He was the author of many valuable works on scientific subjects, all of which were the result of careful observation and patient study, and were distinguished by a depth of thought that gained for them the attention in scientific circles that they so thoroughly merited. Among his best-known contributions to science are—"A Description of Active and Extinct Volcanoes," a

second edition of which was published in 1848; "An Introduction to the Atomic Theory," second edition published in 1850; "Lectures on Roman Agriculture," 1857; and "Lectures on Climate," 1862. Apart from his high scientific attainments, university society has lost in Dr. Daubeny a genial, kindly, warm-hearted member, while he was sufficiently well-known in the city to be missed there also. Now that he is gone to his rest, his memory will be held in deep veneration in the world of science, while at the same time it will be cherished by all those who had the good fortune to be numbered among his friends.

FRANZ BOPP.

Oct. 23. At Berlin, aged 76, Professor Franz Bopp, the eminent grammarian.

Born at Mentz, in 1791, Franz Bopp received the greater portion of his education at Aschaffenburg, where there was an enlightened professor, Windischmann, who early determined or confirmed his pupil's inclination to the study of languages, and especially those of the East. Bopp manifested at an early age an intention to study languages, not for their literature alone or chiefly, but in order to understand their organism,—thus at the very outset of his career, striking the keynote of the most important labours of his later life. He correctly judged that the organism of language could be best detected nearest to the birth of language; and this idea directed him at once to the Sanskrit and Zend, languages of fabulous antiquity, attested by the richness and fullness of their inflexional system. For the prosecution of these studies he went to Paris in 1812, and consumed the next five years of his life in the acquisition of Sanskrit, and reading largely in the great Sanskrit epics, especially the Mahâ-Bhârata, from which he subsequently published several of the most interesting episodes, both in the original and in translations. The length of time spent by a young man of undoubted talent and studious habits in the acquisition of this one language under the instruction of so experienced a guide as A. L. de Chézy, may surprise us; but we must remember *what* the study of Sanskrit then was, before the grammar had been emancipated from the empirical rules of the Indian grammarians; and also that Bopp's

five years' studies gave the Sanskrit grammar in an intelligible and philosophical form, not only to himself, but to the world, through the grammars which he published subsequently (from 1824 to 1834), based on these studies.

In 1816 Bopp published at Frankfurt a short treatise, entitled, "On the System of Conjugation in Sanskrit, compared with that used in Greek, Latin, Persian and German; with accurate Metrical Translations of Episodes of the Rāmâyana and the Mahâ-Bhârata." It was edited by K. J. Windischmann,—whose *imprimatur* was deemed essential to secure sufficient attention to the work of the young scholar. But in this first work Bopp fully initiated the mode of treating languages, which he afterwards expanded further, and certainly never deserted, in his later works, especially in the greatest of these—his "Comparative Grammar."

Bopp removed from Paris and resided in London in 1817, where he made himself so favourably known, that he was asked to contribute the first article (about sixty-five pages) to the "Annals of Oriental Literature," which was established in 1820, and came to an untimely end in the following year. This article was an extension of the one just named, and entitled "Analytical Comparison of the Sanskrit, Greek, and Teutonic Languages, showing the Original Identity of their Grammatical Structure." It is said to have been partly through the credit gained by this paper that he was appointed, in 1821, to an Extraordinary Professorship of Oriental Literature and General Philology at the University of Berlin. This was elevated into an Ordinary Professorship in 1825, and held until his death.

His life thenceforward was outwardly uneventful. He published several Sanskrit Grammars, which showed that as he had been first in the field, at least in the great task of conforming that grammar to European ideas, so he advanced with the stream, and was not left behind by the younger scholars who had started from a point which it had taken him many years to reach. Only last year he published the first part of a third edition of his Sanskrit Glossary, which originally appeared in 1829. The episodes from the great Sanskrit Epics, which are well suited to be textbooks for beginners, have been already mentioned. His many papers, chiefly monographs on the affinities of various

languages, read to the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin, must be mentioned as extremely valuable in themselves, and as proving the constant activity of his mind. His "Comparative Grammar" appeared in six parts between 1833 and 1852. From 1856 to 1861, at an age when he was supposed by some to be past work, Bopp published in three octavo volumes a second "entirely rewritten" ("gänzlich umgearbeitet") edition, in which he added all that the vast progress of knowledge required, and included the comparison of another and very difficult language—the Aramenian.

Bopp was a man of great gentleness and simplicity of character, devoted heart and soul to his special studies, and taking no part, and perhaps little interest, in the world of politics. His speech and manners were so gentle that a stranger would never discover the zeal and force of character which alone could have enabled him to achieve what he did against such difficulties as beset the schemes of his earlier life. Considering the length of his life and his freedom from the distractions of business, he may be held to have written but little. But what he did write was perfect. He never ventured to speak on a subject till his knowledge of it was sound and complete, and then only when he had something new to say. From his writings one would hardly discover that he knew either Persian or Arabic; yet he had mastered these tongues in early life, and, the latter at least, under Silvestre de Sacy. His papers read to the Academy are as well considered and matured treatises as his independent works. He attached himself warmly to his friends, and they were men of intellect, such as A. W. von Schlegel and Baron von Humboldt. The latter was one of his firmest friends. To his remarkable amiability of temper and perfect integrity of character, more than to his fortunate position at Berlin, must be ascribed his happy distinction as one who neither had nor made an enemy. Yet he was a philologist in a country where the *odium philologicum* is often bitterer than elsewhere the *odium theologicum*. Asthma had for years oppressed him, and often rendered his speech scarcely intelligible; yet not till six months before his death did he take rest from the duties of his professorship.

At a meeting of the Philological Society on Nov. 15, Prof. Malden in the chair,

it was resolved that a letter of condolence be sent to the widow of the Professor, who was an hon. member of the society, expressing the profound regret with which the society had heard the news of his death. An obituary notice of Bopp was read by an old pupil of his, R. Martineau, Esq., who, with the late Prof. Siegfried, formed the only members of Bopp's Sanskrit class during one session. Prof. Goldstücker called attention to the fact that the paper which laid the foundation of Bopp's fame was published by him in English, in a Calcutta journal, and was then translated into German.—*Athenæum*.

COUNT TANNEGUY DUCHATEL.

Nov. 6. In Paris, aged 64, the Count Charles Marie Tanneguy Duchatel.

The deceased is said to have been descended from Tannegui du Chatel, the valiant captain of the Armagnacs, sprung from an ancient family settled in Brittany, and known so far back as the 13th century, who followed Louis of Anjou when he set out for the conquest of Naples, and who was afterwards named, by Charles VII., Marshal of Guyenne and Provost of Paris. He was the eldest son of a Councillor of State and Director-General of Registration under the First Empire, who seems to have been a favourite of Napoleon, from whom he got the title of Count, and who was subsequently created Peer of France by Louis Philippe. He was born in Feb. 1803, and after completing his studies for the bar, attached himself to the Liberal party, was one of the founders and writers in the *Globe* newspaper, and published some works on Economy. In one of them, which appeared in 1829, and which, as inculcating the practice of virtue, obtained the Montyon prize from the Academy, he laid down as a maxim, and as the only remedy for the sufferings of the poorer classes, "Labour, Economy, and Prudence in Marriage." He was named Councillor

of State after the Revolution of 1830. In 1833 he was named deputy by the electors of Jonzac (Charente Inférieure) in place of his father, and from the outset of his legislative career supported a Conservative policy. The following year he was chosen by the Chamber Reporter on the Budget presented by the Minister of Finance, and some months later accepted the post of Minister of Commerce and Public Works. He resigned with his colleagues in February, 1836, but resumed office seven months afterwards as Minister of Finance. In 1837 he went out again with M. Guizot, whose political opinions he had adopted, and remained faithful to to the last. He was offered a place in the Cabinet of Count Molé, but declined, and was accepted as one of the leaders of the famous coalition against that Minister. He once more took office in what was called the "Cabinet de Transaction" of May, 1839; again went out in March of the following year, and came in as Minister of the Interior in the Guizot Ministry in October, 1840, in which he continued till the Revolution of February, 1848.

A few days afterwards M. Duchatel quitted France, and remained several months abroad, chiefly in England. Before the end of the year, however, he returned to Paris. He retired altogether from political life, and, master of a fine fortune, had leisure to occupy himself with the fine arts, of which it is said he was an enlightened patron. He was member of the Academy of Moral and Political Science, to which he was elected in 1842, and also of the Academy of Fine Arts. His brother, Napoleon Duchatel, in his youth embraced the military profession, but quitted it in 1830. Through his brother's interest he was elected deputy, and was subsequently named Prefect of the Basses Pyrénées, and of the Haute-Garonne. Through the same interest he was created Peer of France. He also completely disappeared from public life after the Revolution of February.—*Times*.

DEATHS.

ARRANGED IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER.

Aug. 27, 1867. At Hongkong, aged 24, Richd. Sikes Syer, second son of the Rev. W. H. Syer, rector of Kedington, Suffolk.

Sept. 19. Drowned while crossing the Otaki River, Wellington, New Zealand, aged 20, John Oxley Parker, esq. He was the eldest son of John Oxley Parker, esq., of Drinkstone, Suffolk, by Louisa, dau. of Richard Durant, esq., of Sharpham, Devon, and was born in 1848.

Sept. 24. At Gordon Town, Jamaica, aged four months, Grace Alice, dau. of Col. Desborough, R.A.

On board H.M.S. *Investigator*, exploring up the Niger, Trafford Leigh, R.N., third son of the Rev. George Mallory, of Old Hall, Moberley.

Oct. 9. At Libertod, Central America, en route to England, aged 54, Sir Charles Sharpe Kirkpatrick, bart., of Closeburn, co. Dumfries. The deceased was the eldest son of the late Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick, bart., of Closeburn, by Jane, dau. of Charles Sharpe, esq., of Hodham. He was born in 1813, and succeeded, as 6th bart, on the death of his father, in 1844. The deceased is supposed to have been married, and to have left a son, who now succeeds him in the title.

Oct. 10. At Jaffna, Ceylon, Percival Acland Dyke, esq. He was the eldest surviving son of the late Col. Geo. Hart Dyke (who died in 1843), by Louisa, third dau. of Sir W. Lemon, bart., and was for 22 years Governor of the North-West Provinces of Ceylon.

In London, suddenly, of heart disease, William Henry Linfoot, LL.D.

At Shanghai, Jane, wife of Charles A. Winchester, esq., H.B.M.'s Consul.

At Bombay, aged 19, Edgar Kitson, third son of the Rev. E. Kitson Cately, chaplain of Greenwich Hospital.

Nov. 1. At Jamaica, Robert Booth, esq., Asst.-Comy.-Gen., son of the late Rev. R. Booth, rector of Rodmell, Sussex.

Nov. 3. At Broach, E. Indies, the wife of Charles M. Hogg, esq., B.C.S.

At Linethwaite, Cumberland, aged 24, Claudine Elizabeth, wife of Capt. Tulloch, late of the 21st Fusiliers.

Nov. 4. During his passage home from Bombay, on board the s.s. *China*, Charles William Davie, Lieut. 2nd Queen's Royals, and second son of C. C. Davie, esq., of Bishop's Tawton, Barnstaple.

Nov. 9. At Cairo, on her way from Calcutta to England, Marcella Mildred, wife

of Col. C. W. Thompson, 7th Dragoon Guards, and dau. of Hugh Singleton, esq., of Hazelwood, co. Clare.

Nov. 10. Aged 34, Crosbie Ward, esq., of Canterbury, New Zealand, eldest surviving son of the Hon. and Rev. Henry Ward, of Killinchy, co. Down, Ireland.

At Paris, aged 63, William Wilshere, esq., of The Frythe, Welwyn, Herts. He was the eldest surviving son of the late Thomas Wilshere, esq., of Welwyn (who died in 1832), by Lora, dau. of Charles Beaumont, esq., and was born in 1804. He was educated at Wadham Coll., Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1827, was a magistrate for Beds and St. Alban's, and a deputy-lieutenant for Herts, and served as High Sheriff of that county in 1858; he was M.P. for Great Yarmouth, in the Liberal interest, from 1837 to 1847.

Nov. 12. At Florida Manor, co. Down, aged 71, the Rev. Jas. Crawford Gordon.

At Thwaite, Suffolk, aged 67, the Rev. G. W. Kershaw, M.A. He was educated at Worcester Coll., Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1830, and proceeded M.A. in 1833; he was appointed rector of Thwaite in 1841.

At Lewisham, Ann Emma, relict of the late Rev. Francis Morse, rector of Baxterly, Warwickshire.

Nov. 13. In Chapel-street, Grosvenor-square, aged 76, Lieut.-Col. C. Hornby.

In Marlborough-road, St. John's-wood, aged 62, Herbert Lloyd, solicitor, of Wood-street, Cheapside, and Deputy of the Ward of Cripplegate Within.

Nov. 14. At sea, on board the *Douro*, on his passage home from the West Indies, aged 31, Capt. T. A. de Wahl, R.N., late of H.M.S. *Cordelia*. The deceased passed his examination at the Royal Naval College in 1856, and after serving for a few months on board the *Royal George*, was employed in the *Boscawen* at the Cape of Good Hope.

At Ahmedabad, East Indies, on his way to England, aged 53, Col. William Frederick Eden, M.S.C., Agent to the Governor-General for the States of Rajpootana.

In Stanley-street, aged 44, the Rev. Henry Robson. He was educated at University Coll., Durham, where he graduated B.A. in 1843 and proceeded M.A. in 1846; he was afterwards appointed curate of Lowther, Westmoreland.

Nov. 15. At Anchorfield, Dunblane,

Thomas Barty, esq., Procurator Fiscal of the Western District of Perthshire.

At Cheltenham, Eliza Conway, wife of John Belfield, esq., of Primley Hill, Devon. She was the only dau. of Capt. Bridges, R.N., and was married to Mr. Belfield in 1854.

Aged 66, Charles Hamilton, esq., of Kensworth, Herts, a magistrate for that county.

Of bronchitis. Mary Anne, wife of the Rev. H. Bayley Williams, of Pantaven, Carnarvon, and Aldridge, Staffordshire.

At Bath, aged 81, Mr. George Wood. The deceased gentleman was the founder, in 1812, of the *Bath and Cheltenham Gazette*, a paper which he conducted for many years with much spirit and ability. Latterly, Mr. Wood had devoted himself to the service of many of the benevolent and religious societies of the city in which he had so long resided, and by the inhabitants of which he was universally respected.

At Avignon, after a few days' severe illness, William Trench Johnson, eldest son of the Archdeacon of Ferns.

Nov. 16. Aged 47, William John Ffolkes, esq. He was the second son of the late Sir W. Browne Ffolkes, bart., of Hillington Hall, Norfolk, by Charlotte, dau. of D. G. Browne, esq., of Castle McGarrett, Ireland, and was born in 1820.

Aged 79, Mr. William Stopford Kenny, well-known by his educational works in English and other modern languages.

Nov. 17. At Arkendale, Yorkshire, aged 67, the Rev. George Creighton, incumbent. He was educated at St. Bees' Theological Coll., and was appointed incumbent of Arkendale in 1845.

At Brighton, aged 52, Henry Corser, esq., solicitor, of Stourbridge.

At Leamington, aged 77, Harriet, relict of Stephen Major, esq., of Milltown, co. Longford, and only surviving child of the late Rev. J. Bigsby, M.A., rector of St. Peter's, Nottingham.

At Brompton, aged 49, Lieut.-Col. Edmund Robert William Wingfield Yates.

Nov. 18. Agatha, wife of the Rev. C. Gooch, of Toppesfield, Essex.

At Woodsville, Edinburgh, aged 23, Robert Gordon Home, esq. He was the youngest son of the late William Home, esq., W.S., and was formerly in the 46th Regt.

At Ramsgate, aged 86, Jessie, the wife of Major E. Norman Perkins, of Loodianah, Punjab, B.S.C.

Nov. 19. At Scotstown, co. Aberdeen, aged 68, Isabella Lady Bruce of Scotstown. Her ladyship was the only child of the late Alexander Moir, esq., of Scots-

town, by Margaret, dau. of James Gordon, esq., and married, in 1822, Sir Michael Bruce, bart., of Stenhouse, co. Stirling, who died in 1862.

At Chester, Sophia Maria, dau. of the late Lieut.-Col. Robert Irving, of Bonshaw, Dumfriesshire, and relict of the late Major-Gen. W. H. Beckwith.

At Liverpool, from the effects of a broken blood-vessel, Miss Clara Denvil, actress.

At Pontadulais, aged 82, Mrs. Jane Williams, relict of the late Rev. Henry Williams, rector of Llanedi, Carmarthen-shire. Mrs. Williams was the mother of the late Dr. Williams, F.R.S., of Swansea, and of the Rev. Henry Williams, B.A., curate of South Collingham, Newark.

Suddenly, aged 53, the Rev. Henry T. Lumsden, of Cushnie, Aberdeenshire. He was the eldest son of the late John Lumsden, esq., of Cushnie (who died in 1829), by Magdalene, dau. of P. Friell, esq., and was born in 1803. He was educated at St. John's Coll., Cambridge, where he took his B.A. degree in 1831; he was a magistrate for co. Aberdeen, and at the time of his decease held the incumbency of St. Thomas's, Portman-square. Mr. Lumsden married, in 1832, Susanna, 3rd dau. of N. B. Edmondstone, esq., and niece of the late Sir C. Edmondstone, bart., of Duntreath.

At New York, aged 72, Mr. Fitz-Greene Halleck, a distinguished American poet.

Nov. 20. The Rev. Thomas Aubrey, for many years chairman of the North Wales Wesleyan district. He was probably the most popular of Welsh preachers, and his mastery of the language was consummate. His loss is deeply regretted, not only by his Wesleyan brethren, but also by great numbers of members of other denominations in the principality.

At Hastings, aged 19, Arthur Henry Selby, eldest son of the late Rev. W. H. Beauchamp, rector of Langley, Norfolk.

At Norwich, aged 77, Anna, relict of the late Rev. W. Robbins, M.A., rector of Heigham, Norwich.

Nov. 21. At Aberdeen, Dr. John Ogilvie, author of the "Imperial Dictionary" and other educational works. Dr. Ogilvie was a native of Banffshire, and, after finishing his university course, devoted himself for some time to teaching. He was for upwards of thirty years mathematical master in Gordon's Hospital, from which position he retired some seven or eight years ago. Since then he has devoted himself principally to the work of a lexicographer. His principal work is the "Imperial Dictionary," to which, in 1865, he added the

"Students' English Dictionary," a work of considerable merit.

At Devonport, aged 38, Guy Williams Sanders, esq., late Superintendent of Police, in Burmah, Capt. on the Staff of H.M.'s Indian Army, third surviving son of G. W. Sanders, esq., Commissioner of Bankruptcy at Birmingham.

Nov. 22. At Johnstown Castle, co. Wexford, aged 61, Sophia Maria, Lady Esmonde. Her ladyship was the dau. of the late E. Rowe, esq., of Ballycross, co. Wexford, and widow of Hamilton Knox Grogan-Morgan, esq., of Johnstown Castle; she married, in 1856 (as his second wife), the Right Hon. Sir Thomas Esmonde, bart., of Ballynastra, co. Wexford.

At Funchal, Madeira, aged 66, Edmund Ellicott, esq.

Aged 59, James Cook Evans, esq., barrister-at-law. He was called to the bar at Lincoln's-inn in 1844, and went the Oxford circuit.

At Dundee, Donald Glassford, esq., solicitor.

At Dudley, aged 74, Joseph Guest, esq. For many years the deceased was one of the largest nail manufacturers in the town, and as such accumulated great wealth, part of which he distributed in a very liberal manner. Only a short time ago he bestowed several munificent gifts to various charitable and other institutions in Dudley, and one of his last acts was to endow the local hospital with 20,000*l.*—*Birmingham Post.*

At Florence, the Marquis Taliacarne, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the King of Italy to the King of Portugal.

At East Moulsey, aged 34, J. Hamilton Welsh, esq., of Lloyd's, younger son of the late Rev. D. Welsh, D.D., of Edinburgh.

Nov. 23. In Charles-street, Manchester-square, aged 53, Sidney, wife of Sir Francis Hastings Doyle. She was the dau. of the late Right Hon. C. W. Watkins Wynn, M.P., and married, in 1844, to Sir F. H. C. Doyle, bart., by whom she has left issue three sons and two daus.

Aged 60, the Rev. John Harvey Harding, M.A. He was educated at Exeter College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1834, and proceeded M.A. in 1838; he was for some time vicar of Childs Wickham, Gloucestershire, and of Dawlish, Devon.

At his residence, in Hampstead-road, aged 90, Jno. Ely Hinchliff, esq., sculptor.

At Exeter, the Rev. Charles Rookes. He was educated at Jesus Coll., Cambridge, where he took the degree of LL.B. in 1824.

At Chatham, aged 37, Catherine Elizabeth, wife of Capt. W. Houston Stewart, R.N., C.B., only sister of the late Eyre Coote, esq., of West Park, Hants.

Nov. 24. At Albury, Clara, wife of Sir George Hewett, bart. Her ladyship was the youngest dau. of H. E. the late Lieut.-Gen. Wilhelm von Pochhammer, of Berlin, and married, in 1856, to Sir G. J. R. Hewett, bart., of Netherseale, co. Leicester.

At Ashfield Lodge, Bury St. Edmund's, aged 36, Thomas Pilkington Dawson, esq., of Groton House, Suffolk. He was the eldest son of the late Rev. G. A. Dawson, of Groton House (who died in 1848), by Louisa, second dau. of the late Sir T. Pilkington, bart., of Chevet Park, Yorkshire. He was born in 1832, educated at Eton and Clare Hall, Cambridge, and was a magistrate for Suffolk, and Lieut. W. Suffolk Yeomanry Cavalry. He married, in 1856, Emma, eldest dau. of James K. King, esq., M.P., of Staunton Park, co. Hereford, by whom he has left with other issue a son and heir, Cuthbert Pilkington, born in 1857.

At Lambeth, after a few hours' illness, aged 68, William Emery, esq., father of the Ven. the Archdeacon of Ely.

In Euston-square, aged 52, the Rev. James Hamilton, D.D., of Regent-square Presbyterian Church. Dr. Hamilton was a native of Strathblane, Stirlingshire, and was born in 1814. He had laboured most successfully in Regent-square for a little over a quarter of a century, and also zealously watched over the mission field of his congregation in Somers-town. He was the author of several works which have been favourably received, besides being a somewhat industrious contributor to religious periodical literature. The deceased was buried at Highgate Cemetery, in the presence of a large number of friends and spectators.

At Brighton, aged 66, Geo. Marton, esq., of Capernwray, Lancashire. He was the eldest son of the late Col. George Richd. Marton, of Capernwray (who died in 1843), by Anne, dau. of Col. Pocklington, of Chelsworth, Suffolk, and was born in 1801. He was educated at Westminster and Trinity Hall, Cambridge; was a J.P. and D.L. for Lancashire, and served as High Sheriff of that county in 1858; he was also a magistrate for Yorkshire and Westmorland, and in 1843 was appointed Gentleman of the Privy Chamber. The deceased was a Conservative in politics, and represented Lancaster in parliament from 1837 to 1847. He was descended from the ancient family of Marton, who have held property in the north since the

Norman Conquest, and one of whom represented Lancashire a century ago. Mr. Marton married, in 1833, Lucy Sarah, dau. of the late Rt. Hon. Lord Chief Justice Dallas, by whom he has left, with other issue, an only son, George Blucher Heneage, Capt. 1st Royal Lancashire Militia, now of Capernwray, who married, in 1866, the Hon. Caroline Gertrude, youngest dau. of Visct. Ashbrook.

In Brunswick-gardens, Kensington, aged 59, Lieut.-Col. M. Watts, late Madras Artillery.

Nov. 25. In Queen's-gate-gardens, Eliza, widow of the Rev. Archibald Bennie, D.D., minister of La'ly Yester's Church, and a dean of the Chapel Royal, Edinburgh.

At Calveshall, Shropshire, aged 35, Frederic Henry, younger son of the Rev. E. Mainwaring.

At Bath, aged 17, Elizabeth Anna Malet, dau. of Lieut.-Col. C. St. Lo Malet.

At Penslaw, Fenchouses, aged 87, the Rev. James Waters, rector of Penshaw, and formerly incumbent of St. Mary's, Santa Cruz Mountains, Jamaica.

Nov. 26. E. C. Banister, esq., solicitor, of Shipston-on-Stour.

At Eastwick, aged 77, the Rev. John Chamberlayne. He was the son of the late Stanes Chamberlayne, esq., of Ryes, Essex, and was educated at Jesus Coll., Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1813, and proceeded M.A. in 1816; he was appointed rector of Eastwick in 1825.

At Rochester, Edward Drinkwater, infant son of Lieut.-Col. H. Wray, R.E.

Catherine Dorothea, wife of Major Arthur Elderton, B.S.C.

Aged 7 years, Herbert, younger son of David Keane, Q.C.

At Mear's Ashby, Northamptonshire, aged 74, Catharine, widow of the Rev. Thomas Mercer, formerly of Hackleton.

At Pangbourne, Berks, Edwd. Ralph Charles Sheldon, esq., late Capt. 63rd Regt., youngest son of the late Edward R. C. Sheldon, esq., of Brailles House, Warwickshire.

Nov. 27. At Hounslow, Alexina, wife of Capt. S. Barrett, 3rd K.O. Hussars, and eldest dau. of the late J. Lyall, esq., of Earnock House, Hamilton, N.B.

At Canterbury, aged 85, Sophia, relict of the late Rev. John Bond, D.D., of Hanwell, Middlesex.

At Farney Castle, Ellen, wife of the late Rev. John Doyre, of Old Leighlin, co. Carlow.

In Stockwell-park-road, S., aged 60, Joseph Hall, esq., Solicitor and Commissioner in Chancery and Common Law.

At Northwich, Cheshire, suddenly, the

Ven. Richard Greenall, Archdeacon of Chester. The deceased was educated at Brasenose Coll., Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1828, and proceeded M.A. in 1831; he was appointed incumbent of Stretton, near Warrington, in 1831, Rural Dean of Frodsham in 1839, and was Proctor in Convocation for the Archdeaconry of Chester.

At Rhôssili, Glamorganshire, aged 80, Harriet Anne, last surviving dau. of the late John Lucas, esq., of Stout Hall, in the above county.

Elizabeth, widow of Mr. Deputy Perkin, of 63, Coleman-street, London, having survived her husband 19 days.

At Tortola, from shock to the system caused by the recent hurricane in that island, Rose, Lady Rumbold, wife of Sir Arthur Rumbold, bart.

At Sheplegh House, Blackawton, South Devon, aged 67, Alexander Foxcroft Ridgway, esq. He was the seventh son of the late Thomas Ridgway, esq., by Rebecca, dau. of the late R. Bowling, esq., and was born in 1799. The original name of the family (which is of Saxon descent) was Rydware, and they acquired the manors of Preston and Sheplegh, portions of the Torr Abbey estates, at the dissolution of the monasteries, *temp.* Henry VIII. The late Mr. Ridgway married, in 1824, Jane, dau. of the late John Gray, esq., by whom he has left, with other issue, Alexander, now of Sheplegh, who was born in 1826, and married, in 1856, Sarah Ann, dau. of J. Joseph, esq., of Bishton.

Nov. 28. At Ludlow, Shropshire, aged 83, William Harding, esq., J.P.

In St. Augustine's-road, Camden square, aged 75, Capt. Thomas J. Jackson.

At Paris, aged 43, Capt. C. E. Leigh, late of the 99th Regt.

At Bath, aged 83, Anne Louisa Liveday, relict of the late Lieut.-Gen. Richard L. Liveday, of the Hon. E.I.C.S.

At Brasenose College, Oxford, aged 20, Mervyn Prower, Undergraduate. He was the eldest son of John Elton Mervyn Prower, esq., of Purton House, Wilts, by Harriet, dau. of the late William Payn, esq., of Kidwells, Berks, and was born in 1847.

In Grosvenor-place, Frederick Courtenay Maximilian, infant son of the Baron von Schmidthals.

At The Fron, Llanwrst, Denbighshire, aged 80, Admiral John Wyatt Watling. He was the eldest son of the late Robt. Watling, esq., by Mary, dau. of Abra. Brewer, esq., of Pencombe, co. Hereford, and was born in 1787. He entered the Navy in 1801, as ordinary on board the *Veteran*, and sailed shortly afterwards with the expedi-

tion to Copenhagen, where he took part in the memorable action, under Lord Nelson. In the following year he joined the *Acasta*, and sailed for the Mediterranean; and was subsequently employed in the *Goliath*, *Iris*, and *Virginie*. While on board the latter vessel he was chiefly stationed on the coast of Ireland. He afterwards joined the *Hero* and the *Sirius*, and was present in the attack and capture of Isle de la Passe, the key to Grand Port, in the Isle of France. He subsequently took part in the operations at Port Sud-Est, which ended in the self-destruction of the *Sirius* and *Magiciene*, to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. On his return to England, Mr. Watling was appointed to the *Aquilon* on the North Sea Station; he was afterwards transferred to the Cape of Good Hope, and subsequently engaged off St. Helena, for the security of Napoleon Buonaparte. From 1824 to 1827 he was an inspecting-commander in the Coast Guard; he was promoted to the rank of Captain in 1830, and became an Admiral on the retired list in April, 1866. He married, in 1833, Martha Hughes, eldest dau. of the late P. Titley, esq., of Penlyon, co. Denbigh. The family of the deceased was formerly seated in North Devon, and is connected with the Drake family, and, maternally, with that of Sir Thomas Wyatt.

Nov. 29. At Derneburg, Hanover, aged 36, Lady Harriet St. Clair, Countess Munster. Her ladyship was the only dau. of James Alexander St. Clair Erskine, 3rd Earl of Rosslyn, by Frances Wemyss, dau. of Gen. Wemyss, of Wemyss Castle, and was born in 1831. She married, in Aug., 1865, George Herbert, Count Munster, marshal hereditary of the kingdom of Hanover.

Aged 23, the Hon. Alice Jocelyn. She was the eldest dau. of the late Viscount Jocelyn, and granddau. of the Earl of Roden and of Viscountess Palmerston, and was born in 1843.

At East Sheen, aged 45, the Hon. Mrs. Adolphus Liddell. She was Frederica Elizabeth, youngest dau. of G. Lane Fox, esq., of Bramham, Yorkshire; she was born 10th May, 1822, and married, 14th Oct., 1845, the Hon. Adolphus Liddell, Q.C., youngest son of the late Lord Ravensworth, and by whom she leaves a numerous family.

At The Priory, Plympton, aged 24, Michael Allen Stapylton Bree, second son of the late Rev. R. S. Bree, vicar of Tintagel, Cornwall.

At Monasterevan, co. Kildare, aged 36, Robert Cassidy, esq. He was a son of the late Robert Cassidy, esq., of Killyon,

King's Co. (who died in 1858), by Eleanor Maria, dau. of James Archbold, esq., of Davidstown, co. Kildare, and was born in 1831.

At Ulverstone, aged 65, the Rev. Richd. Gwilym. M.A. He was educated at Brasenose Coll., Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1825, and proceeded M.A. in 1827; he was appointed incumbent of Ulverstone in 1834; was hon. canon of Carlisle, and rural dean.

At Sketty Hall, Swansea, Eliza Heward, wife of Thomas Rees, esq., and sister of Dr. S. Heward, of Grosvenor-street, W.

At Bath, suddenly, while presiding at a penny reading, Mr. F. Slack, attorney. The deceased was recently elected Mayor of Bath.

Nov. 30. At The Acacias, Croydon, aged 76, Major N. Laurence Austen, J.P., late 10th Regt. Madras N.I.

At Addlestone, Surrey, aged 72, George Johnson Gardner, esq., Commander R.N. He entered the Navy in 1805, as first-class volunteer on board the *L'Argus*, but afterwards joining the *Sabrina*, he visited the Mediterranean and South America, and served in the expedition against Walcheren. He was subsequently employed on the North Sea, Lisbon, East and West India, North American, and Home stations, and in 1838 he obtained an appointment in the Coast Guard, but resigned in 1840. In 1842 he was appointed admiralty agent in a contract mail steamer.

At Arlington House, Chiswick, Frederick, infant son of Capt. W. R. Lascelles, Rifle Brigade.

At Dunganstown, co. Wicklow, suddenly, the Rev. William Magee, rector. The deceased clergyman was son of Dr. Magee, Archbishop of Dublin, and uncle of the present Dean of Cork. He was nearly 40 years rector of Dunganstown.

Dec. 1. Aged 83, Philarete, Archbishop of Moscow. See OBITUARY.

In Queen's-road, Bayswater, Letitia, relict of the late Lieut.-Col. Davidson, Bengal Engineers.

At Eastholme, Torquay, very suddenly, aged 56, the Rev. John Roughton Hogg, of Blagdon Barton, Devon. He was the second son of the late Rev. J. Hogg, vicar of Geddington, Northampton, by Mary, second dau. of William Roughton, esq., of Kettering, and was born in 1811. He was educated at Christ's Coll., Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1835, and proceeded M.A. in 1839; he was a magistrate for Devon, and was appointed incumbent of Torwood, Torquay, in 1855; he was formerly incumbent of Lower Brixham, Devon. Mr. Hogg married, in 1846, Anna Maria, only dau. of

the late Rev. H. F. Lyte, and granddau. of the late Rev. W. Maxwell, D.D., by whom he has left issue five daus.

At Cold Norton, Essex, aged 70, the Rev. W. Holland, M.A., and rural dean. He was the only surviving son of the late Rev. Wm. Holland, vicar of Overstowey, Somerset, by Mary, dau. of the Ven. Wm. Dodwell, D.D., Archdeacon of Berks, and was born in 1797. He was educated at the Charterhouse, and at Ch. Ch., Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1819, and proceeded M.A. in 1822; he was a magistrate for Essex, and was appointed rector of Cold Norton in 1824. Mr. Holland married, first in 1831, Mary, third dau. of Francis Brown, esq., of Welbourn, co. Lincoln; and secondly, in 1857, Matilda, fifth dau. of the Rev. John Bullock, rector of Faulkourn, Essex.

At Brighton, aged 56, Major-General Edward Hely-Hutchinson, late commanding H.M.'s 35th Regt. He was the youngest son of the late Hon. Christopher Hely-Hutchinson, great uncle of John, 6th Earl of Donoughmore; he was born in 1811, and married, in 1863, Margaret Bell, dau. of the late J. Livingstone, esq.

At Tilgate Forest Lodge, Crawley, Sussex, aged 29, Charles Kennett, esq., late 18th Hussars, eldest son of the late Capt. Charles Leighton Kennett.

At Masborough-road, Hammersmith, Ann, wife of Capt. Lavington, R.N.

Aged 69, Charles Norris, esq., of Wood Hall, Halifax.

At 6, Park-square, Regent's-park, aged 75, Dorothea Richardson, widow of the Rev. William Jocelyn Palmer, rector of Mixbury, Oxon. This venerable and excellent lady was the youngest dau. of the late Rev. William Roundell of Gledstone, co. York, and was the mother of the Rt. Hon. Sir Roundell Palmer, Q.C.

At Birch Hall, Essex, aged 70, Charles Gray Round, esq. See OBITUARY.

At Kensington, aged 45, Henry Steele, esq., Member of Assembly in the Cape of Good Hope.

Dec. 2. At Rome, aged 71, his Eminence Cardinal Joseph Bofondi. The deceased was born at Forli, in Oct., 1795, and was President of the Holy Congregation of the Census. He was created Cardinal Deacon of St. Cesareo, in Dec., 1846. He was a distinguished juriconsult and one of the most liberal members of the Sacred college, and consequently in bad odour at the Vatican.

At Malines, aged 75, his Eminence Cardinal Engelbert Stercks, Archbishop of Malines. The deceased was born at Ophem, in Nov. 1792. He was a plain man, not learned, simple in his habits,

and much loved by the inferior clergy. He had held the see since 1832. His accession amid the difficult days that succeeded the Belgian Revolution had tinged him almost with what now would be styled "Liberalism." Among his last efforts were some letters tending to show the compatibility between the duties of a good Belgian patriot and a follower of the late Papal Encyclic and Syllabus. He was created a Cardinal of the title St. Bartolomeo nell' Isola in Sept., 1838.—*Morning Post*.

At Nice, M. Benazet, the celebrated lessee of the gaming-tables at Baden-Baden. He was very commonly called King Benazet. His house, the Villa Benazet, placed on an eminence commanding the town, was famous for its hospitality, and many a quiet English family (says the *Daily News* correspondent), who after dinner played whist at penny points with his wife and daughter, never dreamt that they were passing a delightful evening at the expense of that never-failing crop of gamblers who pay tribute to the greatest "hell" in Europe. "The police of Baden-Baden was in his hands. He had a large staff of clerks, who took note of the arrival of every visitor, and in case of need telegraphed for information about their position and antecedents. Many a lord, baronet, and heavy swell, coming to Baden with a left-handed wife, dressed in the last Paris *mode*, has been astonished to find that the 'lady' would not be allowed to subscribe to the concerts and balls. Many stories are told of his liberality to cleaned-out gamblers, whom he was always ready to furnish with sufficient money to go home. But if, after obtaining a supply *in extremis*, they went to try another venture at the table, instead of going to the railway-station, he invariably arrested them as swindlers." M. Benazet was a Frenchman of the Jewish persuasion. He was a person of great taste and tact, and divided his time between Baden and Paris, in both of which places he was surrounded by a cheerful society of literary men and artists, counting among them some of the most eminent in either profession. The race meeting at Baden owes its rise and progress to M. Benazet's exertions and liberality.

At Manchester, aged 68, Walter Clark, esq., alderman of that city.

In Clarendon-road, Notting-hill, aged 75, William John Dalzel, esq. He was the last surviving son of the late Andrew Dalzel, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh, and was formerly in the Royal Artillery.

The Chevalier Enrico Ciccopieri St. Clair, late Major-Commandant of Gragnano, near Naples. The deceased was "retoured heir of line," according to the Scotch custom, of the ancient family of the St. Clairs of Roslin. He married first, Louisa, dau. of Mr. Tyrwhitt; and secondly, Thomasine, the only child of Mr. S. Solly, of Parkstone, Dorset, and Morton Woodlands, Lincolnshire.

At Allerton Hall, near Liverpool, at an advanced age, Mrs. Molyneux. The deceased was the largest shareholder in the Royal Bank, which failed recently. It is stated that the call of 10l. a share resolved upon amounted in her case to 120,000l. She was also a large depositor in the bank, to the extent, it is understood, of 30,000l. There can be little doubt but that these facts have hastened her death.

Aged 82, Mary, relict of the Rev. J. Hindes Groome, M.A., rector of Earl Soham, Suffolk.

At Brighton, aged 77, Jane, the wife of Major Charles Loftus.

In Hanover-terrace, Kensington-park, aged 72, Sarah, second dau. of the late Sir D. W. Smith, bart., of Alnwick.

At Bradley Wood, Newton Abbot, aged 75, the Rev. Frederick Sandys Wall, B.C.L. He was the son of the late Col. Wall, of The Lodge, Tewkesbury, and was born in 1792; he was educated at New Coll., Oxford, where he graduated B.C.L. in 1810; he subsequently became fellow of his college.

Dec. 3. At Sandwich, Kent, aged 63, the Rev. Edward Nicholas Braddon. The deceased was born in 1801, and educated at St. John's Coll., Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1826, and proceeded M.A. in 1828; he was appointed vicar of St. Mary's and of St. Clement's, Sandwich, in 1846.

At Bristol, aged 16, Helen Elizabeth, only dau. of the Rev. J. Hamilton, vicar of Douling, Somerset.

At sea, Hannah, wife of Major W. Thompson, Paymaster 96th Regt.

At Pescia, aged 70, Pacini, the eminent Italian composer. He was born at Catania in 1796, and commenced writing at a very early age. Before attaining his fifteenth year he had written a little opera entitled "Annetta e Lucindo," which was received with favour at Venice. Excited by success he composed seven operas in four years, but as neither of these is now known to the stage it may be imagined that their value was not very great. From 1818 to 1824 he produced a great number of works, the best of which was "Adelaide e Comingio." Notwithstanding inevitable traces of haste,

his works were not deficient in merit, and were distinguished by lightness, grace, and other qualities similar to the productions of Rossini. Pacini's "Alessandro nelle Indie" was brought out at Naples in 1824, and soon afterwards appeared "Amazilia," "L'Ultimo Giorno di Pompei," and "La Gelosia Corretta." In 1826, Madame Pasta sang in his "Niobe," at Naples, and though this composition was then coldly received, it has since been acknowledged to be one of the most sterling of the composer's effusions. In the year mentioned Pacini was thirty years of age and had produced about thirty operas, without reckoning masses and other instrumental pieces. From 1827 to 1830 he wrote "I Crociati in Tolemeide," "Gli Arabi nelle Gallie" (one of his best operas), "Margharita d'Anjou," "Cesare in Egitto," "Giovanni di Calais," and "Giovanno d'Arco."

Dec. 4. At Dublin, aged 35, the Viscountess Guillamore. Her ladyship was Ada, dau. of the late Arthur Blennerhasset, esq., of Ballyseedy, co. Kerry, by Frances Deane, dau. of — Grady, esq. She married, in July, 1853, Standish, 3rd Viscount Guillamore, who died April 10, 1860.

At Hereford, aged 63, Charles Bodenham, esq., solicitor.

At Westgrove, Mill-hill, Hendon, at an advanced age, Martha, eldest dau. of William Byam, esq., late of Woodborough, Somerset, and of Byams, Antigua, and sister of the late Rev. R. B. Byam, of Kew and Petersham.

At St. Michael's, Tenbury, aged 26, the Rev. Claude Fox Chawner, only son of the Rev. C. Fox Chawner, rector of Blechingly, Surrey.

At Carlisle, aged 74, John Ferguson, esq. He was the second son of the late John Ferguson, esq., of Carlisle, by Elizabeth, dau. of Michael Beck, esq., of Carlisle, and was born in 1793. He was a magistrate for Cumberland.

Aged 67, Mary, eldest dau. of the late Rev. Francis Franklin, of Coventry.

Aged 25, after a short illness, Robert, eldest son of Jonathan Peel, esq., of Knowlmere Manor, Yorkshire.

Dec. 5. At Newlyn, Penzance, aged 82, Harriet Ebel, widow of Rear-Admiral C. J. Austen, C.B.

At Brighton, aged 76, Harriet, relict of William Helyar, esq., of Coker Court, Somerset.

At The Armoury, Cowbridge, Glamorganshire, aged 64, John Williams, esq., second surviving son of the late Rev. Dr. Williams.

Dec. 6. At Barleythorpe Hall, Rutland,

aged 77, Col. the Hon. Henry Cecil Lowther, M.P. See OBITUARY.

At Peckham, aged 35, Matilda Harriett, third dau. of the late Rev. John Robert Barber, D.D., rector of Little Stambidge, Essex.

At Great Barton, Bury St. Edmunds, the Rev. William R. Blake, vicar. He was educated at Merton Coll., Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1822; he was appointed vicar of Great Barton in 1826.

Suddenly, aged 54, John Clark, esq., of Clifton House, Notting-hill, solicitor.

At Emberton, Bucks, aged 69, Lieut.-Col. Philip Le Feuvre, Royal Jersey Artillery.

At Torquay, aged 41, James Mulleneux Walmsley, esq. He was the youngest son of Sir Joshua Walmsley, knt., by Adeline, dau. of H. Mulleneux, esq., and was born in 1826.

At Millbrook, Cornwall, aged 79, Mary, relict of John Scott, esq., of Melby, and wife of the Rev. Alexander Webster, minister of Quarff, Shetland.

Dec. 7. At Brynkinalt, Michael Rowland, youngest son of Lord and Lady Edwin Hill Trevor.

In Montagu-square, after a protracted illness, aged 84, Gen. Sir Richard Lluellyn, K.C.B. He was the son of the late Richard Lluellyn, esq., of South Witham, Lincoln, by his wife, the dau. of Warren Maude, esq., of Sunnyside, Northumberland, and was born in 1783. The gallant officer entered the army as a captain with temporary rank in the 52nd Regt., and was present with it at Ferrol, Cadiz, and in the Mediterranean in 1800 and 1801. On the conclusion of peace he was placed on half-pay, but on war soon afterwards breaking out he re-entered the service as ensign, in July, 1802, and in Feb., 1805, obtained a company, by purchase, in the 28th Regt. He accompanied the regiment to the Peninsula in 1809, and was present at the battle of Busaco, defence of the Lines of Lisbon, advance on Campo Mayor, investment of Olivença, siege of Badajoz, battle of Albuhera, surprise and capture of a French corps at Arroyo de Molino, attack and capture of the fort and bridge of Almaraz, advance on Aranjuez and Madrid, occupation of Bordeaux and other services of minor importance. In 1815 he embarked with his regiment for the Netherlands, where he was personally engaged with it in the battles of Quatre Bras and Waterloo. He gallantly distinguished himself in the latter battle, and was severely wounded. For his conduct in the field he received the brevet rank of lieutenant-colonel, and subsequently was made a Companion of the

Order of the Bath. He was appointed colonel of the 39th Regt. in 1853, became a general in 1861, and was nominated a K.C.B. in 1862. Sir Richard married, in 1831, Elizabeth Augusta, dau. of Lieut.-Gen. Raymond, of Lee, Essex.

At Brighton, aged 64, Stephen Adcock, esq., formerly of Cambridge, solicitor.

At Dover, George Henry Arthur, infant son of Major G. Carden, 5th Fusiliers.

At Southsea, aged 57, the wife of the Rev. D. A. Doudney, D.D., incumbent of St. Luke's, Bedminster.

At Boulogne-sur-Mer, aged 83, Mary Quick, widow of Henry James Ennis, esq., Paymaster R.N.

Dec. 8. At Grosmont, Yorkshire, aged 39, Martha Carew, wife of the Rev. John Bailey.

Aged 77, Lieut.-Gen. C. Godby, C.B., of South Bank, Batheaston.

Aged 46, Charlotte Augusta, wife of the Rev. W. Taylor Jones, M.A. of Sydenham College.

At Clebury Mortimer, aged 6, Alice Jane, second dau. of the Rev. E. S. Lowndes.

At Reading, Margaret Elisabeth, wife of J. C. Macrae, esq., of Holmains, and dau. of the late Sir Alexander Grierson, bart., of Lagg, Dumfriesshire.

At Penzance, aged 48, Lieut.-Col. J. Peyton, Bombay Army, second son of the late Sir J. Peyton, K.C.H., R.N.

At Eton, aged five months, Edith, infant dau. of the Rev. Herbert Snow.

At Owlpen, aged 77, Mary, wife of the late T. A. Stoughton, esq., of Owlpen, Gloucestershire, and Ballyhorgan, county Kerry.

Dec. 9. At Sommerda, Erfurt, Berlin, aged 80, Herr von Dreyse, the inventor of the needle-gun. He was born in 1787, and, the son of a locksmith, worked in his father's shop until, as is the wont of artisans in that country, he left home to perfect himself in his trade. In the course of his wanderings he came to Paris, where he found employment under Colonel Pauley, a German officer, commissioned by Napoleon I. to invent a breech-loading rifle. There he staid from 1809 to 1814. It is well known how after his return to Prussia he established an iron factory, and devoting all his energy to the pursuit of the object which had been vainly attempted by his Paris teacher, at length succeeded in constructing the *zündnadelgewehr*. This was in 1836. Four years later orders were given to arm the light regiments of the Prussian infantry with his gun. Working steadily on amid the honours and riches heaped upon him, he from time to time presented his

country with new inventions, some of which promise to add still greater lustre to his name.

At Boulogne-sur-Mer, aged 69, Major W. E. Pickwick, late 8th Regt., of Bathford, Somerset.

At Petersham, Surrey, Elizabeth Margaret, wife of Samuel Walker, esq., and second dau. of the late Col. the Hon. Sir Robert Le Poer Trench, K.C.B., K.T.S., and of the Hon. Lætitia Susannah, Lady Le Poer Trench.

At Grappenhall, Cheshire, aged 51, Thomas Wilkinson, second son of the late Rev. J. Topping, vicar of Leigh, Lancashire.

Dec. 10. Aged 73, William Horsfall, esq., of Hornby Grange, Yorkshire. He was the third son of the late Timothy Horsfall, esq., of Goitstock, co. York, by Sarah, dau. of Jeremiah Garnett, esq., of Otley, and was born in 1793; he was a magistrate for the West Riding of Yorkshire, and married, in 1829, Margaretta, dau. of the Rev. N. T. Heineken, of Bradford, by whom he has left issue.

At Clonfert House, co. Galway, aged 32, Frederick Augustus Eyre Trench, esq. He was the eldest son of the late John Eyre Trench, esq., of Clonfert (who died in 1864), by Glace, third dau. of the late Rev. John Burdett, rector of Rynagh, King's County, and was born in 1835. He represented a younger branch of the family of the Earl of Clancarty.

Dec. 11. In Elgin-crescent, Kensington-park, aged 32, Ebenezer Charles, esq., barrister-at-law. He was called to the bar at Lincoln's-inn in 1859.

At the Manse of Loumay, Aberdeenshire, aged 80, Ann Duff, wife of the Rev. Charles Gibbon.

At Macclesfield, aged 67, Joseph Provan, esq., M.A., for upwards of thirty years editor of the *Macclesfield Courier*. Mr. Provan leaves a widow and eight young children.

At Sandhurst, Frances Diana, the wife of Gen. Sir George Wetherall, G.C.B. She was the dau. of the late Capt. Denton, of the Hon. E.I.C.'s service, and was married to Sir G. Wetherall in 1812.

Dec. 12. Aged 66, the Rev. W. W. Perry, rector of Wadingham, Lincolnshire. He was educated at Exeter Coll., Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1823, and proceeded M.A. in 1825; he was vicar of Stanwell, Middlesex, 1839-58, was appointed rector of Wadingham in 1858, and prebendary of St. Paul's in 1853. He was formerly British Chaplain at Leghorn.

At 32, Norfolk-terrace, Westbourne-grove, aged 59, Annie, widow of the Rev.

H. M. Faulkner, late British Chaplain at Buenos Ayres.

At Whimble, Exeter, aged 77, Col. Edward J. Honeywood, late of the Bengal Army.

At Chatkyl, Sydenham, aged nine years, Ernest Septimus, son of Lieut.-Col. William Jervis.

At Wiesbaden, Capt. Charles Mitchell Mathison, R.N. The deceased entered the Navy in 1819, and was appointed lieutenant on board the *Alacrity* in 1827, on the Mediterranean station. He continued on that station until 1840, and in the following year proceeded to South America on board the *Malabar*. In 1847 he was appointed to the command of the *Mariner*, on the coast of Africa.

At West March House, Paisley, aged 60, the Rev. Alexander Rennison, M.A., minister of St. George's Parish Church, in that town.

At Weston-super-Mare, Mary, relict of the Rev. T. W. Wickham, rector of Horsington, Somerset.

Dec. 13. At 6, York-street, St. James's, aged 60, the Hon. Wm. M. Vaughan. He was the youngest son of John, 3rd Earl of Lisburne, by the Hon. Lucy Courtenay, fifth dau. of William, 2nd Viscount Courtenay, and sister of the 9th Earl of Devon. He was born in 1807, and married, in 1838, Louisa Elizabeth Anne, only child of Edmund Wigan, esq., of Lapley, Staffordshire, by whom, who died in 1842, he has left issue an only son.

At Malvern, aged 54, Zachary Mudge, esq., of Sydney House, Plympton, Devon. He was the eldest son of the late Admiral Zachary Mudge, of Sydney House (who died in 1852), by Jane, dau. of the Rev. Edmund Granger, rector of Souton, Devon, and was born in 1813. He was educated at the Charterhouse and at Oriel Coll., Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1834, and proceeded M.A. in 1840; he was called to the bar at Lincoln's-inn in 1837. Mr. Mudge married, in 1844, Jane, dau. of G. F. Dickson, esq., by whom he has left issue.—*Law Times*.

At the Botanic Gardens, Oxford, aged 72, Charles Giles Bridle Daubeny, M.D., F.R.S. See OBITUARY.

At Paris. E. M. Giffard, esq., British Consul at Vera Cruz, Mexico.

At Warwick House, New Wandsworth, aged 70, Torriano Francis L'Estrange, esq., of Cartrouganny, co. Westmeath. He was the second but eldest surviving son of the late Lieut.-Gen. Thomas L'Estrange, of Larkfield (who died in 1845), by Elizabeth, dau. of John Campbell, esq., of Edinburgh, and was born in 1797. He was educated at the Royal Military Coll.,

Sandhurst, was a magistrate for co. Westmeath and King's County, and was formerly a lieut. in the 7th Royal Fusiliers; he retired on half-pay of the Coldstream Guards in 1820. Mr. L'Estrange married, in 1820, Jane, dau. of Thomas Mulock, esq., of Kilnagarna, King's County, by whom he has left issue. He is succeeded in his estates by his eldest son Thomas, who was born in 1822, and married, in 1850, Sarah, dau. of T. Garrett, esq., of Belfast.

At Much Hadham, Caroline Diana, wife of the Rev. Thos. Randolph, and dau. of the late Right Hon. Sir Archibald Macdonald.

At Clowance, Cornwall, aged 69, the Rev. Hender Molesworth St. Aubyn. He was the second son of the late Rev. John Molesworth, rector of St. Breock, Cornwall, by Catherine, dau. of Sir J. St. Aubyn, bart., and grandson of the late Sir John Molesworth, bart., of Pencarrow, and was born in 1798. He was educated at Harrow, and Exeter Coll., Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1821; he was ordained in 1821, and was rector of Redruth, Cornwall, 1822-3. The rev. gentlemen, who was a magistrate for Cornwall, married, in 1829, Helen Matilda Isabella, dau. of the Rev. T. Napleton, by whom he has left, with other issue, a son and heir, Hender John Molesworth, a capt. in the Royal Miners' Artillery Militia, who was born in 1829, and married, in 1856, Kythe, second dau. of C. W. Popham, esq.

Near Stafford, accidentally killed on the railway, aged 61, Capt. Lambert Brabazon Disney, Paymaster of the 2nd Staffordshire Militia, and J.P. for co. Meath.

Dec. 14. At Bagnères de Bigorre, Hautes Pyrénées, aged 70, the Earl of Carnwath. See OBITUARY.

At Offley Place, Herts, Lady Salusbury, widow of Sir T. R. Salusbury, bart. Her ladyship was Elizabeth Mary, only surviving dau. of the late Rev. Lynch Burroughs, of Offley Place, and married, in 1833, her cousin, Sir Thomas Robert Salusbury, bart., who died without issue in 1835.

At Mudeford, Hants, aged 63, the Rev. F. Kinnear Eyre, incumbent of Hinton Admiral. He was educated at St. John's Coll., Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1826, and proceeded M.A. in 1837.

At Hawkesbury, aged 76, Anne, widow of the Rev. John T. Fenwick, rector of Northfield, co. Worcester.

At Brighton, aged 25, the Rev. Frederick Elidor Horne, late curate of Hambleton, Bucks,

At Brampton Hall, Suffolk, aged 78, the Rev. George Orgill-Leman. He was the

eldest son of the late Rev. Naunton Thos. Orgill, of Brampton Hall (who assumed the additional surname of Leman, by royal licence, in 1808, and died in 1837), by Henrietta Jane, dau. of the late Sir Wm. Anderson, bart., and was born in 1799. He was educated at University Coll., Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1811, and proceeded M.A. in 1814; he was formerly incumbent of Stoven, Suffolk. The rev. gentleman, who was unmarried, is succeeded in his estates by his brother, the Rev. Robert Orgill-Leman, rector of Brampton, who was born in 1799, and married, first in 1824, Isabella Camilla, dau. of the late Sir W. J. Twysden, bart.; and secondly, in 1859, Ellen Maria, dau. of the Rev. J. A. Ross, vicar of Westwell, Kent.

At Chelmarsh Hall, Bridgnorth, Salop, aged 80, John Nichols, esq.

At Cambridge House, Ealing, William Henry Rose, esq., late one of the Judges of the Small Cause Court at Madras.

At Ryde, Lieut.-Col. N. R. Sneyd, eldest surviving son of the late Major Ralph Henry Sneyd.

At Edinburgh, aged 80, Lieut.-Gen. Maurice Tweedie, Madras Army.

At Edinburgh, aged 53, George Towry White, esq., barrister-at-law. He was educated at Trinity Coll., Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1835, and proceeded M.A. in 1838; and was called to the bar at Lincoln's-inn in 1838.

Dec. 15. At Bath, aged 58, Lady Preston, relict of the late Sir Robert Preston, bart. Her ladyship was the dau. of the late Charles Deane, esq., of London, and widow of Major Williams, of the H.E.I.C.S.; she married, in 1826, Sir R. Preston, bart., who died without issue in 1858.

At Penzance, Cornwall, Jane Elizabeth, wife of F. C. Annesley, esq., Inspector-Gen. of Hospitals. H.P., and youngest dau. of the late Major-Gen. Dudgeon.

At The Hoo, Kempston, Bedfordshire, aged 40, Talbot Barnard, esq. He was the youngest son of the late T. Barnard, esq., banker, of Bedford, by Anne, dau. of Thos. Fisher, esq., of Cambridge, and was born in 1830. He was a J.P. and D.L. for Beds, and a banker at Bedford. The deceased, who was a liberal in politics, represented the borough of Bedford in Parliament from 1857 to 1859. He married, in 1859, Isabella Henrietta Theodora, youngest dau. of Henry Lawes Long, esq., of Hampton Lodge, Surrey, by whom he has left, with other issue, a son and heir, born in 1866.

In Lower Grosvenor street, aged 82, Charlotte Matilda, relict of G. Thornhill, esq., of Diddington, Huntingdon-

shire. She was dau. and heiress of the late Rev. Charles Green, of Offey Davey, Hunts, and married, in 1810, George Thornhill, esq., of Diddington, who was M.P. for Hunts, from 1837 until his death in 1852.

At Bath, Charles Dyneley, esq., for many years Deputy-Registrar of the late Prerogative Court of Canterbury, the seventh and only surviving son of Robert and Barbara Dyneley, formerly of Bramhope, Yorkshire.

Aged 67, Francis Bruen, esq., of Coolbawn, co. Wexford. He was the second son of the late Col. Henry Bruen, of Oak Park, co. Carlow, by Dorothea Henrietta, dau. of Francis Knox, esq., of Rappa Castle, co. Mayo, and was born in 1800. He was educated at Eton and Christ Ch., Oxford, and was a J.P. and D.L. for co. Wexford. He represented Carlow in Parliament in the Conservative interest from 1835 to 1837, and again from March to July, 1839. Mr. Bruen married, in 1823, Lady Catherine Anne, 2nd dau. of George Frederick, 7th Earl of Westmeath, which lady died in Oct., 1864.

Dec. 16. In Queen Anne-street, W., aged 58, Charles William Borrett, esq., D.C.L., barrister-at-law. The deceased was a native of the diocese of Norwich, and was born in 1809; he was educated at the Charterhouse, where he gained the gold medal for Latin verse, and at Magdalen Coll., Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1832, and proceeded M.A. 1834, and D.C.L. in 1843. He was elected to a demyship, and subsequently one of the Lay-Fellows of Magdalen Coll., and was called to the bar at Lincoln's-inn in 1837. The deceased gentleman, who formerly practised as an equity draughtsman and conveyancer in Lincoln's-inn, lived and died unmarried.—*Law Times.*

At Drumbanagher, co. Armagh, aged 84, Colonel Maxwell Close. He was the eldest son of the late Rev. Samuel Close, of Elm Park, co. Armagh (who died in 1817), by Deborah, dau. of the late Very Rev. A. R. Champagne, Dean of Clonmacnoise, and nephew of the late Sir Barry Close, bart., and was born in 1783. He was educated at Woolwich and at Trinity Coll., Dublin; was a J.P. and D.L. for co. Armagh, and served as High Sheriff of that county in 1818; he was a colonel in the army retired, and was formerly in the 20th and 27th Foot, and served in Egypt. Col. Maxwell married, in 1820, Anna Elizabeth, sister of Charles Brownlow, 1st Lord Lurgan, and by her, who died in 1864, has left, with other issue, Maxwell Charles, now of Drumbanagher, late M.P. for co. Armagh, who was born in 1827,

and married, in 1852, Catherine Deborah Agnes, dau. of H. S. Close, esq., of Newtown Park, co. Dublin.

At Cholesbury, Bucks, aged 74, Elizabeth Purvis Eyre, wife of the Rev. Henry Playsted Jeston.

At Croydon, aged 90, Rebecca, widow of the Rev. Michael Rowlandson, D.D., vicar of Warminster, Wilts.

At Wendover Lodge, Welwyn, aged 52, Capt. Willoughby J. Lake, R.N. He was the fourth son of the late Sir James S. W. Lake, bart. (who died in 1846) by Maria, dau. of Samuel Turner, esq., and was born in 1815. He entered the Navy in 1829, and for services on the coast of Syria and at the bombardment of St Jean d'Acre, was promoted to a lieutenancy in 1840. He subsequently served on the African and Brazilian stations, and in 1847 he was appointed to the command of a station in the Coast Guard. Capt. Lake married, in 1852, Almeria, eldest dau. of William Phillimore, esq., of Deacon's Hill, Herts, by whom he has left issue.

At Edinburgh, Lieut.-Col. John James McMurdo, of Mavis Grove, Dumfriesshire.

At Southampton, aged 47, Maria, wife of the Rev. Alfred Sells.

At Cheltenham, aged 89, Anne Box, relict of the late Rev. Henry Wintle, rector of Somerton, Oxon.

Dec. 17. At the Manse of Alvah, Banff, N.B., the Rev. Andrew Todd, D.D.

At Nice, aged 74, C. A. Moody, esq., of Kingsdon, Somerset. He was the eldest son of the late A. Moody, esq., of Kingsdon (who died in 1820), by Catherine his wife, and was born in 1792. He was educated at Winchester and Oriol Coll., Oxford, and was a J.P. and D.L. for Somerset, and chairman of the Somerset Quarter Sessions. He sat as M.P. for West Somerset in the Conservative interest from 1847 to 1863.

At Sedgley, Dudley, aged 40, Henry Bickerton Whitehouse, jun., esq., Capt. 29th Staffordshire Volunteers.

At Moness House, Aberfeldy, Perthshire, aged 53, Lieut.-Col. Saml. Hood Murray. He was the second son of the late Hon. L. G. K. Murray (who died in 1835), by his second wife, Virginia, dau. of A. Malet, esq., and widow of J. Thursby, esq., and was born in 1814. He was a magistrate for Perthshire, a Lieut.-Col. in the army retired, and adjutant 2nd Administrative Battalion Perthshire Rifle Volunteers; he was formerly in the 92nd and 50th Foot, major 67th Foot, and Lieut.-Col. 3rd West India Regt. The deceased, who represented a younger branch of the family of the Earl

of Dunmore, married, in 1840, Susan, dau. of the late Hamilton Collins Sempill, esq., by whom he has left issue two sons and one dau.

Dec. 18. At Norden, Rochdale, aged 38, the Rev. Charles Kerrich Hartshorne, vicar. He was educated at Ch. Ch., Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1853, and proceeded M.A. in 1856; he was recently appointed vicar of Norden, and was formerly curate of St. Mary's, Barnsley, and subsequently of Wootton-Rivers.

At Cairo, from dysentery, aged 50, Col. John Clark-Kennedy, C.B., of Knockgrey, Kirkcudbrightshire. The deceased was the eldest son of the late Lieut.-Gen. Sir Alexander Kennedy Clark-Kennedy, K.C.B., K.H., of Knockgrey (who died in 1864), by Harriet Rebekah, second dau. of the late John Randall, esq., of Cumberland-place, London, and was born in 1817. Colonel Kennedy was one of the most energetic officers in the army, and had gone out to take part in the contemplated war in Abyssinia. The lamented officer had been in the army 34 years, and had seen considerable service. He served with the 18th on the China expedition in 1842, and was present at the investment of Nankin. Was assistant-quartermaster-general to the force under Major-General D'Aguilar throughout the combined naval and military operations in the Canton river in 1847, when the forts of the Bocca Tigris, the Staked Barrier, and the city of Canton were taken. He served in the whole of the Punjaub campaign of 1848-49; was present as aide-de-camp to Sir W. Whish at the first siege of Mooltan, storming the Sikh intrenched position, raising the siege operations previous to the action of Soorjkoond, second siege of Mooltan, storm of the city, surrender of the fort and garrison of Cheniots, and battle of Goojerat. He was appointed aide-de-camp to Brigadier-General Mountain, and was present at the pursuit of the Sikhs and the passage of the Jhelum. He was then attached to the staff of Sir Walter Gilbert, and present at the surrender of the Sikh army and guns and the forced march upon Attock, which drove the Affghans across the Indus. Was aide-de-camp to Brigadier-General Sir Colin Campbell, and was present at the advance upon and occupation of Peshawur, in March, 1849; served in the Crimea from December, 1854, at the siege of Sebastopol; commanded the advanced wing of the 18th Royal Irish, the leading regiment of Eyre's Brigade, in the assault of the 18th of June, and was wounded in the neck. He was afterwards appointed assistant-adjutant-general at

head-quarters, and was present at the assault on the 8th Sept. For his services in the Crimea was made a Companion of the Order of the Bath, and he had also received the Order of the Medjidie of the 5th class. He had held the post of colonel-commandant of the military train since February, 1860. Col. Clark-Kennedy was twice married; first, in 1850, to Frances Eleanor, only dau. of the late J. E. Walford, esq., of Chipping Hill, Witham, Essex (she died in 1857); and secondly, in 1859, to Charlotte Isabella, dau. of Col. the Hon. Peregrine F. Cust.

At Wyke Regis, Dorset, aged 8, Henry Lewis, only son of the Rev. H. C. Pigou.

In York-street, Portman-square, aged 73, Henry Edward Sharpe, esq., barrister-at-law. He was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1819, and went the Home Circuit. He was formerly Attorney Gen. of Barbadoes, and subsequently Chief Justice of the Island of St. Vincent, W.I.

At Misterton Rectory, Lutterworth, aged 57, the Rev. George Henry Franks. He was educated at Exeter Coll., Oxford, where he took his B.A. degree in 1832, and was appointed rector of Misterton in 1835.

At St. Leonard's-on-Sea, aged 36, Joseph Pedley, esq., of Field House, Tottenham. He was the youngest son of the late Joshua Pedley, esq., of Forest-gate, and was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1855.

At Clifton, Bristol, aged 47, James Francis Morgan, barrister-at-law. He was the eldest son of the late Francis Morgan, esq., of Catherington House, Hants, and was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1845.

Dec. 19. In Eaton-square, aged 67, Lady Clay, wife of Sir W. Clay, bart. She was Harriet, dau. and co-heir of Thomas Dickason, esq., of Fulwell Lodge, Middlesex, and married, in 1822, Sir William Clay, bart., by whom she has had issue three sons and six daus.

At Newcastle-on-Tyne, from the effects of an explosion of nitro-glycerine, Mr. John Mawson, Sheriff of Newcastle. The deceased was a well-known practical chymist.

At Hurley, Berks, aged 60, the Rev. Florence James Wethered, M.A. He was educated at Queen's Coll., Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1831, and proceeded M.A. in 1834; he was appointed vicar of Hurley in 1838.

Dec. 20. At Chertsey, Surrey, the Rev. Thomas Fleming, M.A. He was the fifth son of the late Rev. J. Fleming, M.A., of Rayrigg, Westmoreland, and was born in

1810. He was educated at Pembroke Coll., Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1831, and proceeded M.A. in 1834; he subsequently became fellow of his college.

Dec. 21. Suddenly, the Hon. John O'Grady, Commander, R.N. He was the sixth son of Standish, 1st Viscount Guilla-more, by Katherine, second dau. of John Thomas Waller, esq., of Castletown, co. Limerick. He entered the navy in 1822 as first-class volunteer on board the *Genoa*, and has served on the home and West India stations, and also in North America.

At Merton, aged 52, Colonel Gilbert Hogg, K.T.S., K.S.F., late Chief Con- stable of Staffordshire.

Dec. 23. At Penicuik, Midlothian, N.B., aged 58, the Rt. Hon. Sir George Clerk, bart. See OBITUARY.

At Hammersmith, aged 40, Caroline Susannah, wife of J. Reddie, esq., of the Admiralty, Somerset House.

Dec. 27. In Richmond-terrace, White- hall, from bronchitis, aged 69, Maria, Countess of Harrington. Her ladyship was the dau. of Mr. Samuel T. Foote, a descendant of the celebrated Samuel Foote, the dramatist and performer, and was born at Plymouth, in June, 1798. Her father was in the army, but after selling out he became manager of the Plymouth Theatre. He married a beau- tiful and accomplished woman, a member of a family of fortune and high re- spectability. She incurred the displea- sure and disapprobation of her friends by her marriage and the estrange- ment was completed by Mrs. Foote ap- pearing on the boards of the theatre. At the age of twelve (namely, in July, 1810), Maria Foote made her *début* on the stage at her father's theatre at Plymouth in the character of *Juliet*. Her career as an actress won her great notoriety and admiration. Her acting was characterised by a peculiar power of pleasing, an attrac- tive and a ready genius, and she became one of the most popular actresses on the

stage. She married, in April, 1831, Charles, 4th Earl of Harrington, by whom, who died in March, 1851, she had issue an only son, Charles, Viscount Petersham, who died in 1836, in his fifth year; and Lady Jane St. Maur Blanche, married to the Earl of Mount-Charles.

Recently. At Wurzburg, the Baron de Thierry, formerly Minister of Foreign Affairs in Austria.

Aged 89, Dr. Jackson, an eminent phy- sician in New England. He had been, since 1810, a leading professor in the Medical College connected with Harvard University, and was the author of various works on science. In early life Dr. Jack- son was attached to St. Thomas's Hos- pital in London, and attended the lectures of Fordyce, Astley Cooper, and others.

At Paris, aged 70, Madame Rude, *née* Sophie Frémyet. She was the widow of the celebrated sculptor, and was herself a distinguished artist. She was a pupil of Devosges, of Dijon, and afterwards had lessons from David. She was a constant exhibitor at the modern artists' *salon* of Paris from 1827 to 1867. In 1833 she was awarded a medal of the 1st class for the "Adieux de Charles I. et ses enfants," a picture now in the Ministry of the In- terior. A great many of her works are in the Dijon Museum, the Mont St. Michel Chapel, and the D'Arenberg library at Brussels.

In Australia, aged 80, James Rennie, M.A., formerly Professor of Zoology in King's College, London. Mr. Rennie was author of the popular work "Insect Architecture," and of numerous other works less widely known, but all of some merit. He came with a good reputation from his college (Glasgow) to London in 1821, and emigrated to New South Wales in 1840.

Aged 84, Gen. the Duke de Mon- tesquious Fesensac. He was one of the few survivors of the Wars of the Empire, having served at Ulm, at Jena, through- out the Moscow campaign, and at Dres- den.

REGISTRAR-GENERAL'S RETURNS.
BIRTHS and DEATHS Registered, and METEOROLOGY in the following large Towns.

BOROUGHs, &c.	Estimated Population in the middle of the year 1867.	Persons to an acre (1867).	Births registered during the week.	Deaths registered during the week.	TEMPERATURE OF THE AIR (Fahrenheit).				TEMPERATURE OF THE AIR (Fahrenheit).				Rain-fall in inches.	
					Highest during the week.	Lowest during the week.	Weekly mean of the mean daily values.	Rain-fall in inches.	Highest during the week.	Lowest during the week.	Weekly mean of the mean daily values.	Rain-fall in inches.		
NOVEMBER 30.														
Total of 11 large Towns.	5,837,605	47 '1	4082	2914	50 '0	25 '9	38 '6	0 '01	3916	3135	56 '7	22 '8	38 '5	0 '76
London (Metropolis)	3,083,372	39'5	2260	1426	46'8	32'8	39'6	0'00	2017	1588	47'7	27'5	37'7	0'28
Bristol (City)	165,572	35'3	115	89	47'4	30'0	38'5	0'00	77	93	55'5	25'5	37'9	0'77
Birmingham (Borough)	343,948	43'9	205	172	49'5	31'0	38'3	0'00	256	166	48'0	28'4	38'3	0'03
Liverpool (Borough)	492,439	96'4	375	298	47'8	32'6	38'8	0'00	349	303	55'5	33'8	40'5	1'22
Manchester (City)	362,823	80'0	248	245	49'0	28'0	37'0	0'00	238	285	53'0	24'0	36'6	1'09
Salford (Borough)	115,013	22'2	88	75	48'4	27'2	37'8	0'00	69	72	48'4	22'8	36'8	1'53
Leeds (Borough)	232,428	10'8	132	98	50'0	27'5	39'2	0'00	230	104	53'0	24'5	39'4	0'48
Hull (Borough)	106,740	30'0	88	37	46'0	19'0	38'7	0'16	75	48	47'0	23'0	37'1	0'47
Edinburgh (City)	176,081	39'8	111	111	46'7	39'2	39'2	0'00	128	91	48'7	32'0	41'8	0'50
Glasgow (City)	440,979	87'1	343	231	49'7	25'9	37'6	0'00	344	276	56'7	25'0	41'1	0'61
Dublin (City & some suburbs)	319,210	32'8	117	132	48'9	30'1	40'4	0'00	153	1'8	56'7	25'0	41'1	0'61
DECEMBER 14.														
Total of 11 large Towns.	5,837,605	47 '1	3601	3207	56 '0	22 '0	34 '7	0 '80	4067	3302	55 '5	21 '2	42 '0	0 '41
London (Metropolis)	3,083,372	39'5	1959	1558	55'2	26'1	35'7	1'14	2146	1700	50'8	21'2	38'4	0'30
Bristol (City)	165,572	35'3	92	88	56'0	24'3	36'3	0'55	113	73	52'5	24'0	41'7	0'36
Birmingham (Borough)	343,948	43'9	263	193	55'4	24'6	34'1	0'81	272	179	55'5	27'5	42'3	0'41
Liverpool (Borough)	492,439	96'4	361	325	53'7	25'0	36'3	1'07	346	310	50'1	29'9	43'4	0'72
Manchester (City)	362,823	80'0	234	249	53'1	28'6	34'1	0'74	233	252	50'1	29'9	43'4	0'72
Salford (Borough)	115,013	22'2	177	64	54'0	22'0	33'8	0'98	124	66	50'1	28'9	42'2	1'31
Leeds (Borough)	232,428	10'8	176	109	54'0	23'0	32'9	1'08	203	108	51'0	26'5	42'0	0'65
Hull (Borough)	106,740	30'0	118	104	48'7	27'0	35'6	0'30	86	56	50'0	25'0	38'4	0'43
Edinburgh (City)	176,081	39'8	118	104	48'7	27'0	35'6	0'30	112	110	49'7	34'0	43'9	0'30
Glasgow (City)	440,979	87'1	321	280	50'1	25'4	34'1	0'53	304	279	52'6	35'2	45'8	0'37
Dublin (City & some suburbs)	319,210	32'8	117	132	48'9	30'1	40'4	0'00	153	1'8	56'7	25'0	41'1	0'61

METEOROLOGICAL DIARY, BY H. GOULD, late W. CARY, 181, STRAND.

From November 24, 1867, to December 21, 1867, inclusive.

Day of Month.	Thermometer.			Barom.	Weather.	Day of Month.	Thermometer.			Barom.	Weather.
	8 o'clock Morning.	Noon.	11 o'clock Night.				8 o'clock Morning.	Noon.	11 o'clock Night.		
Nov.	°	°	°	in. pts.		Dec.	°	°	°	in. pts.	
24	38	42	40	30. 53	foggy	8	34	37	33	29. 93	heavy snow
25	38	42	43	30. 34	do.	9	28	32	23	29. 99	foggy
26	44	47	46	29. 87	rain	10	41	40	42	30. 09	do., rain
27	36	42	34	30. 28	cloudy, fair	11	43	43	42	29. 99	cloudy
28	31	39	32	30. 18	do., do.	12	52	52	43	30. 05	do.
29	31	40	42	30. 20	foggy	13	43	47	45	30. 13	do.
30	39	43	49	29. 77	do., clo., h. rn.	14	45	49	51	29. 87	do., rain
D. 1	52	53	43	29. 08	rain	15	52	53	54	29. 69	heavy do.
2	31	30	30	29. 48	cloudy, snow	16	52	54	50	29. 75	cloudy
3	34	33	34	30. 04	do., sleet, clo.	17	51	53	46	29. 68	do., rain, clo.
4	34	37	33	30. 18	foggy	18	41	41	36	29. 47	fair, cloudy
5	39	43	37	29. 78	rain	19	34	41	36	29. 63	do., do.
6	37	37	34	29. 72	snow, sleet, rn.	20	31	36	36	29. 84	foggy
7	33	37	33	29. 99	do.	21	38	40	47	29. 74	heavy rain

DAILY CLOSING PRICE OF STOCKS.

Nov. and Dec.	3 per Cent. Consols.	3 per Cent. Reduced.	New 3 per Cents.	Bank Stock.	Exch. Bills £1,000.	East India Stock.	India Bonds £1,000.	India 5 per Cent. St.
Nov.								
23	94 1/4	92 3/4	92 3/4	242 45	28 31 pm.	221 3	50 5 pm.	115 1/2 16
25	94 1/4	92 3/4	92 3/4	243 45	115 3/4 16 1/4
26	94 1/4	93	93	242 44	53 8 pm.	115 1/2 16
27	94 1/4	93	93	243 45	...	222 4	...	115 1/2 16
23	94 1/4	93 1/4	93 1/4	223 5	54 9 pm.	115 1/2 16
29	94 1/4	93 1/4	93 1/4	115 1/2 16
30	94 1/4	93	93	55 60 pm.	115 1/2 16
D. 2	93 1/4	93	93	54 9 pm.	113 1/2
3	93 1/4	92 3/4	92 3/4	55 60 pm.	112 3/4 13 1/4
4	93	92 1/4	92 1/4	112 1/2 13
5	93	92 3/4	92 3/4	112 1/2 13
6	92 3/4	92 1/4	92 1/4	53 8 pm.	112 1/2 13
7	92 3/4	92	92	Shut.	55 60 pm.	112 1/4 13 3/4
9	92 3/4	92	92	112 1/4 13 3/4
10	92 3/4	92	92	53 8 pm.	112 1/4 13 3/4
11	92 3/4	92	92	242 44	112 1/4 13 3/4
12	92 3/4	92 3/4	92 3/4	241 43	112 1/4 13 3/4
13	92 3/4	92 3/4	92 3/4	111 3/4 12 1/4
14	92 3/4	92 3/4	92 3/4	55 60 pm.	111 3/4 12 1/4
16	92 3/4	92 3/4	92 3/4	53 8 pm.	111 3/4 12 1/4
17	92 1/2	92 1/2	92 1/2	240 42	26 29 pm.	111 3/4 12 1/4
18	92 1/2	92 1/2	92 1/2	...	25 29 pm.	111 3/4 12 1/4
19	92 1/2	92 1/2	92 1/2	111 1/2 12
20	92 1/2	92 1/2	92 1/2	111 1/2 12
21	92 1/2	92 1/2	92 1/2	...	25 28 pm.	111 1/2 12
23	92 1/2	92 1/2	92 1/2	239 41	23 28 pm.	111 1/2 12

J. B. HEWITT,
3, Crown Court,
Thread needle Street.

THE
Gentleman's Magazine
 AND
 HISTORICAL REVIEW.

FEBRUARY, 1868.

NEW SERIES. *Aliusque et idem.—Hor.*

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BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENT.

The Editor has reason to hope for a continuance of the useful and valuable aid which his predecessors have received from correspondents in all parts of the country ; and he trusts that they will further the object of the New Series, by extending, as much as possible, the subjects of their communications : remembering that his pages will be always open to well-selected inquiries and replies on matters connected with Genealogy, Heraldry, Topography, History, Biography, Philology, Folk-lore, Art, Science, Books, and General Literature.

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An old friend of Sylvanus Urban wishes to purchase THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE from 1855 to 1865 inclusive. Particulars to be addressed to "Americanus," care of the Editor.

Another subscriber wants THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE for 1769, also for 1765 (January to June inclusive). He also requires the title-page for the year 1771, the last leaf of Index of Names for 1766, the latter part of Index to Essays for 1770, and the Index of Names for the same volume.

S. U.

The Gentleman's Magazine

AND

HISTORICAL REVIEW.

Auspice Musâ.—*Hor.*

MADemoiselle MATHILDE.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MONTAUBAN, WITH AN, AS YET DISTANT, VIEW OF NANTES.



ENNYSON, in "In Memoriam," asks, in beautiful rhyme, the question which most Nature lovers have asked themselves, and which children generally ask themselves—"Can one be sorry on a fine day?" The answer which I should be inclined to give is, that it is not very easy. I can perfectly conceive afflictions so very great that one would never be glad again at all. But, short of actual tragedy, I should say that there were few vexations, however great, which could not be to some extent mitigated by weather.

I was with a poet, and a great one, once, and we were in a boat on a cold, steel-gray river, under a cold, motionless, gray sky, with the yellow willow leaves showering upon us; and he was reading. Suddenly he looked up, and said, "This weather is enough to kill one!"—I said "I love gray weather."—"Ah!" he replied, "if it *moves*, I love it, too." He was right; poets *are* right on such subjects: they are our masters there. The glorious, wild motion of a rushing south-westerly gale, even though you cannot see a hundred yards for the rain, excites and rouses one. The dead, dull, leaden gray sky, which one gets in an English autumn, would affect and depress that nearly lowest form of our countrymen, a betting man; not, of

course, to the same extent as the gray arch of the guard-rooms at the Tour Solidor depressed that sensitive little being Adèle, but still to some extent. Nicholas, whom I look upon as a creation more than clever, would certainly require more sherry wine on a dull, gray, say, Cambridgeshire Stakes day, than he would on a bright, brilliant Cup day at Ascot. Some say that Nicholas is vulgar: he is meant to be. But that picture of a godless, old betting man, who has outlived all vices except those of drunkenness and that particular form of avarice known as betting, shows genius. One laughs at it; but it is a very bitter kind of laugh.

If the weather, which means, after all, a change of colouring, can affect a tipsy old vagabond, what can one think of the effect wrought on Adèle by her change of colouring and circumstances? Winter, gray-ribbed, stone, and the life of a corporal's wife; then, suddenly, spring, a marquisate, and Montauban. She gave way utterly and entirely under it. In spite of Louis's absence, which was her only vexation, she told Father Martin that she was the very happiest and luckiest little woman in France, and that she meant to remain so. Let the Revolutionists keep clear of Montauban; she would—I don't know what she would not do. As for Father Martin, what heart had *he* to spoil her gaiety? Why, none at all.

For he could see, wise man, that Adèle was much *better* under these circumstances. I think I know a French friend who would say that Adèle was a being who required light. Father Martin did not put it in this way. His formula was that she was a delicately-organised and very timid little being, and the worst point in her character, a little feline ferocity, never came out until she was frightened. Great, grand Mathilde, he used to say, had neither cowardice nor ferocity; but there were some, and again there were others, children of the good God. And he was glad and pleased to see his lovely little Marquise happy, gay, religious, kind, good-tempered,—drinking in, as it were, the glorious beauty around her. “She must not be frightened,” he said; “she will be spoilt, if she is terrified.” Whereas her mother, of Dinan, said, “I could scare that little fool into anything I chose.” But she only said this to herself; what she did is more to the purpose.

Martin knew perfectly well that there was going to be an end of all things. Many secular priests knew it; one hundred and forty-nine, for instance, at the time of the *Séance du Feu de Paume* in the June previous. I fancy that few could have known it better than clever,

secular priests, who had toiled all their lives among the lower orders in the towns, and who had to answer questions which, with Cardinal Leroy and the late Marquis de Valognes to the fore, could not be answered by any honest man. At all events, Martin believed that the end of things was come as it was: he had looked about to see where his duty lay; he had prayed for direction; and, behold, he found himself sent to Montauban to take care of this very silly little Marquise.

He readily believed that his duty lay here. Certainly, she wanted much taking care of. Honest and pure as she was, she might be the cause of a great deal of mischief—politically. And her mother, a furious Royalist, lived very close by, and had the *entrée*; and Montauban was buried in the depths of a forest. Madame might well make it a place for a Royalist plot, should such a thing become necessary; and Madame was a fool, and would most probably select this most suspected and lonely house as being secret. Did not half France know that it was one of the most notorious abodes of aristocratic rascaldom in the provinces—the only one for miles round in loyal, old Brittany. He was evidently at his post here.

And a very pleasant one. It was a beautiful thing to see Adèle's wonder and delight at all the beauties of Montauban, her *own* Montauban. She had seen, hitherto, practically nothing but that wild, triste Sheepshen in England: this place was an absolute paradise. It really was such a place as I believe one cannot see often in France now.

It stood on a slight hill, nearly a hundred feet high, in the middle of the forest, and was approached by four avenues—not regular pleached avenues as one sees in an English park, but more correctly *alleys*, cut in the natural forest, each one of which was perfectly straight, nearly two miles in length, and of level grass. The timber in this forest was not of any great size where the underwood and covert grew thickest; but in other places there were splendid groups of cedars, oaks, and chestnuts of great size and antiquity, with open glades around and under them. Still, from the château the general effect was of dense, unbroken forest on all sides, with the four great grass rides approaching it. The stables and necessary offices were hidden hard by in the forest, but carefully hidden; there was no farm, no cottage, within two miles; all was careful desolation: “they made a solitude, and called it peace.”

The lodges, even, were not allowed to be visible from the château;

they were round the corner, and the long-drawn avenue only ended in a screen of woodland. The old Marquis used to declare that no stranger ever rode or drove round the corner into the main avenue, and caught sight of the house for the first time, without exclaiming, "*Parbleu!*" or some similar form of exclamation and admiration; and, indeed, no wonder, for it was exceedingly beautiful.

It stood a little above the level forest, all alone, as though upon an altar. Its colour was deep red, of red sandstone, and the roofs were of slate. The sky-line consisted of an infinitude of crowded French-roofed towers, dominated by the vast, soaring, square sheet of slate, pierced with dormers, which capped the principal tower. Dark, warm, rich, lurid, beyond conception: in the distance it seemed of a heavy reddish purple; nearer, with less atmosphere between you and it, more and more of a rich red; and when you had done admiring its colour, you began to see the extreme beauty of the details. The windows, of dark stone, high and narrow, with only one mullion on each, unlike a Tudor house; when the sun fell on these windows they flamed with glory, and a wizened child might say, "See! the *château* of Monseigneur burns!" and its mother would say, "Not yet."

The little hill, the Mont Auban, on which the palace, for it was little else, stood, and which was just high enough to enable the *château* to stand a little above the forest and to catch the sun,—this hill was scarped on all sides into a terraced garden, so that in summer time, when you got near the castle, you noticed that, although richly coloured when seen from a distance, when you were close it looked almost dull and dingy, by reason of the flowers in which its foundations were set.

There were no glass houses, and so the effect of it was not ruined, as is the effect of most great modern houses in England, by a ghastly, inartistic half acre of glass. There was little need of glass so much south, with the warm Atlantic not so far off. There was only the forest, then scarps and terraces of flowers, then a wilderness of roses, which leapt as high as they could along the red walls, and then aloft the solemn towers and pinnacles. There were no fountains; there was no hill sufficiently near to give the requisite pressure of water. The gist of Adèle's first letter from Montauban to Louis was a particular request that he would allow her to have fountains. "I shall scarcely consider myself properly married without fountains," she said. "All the world have them now." Louis

wrote back, and gave her *carte blanche* about fountains: "You have but few pleasures, my darling; would I deprive you of one?"—but she never got her fountains for all that. Circumstances occurred; for instance, her mother took to staying there, who, if I may be allowed to say so, was much more likely to assist at fireworks than at waterworks; and to the end the majestic red and purple pile continued to raise its foundations from the blazing beds of flowers, and break the sky-line with its splendid pinnacles, without the indignity of fountains.

The forest around was the great delight of Father Martin. With the exception of the major-domo, he had dismissed all the house servants; but he had made no change among the foresters and game-keepers. "There must be," he said, "something to attract a landlord to live amongst his tenantry, and nothing attracts him so much as sport. Louis loves it, and I will not remove this source of attraction from him without his express direction." That is the way in which Father Martin practically treated the game laws, which he often furiously denounced when he was brought *en visage* with them. But, then, this was an exceptional case. In the first place, he found that the foresters and under-foresters were of a class utterly different from those which I have called the Mamelukes. They were, one and all of them, he could see at once, bright-eyed, swift-walking, Welsh-speaking peasants. They did not even understand the language of the Mamelukes; and on meeting Father Martin in the alleys of the forest, dressed as they were in velveteen and gold, they knelt beside the path uncovered. These men were the people of the country—the men we now call Vendéens.

In the next place, this *παράδεισος* was a real paradise to Martin. He was a man who passed through the world loving everything but sin; and, wicked man, very often making the best of *that*. But, from his education, he had been forced to love Nature only through books; and, lo! here she was face to face with him, and an old man in green velvet to show her to him. Father Martin, deeply disapproving of the game laws, held over the question of the disforestation of the forest until he should have had time to consult Marquis Louis. On which the reader may moralise.

The oldest forester and Father Martin were at once sworn friends, for the forester was very religious (as, indeed, were the others), and spoke French. He told Martin many things. "This Montauban," said the Breton, "was the only wicked house around; it was the last

wicked house southward ; but, then, it was wickeder than hell. The peasants had been true and faithful to the late Marquis, now in glory or soon to be ; for he, the forester, had heard that he had left eighty-five thousand livres for masses, which would, no doubt, be sufficient to pull him through, for the late Marquis was a highly-instructed man, and knew the value of a livre like another, nay, better ; and his spiritual director had been the Cardinal Leroy, an eminent ecclesiastic, who would, doubtless, give him the best fiscal advice. No doubt, the Marquis was by this time in glory ; but the good Father Martin, doubtless, knew best. It was no business of his, and he begged pardon."

Martin turned to him to see if he was mocking. Not in the least.

The forester continued : " The people had been waiting sadly for the new Marquis, and had hoped that he would have come ; for they heard, that, although somewhat tainted with new opinions, he was good. The Marquis not having come, they had been glad that he had sent his bride with such a good father as the one before him. The people thanked the father for getting rid at once of that abomination in the neighbourhood—those accursed Auvergnois."

" What Auvergnois ? " asked Martin.

" The household servants, mon père."

" Do they not come from here, then ? I thought they were Breton."

The old forester made a demonstration. He sent his three-cornered hat skimming away over the fern, he stamped rapidly with his feet, he spit, he bit his nails, he pulled his hair into wisps, and he spoke.

" These Norman priests ! I ask pardon, they know nothing. Allow me, I beseech you, to relieve my mind in private. Do not listen."

" I must beg you not to conduct yourself like a lunatic," said Father Martin, loftily. " They were, at all events, your fellow-servants. These are not times in which to enrage yourself unnecessarily."

The old Breton got calm, and begged pardon profusely. " I was furious because you believed that these Auvergnois were Bretons. Do you not know, then ? "

Father Martin did not know ; so the old forester told him, which is all I have to say about the matter. It was an ugly story, like many at that time, and like many now ; and Martin hated ugly

stories—he had had too many in taking confession. He changed the subject.

“ I will talk to you again—often—in this beautiful forest, and you shall tell me what the Marquis shall do for the peasantry ; and, trust me, he shall do it, old friend, for the Marquis lives but for good. See here, we are through the forest, and there is a hill before us ; let us ascend it. ‘ Montes atque omnes loci desiderati, laudate Dominum.’ ‘ High hills and all pleasant places, praise ye the Lord.’ ”

They went up together and sat on the top of the hill among some murmuring firs, which reminded Martin of Sheepsden ; he was pleased at getting out of the close forest and looking south on an extended horizon.

“ The air comes pleasant here. How far one can see ! I see village after village, forest, and rolling hills, and then a dull yellow line, with infinity beyond it. What is that yellow line ? ”

“ C’est la Loire, mon père.”

“ And that white mass ? those are ships, I think.”

“ That is Nantes, my father.”

“ Ah ! dear old Nantes ! I was a child at Nantes once. That was before I went to Coutances to study divinity.”

They turned, and saw the noble château, glorious with windows blazing fiery in the sunset, dominating the forest.

“ It is a splendid sight,” said the forester.

“ Too splendid,” said Martin. “ Let us look southward.” And so he turned from the flaming castle, and looked once more on the broad, yellow sands of the Loire, in the dim distance. Not for the last time.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MONTAUBAN, WITH NEWS OF ANDRÉ DESILLES.

THIS forest became his great pleasure ; and indeed it was a very pleasant place ; for here Nature, in one of her most luxurious, temperate moods, three hundred miles south of Devonshire, had been left utterly to herself. The formation was half limestone and half new red sandstone, and Father Martin, being just enough of a botanist to enjoy it, botanised immensely, and found all kinds of orchises. He backslided worse than this before he finished.

Then Adèle among the flower-beds was a sight to see. Here

was a thing she could understand and manage, and she became a perfect little Catherine of Russia among the gardeners (Bretons), and ruled her empire of colour and scent most despotically. She made an awful mess of it, and had much better have left the gardeners alone, for they knew their business and she did not. From being ravished with the result of their labours, she began to improve it and try to mend it, in a childlike, little way. She would have blowing flowers moved into other places; she would commit all kinds of petty tyrannies, which made the gardeners smile, while they obeyed admiring, and made Father Martin laugh at her, at which she would shake her trowel at him, and laugh again. So perfectly innocent and childish, the feeblest little body, with another still feebler life hanging on hers.

“Why,” said Martin once, in one of his very rare outbreaks of solitary anger, “Herod or Marat would spare her; if that woman——” Father Martin said no more, even to himself; he only ground his teeth.

So they spent their time in frivolities—Adèle occasionally quarrelling with Father Martin. Once she penetrated as far into the forest as the home buildings, where she found horses and mules in abundance, and what was still better, cocks and hens. Now the garden was left more to itself, and it was the poultry which came in for her attention. She declared that Martin had known of this beautiful menage so close by in the forest, and had not told her, for his own purposes. Here were horses also—why should they not ride together? Well, it might be better not. But there were ladies’ horses, which had been kept in exercise by grooms with horse-rugs. They were the horses of Mademoiselle Minnette. Who was Mademoiselle Minnette? Father Martin knew, else why did he blush? She had her suspicions, this little person. Who was this Mademoiselle Minnette?—that was all *she* asked.

And indeed the good father at this time gave cause for suspicion. Adèle watched his behaviour. What did that man do with himself before *déjeûner*, at 11 o’clock? That was what she wanted to know; and the very moment Louis came back *would* know. Louis should ask him. Why did he always, or very often—they were the same things to Adèle—come in flushed, as if he had been running, and be vague almost to incoherency in his speech? What was this mystery, and why was it reserved from *her*? This man must be watched.

She watched him, and made a great discovery. She saw him coming very rapidly along one of the alleys one morning—along the very avenue which led to the back way; and she planted herself among shrubs, and saw him come by her. It was evident that this wicked old man had committed *tapage*. He had only one shoe, no hat, the back of his cassock was plastered with black mud, and there was a great streak of yellow clay right across his tonsure. She was determined to have an explanation of all this. This would never do. The servants would talk; the thing was disreputable. Yes; she must have an explanation.

When Father Martin appeared perfectly dressed at the breakfast-table, radiant, flushed, handsomer than ever, he carried an ornament which Adèle had not noticed as he had passed her hurriedly that morning—he had a black eye.

“My dear Adèle,” he broke out, “I have been having such fun.”

“So I should conceive, sir, by your personal appearance.”

“Yes, but you don’t know all. I have been in the forest.”

“As you have often been—*botanising*,” said Adèle, with killing scorn.

“Exactly. But this morning I have seen what I never hoped to see.”

“I hope you may never see it again,” said Adèle, demurely pouring out his coffee.

“I hope I shall though,” said Father Martin. “I have seen a great boar killed. There is no breach of principle in that, for I wish they were all killed together. It was absolutely glorious.”

“For you?”

“Well, not for me, because I am an ecclesiastic, and have been brought up without any physical training; but glorious for those who love it. That is a very foolish head-forester of yours though. He gave me the carbine; and that is a very foolish spiritual director of yours, for he took it. And the boar charged, and I fired, and the boar knocked me down, and the dogs went over me; yet it was glorious for all that. There is too much sugar in this coffee. I have told you of it a hundred times, and still you go on; pour that away and give me another cup. Will you ever remember?”

She apologised and obeyed, quite quietly.

“A priest must be a fool if he cannot manage a woman,” said Father Martin to himself. But then all women are not Adèles, my good father.

Things went on pleasantly enough at Montauban with these two for some months, and then more pleasantly still, for Louis, the Marquis, came, and stayed with them for more than three weeks; and while he was there, as was arranged, lo! the young Marquis was born.

It was the oddest baby, the most mournful and melancholy baby ever seen. It submitted with a miserable face to the mistake of having been born, but never protested even by a cry; it gave itself up to a sad melancholy after the first hour. I knew the baby personally (as far as a man in my position may know a Marquis), some sixty years afterwards at Dieppe, when it was younger and slightly more cheerful. At this later time, the time of good Louis Philippe, it was very particular about its little clothes, and used to walk up and down the esplanade, smiling at the sea. It had a tiny little château above the Faubourg de la Barr, with a garden mostly full of poppies, of all varieties of colour. It now lives at Montauban, and is diligent about silk. It grew four pounds and a half the year before last, at a ruinous price, but it thinks that with a change of dynasty it might make it pay. In its political convictions this baby is Legitimist. In its religious views it is Ultramontane: and the last time it was known to weep was at the signature of the September Convention. Perhaps it has laughed since. But every one who ever met it loved it, for it goes about doing good.

No wonder it was a melancholy baby, for over its cradle sat its father, telling nought but disaster, and mourning, and woe. Everything was going utterly wrong, the people really getting more embroiled and more infuriated day by day, in spite of the king's reconciliation; the present lull being only, as any one might see, temporary. Mirabeau might save us, and would if he could, but bah! Mirabeau was marked for death; and after him ruin. Such were the vague, mournful politics which were talked over the baby's cradle; while Adèle, utterly careless about the whole matter, sat casting beaming looks of love from baby to father and from father to baby.

What did *she* care?—she had those two.

Father Martin was a more intelligent listener.

Louis had left the army, and was busying himself about politics. He expressed himself glad that he had given up his commission in the Régiment de Dauphiné,^a because the regiment was behaving very

^a The word "Dauphiné" was written down before too hurriedly. The Régiment de Dauphiné was placed by me at St. Malo, where I believe it never was. It was diligently misconducting itself at Nismes about the time. (Dampmartin, p. 280.) "Les soldats du

badly, and he had quite enough on his hands without making lying promises to men about their pay, which never came for all their lying. This led him to speak of the dearest friend he had in the world—André Desilles.

I will, if you please, tell in my own way, the substance of what Louis told Father Martin concerning this singular young officer.

André, always melancholy, was as a man who had given up hope, and waited for death. He looked old and worn, said Louis, and was more silent and solemn than ever. Louis had taken him to Alexandre Lameth's—had forced him to go there. There had been Bailly, D'Isigny, Barbaroux the beautiful, Lafayette—a pleasant party, airing every kind of opinion. André, who could talk so well, said nothing here, beyond quietly traversing and rendering nearly ridiculous each argument. At the very last, when discussion was ended, he said :

“ And what does your master say to all this ? ”

“ The King ? ” said Bailly, gently.

“ No, M. le Maire—Mirabeau,” said André, and politely took his departure with Louis.

“ Louis,” he said, as he walked homeward through the streets, “ I have been making a fool of myself.”

“ You certainly should not have said what you did say about Mirabeau to M. Bailly. You have made both Lameth and D'Isigny angry.”

“ Bless them all with their cackle, I was not referring to them,” was the very disrespectful reply.

“ My dear André——”

“ Well then, I beg pardon. I said I had made a fool of myself, and I have made a very great one. I have made a fool of myself about a woman.”

Said Louis : “ Is it a *tendresse* or a *liaison* ? ”

“ *Liaison* ! ” said André. “ Are you mad ? ”

“ I ask pardon,” said Louis. “ My tongue went too fast. I forgot that you were not as others.”

“ It did indeed,” said André. “ I am speaking of Mathilde.”

Régiment de Dauphiné tenoient depuis peu de jours, de contraindre leurs officiers à se retirer.” It is almost impossible to be correct in a romance ; Scott was not. It should have been, Régiment du Dauphin, I think. I know that I was right once, but not having had the honour of being Quarter-Master-General of the French army in 1790, I am no more certain of the fact than the Quarter-Master himself.

Louis was perfectly silent, which was the best thing he could be.

"I always loved her," continued André, "but I believe I could have forgotten her, at least to some extent, had I not gone to England. Do you remember La Garaye, and that you asked me was there anything between me and her? What did I answer?"

"You said, 'Nothing.'"

"I lied, Louis; I lied horribly. I love her as only a Frenchman can love. She has taken my soul, but I have not hers in exchange. She has taken my soul, and has given it to that accursed Englishman."

The gentle Louis said: "Be calm, my André. See, you will break the arm of your Louis."

"I ask your pardon for hurting you, Louis. I will be calmer; but look at the situation. It was bad that I should love her, it was bad that she should take my soul from me and return nothing; it was worse that she should marry this Englishman as a matter of *convenance*. All this I could have borne. But that she should take my soul and transfer it to this dolt is the thing that is unbearable—for she loves him."

"She loved *me* once," said Louis, very quietly.

"I could have borne it with *you*," said André. "I could have borne it well with you, for you have always been half of my own soul. But he!—that Englishman!—that he should be her husband! Is it not maddening then?"

"But perhaps," said Louis, "they will never be married."

"They may be man and wife now," said André. "D'Isigny will probably give his consent; and as he told me yesterday, with his cursed thin smile, they have probably married without it. It is all over by now, and there is no need to say any more."

"Then there is nothing to be done," said Louis, heartily ashamed of himself.

"One can die, and there are plenty of opportunities," said André. "Once more am I away from my regiment, to hear earlier news from England. You remember my scolding you at St. Malo for neglecting yours. Good. Well, I go back to my regiment tomorrow for the last time."

"I forget where the Régiment du Roi is just now," said Louis.

"At Nanci," said André Desilles.

"Is it any steadier than it was?"

"I can do anything with my own company, in spite of Barbot; so can Peltier and Enjolras with theirs. The other companies

are very doubtful; but our men are far better in hand than the Régiment Mestre-de-Camp. But what are the poor devils to do if you will not pay them? However, I will now go back and see what I can do. I wish to heaven that I could get them paid; they would follow me anywhere then."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE DOWAGER LADY SOMERS TO M. D'ISIGNY.

"MY DEAR SIR,—To youth is given the privilege of pleasure; to a ripe and intellectual manhood such as your own, is given the privilege of social and political ambition; to old age is given the privilege of garrulity. I am going to use my privilege.

"We are much excited here by what we hear from your dear country—France. We are deeply distressed. It seems that you of our order in France are beginning to reap the fruits of a very long course of neglect of your peasantry and your town poor—as you have often pointed out to me."

This was abrupt, but the fact was that Sir Lionel was reading the letter as she wrote it, and stopped this very strenuous old lady from breaking any more windows.

"I, for my part, very much envy you the whirl and bustle of politics in which you seem entirely absorbed. I myself, as the intimate personal friend of Chatham, envy you. But it seems to me that you are looking for a statesman, and are not able to find one. M. Mirabeau, whom I *think* I may call friend, does not seem to understand the situation, and is, in fact, in opposition. M. Necker is a mere banker. What is wanted just now is a minister, who will repress and keep down the mob.

"We are extremely dull here, at Ashurst; and I fear it is duller still at Sheepsden—if you ever, in the whirl of politics, remember such a place. Mathilde, who is as a daughter to me now, finds it, I fear, very dull there. She is utterly alone. When you gave your consent to the alliance between our families I was glad. I am glad no longer. I wish it consummated. There is nothing to prevent it. The poor child is in a false position. You have permitted us

to announce the engagement between her and Lionel, and yet he hardly likes to go there. I do earnestly beg that there may be a marriage. There is everything for it, and nothing against it.

“BARBARA SOMERS.”

D’Isigny, as was the nature of the man, began just where the old lady left off; and put his spoke in the wheel at once, leaving his garrulity to follow. Do any of my readers know a man who hates having anything *done*? I know many. It is, however, more an English failing than a French one. But D’Isigny fitted with no party in France; and such decisive power of action as he had was merely physical. If he had been on the spot, with full powers of bullying everybody, he would have forced Sir Lionel to marry Mathilde at the sword’s point immediately, would have posted to Lambeth for a special licence, for he dearly loved furious and unnecessary action. But this audacious proposal of having his daughter married to the man of her heart and the man of his choice, without his being present to bully them, was a matter which must be at once put a stop to. He began, as I said, where the old lady left off.

“MADAM,—With regard to your somewhat extraordinary proposal, that my daughter should consummate a marriage with your son, without the presence of her family, I beg to state that I must give a most *emphatic* refusal.

“I was under the impression hitherto that *the* D’Isignys drew their honours from even a purer source, could such a thing be, than the extremely doubtful one of the Cretin son of David Rizzio, the guitar player.”

He revelled over the last paragraph. There were plenty of r’s in it, and he burred them. He read it aloud to himself. He thought, should he have to finish Lady Somers face to face, where would he put his emphasis—R-r-izzio or C-r-r-etin? He tried guita-r-r, but that would not do; and Rizzio, as he said it, made a dactyl, whereas Cretin was a good spondee. Cretin was a withering word, and he determined to use it.

“The man was a fool,” says the reader. That is just the thing I am trying to prove. At the same time, not altogether such a fool as he looked. He would have scorned you had you said this to

him, yet it was true. Mathilde was not only Mademoiselle D'Isigny of Sheepsden, but she was sister to the Marquise de Valognes, with her immense territories. The consummation of the alliance with Sir Lionel Somers might wait a little. Who could say what might happen in this general overturn?

When he had got so far, he was so extremely pleased with himself that he got to a certain extent civil, and went on.

“Your ladyship is doubtless aware that I have been accustomed to be master in my own house. On this occasion, my dear madam, I must be allowed to use my old privilege, even at the expense of an apparent want of gallantry. It is impossible to say where any of us may find ourselves in a year. Mathilde may be the daughter of a ruined, possibly beheaded outcast. It is better to wait. The Revolutionists have thus early taken the very wise course of ruining the most eminent and to them the most dangerous men, and so my estates in Brittany are laid waste. I am actually at this moment dependent on my wife's estate at Sheepsden for my personal expenditure.

“And again, is this a time for marrying or giving in marriage? You may say that it is right that my daughter should have a protector. She has one in you. Could she have a better one? No, my dear madam; this affair must be delayed.

“I met Brèze the other day, looking older, but well kept. He remembers you, and sends all kinds of compliments. Your old friend Bailly carries himself as well as ever; though not so young as he was, his carriage is still grand and graceful; certainly he stands on the finest leg I have ever seen. The King gets fat and sleepy, the Queen as radiant and brisk as ever. A sad thing about the little Dauphin, was it not? He was always a puling child, and *on dit* that they exhibited calomel when he had the catarrh on him,” etc., etc., etc.

Let the reader fill up this fiddle-faddle for himself. Lady Somers never read it fairly through. While D'Isigny was flattering himself that he had shown the old lady the perfect determination of his character, and then had charmed into good humour by his fashionable and political babble, Lady Somers was rubbing her mittens together, and was saying to her son:—

“That future father-in-law of yours is a very remarkable man.”

Sir Lionel expressed a somewhat doubtful assent.

“It is all very well for you to be doubtful, but I tell you that he is a very remarkable man indeed. He is by far the vainest, shallowest, and emptiest person whom I have ever met in the whole course of my life.”

“My dearest mother!”

“My dearest son! I am very old, and not very wise, but he has written me the shallowest, falsest, flimsiest letter which I have ever received in my lifetime. Read it for yourself, and judge. When you, or I, or Mathilde write a letter with a purpose in it, we state that purpose: he never states it. His purpose is delay; why, I cannot conceive, because Mathilde is not likely to meet again with such a *parti* as you. He could not say so. Just examine that letter as a curiosity. Why, the man did not know what he was going to say when he began writing it. And then, when he thinks that he has thoroughly deceived and dazzled me, he tries to come over me with his Brèzes and Baillys. It is absolutely impossible that Brèze, who is, I believe, Lord Chamberlain or something of that sort, could ever have heard of me in his life. As for Bailly and his legs, I don't know his legs, because I never set eyes on them. That is the oldest trick known in society, that of trying to flatter a person by pretending to bring messages from eminent people whom they have never seen. And for him to try such a very old trick on such a very old woman as I am! Why, it is monstrous! He is not truthful, that man.”

“My dear mother, I should have said that he was the soul of truth.”

“He will not be to any one who will allow him to bully them,” was all the answer Sir Lionel could get from his mother.

This letter came on Sunday morning.

“I shall not go to church this morning, my dear. I could not communicate after that letter. Stay you at home also, my dear, and read me the service.”

Sir Lionel got his father's prayer-book, and pushed a chair opposite to his mother. He then found her her own prayer-book.

“Shall I ring for the servants?” he said.

“No,” she said; “you and I alone. And I am getting blind, and the print of this book is too small: and I am getting deaf, and cannot hear you where you sit; so come and sit on this stool at my feet, and I can look over your shoulder.”

So Sir Lionel sat down before his mother, and leaned his head

against her knee, while he read the Litany to her, as was his custom on the mornings when she could not go to church.

“There is nothing left,” said the old lady at last, “but to wait. I should say no more. Submit.”

CHAPTER XL.

NANCI.

So they were all scattered and separated one from another, wondering were they ever to be united again. Each, however, had some hope, some pleasure. Adèle had her baby and her castle, Mathilde had her Lionel, D’Isigny had his politics, De Valognes his society. One only of the whole group was utterly and entirely alone, perfectly without any hope: it was André Desilles.

There had been misunderstandings, and things had gone wrong, and he was the victim. He quietly returned to his duty and his barracks.

The old regimental life was so thoroughly distasteful to him now. He had loved his regiment, his duty, and his men; but all was now a wearisome and to him an ignoble complication, difficulty upon difficulty, and among the whole of the Régiment du Roi there was scarce any one whom he could call a real, true friend, besides Peltier.

He was very popular among the officers. He was a gentleman, a kind-hearted man, a man whom every one in their hearts respected and deferred to before his face; behind his back, however, all the officers, from Colonel Denoue downwards, would regret that André Desilles, thorough *bon homme* that he was, was to some extent infected with the new ideas.

A very young nobleman, the last joined officer of this most unlucky regiment, said one evening, as André Desilles left the mess-table,—

“I don’t like that man. He wears no moustaches, and his heart is with the people.”

Denoue was on him at once.

“Captain Desilles, sir, is the finest officer I have. If the worst comes, I trust to his gentle influence with the men, which he has so long exercised, to prevent a catastrophe. If we had all been Desilles, sir, we should have rendered revolution both unnecessary and impossible.” And there was a general murmur of applause all

round the table, for a bold and generous sentiment is sure to catch a Frenchman's heart.

This was all very well, but it was weary work. Though he was respected by the officers and trusted by the men, not only of the Régiment du Roi, but also by the Château Vieux Swiss, and the Mestredes-Camp dragoons, he was utterly alone. He would have liked peace, this poor fellow; here was none: he would have liked action; here was none either. Nothing but a ceaseless, miserable, ignoble wrangle about money, in which his order was most distinctly in the wrong; and he standing between officers and men, in the thankless office of a peace-maker.

He grew sick at heart when he began to examine the regimental accounts, and to find out, what he had long suspected, that the men had been grossly and systematically cheated, and that their case was one which could only be put right by prompt acknowledgment and restitution on the part of the officers. Acknowledgment and restitution! The officers were a set of high-bred, high-fed nobles, confident, in their ignorance, of victory, who hated their men.

"I have done as you asked me," he said to Denoue, in secret conclave, "and the men are in the right. To declare this at this moment would be, you say, ruin. I do not believe it. By paying these men, and by pacifying them, we could make them follow us to the devil."

"What is the sum?" asked Denoue.

"I make out 180,000 livres.^a Barbot will not make it much less."

"This Barbot is at the head of those who demand accounts, is he not?" said Denoue.

"He is that man," said Desilles. "He is very ignorant, very ferocious, but at the same time very shrewd. And he has always checkmated my influence among the men, for he hates me; why, I cannot conceive, but he hates me."

"Give him his yellow ticket, and send him marching," said Denoue.

"I prefer having the most dangerous man in the regiment under my own eye," said André.

"What shall you propose, *enfin*?" said Denoue.

^a The men said 1,000,000 livres more in the last twenty years. Who shall decide now?

“Restitution,” said André.

“But we shall have to borrow the money from the municipality,” said Denoue.

“I would lend it myself, were it not for my sisters. Nay, I will lend 50,000 livres as it is.”

“But it is such a precedent,” said Denoue. “We shall have Mestre-le-Camp, and even Château Vieux, up in arms at once.”

“Let us do *right*, and put ourselves in the keeping of the honour of Frenchmen,” was the answer of André Desilles.

Denoue drummed on the table, and whistled.

“This,” he very sensibly remarked, “will be the very devil.”

It was the month of August when Sergeant-Major Barbot demanded the accounts. It must have been a strange scene. The état-major was on one side of the table in the caserne, and on the other Sergeant Barbot and the men. Behind the état-major stood André Desilles, calm and majestic, the only man among the crowd of officers which backed him who had his lip shaved—a fact which possibly did him more good with the men than a hundred protestations. His great soul recoiled from his position. He had to confess immense injustice and wrong, and was put forward as the best-trusted of the officers, to offer a tardy and utterly incomplete restitution.

There was a great squabbling, of course, over the books. The état-major, however, with all his vast experience in the peculation of soldiers' pay, was no match at all for the stupid and brutal Barbot, backed and prompted as he was by a keen young lawyer from Dauphiné. Matters went worse and worse against the officers: the men's case was too good. At last André Desilles had to come forward and make the, to him, sickening confession that the officers allowed the men's claims, and would pay 175,000 livres, which they would borrow from the municipality.

Denoue's voice was heard over the half-murmur, half-cheer, which followed this announcement.

“Captain André Desilles lends 50,000 livres of this money out of his own pocket, without security, and without hope of payment.”

The murmurs swelled into a cheer, the cheer into a roar. Barbot found himself pushed half across the table by the white-coated soldiers from behind, who pushed forwards, stretching out their hands to André Desilles. They were excitable, these rebels, and cried out “Bon Desilles! Bon Capitaine!” Some of them, “Ami

du peuple!" which did him no good among his brother officers. They behaved badly, this Régiment du Roi; but what did they want? Only to be treated as men and not as dogs, and to have their wages paid.

When Barbot had recovered his equilibrium after the *culbute* he had suffered from the white coats behind, he handed the books back to the état-major, and looked round him before speaking.

And indeed, if one may pause, on a strange sight. On the one side of the table were the officers, defiant and humiliated; on the other side the soldiers, defiant and triumphant: officers and soldiers separated in thought, habit, and manner of life, by the longitude of the earth. Now, the other day I happened to be walking about among a French regiment, and I witnessed the scandalous fact of the officers talking familiarly with the men. I saw more than this. I saw the colonel himself, in his shirt-sleeves, leaning out of window in a by-street, and talking to a sergeant. I could bring witnesses to prove that fact; quite sufficient in number to hang that colonel, if treating your men familiarly were a capital offence. Yet they say that the French army is not the worst in Europe. And any state of things is better than that at Nanci in August, 1790.

Barbot, the head and front of the mutiny, looked at the soldiers behind him and the officers in front, and saw only André Desilles standing between the two parties, and Barbot hated him with a hatred which would have disgraced Collot d'Herbois. He spoke to him.

"We are deeply obliged to Captain Desilles for what he has done for us. He loves the people, this Captain Desilles, my comrades. Has he not made up the deficiencies of his brother aristocrats out of his own pocket? But he is patriot, this Captain Desilles. He loves the daughter of D'Isigny the Breton. He loves Mathilde D'Isigny; and she, as all the world knows, is the bosom-friend of that king and emperor among patriots, Jean Paul Marat. Ah! he is good patriot, this man. See how he blushes."

There was a horrible dexterity in this blow which made André reel. He turned to Denoue and said,—

"Let me get out. I have done this shameful business for you; let me go to my quarters. Why is everything to fall on me? What have I done that God should visit me so hardly?" And the commandant made room for the young man, with bowed head.

Denoue was perfectly right in his view of what would happen

after this concession. The regiments *Mestre-de-Camp* and the Swiss *Château Vieux* were up at once. I cannot think that it is my place to follow out in a mere story the details of this most miserable and unhappy squabble at Nanci further than the exigences of a tolerably told story require. I will do so as briefly as possible. But I may be allowed to say, that whenever I have puzzled out a piece of history for myself, and go to either Gibbon or Carlyle for confirmation, I find them not only absolutely correct, but I find myself referred to other authorities which I had never consulted. Writing as one who does not profess history, to general readers, this seems worth while to say. There are no critics alive now who can correct Gibbon or Carlyle with regard to accuracy. One gets a *piéd à terre* with them. With regard to this Nanci story, or as some would call it, the St. Malo story, one can get the whole truth of it in Carlyle's "French Revolution."

I think, then, that I would rather pass over the miserable squabble about the arrears of pay and so on, and attend principally to our old friend, André Desilles.

André Desilles had so much on his hands for the next few days, that he had but little time to brood over the words of Barbot. A deep and growing anxiety had begun to possess him. The men were different to what they had been before, in spite of their short-lived enthusiasm towards him; and he began to see more and more clearly that the whole matter was resolving itself into a duel between the two coolest and soundest heads on each side: that is to say, between himself on the part of the officers, and Barbot on the part of the men.

They had been on scarcely concealed terms of hatred and suspicion for more than two years now, and André had always believed that he had taken the measure of his man. He found that he had not done so. This elephantine Titus Oates of a man had a brain which, if as small in proportion to his bulk as the elephant's, was of equally high quality. The brutal Barbot, he began to see, was a man who knew well what he wanted, and would not be turned from the thing he wanted except by death. To him was opposed André Desilles, with his hands tied, backed by a mass of violent, feather-brained aristocrats who hated the man, and with the consciousness that his cause was bad. Barbot looked at Captain Desilles as almost a conquered man.

The cavalry regiment *Mestre-de-Camp*, and the Swiss regiment

Château Vieux, rose at once, demanded accounts, and the officers of the Swiss regiment were so incautious as to give the strap to the two soldiers who came to negotiate. The other three regiments made heroes of these two Swiss, and the quarrel assumed quite a new phase. The men in these two regiments beat their officers, and the Swiss regiment extorted from them 24,000 livres, and the cavalry regiment 27,000 livres, as a provisional instalment of their just demands. There was a distinct panic among the officers of all ranks, and among them all André Desilles was known as being the only one of any talent whatever who had in any degree the confidence of the men.

They looked to him for impossibility. He told them so. "I am only one," he said. "Why have you not been as I have been? Do you think that in my single person I am capable of saving you from reaping the fruits of your own actions? 'Arrest Sergeant Barbot, you say.' I doubt if it would be possible: you would only make a martyr of him. Leave him to me: I will do all I can—by my life I will;" and they were forced to be content.

The Régiment du Roi continued now, having seen the success of the other regiments, to demand a rectification of their accounts. At the instigation of Barbot, a detachment of them carried away the military chest to their quarters: by the persuasion of André Desilles they brought it back again the next day. The duel between these two singularly different men had now fairly begun: both had thrown away the scabbard: the Lafayetteist and Hebertist stood face to face, without any disguise whatever; and between them, for them to act on, and turn one way or another, a mass of men, honest fellows enough, who had but little will of their own, and would rather be loyal than not.

André's hands were much strengthened all this time by the National Guard, who respected him. These men seem to have behaved very well indeed. Before the arrival of the decree of the National Assembly against the mutineers, they had persuaded the three regiments to submission; and all seemed as if it would go smoothly. The arrest of the eight soldiers of du Roi, when sent as deputies to Paris to explain their grievances, made things worse again, but the National Guard were in favour of order.

Then came Malseigne, blundering and scolding, scolding among others André Desilles for truckling to the men's demands. When

dismissed from his scolding, André could not help a secret smile, at the utter defiance of Château Vieux for this gentleman.

If one dared laugh in the middle of such a miserable business, one would laugh at the troubles of this most unfortunate M. Malseigne. What unutterable confusion a bull-headed man of the "Plunger" order can make, we have seen once or twice in our own times; but never better than here. He undid all that little which André Desilles had been able to do, and did worse mischief still. His troubles are told by Mr. Carlyle with a wit after which my feeble efforts would look poorer than poor. Only, if I may dare say so, Mr. Carlyle has strangely enough missed a little of the humour of the situation. The sudden arrival of Desmottes, aide-de-camp of Lafayette, at Nanci, was such a characteristic instance of Lafayette's fussiness, that I wonder it escaped him. He never even mentions the man's name. But it is little use examining "originals" after Mr. Carlyle.

André had done his best; he could do no more. Malseigne had turned the officers against him, except Peltier, Enjolras, and Cassagnac, as having tampered with the men, and he was now all alone. Denoue turned against him now, as much as his good heart would allow him. He had few friends, except among his men: he spent the next few days among them.

"Help us, and we will submit. Why are they not all like you?" was what the younger men said pitifully. "What have we done that we are to be cheated and treated like dogs? We are not disloyal." And the elder ones said, "Monsieur le Capitaine means well, but we must be paid, and we must have promotion from the ranks. There is not a man in this regiment who would not follow monsieur to the world's end; but look at the others."

He said to one vieux moustache, "I am, to tell you the truth, my friend, somewhat tired of my life. I thought I lived only for good, yet see I cannot do any. Is not that strange again?"

"You should declare for the Revolution," said the old private. "All things will come right after the Revolution. You are good boy, you. You could do anything with the men if it were not for——ah! voilà Monsieur Barbot."

In fact Barbot was everywhere. André cared less about this now; for such powers of doing good, and of mending matters, had been taken from him. He thought himself beaten, although he was *not* beaten; for the good which he did in the Régiment du

Roi remained. "La Loi! La Loi!" they cried in the agony of the struggle. I have got somehow to love that regiment, and to connect its virtues with André Desilles.

Malseigne, it is known, found the claims of the soldiers of the Château Vieux so exceedingly sound, that he had nothing to do but to scold them for insubordination. They tried to confine him to their barracks; he cut his way out, and the two other regiments, acted on by André Desilles, gave him a guard of honour. Nevertheless the shrewd Swiss insisted on being paid without abatement, and Malseigne had nothing for it but to scold, and scold, and order them to Sarre Louis, whither they apparently declined to go.

At this point in stepped Desmottes, ordering the National Guard to assemble, for they knew not what: the confusion was beyond a vilified and snubbed André Desilles *now*. He sat and walked, thoughtful, during these few days, very grave and very quiet, for he had got a letter from Adèle, which made him think and think again. His work, which was still diligently done, was done as it were with a wise instinct; for he was saying to himself all the time, first "yes," then "no," then "impossible."

Malseigne made his bolt to Luneville, pursued by a troop of Mestres-de-Camp. He arrived at Luneville in time to save himself. He sent a troop of still loyal carbineers against the troop of Mestres-de-Camp. 3000 men started from Nanci, marching on Luneville at this intelligence; but *les esprits conciliants interviennent*, and Malseigne gave his parole to return to Nanci on condition of safe guard. He broke it in trying to bolt once more, and was brought to Nanci, infuriated now by rumours of being sold to Austria, a prisoner.

And meanwhile the active André Desilles was paralysed. What could have paralysed him now, at this supreme moment? What could have made him disregardful of the impending civil war? The insolence of Malseigne? hardly. The cold looks of his brother officers? still less: he could give scorn for scorn with any man. Dread of Barbot? not that assuredly, for he was in the barracks with his men, and as they showed at the last, they were as much under his influence as he could ever hope them to be—only insisting on their rights. He stayed with his men, and he talked to them, and Barbot saw his influence growing, and made his determination accordingly; but with regard to external matters, André Desilles moved no more than the humblest lieutenant.]

What was this letter from Adèle which kept him from his duty? Well, it was merely a letter full of babble and foolishness, written for no particular purpose, during the idleness of Montauban. She had the habit, as many idle women have, of writing letters about nothing; of keeping up her correspondence. She made it a rule to write a letter a day—in these days of cheap postage the rule is five, or thereabouts—and one day she had no one to write to, and thought that she would write to André at Nanci. She didn't like him, but she might as well let him know how fine she had got to be, for he had always made a pretence of thinking her a silly little thing.

Her intention was innocent enough. She wrote him a fiddle-faddle letter, describing Montauban, and abusing the Revolution. But on looking over it again, she said to herself: "What will he care for all this gossip. He will only laugh at me, and he shall not laugh." So she, out of her own head, put in this postscript:—

"You know, of course, that Mathilde is engaged to Sir Lionel Somers. This is an arrangement which I regret extremely. It is quite impossible that it can come to anything, or even that it can last long. They are utterly unsuited for one another. Is it true that she has engaged herself to him in mere spite, because you would not say the necessary words, while you had the opportunity so long in England? I think so. You are too precise, André; get *congé* and go back to England and try again—if you think it worth trying."

"As wicked a little lie as ever was told!" says the better informed reader. Yet it had the effect of paralysing André, by making him turn over in his mind, "Is it true? is it false? It should be true if anyone else had said it." And so he stood by his men and talked to them, while the wild fierce storm of misunderstanding raged outside. And the men listened to him. For there was a brightness in his eyes, and a briskness in his carriage, which told among the young men, and will tell among young men until love is dead. "The captain has good news of Mademoiselle," they said among one another. Who Mademoiselle was they knew not; but with their keen French intellects they knew whence came that light in his eyes. "La Loi, Capitaine!" was their cry to him; and he answered, "You shall have it."

This miserable, disgraceful business over, he would go to England, and once more, and for the last time, see how matters stood. And

he was dreaming about Sheepsden, about how he would come round the corner of the old screen and confront Mathilde, when Captain Peltier came hurriedly in, and aroused him.

“Desilles, for God’s sake get to your men, and keep them quiet. Bouillé is within a mile of the gates.”

“Do you mean to say he is advancing?” said André, all abroad for a moment.

“He is *here*,” said Peltier. “Are you mad? You to whom we trusted so much. Have you not heard the *générale*? Do you not know that Malseigne and Denoue have been sent to him as he ordered, and that he refuses to treat with our men as being rebels? Do you know this?”

“I have done my regimental duties, and was resting,” said André.

“Sleeping, you mean,” said Peltier. “What were you dreaming about?”

“I was dreaming of Sheepsden,” said André. “But I will come.”

“Of Sheepsden?” said Peltier. “What is that?”

“The place where I would be,” said André Desilles; “but I will come with you, and see what I can do. I think my men will be quiet.”

He caught up his sword, and ran with Peltier to the Gate Stainville; all the furious puzzled crowd gave way for him. He understood the situation little better than they did.

The Gate de Stainville is a large triumphal arch, very like the Marble Arch at Hyde Park, but of inferior pretensions. On the town side, from which André and Peltier advanced, there was a great and confused gathering. There were National Guards, women and children, soldiers of the Régiment du Roi, and of the other two regiments, Sergeant Barbot, and worse than all, an eighteen-pound cannon, loaded with grape shot. On the other side of the Gate was Bouillé, who, having sent in his ultimatum, was advancing. A Swiss of the Château Vieux was advancing towards the cannon, flickering the linstock to and fro in his hand to make it burn up.

“I am awakened too late,” cried André Desilles, leaping forward and hurling the tall Swiss with the glowing fuse heavily on to the ground. “My friends, listen!” he shouted, standing between the cannon and the crowd. “These men who come are your friends, are your brothers. They are sent by the National Assembly. Regiment of the King, are you going to disgrace yourselves thus?”

There was a low, furious growling at these words. Peltier, Enjolras, and Cassaignac, men who were his comrades, and who loved him, threw themselves upon him, and dragged him from the cannon; but he broke from them, and stood now between the deadly mouth of the gun and the advance guard of Bouillé.

Scarcely any one telling the story of the Revolution has passed by that solitary figure in front of the cannon—that solitary figure in the white uniform, which should live for ever in the memories of men. He stood alone between them all, with his arms stretched out, like a tall white cross, under the shadow of the gate, as if to catch the deadly *mitraille* from the cannon; and some heard him say, “Yesterday I had a new life given me, and I will give it to-day for France. It is well that one man should die for the people. Listen,” he shouted in a voice clear and loud as a trumpet; “if it is only for one moment, listen”——

Who among the sons of Cain, cursed of God, did that? Barbot? if not by his hand, by his instigation. There were four reports of musketry, and André Desilles, standing there like a great white cross, with outspread arms, sank on his knees and bowed his head in death.^a

In the horrible confusion and slaughter which followed in one instant, Peltier, Enjolras, and Cassaignac got his body, and carried it into a neighbouring house. They noticed that the face of the dead man was very quiet and calm. Enjolras said, “He had good news from his lady-love, for he told me as much. Thou Peltier must break it to her.” Peltier said, “I do not know who she is, but I believe it is one of D’Isigny’s daughters.” Cassaignac said, “Which of them, for I know them both; and one of them has marred Louis de Valognes, and the other is a cripple. He would not love either

^a With regard to the death of André Desilles, every authority which I know is against me in a trifling particular, except the text of the *Tableaux Historiques*. The St. Malo picture represents him as sitting on the touch-hole of the gun. The *picture* in the *Tableaux Historiques* corresponds with the last. Mr. Carlyle, quoting apparently “*Deux Amis*,” gives the same account of the matter, but then the letter-press of the *Tableaux Historiques* is utterly different:—“*Il s’échappe des bras de ses amis (Château Vieux Swiss, with oaths and menaces, says Mr. Carlyle), s’élançe de nouveau entre la porte et l’avant garde de M. Bouillé.*” My opinion is, that Desilles (or to be more correct, Desille) was shot by the imaginary Barbot and his fellow-conspirators, when he was in *front* of the cannon, between the cannon and Bouillé’s advance guard. Nevertheless, if Mr. Carlyle thinks differently, one may be pretty sure that I am wrong. The extraordinary vagueness of M. Thiers is—well, is instructive.

a cripple or a married woman; therefore, oh Peltier, thou art wrong." So André carried his secret with him to the grave.

"Let us kiss him for the last time," said Cassaignac the Catholic. "How quiet he looks! He is in purgatory now. But I have money, and he shall have masses."

"He is in heaven among God's angels, Catholic though he was," said Peltier the Huguenot.

"He is merely dead," said Enjolras the Voltairean. "Your superstitions are not half so beautiful as mine. I am the only one of the three who dare say he is at rest."

(To be continued in our next.)

TOWERS AND TEMPLES OF ANCIENT IRELAND.^a



It would seem from the publication of this very remarkable work that we have made a nearer approach to the solution of a problem which has long puzzled the antiquaries of Ireland. The present is an age of discovery. The source of the Nile, which, in the language of Horace, had so long "concealed its fountains," was for some time "settled," according to the famous telegram, but by recent explorations has been unsettled again. So with the Round Towers of Ireland. Dr. Petrie's "Essay," so long supposed to be conclusive as to the Christian origin of these mysterious structures, is, to say the least of it, "unsettled" by the revelations of the work now before us. A private gentleman, Mr. Marcus Keane, has, in the intervals snatched from his daily occupations, conferred on archæologists an amount of obligation which cannot fail to be appreciated, although we may hesitate before adopting the novelties of his theory.

Mr. Keane in his Preface thus states what led him to the inquiry, the results of which are now presented to the readers of this very interesting volume. "Having from my childhood taken an interest in Irish antiquities, I was led in the course of my studies to form opinions not in accordance with any of the commonly received theories; and the result has been the following work, now respectfully submitted to the public as a contribution to the elucidation of certain problems in Irish history and archæology, which have never been satisfactorily solved." And in his Introductory Remarks he says:—"The favourite theory respecting our Round Towers, and their contemporary architectural remains, is, that they belong to the Christian era of Ireland. My object

^a "The Towers and Temples of Ancient Ireland: their Origin and History discussed from a New Point of View." By Marcus Keane, M.R.I.A. Illustrated with one hundred and eighty-six engravings on wood, chiefly from photographs and original drawings. (Dublin: Hodges, Smith & Co., Publishers to the University. 1868.)

is to prove that they were erected for the purposes of heathen worship several hundred years before the birth of Christ."

The arguments of the post-Christian theorists—a school of which the late Dr. Petrie was the acknowledged head—are founded mainly on



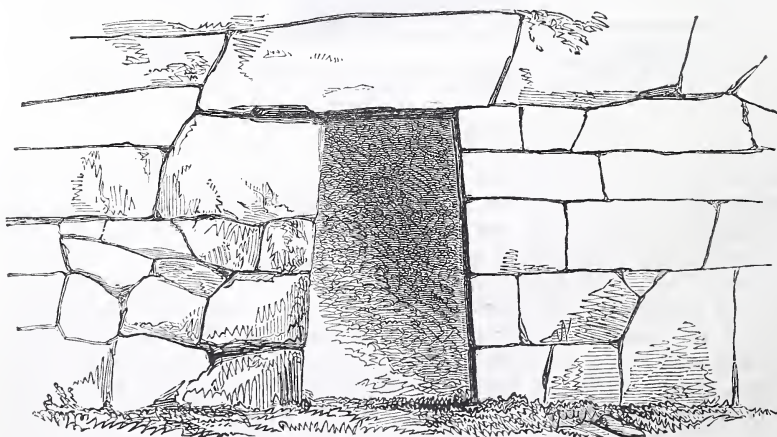
Doorway,^b Tomgraney, county Clare. (See p. 158.)

the statement in the Annals of Inisfallen at the year 1134, that the stone-roofed church on the Rock of Cashel was *erected* by Cormac MacCarthy in that year, on which authority Dr. Petrie grounds his arguments as to the age of other churches, stating that the age of that church is "definitely fixed by the most satisfactory historical evidence." To this allegation Mr. Keane objects, and shows that Dr. Petrie himself elsewhere candidly admits that the Irish "word 'cumdach,' which is used by the annalists to express the erection or foundation of this church, does not literally bear that signification, but rather a restoration or covering of the building." That this is the true meaning of the word all Irish scholars are aware. It is the word applied to the covering of the Gospels of St. Molaise, as shown by Miss Stokes in her paper read before the Society of Antiquaries at their meeting of the 24th of November, 1867. Mr. Keane reasons from Dr. Petrie's acknowledgment that the mistake (if it be so), which the annalists made in using a

^b For the illustrations to this paper we are indebted to Mr. Keane's book.—S. U.

word literally meaning a restoration or covering, to express the erection or foundation of this church, destroys altogether the weight of Dr. Petrie's "most satisfactory historical evidence" as to the age of Cormac's Chapel, and with it removes the elaborate superstructure of evidence as to the age of other churches grounded upon this sandy foundation, combined with a comparison of architectural details. Mr. Keane denies that the erection or foundation of any building can be expressed by the word "cumdach," and insists that Cormac's Chapel is but one out of the many stone-roofed churches still remaining in Ireland, all of which, as well as the round towers and ancient crosses, he has no doubt were erected by the early Scythian or Cuthite inhabitants of Ireland. His proofs, he states, consist of evidence—1st. That the Celtic Irish who preceded the English, cannot have been the architects of these beautiful buildings and sculptured crosses; 2nd. That the English since the Conquest in 1172, cannot have built them; 3rd. That Ireland was, up to a thousand years before Christ, inhabited by a Cuthite race, celebrated for their skill in the arts, particularly in that of building; and 4th. That Irish topography, and yet extant names, prove the identity of most of the celebrated Irish saints of antiquity—the reputed founders of these buildings—with the heathen divinities of Canaan and India. And here we would observe that as the term "Cuthite" is, probably, new to many readers, it would be well that they should turn to the chapter at page 204, headed "The Cuthites, the Scythian Empire," as affording the key to the whole work. We may here, however, mention that the name Cuthite was applied to the descendants of Cush, the son of Ham, and father of Nimrod.

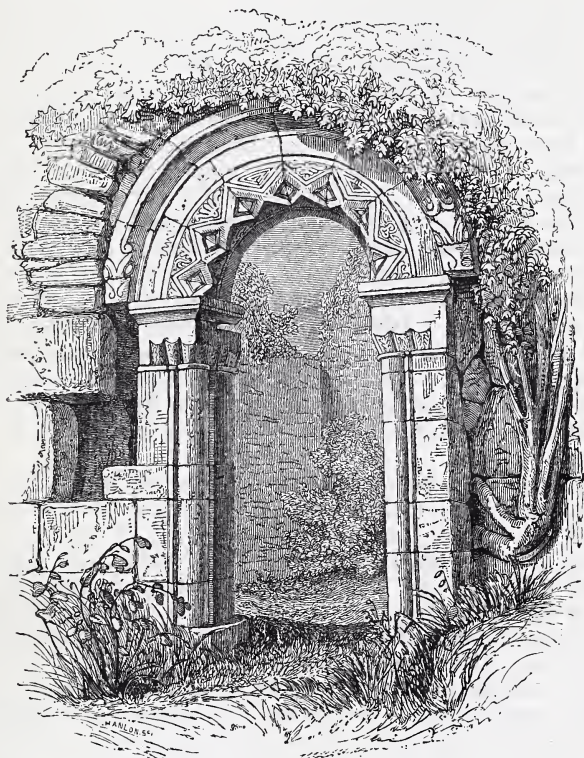
That the Celtic Irish were not the builders of the towers and sculp-



Doorway, Atrium, Italy. (See p. 158.)

tured crosses, Mr. Keane conceives to be proved by the fact that, up to the 12th century, the building material used by them was timber, and that they had no towns or cities in those early ages—their royal residences having, up to the time of Henry II., been constructed of

“smoothe wattles” and mud! His second point, that the English since the Conquest in 1172 did not build them, is manifest and requires no proof. If then they were built neither by the Celts who preceded the English, nor by the English themselves, their erection must be referred to a period of remote antiquity; and a parallelism, exhibiting an identity of principle in their construction with similar structures in



Doorway of the Temple of Mochudee at Rahen, King's County. (See p. 158.)

Greece, Etruria, Asia, and America, goes far to support the position that heathen not Christian worship was the object of their erection. In proof of this position, Mr. Keane, in his chapter headed “Ancient Irish Architecture compared with Cyclopean Remains,” brings forward several instances of identity of construction between the Irish and the foreign buildings. No one can fail to be struck with the similarity of style exhibited in ancient Irish architecture to that of the Cyclopean remains of Greece, Italy, and Peru. Not only is the character of the mason-work the same in many instances, but, combined with it, there is the striking peculiarity of inclining jambs of doorways, which is the most remarkable feature in what is called Cyclopean architecture. Mr. Keane’s work supplies us with many illustrations of Irish doorways

exhibiting this feature, of which that of Tomgraney Church in the county Clare is a good example.

He tells us where others are to be found throughout Ireland, and notices altogether about seventy specimens. He compares these with Cyclopean doorways in Greece and Italy, of which a doorway at Alatrium, Italy, may be taken as an example. Mr. Keane presses the conclusion that this similarity of construction cannot have been accidental, but that the builders of the Round Towers and stone-roofed churches of Ireland belonged to a race cognate with those who have left behind them the Cyclopean structures of Greece and Italy. And he asks, "What was there to induce the use of Cyclopean architecture in the 5th century in Ireland alone, and in no other country of Europe? Why should the Normans of the 12th century have chosen, almost invariably, sites associated with 5th or 6th century saints (or heathen deities) for their buildings? And why should they, in the 12th century, have relapsed into the Cyclopean peculiarity of sloping jambs, which never was in use in the real Norman architecture of England or France?"

Mr. Keane appeals to the history of Ireland, civil and ecclesiastical, as confirming the conclusions which he has based on similarity of architecture. In the names of Irish saints—the reputed founders of ancient towers and temples—he finds the names of divinities worshipped by the Cyclopeans or Cuthites of antiquity, to whom are ascribed the buildings referred to in Greece and Italy; and surely, if those names are not actually identical, there is a similarity which, to say the least, is very remarkable.

In the names of St. Beod and St. Mochudee, we have those of the Hindoo divinities Boodh and Mahody; in the names of St. Cronan, St. Ciaran, and St. Nesson, we trace those of the Centaurs, Cronos, Chiron, and Nessus. Mr. Keane identifies St. Molach, St. Dagon, and St. Cainan, with Moloch, Dagon, and Canaan, the divinities and patriarchs of the Canaanites. He compares the name of St. Maelissa with that of the Cuthite divinity, Melissa. There is also an Irish Saint Satan! But we cannot dwell upon this part of the subject, as the work itself must be read that the full force of the arguments may be appreciated. The author further strengthens his positions by pointing out the consistency of his conclusion respecting hagiology and architecture with what may be gleaned on the subject from history. He traces several notices of the expulsion of the Cuthites or Scythians from their original settlements in the East, showing that they correspond in many important particulars with the accounts given in ancient Irish history of the progress of the Scythians before they arrived at their final destination in the "Green Island."

The woodcuts (pp. 157, 159) representing the doorways of a ruined church at Rahen, in King's County, and of Timahoe Round Tower in the Queen's County, are examples of Irish round-headed doorways exhibiting the peculiarity of sloping jambs. The similarity which round-headed doorways and ornamental specimens of Irish ruins exhibit to Norman buildings of England and France, has led to the opinion, hitherto generally received, that the Irish ruins belong to the Norman age. Mr. Keane's objections to this opinion are deserving of serious attention. He presents to view many points of contrast between the

Irish and the Norman styles,—points which, in his opinion, indicate a vast difference of age rather than such variety of taste as might be expected between the works of neighbouring nations of the same age. The Irish ornamented doorways have sloping jambs like those of Cyclopean architecture, and the few perfect specimens that remain prove



Doorway, Timahoe Round Tower, Queen's County. (See p. 158.)

conclusively that they were constructed without any provision for the hanging of doors. The Irish windows of this style are very narrow, having inclining sides, and being without provision for glass or frame, whereas the real Norman churches are in these features unlike the Irish, being similar to Gothic cathedrals as they exist at the present day; the doorways of real Norman churches have parallel sides, and suitable preparations are made for hinges, and the windows are numerous and large, with the ordinary provisions for glass. The suggestions made by Mr. Keane are likely to raise the question as to the origin of Norman architecture itself. Mr. John Henry Parker, F.S.A., a high authority on such subjects, says, "the architecture of a country cannot be understood without a knowledge of its history;" and applying this hint to Norman architecture, we are puzzled to know what could have led the Normans to adopt that peculiar style of ornament still associated with their name. They did not settle down in Normandy until the 10th century, and they were then heathens, not Christians. Their first Duke, Rollo, was baptized in the year 911, and being so reconciled to the King of France and the Pope, they soon after began to build churches,

having been previously exercised in the building of castles for defence. The character of the Normans for energy, perseverance, and power of rule, have placed them far above all other nations of mediæval or modern times; and among the many proofs of their uncommon abilities, they have left us their splendid and highly ornamented churches. But the question still suggests itself,—How came their peculiar style of church-building to be simultaneously invented and worked out in every quarter of their dominion at so early a period of their history? Having come to France as pagans, they brought with them no architectural peculiarities from their native country of Scandinavia. Mr. Keane's suggestion is, that ruins of Cuthite temples, such as still exist in Ireland, must have existed in Normandy and in different parts of England at the period referred to, and that these fragments furnished models for the ornamental work of Norman architecture. The Norman race had taste enough to appreciate such beautiful relics of other ages, and had skill and perseverance enough to construct edifices, having certain features and many ornaments made in imitation of the ancient models, but in other respects constructed after the ordinary fashion. And it is worthy of further examination whether the genuine Norman churches do not even at this day exhibit some of those fragments of heathen temples from which Norman peculiarities were borrowed. Turner, in his "Antiquities of Normandy," describing sculptures on the capitals of St. George's Church, Rocherville, says:—"Another appears to allude to the battle between the followers of Æneas and the Harpies. It would not perhaps be going too far to say that many of the others have reference to the Northern mythology, and some of them probably to Scandinavian history." Now we confess it does seem improbable that heathen Nor-

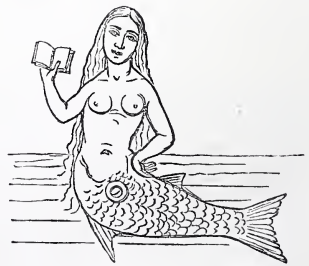


Assyrian Dagon.



Indian Vishnu.

(See p. 162.)



Mermaid, Clonfert, co. Galway.

mans, settling in France in the 10th century, without any knowledge of church architecture, and having no architectural predilections derived from their native country, should, at their first essay in church building, have produced so rich and highly ornamented a style as that still bearing their name, and this designed solely from their own fertile imaginations. But Mr. Keane's theory of Cuthite temples having been models for Norman churches, if sustained, will remove these difficulties. His views are strengthened by the fact that some of the ornaments which Turner describes as heathen are among the devices which he (Mr. Keane)



Cross of Killamery, county Kilkenny. (See p. 162.)

explains as illustrations of Cuthite mythology. These conclusions are further corroborated by the fact that St. Michael's Mount—the site of an ancient Norman church of much celebrity—is stated in Turner's

"Antiquities," according to tradition, "to have been devoted to the worship of the great luminary of heaven under his Gaelic name Balenus, a title probably derived from the Hebrew Baal, and the Assyrian Belus." These facts suggest the probability that Norman architecture itself had its origin in ruined temples of the Cuthites which existed in Normandy and England, as well as in Ireland, from a period of remote antiquity.

Not the least interesting portion of the work now before us is the chapter on Ancient Irish Crosses. "Those," says Mr. Keane, "who are not well informed as to the sculptured details of ancient heathen temples in India, Egypt, and Central America, naturally regard the existence of a cross, wherever they find one, as conclusive evidence of a date within the Christian era. This conclusion does not at all follow: on the contrary, there is abundant evidence of the veneration entertained for the cross in the most remote ages of Paganism."

This veneration the author accounts for on the hypothesis that larger revelations of God's future dealings with the world, than are recorded in the Book of Genesis, were given to the patriarchal saints, Noah and his predecessors; and that these, entrusted to man without a written record, became corrupted into the myths associated with the names of Vishnu, Budh, Hercules, Apollo, and so forth. St. Augustine had a similar idea, for we find him saying, "What is now called the Christian religion has existed among the ancients, and was not absent from the beginning of the human race, until Christ came in the flesh, from which time the true religion which existed already began to be called Christian." Mr. Keane endeavours to show that this true religion of the ancients—derived of course from traditional prophecy and revelations not recorded in Scripture—formed the basis of the myths of the earliest heathen mythology. The reader will have to weigh the force of his arguments, and in the work itself he will find ample references to the authorities on which the theory is based. With such a mass of evidence in proof of the veneration in which the cross was held, and the primeval tradition of the Crucifixion itself, it is no wonder, Mr. Keane says, that crosses should be found in Ireland, to which Christianity cannot lay claim, and which an examination of Mr. Henry O'Neill's work on Ancient Irish Crosses will prove to be essentially pagan. We give above an illustration of the Cross of Killamery, county Kilkenny, as an example of a very perfect specimen. Mr. Keane's view seems strengthened by the heathenish character of Irish sculptures. A panel on the Cross of Kells, county Meath, represents four persons on their knees in the act of worshipping a fish. This our author maintains not to be an emblem of the Christian religion, but a relic of the worship of the god Dagon, or Derceto, the Fish-god of Arkite mythology—the same as the Irish Mermaid-Saint, and the Indian Vishnu in his Matsya Avatar. He refers to legends respecting each of these to prove their connection with ancient Arkite worship, and supplies us with the illustrations annexed.

Among the numerous sculptures on Irish crosses and temples we shall notice a few which are of frequent occurrence. One device represents a shepherd with his right hand thrust into the mouth of a wolf. This, Mr. Keane interprets as representing an ancient Cuthite tradition of the incarnation of the Sun as a shepherd—Nimrod having had (according to Berosus) the title of shepherd. The ancient Germans, preserving

this tradition, represented their god Tyr, the son of the supreme god, as placing his hand as a wedge in the mouth of the wolf. The device



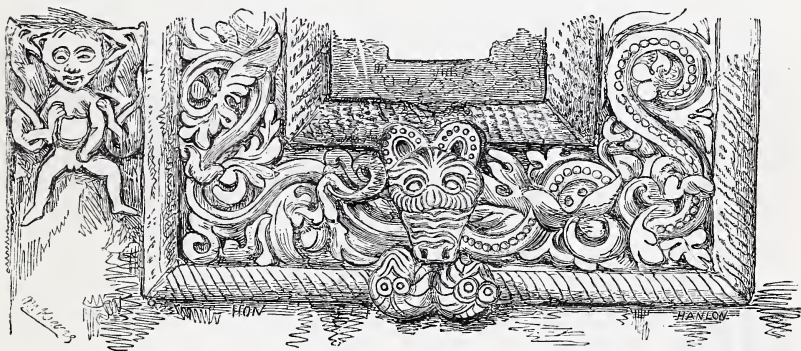
Sculpture, Cross of Kells, co. Meath.
(See p. 162.)



Sculpture, Cross of Kells, co. Meath.

answering to this description may be seen on numerous crosses, of which that from the Cross of Kells is an example.

Another device to which Mr. Keane has assigned a symbolical interpretation represents two animals devouring a human face. Numerous examples of this design occur on Irish crosses and other sculptures. One specimen (a fine piece of sculpture at the church of Rath, county

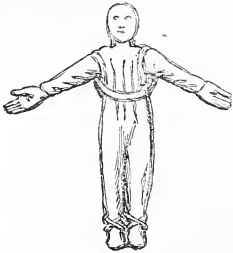


Sill-stone, Ancient Window, Rath, co. Clare. (See p. 162.)

Clare) is to be seen represented in the annexed woodcut. We must refer the reader to the work itself for Mr. Keane's interpretation, only adding, that a similar device appears among those which Mr. Turner, in his "Antiquities of Normandy," supposes to represent scenes of Northern Mythology, and the battle between the followers of Æneas and the Harpies, mentioned in the Æneid of Virgil.

A third design which abounds on Irish crosses, represents what is commonly supposed to be the Crucifixion scene; but Mr. Keane is of opinion that it does not represent the Scripture account of that scene, but some other account derived from traditional prophecy. His arguments on the subject are new, and if sustained, will prove very interesting. He points out that in the Irish sculptured representations of the

Crucifixion, certain peculiarities occur which are utterly inconsistent with the idea that the device was derived from the Scripture account of that event. The peculiarities are these—that the legs are fastened with cords at the ankles instead of with nails, and that the arms incline downwards, showing that suspension from the hands was not intended to be represented. The annexed figure, from the cross of Monasterboice, is a good illustration of the points in question.



Sculpture, Cross of Monasterboice, co. Louth.

To notice in detail the several subjects treated of in this very interesting volume, would take up too much space and time; we therefore conclude by strongly recommending the work itself to the attention of our readers, as containing a quantity of curious and interesting information. But while doing so we would by no means be understood to give an unqualified assent to the

theory propounded, or to the arguments by which it is supported. The writer's views are in many respects novel, and contrary to the opinions long entertained by archæologists of eminent abilities and extensive information. Not only is it likely they may be attacked by some authors of this class, but also defects which have escaped our notice may possibly be discovered and exhibited to view. The work is only upon its trial, and therefore to pass sentence on its theories at this stage of the discussion would be premature. But whatever verdict may be ultimately pronounced upon our author's theory, the work itself must find a place among the most interesting archæological treatises of the age. The illustrations will be valued highly, even by those who may reject the theory; and as a guide to the most interesting ancient ruins of Ireland it is certainly not too much to say that it surpasses any other work hitherto published.



THE QUEEN'S BOOK.^a



IN THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE for October last, we directed the attention of our readers to certain characteristics of the then recently published "Early Years of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort."

The work now before us, in the most satisfactory and remarkable way, confirms the representations we then made.^b But before recurring to them we must state that this is emphatically "*The Queen's Book*." The greater part of the former volume related to the period preceding the arrival of the Prince in England, and his

^a "Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands, from 1848 to 1861." Edited by Arthur Helps. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1868.

^b See vol. iv., New Series, p. 487.

becoming the husband of the Queen, and therefore could not be written from personal knowledge. This is edited from the copious journals which her Majesty is known to have kept since her marriage. In this work, too, as in "The Addresses and Speeches of the Prince Consort," we see the immense advantage of the editorship of an experienced literary man—especially such a literary man as Mr. Helps.

Not that in this instance *literary skill* was so much needed, as the knowledge which flows from it. But we must let the editor speak for himself. In his Preface, after stating that having been very kindly allowed to see extracts from her Majesty's Journal, relating to excursions in the Highlands of Scotland, and having expressed the interest which he felt in them, he says, "It then occurred to her Majesty that these extracts, referring, as they did, to some of the happiest days of her life, might be made into a book, to be printed privately, for presentation to members of the royal family and her Majesty's intimate friends; especially to those who had accompanied and attended her in these tours." And, accordingly, a limited number of copies was printed and so distributed. It was then suggested to the Queen, that it would be well to place the volume within the reach of her Majesty's subjects, who would, no doubt, derive from it pleasure similar to that which it had afforded to those who had been already favoured by the possession of it; and the Queen eventually consented to its publication. The editor's task was manifestly confined to the selection of the passages to be published, and possibly to the correction of such slips of the pen as will occur in journals, by whomsoever kept, when written for private satisfaction and perusal alone. And thus we have in these "Leaves" a genuine addition to the list of the royal authors of England.

The remarks which we made in our notice of the "Early Years of the Prince Consort" upon the unique position of the sovereign of our country, and upon the individual and peculiar domestic life of the Queen, are illustrated in every page of this book. It is, in fact, a drama of home occupations and amusements in themselves simple, health-giving, and good; but having always in the background the pomp and circumstances of royalty, from amidst which occasionally illustrious personages come forth and take part in the action of the scene. We question if the journals of many of the ladies of the higher classes of England could compare

with this in regard to the qualities, which being those of our common human nature, in spite of reluctance or resistance, “make the whole world kin.” Certainly, every heart will respond to the tenderness and truth of the dedicatory lines: “To the dear memory of him who made the life of the writer bright and happy, these simple records are lovingly and gratefully inscribed.”

These records extend with some continuity from 1848 to 1861, but they are preceded by notices of earlier visits to Scotland, commencing in 1842, and are followed by notes of tours in England and Ireland, &c., between 1849 and 1861. A few quotations in confirmation of the editor's statement, that it is a book “mainly confined to the natural expressions of a mind rejoicing in the beauties of nature, and throwing itself, with a delight rendered keener by the rarity of its opportunities, into the enjoyment of a life removed, for the moment, from the pressure of public cares,” are all that our space permits us. And it would be a fraud upon our readers to extend them.

Here is the Queen's account of her first visit to Blair Castle:—

“We took a delightful walk of two hours. Immediately near the house the scenery is very wild, which is most enjoyable. The moment you step out of the house you see those splendid hills all around.

“We went to the left through some neglected pleasure-grounds, and then through the wood, along a steep winding path overhanging the rapid stream. These Scotch streams, full of stones and clear as glass, are most beautiful; the peeps between the trees, the depths of the shadows, the mossy stones mixed with slate, &c., which cover the banks, are lovely: at every turn you have a picture. We were up high, but could not get to the top; Albert in such delight; it is a happiness to see him, he is in such spirits. We came back by a higher drive, and then went to the factor's house still higher up, where Lord and Lady Glenlyon are living, having given Blair up to us. We walked on to a corn-field where a number of women were cutting and reaping the oats (“shearing” as they call it in Scotland), with a splendid view of the hills before us, so rural and romantic, so unlike our daily Windsor walk (delightful as that is); and this change does such good: as Albert observes, it refreshes one for a long time. We then went into the kitchen-garden, and to a walk from which there is a magnificent view. This mixture of great wildness and art is perfection.

“At a little before four o'clock Albert drove me out in the pony phaeton till nearly six,—such a drive! Really to be able to sit in one's pony carriage, and to see such wild beautiful scenery as we did, the farthest point being only five miles from the house, is an immense delight. We drove along Glen Tilt, through a wood overhanging the river Tilt, which joins the Garry, and as we left the wood we came upon such a lovely view,—Ben-y-Ghlo straight before us; and under these high hills the river Tilt gushing and winding over stones and slates, and the hills and mountains skirted at the bottom with beautiful trees; the whole lit up by the sun; and the air so pure and fine; but no description can at all do it justice, or give an idea of what this drive was. Oh! what can equal the beauties of nature! What enjoyment there

is in them! Albert enjoys it so much; he is in ecstasies here. He has inherited this love for nature from his dear father.

“The English coast appeared terribly flat. Lord Aberdeen was quite touched when I told him I was so attached to the dear, dear *Highlands*, and missed the fine hills so much. There is a great peculiarity about the *Highlands* and highlanders; and they are such a chivalrous, fine, active people. Our stay among them was so delightful. Independently of the beautiful scenery, there was a quiet, a retirement, a wildness, a liberty, and a solitude that had such a charm for us. The day had cleared up and was bright, but the air very heavy and thick, quite different from the mountain air, which was so pure, light, and brisk.”

The following “snow-pieces” show that the Queen enjoyed natural scenery, not only from instinctive feeling, but also from the fact that she possessed the cultivated mind of an artist. And here we may notice her Majesty’s common habit of illustrating the subjects she writes about, by vigorous pen-and-ink sketches; some of which have been excellently fac-similed in this book, and display no common skill.

“A little shower of snow had fallen, but was succeeded by brilliant sunshine. The hills covered with snow, the golden birch-trees on the lower brown hills, and the bright afternoon sky, were indescribably beautiful. . . . Oh! how I gazed and gazed on God’s glorious works with a sad heart, from its being for the last time, and tried to carry the scene away, well-implanted and fixed in my mind, for this effect with the snow we shall not often see again.”

The following are extracts from the “Journal” of the visit to Ireland:—

“We rowed first round *Innisfallen Island* and some way up the *Lower Lake*. The view was magnificent. We had a slight shower, which alarmed us all, from the mist which overhung the mountains; but it suddenly cleared away, and became very fine and very hot. At a quarter to one we landed at the foot of the beautiful hill of *Glena*, where, on a small sloping lawn, there is a very pretty little cottage. We walked about, though it was overpoweringly hot, to see some of the splendid views.

“The trees are beautiful,—oak, birch, arbutus, holly, yew,—all growing down to the water’s-edge, intermixed with heather. The hills rising abruptly from the lake are completely wooded, which gives them a different character to those in *Scotland*, though they often reminded me of the dear *Highlands*. . . . The sun had come out, and lit up the really magnificent scenery splendidly, but it was most oppressively hot. We wound along till we entered the *Upper Lake*, which opened upon us with all its high hills—the highest, the Reeks, 3400 feet high—and its islands and points covered with splendid trees; such arbutus (quite large trees) with yews, making a beautiful foreground. We turned into a small bay or creek, where we got out, walked a short way in the shade, and up to where a tent was placed, just opposite a waterfall called *Derryconochy*, a lovely spot, but terribly infested by midges. In this tent was tea, fruit, ice, cakes, and everything most tastefully arranged. We just took some tea, which was very refreshing in the great heat of this relaxing climate. The vegetation is quite that of a jungle—ferns of all kinds and shrubs and trees—all springing up luxuriantly. We entered our boats and went back the same way we came, admiring greatly the beauty of the scenery; and this time went down the rapids in the boat.”

Another most agreeable characteristic of these "Leaves" is the exhibition they afford of the deeply-seated "domestic" feelings of the Queen. We are admitted, as far as it is possible by means of a book, into the private family life of the Sovereign; we hear the Prince Consort, and the Royal children spoken of as "Bertie" and "Vicky," &c., those names of endearment, the worth of which every family knows.

The members of the household, wherever named, appear too as friends rather than officials; and the domestics (both in the "Journal" and in the notes) receive that cordial courtesy and confidence wholly devoid of ostentatious condescension, to the decay of which, amongst almost all the ranks of common society, may be in good part attributed the complaints which we hear now-a-days of the independence of that class.

The editor further notes as amongst the merits of this work "the simplicity of diction throughout;" "the perfect faithfulness of narration which is one of its chief characteristics;" "and also the exceeding kindness of feeling, the gratitude even, with which the Royal tourists recognise any attention paid to them, or any manifestation of the cordial attachment felt towards them, by any of her Majesty's subjects, from the highest to the humblest, whom they happen to meet with in the course of their journeys."

For, as the editor remarks: "It is evident that her Majesty never takes for granted the services and attentions which are rendered to her, and which we all know would be rendered to her from dutiful respect and regard; but views them as especial kindnesses shown to herself, and to which she makes no claim whatever from her exalted position as a Sovereign."

We cannot conclude without expressing our loyal and heartfelt gratitude to the Queen for admitting us thus unreservedly to a participation in the unpretending enjoyments of her home when removed from the pressing cares of royalty, and in the feelings which once made her own life so blessed. And we cannot but believe that the publication of this book will more deeply endear her to the hearts of her people.



MEMORIES OF COMPIÈGNE.

(Continued from page 56.)



AT six o'clock in the evening of the 11th of March, 1810, the marriage by proxy of the Emperor Napoleon with the Archduchess Marie Louise, was celebrated at Vienna, in the church of the Augustins (the same church in which the Archduchess Marie Antoinette had been married by proxy on the 19th of April, 1770), and on the 13th, Marie Louise, being then styled Empress, left Vienna in a grand procession which reached Strasbourg on the 22nd, on the way to Compiègne, at which latter place the Emperor, surrounded by his family and court, impatiently awaited her arrival. His sister Caroline, Queen of Naples,^a and wife of Murat, had gone from Paris to receive the new Empress on the frontiers of the Confederation of the Rhine. Every day did Napoleon write to his bride, whom as yet he had never seen, during her progress to Compiègne; and it is from the French authenticated account of the emissary who brought the first reply to these letters from Marie Louise, that the following is quoted:—

“When I delivered the first letter of Marie Louise to Napoleon, he unsealed it with such eager haste that its cover, escaping from his hands, fell to the ground. Intently engaged in deciphering the contents, he stepped aside; his eyes devoured the *bien-heureuses lignes*, and he thought not of the *enveloppe*; which, being speedily picked up, became an object of much curiosity in the salon, where everybody was as anxious to judge of the new Empress from her handwriting as though it had been her portrait . . . Every day the Emperor's manifest impatience increased; he scarcely took any nourishment, and even less rest than usual, during the fortnight Marie Louise was journeying towards him. He himself had so traced her route that hour by hour he knew to what point of it she had attained; and at last, on the day fixed for her arrival at Rheims, the Emperor, after having given necessary orders to Marshal Bessières, set out from Compiègne, accompanied by Murat, to meet her on the road. He followed the route of Soissons and Rheims, travelling without escort in a private carriage, and preceded only by one courier, until he met the Empress's carriage, which his

^a “Memories of the Élysée.”—G. M., July, 1867.

courier stopped without saying a word. Instantly did his Majesty then alight from his own carriage, and darting forward towards that containing the young princess, he himself opened the door and lightly leapt into it, regardless of the fact that its steps were not let down. Marie Louise, suspecting nothing, looked on him with amazement, until the Queen of Naples, who accompanied her, said: 'Madame, it is the Emperor.' And all three together, they arrived at Compiègne.^b

"Marshal Bessières had meantime mounted the whole of the cavalry then at Compiègne, and this troop, as also the Emperor's aides-de-camp and generals, took the Soissons Road, and posted themselves at the entrance of the same bridge, where Louis XV. had formerly stood to welcome Madame the Dauphiness, the courageous daughter of Maria Theresa, the unfortunate Marie Antoinette."

It is curious to compare this eye-witness account of the first arrival of Marie Louise with that other eye-witness testimony, quoted in a previous page, concerning the arrival of Marie Antoinette.

The observant courtier of Napoleon at Compiègne, thus continues: "It was almost night when the Empress, travelling very fast, arrived at the château, so that people outside it could not see her; but directly she placed her foot on ground and stepped within the palace walls, she was welcomed at the foot of the grand staircase by the Emperor's mother and the other members of his family, who stood there with all the court and the ministers to receive her. . . . Every face was animated with joy. . . . There was no assembly, no salon circle, that night. Everybody, after the Empress had been conducted to her apartments, seemed overwhelmed with fatigue, and retired about nine o'clock in the evening—all, except the Emperor, who went, came, and gave ten orders at a time, all of which he would countermand in the course of five minutes. . . . The next day was an arduous one for the young sovereign, inasmuch as personages with whom as yet she was scarcely acquainted, presented to her a crowd of people, not one of whom she knew at all. The Emperor himself presented his aides-de-camp, who were

^b M. Thiers, in his "History of the Consulate and the Empire," speaking of the Emperor going forth to meet his bride, Marie Louise, says: "He took her in his arms, and seemed pleased with the kind of beauty and capacity he thought he perceived in her at first sight. . . . He appeared perfectly happy on entering with her into the château of Compiègne on the evening of the 27th of March."

extremely flattered by this mark of favour. Madame la Duchesse de Montebello presented the ladies of the palace and others appointed to the service of honour. . . . The day following this presentation, the Emperor started for Saint Cloud with the Empress, passing through the Bois de Boulogne, &c., but not entering Paris. . . . A prodigious crowd was assembled at Saint Cloud to receive their majesties, and foremost amongst the princesses of the imperial family was the Vice-Queen of Italy, wife of Prince Eugène, she never having before visited Paris. Then came the grand dignitaries of the empire, the marshals of France, and the senators and counsellors of state.”

On the next day the civil contract of marriage was signed in the great gallery of the Château of Saint Cloud,^c and “at half-past nine o’clock on the following morning (April 2), Napoleon and his bride, travelling in the coronation carriage, drawn by eight horses, and surrounded by the marshals on horseback, preceded by the imperial guard, and followed by a hundred carriages conveying the imperial family and court, entered Paris by way of the Arc de l’Étoile, the Champs Élysées, and the Place de la Concorde.”^d

On that morning of her entry into Paris did Marie Louise think of her kinswoman, Marie Antoinette, who had suffered martyrdom on that last-named spot? Did many amongst the vast crowds lining the way to see the young Empress pass, think of the awful scenes formerly caused by popular caprice and fury to be enacted in the centre of that place not many years before known by the name of the Revolution? Impossible now to say, but certain it is that for the passing hour, Napoleon’s Austrian bride thus rapturously greeted, was fair to look upon. Only nineteen years of age was Marie Louise; her figure, though girlish, was well developed; her hair, fair and luxuriant; her eyes blue, but animated; her hands, exquisite. Crowned with white roses, she still smiles down at the beholder from her portrait at Versailles; and with her bridal diadem placed fresh on her brow, that morning of her entrance into Paris, charmingly visible was she to all the people through the glass panels of the arched triumphal chariot in which, advancing towards the Tuileries, she was seated by the side of the hero who had given France glory, and who thus first presented to his people the bride

^c “Memories of Saint Cloud.”—G. M., Nov. and Dec. 1867.

^d “Memories of the Élysée.”—G. M., July, 1867.

who, it was hoped, would perpetuate his dynasty. Adored by the people of Paris was the ex-Empress Josephine, but not the less admired for the moment was the Empress Marie Louise. Enthusiastic shouts greeted her as she passed into the historic precincts of the Tuileries by the garden entrance; and before the close of that same day her marriage with Napoleon was celebrated according to ecclesiastical rites, a nuptial altar having been erected in the grand saloon of the Tuileries. The well known long picture gallery connecting the Tuileries with the Louvre, was lined on each side and from one end to the other with a triple row of ladies, and the *haute bourgeoisie* of Paris, full dressed; and along that gallery "Napoleon, leading the Empress by the hand, and followed by his family, walked to the grand salon, where, amidst a scene dazzling with gold and light, he received the nuptial benediction." A banquet took place that night in the theatre of the Tuileries.

Long afterwards, when recalling those days just described, Napoleon declared to O'Meara at St. Helena: "My marriage with Marie Louise produced no change in me. I was precisely the same as before. Never was woman more astonished than Marie Louise was after her marriage, when she observed the few precautions that I took to insure my safety against any attacks on my life. 'Why,' said she with astonishment, 'you do not take half so many precautions as my father, who has nothing to fear.' 'I am,' continued Napoleon, 'too much of a fatalist (*trop fataliste*) to take any precautions against assassination. When I was in Paris, I used to go out and intermingle with the populace without my guards, and receive petitions. I was frequently so closely surrounded by the people that I could scarcely move." And, again, reflecting on the past, the Emperor said: "Political motives induced me to divorce my first wife, whom I tenderly loved. She, fortunately for herself, died in time to prevent her witnessing the last of my misfortunes." ^e

Elsewhere in the course of these palace sketches it has been told how Josephine died at her residence, Malmaison, and Marie Louise had fled from the Tuileries at the time of Napoleon's first abdication, consequent on the Bourbon restoration in 1814; and on the 29th day of April in that same year Louis XVIII. arrived at Compiègne, on his way to Paris, accompanied by his niece, the Duchesse

^e "Memories of Trianon and Malmaison."—G. M., May, 1867. Also, "Memories of Fontainebleau."—G. M., Sept. and Oct., 1867.

d'Angoulême, daughter and only surviving child of the martyred Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette.

The position of the Duchesse d'Angoulême at Compiègne was the more remarkable at that time of the Restoration as she was not only a cousin of the fugitive Marie Louise, and therefore kinswoman to the King of Rome, infant son of Napoleon; but, during some few years of her own earlier life, she had been resident at the Court of Vienna, as the guest of the Emperor Francis, who, though subsequently the ally of the Bourbons, was none the less father-in-law to Napoleon I., and grandfather of that Emperor's son.

Born at Versailles in 1778, the Duchesse d'Angoulême—by right of birth called “Madame Royale”—was, in 1792, imprisoned with her parents in the Temple, after the storming of the Tuileries by the revolutionary mob. Her saintly aunt, Madame Elizabeth, and her little brother, the Dauphin, were also her fellow captives. She fainted at the feet of her father, Louis XVI., the night before his execution; and not long after his death, she, still a prisoner, was successively separated from her mother, her aunt, and brother. On the scaffold perished her mother and aunt, whilst her brother was pining to death, and did die in a prison chamber not far from her own, but beyond reach of her voice or aid.

For nearly two years this orphan princess then remained a solitary captive in the Temple, until on the night of the 19th Dec., 1795—the anniversary of her birth—she was released by order of the executive Directory, and, after being secretly conveyed through the streets of Paris, was conducted by an armed guard beyond the frontiers of France, and delivered into the hands of Francis, Emperor of Austria, her kinsman, and the father of Marie Louise, that last-named princess being then a child. For four years the daughter of Marie Antoinette resided at the Court of Vienna, and then she was married to her cousin, the pious Duc d'Angoulême, elder son of the Comte d'Artois. The later years of her long exile were spent in England, with her uncle, Louis XVIII.; and in 1814, she, his adopted daughter, accompanied him back to France, and arrived at Compiègne.

Not since her childhood had this princess been at Compiègne; and now, when gazing round her at that château, to which Napoleon had made splendid architectural additions, she was a middle-aged woman. Early sorrows and solitary captivity in youth had long habitually made her grave and silent. As a childless wife, her life

was not renewed in that of others. Her personal resemblance to her mother was observed and commented on in the addresses with which she was welcomed back from exile with her uncle; but it was the resemblance of marble to flesh and blood. The lofty plume of white feathers, and the long white train she wore on state occasions during the period of her first return (white being a Bourbon emblem) were in harmony with the dignity of her figure, features, and statue-like composure; but her heart still palpitated with human affection, as was evinced by the silent tears she shed when any allusion was made to her martyred parents.

At Compiègne she could not forget how her mother, as a bride, had first arrived there from Vienna, and been received with all the ceremonial recorded in a previous page.

The Duchesse d'Angoulême was afterwards beheld by Madame d'Abrantès^f wearing diamonds which, at Compiègne, were presented to her mother by Louis XV., as already recorded; and notwithstanding the fact of Madame la Duchesse d'Abrantès being affiliated to the first French Empire, as the widow of one of its many brave soldiers, she was struck by admiration when regarding the daughter of Marie Antoinette, and declares, "That princess looked sad as her eyes rested on the crowd that gazed at her with envy; for it is not always easy for people to understand how a heart may be heavy when beating beneath a brocaded bodice laden with gems." And then, looking again at the royal Duchesse d'Angoulême, she exclaims: "Cette femme vraiment belle . . . c'est une des grandes figures de notre époque!"^g But Louis XVIII., uncle to this princess! When, after twenty years' exile, he returned to Compiègne, much changed in appearance was he since that May day

^f "Memories of the Élysée."—G. M., July, 1867.

^g The impression made on the mind of the Duchesse d'Abrantès by the appearance of the royal Duchesse d'Angoulême, as above quoted, is similar to that recorded by Emma Sophia Countess Brownlow in her "Slight Reminiscences of a Septuagenarian," very lately published. The Countess, who had herself just arrived in France with Lady Castlereagh, at the time of the Bourbon restoration, says, in reference to the Duchesse d'Angoulême, "When I looked at her, I could have wept! . . . Did they imagine she could forget all the horrors she had gone through in the Temple in her youth, ending with solitary confinement there? And did they think that such intense misery would cease to leave its impression on her countenance and manners, especially in the place where she had suffered? . . . What must have been the Duchesse d'Angoulême's feelings on thus returning to the scenes of such sad memories! Poor woman! Her grave countenance, where no joy or elation was visible, proved that her thoughts dwelt more on the past than the present."

long ago, when he helped to welcome Marie Antoinette there. About sixty years of age when called back to France, he was extremely corpulent and gouty, walking with difficulty and leaning on a cane. Red velvet gaiters encased his infirm legs, and the other parts of his costume, consisting of a blue coat with the *épaulettes* of a French general, and a round English hat, looked strange to his French subjects, who had flocked to Compiègne to welcome and to worship him. But royalists, dreading possibly the effect of his personal appearance on French hero-worshippers, had heralded Louis XVIII., not as a hero, but as "the Father" of his people; and in this character there was nothing to disappoint the crowd, for the aged king's head was finely formed, and his countenance, illumined by brightly intelligent eyes, benignant. His literary tastes were traditional in France, he having pedantically displayed them in his youth at Versailles. Not that he then, or afterwards, dared in his position as a prince of the blood to profess himself an admirer of Voltaire, Rousseau, or the *Encyclopédistes*; but, by dint of pamphlet and madrigal writing, he had made himself a leader of minor *littérateurs*, from whose "new lights" the eighteenth century Court of France had nothing to fear. It will be remembered, however, that when this royal author in old age returned to France, his great work was still to be produced—that Charter, of which, believing in his own divine right of authorship, he afterwards said, "In it consists my real claim to glory. It is not an improvised Constitution, but the result of my conscientious study of all the Constitutions given to France since 1789." On the clauses of that ill-fated Charter the King was seemingly already meditating when he arrived at Compiègne in 1814; for, "although listening with courteous attention to political opinions expressed by distinguished statesmen, encouraged by him to speak in his presence, his manner was that of a man who has previously and inflexibly formed his own opinions."

His brother, the Comte d'Artois (afterwards Charles X.), had already ingratiated himself with the people of Paris when Louis XVIII. reached Compiègne, but he hastened from the capital to welcome his Majesty there. Some survivors of the Revolution, who had known the Comte d'Artois as the gayest of gay princes at the Court of his sister-in-law, Marie Antoinette, and who for nearly a quarter of a century had lived but in recollections of the past, were surprised to see that prince changed by time when, in 1814, he again presented himself before them, although, compared with the King, he was still

handsome, active, and graceful. Like his royal brother, he was a widower ; but, unlike the King, the Comte d'Artois had from exile brought back with him a priestly confidant, who, however excellent in private character, was not the best political adviser to the heir of a throne which could only be sustained on a constitutional basis. This priest, the Abbé de Latil, was soon observed to be ambitious of being something in this world more than a priest ; but, as said the observant Madame de Cayla (confidante of Louis XVIII., and who had helped by secret political agency to bring about the Restoration), "it is not always possible out of the material from which a cardinal is made to mould a diplomatist. To become a great minister of the Crown, something else is requisite than for a shorn head to wear the hat of Richelieu." Too soon was it notorious that Monsieur the Comte d'Artois, gay prince of the past, had become in some sort an ascetic ; and also that during his exile he had loved and lost Madame de Polastron, by whom on her deathbed he had been conjured henceforth to confide in the Abbé de Latil.

With Louis XVIII. and his brother at Compiègne also re-appeared the two Condés, father and grandfather of the late Duc d'Enghien. How could a new generation recognise in these two Condé princes the heroes of tradition ? The elder of them was "an august being, still beaming with goodness and graciousness, but aged by sorrow and time almost beyond his own powers of memory," occasionally absent in mind, but still strong in his abhorrence of Talleyrand, to whom he attributed many of the misfortunes which had befallen the Bourbons. The younger Condé—Duc de Bourbon Condé, as he was called—seemed to shrink from the acclamations that greeted him. He had long been a recluse ; hunting was the chief pastime in which he still indulged ; and after being exhibited by his royal cousin, Louis XVIII., at the time of his return to Compiègne, he quickly retreated from the Court. As to the Duchesse de Bourbon, aged, small, mild, but ecstatic—that princess who in the days of her youth had dwelt at the Élysée, and quarrelled with the Comte d'Artois at a masked ball^b—a strange, sad relic was she of former times for Louis XVIII. to bring back with him to Compiègne, where, as recorded in a previous page of this present paper, she too had, in 1770, been one of the first privileged by royal blood to kiss Marie Antoinette on her arrival there.

^b "Memories of the Élysée."—G. M., July, 1867.

The two sons of the Comte d'Artois (the Duc d'Angoulême and the Duc de Berri) had, some weeks before the arrival of Louis XVIII. at Compiègne, entered France: one by way of Brittany and Normandy, and the other by way of Bordeaux and Toulouse. In April they had been received at the gates of Paris; and the Duc de Berri, being the most vivacious, was the most popular prince of the Bourbon family, but he was in Paris, having, like M. de Blacas, the scientific friend and adviser of Louis XVIII., the companion of his exile, and without whom no after picture of that monarch's court could be complete, remained there to await the coming of the King from Compiègne.¹ A curious spectacle must the Bourbon King and his family have presented in the large and lofty salons of that château when there re-assembled, or rather resuscitated, as objects of worship to a people long accustomed to embody the idea of glory in a crowned ruler, and to regard women on the throne of France as impersonations of grace or beauty.

Even the Duchesse d'Angoulême, with her air of sorrow and proud reserve, already described, was not attractive at first sight, either to those who remembered the youthful charms of her kinswoman, Marie Louise, on the first arrival of that Empress at Compiègne, or to the many who had never ceased to regard Josephine with love and admiration. The dress and demeanour of the Duchesse d'Angoulême were quite foreign to the eyes and feelings of French people in those days, when a marked difference was still to be seen between most things French and English; and even elder observers, who remembered her fascinating mother as an object of adoration, were disappointed, for the moment, to find that in manner this grave princess but little resembled her.

At Compiègne Talleyrand, the arch diplomatist, who, according to Napoleon, sought every opportunity to betray, presented himself before Louis XVIII., who there received him "with extreme courtesy; thanked him for his services like a Prince who felt that he owed everything to his own claims; showed him that those who returned from exile were not, after all, those who had displayed least judgment or penetration, and then passed quickly from this subject to that of the existing state of affairs." With what result would be quite beyond the purport of this present paper to attempt to tell,

¹ The large and valuable collection of scientific objects left by M. le Duc de Blacas, in Italy, has lately become the property of the British Museum.

although it is scarcely possible to doubt that Talleyrand had advised Napoleon to do everything which would injure the Bourbons, and that, in the disdainful words of the Emperor at St. Helena, "the triumph of Talleyrand was the triumph of immorality"—political. The Emperor of Russia, one of the allies then in Paris, sent Count Pozzo di Borgo to the King; but that diplomatist not being able to come to any definite political understanding with his Majesty, Alexander himself arrived at Compiègne—an event which caused much excitement there, not only because of the "*tableau* it presented of an aged King, just returned from exile, embracing a young Emperor who had helped to restore him to the throne of his ancestors, but because the young Emperor Alexander was popular for his own sake in Paris, where the elevation of his character had signally displayed itself."

This Russian Emperor was the friend of Josephine and of her accomplished daughter Hortense. His respect, admiration, and sympathy for them formed a sentiment too chivalrously bright to be sullied by political prejudice—the feverish breath of the hour.

A few days later, and at Compiègne it was known that true, until her death, had Alexander been to the cause of Josephine; for, just as Louis XVIII. entered Paris she died at Malmaison, the beloved name of Bonaparte still lingering on her lips.^k

Paris, at that time, was in a state of intense political excitement; but crowds flocked thence to Malmaison, there to bewail the loss of "the good Empress," and to scatter flowers on her bier; for multitudes of all classes were mournfully eager to pay a tribute of grateful respect to her memory—a memory still unfaded, and which helps to endear her grandson, Napoleon III., to France.

It was in the month of May, 1814, that Josephine died; and in the month of May, 1867, Malmaison was restored for purposes of

^k "Memories of Trianon and Malmaison," G. M., May, 1867. In her recently-published "Reminiscences," quoted in a previous foot-note to this present paper, the Countess Brownlow, who was in Paris with Lady Castlereagh at the time of Josephine's death, says, "She sent a message to Lady Castlereagh to ask her to come and see her, and to bring me; for, strange to say, my mother, before she married, had been well acquainted with her as Madame Beauharnais I looked forward with interest to this meeting, which various engagements obliged us to postpone for a week, at the end of which Lady Castlereagh, Lord Lucan, his three daughters, and I drove to Malmaison to pay our respects, and were inexpressibly shocked when, on arriving at the lodge, we were informed that the Empress had expired that morning, after an illness of only two days."

“retrospective exhibition,” by the Empress Eugénie, who, reigning over the hearts of the French, has so lately graced the welcome accorded by her consort to the Czar Alexander of this present day. Still more recently has she shed a charm over the visit to France of the Emperor of Austria, who but a few weeks since took leave of his illustrious and splendidly-hospitable entertainers amidst the scenes consecrated to him, scarcely less than to them, by historical Memories, and who was bidden “God speed” by them from the Palace of Compiègne.



THE BONITHON FLAGON.



IN the 16th and 17th centuries, there lived in Cornwall an ancient and powerful family, the De Bonithons of Bonithon. Tonkin, the local historian, mentions one member of the family as a man of great repute in the reign of Henry V. The Bonithons were seated in the Lizard District, in the parish of Cury, a bleak wild tract on the serpentine formation, where the sea washes the lonely shores of Gunwalloe, and in this remote district they flourished for many generations in great repute, exercising a wide influence, both social and political, throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Meanwhile several branches had issued from the parent stock; the most opulent of which, through marriage with a co-heiress, became possessed of Carclew, in Milor; and Carew^a the historian thus notices the circumstance:—“Carclew hath, after the Cornwall manner, well-nigh metamorphosed the name of Master Bonithon into his own.” He had evidently greatly raised the fortunes of his family by this marriage. Richard Bonithon, the last of the Carclew branch, died in

^a Richard Carew, born 1555, gentleman commoner of Christ Church, Oxford, at a very early age, had his chambers in Bradgate Hall (now Pembroke College), and at 14, disputed extempore with Sir Philip Sidney. After three years' residence at Oxford, he removed to the Middle Temple, and remained there another three years, and then went with his uncle on an embassy to Poland. He was married in 1577, served the office of sheriff in 1586, and died Nov. 1620. His work on Cornwall was first published in 1602; the 2nd edition appeared in 1723; and the 3rd, in 1769. About 1685, Mr. Wm. Hals, of an ancient Devonshire family, began to make collections for a history of Cornwall, which he continued for at least half a century; it was brought down by him to about 1736. He died in 1739. Tonkin was contemporary with Hals. He began his history in 1702, and had the use of Hals' collection, which he brought down to 1739. He died, however, without publishing the results of his labours.

1697; and at the decease of his daughter, childless, the estate passed by purchase into the hands of Mr. Lemon, the ancestor of the present Sir Charles Lemon, Bart.

But it is with the elder branch of the Bonithons that we have at present to do. Here also a Richard was the last of his race. He was laid in his grave in 1720, and the name of Bonithon was thenceforth blotted out from the record of human life.

And it would doubtless have remained in the oblivion to which it had already been consigned, but that about twelve years ago, at the death of an ancient maiden lady, who resided near St. Austel, there was discovered among her effects a curious old jug of stoneware, which had no doubt been "laid up in lavender" for years, and preserved in her family as a precious heir-loom. In all probability she was the last of her race; at all events her property came into the market, and the family relic passed into other hands.

The cup, of which a drawing is here given, is of the period of Queen Elizabeth, and it is said to be unique of its kind; the date, 1598, is in raised figures over the central compartment.

It is of brown stoneware, probably of Dutch manufacture; and on the body of the cup are three oval medallions filled with armorial devices. On the central medallion the double imperial eagle is displayed, surmounted by a crown; the shield having, as supporters on either side, coronetted lions in arabesque; the neck band is ornamented with scroll work in relief, and lower down on the shoulders of the jug are scroll patterns in compartments. A label is attached to the handle of the flagon with the following inscription:—

"Date of this jug 1598.

"It was used at the coronation banquet of James I. and VI. of Scotland, by one of the Bonithon family who officiated at the banquet."

This curious historical relic is in excellent preservation, and has evidently been carefully treasured by its former possessors throughout a long period, during which eleven kings and queens occupied the throne of England.

Since the jug has come into the hands of its present possessor, a search has been made into county history and old records; and some interesting particulars have been brought to light relating to the ancient family of the Bonithons, who though seated at an early period in so remote a district as that of the Lizard, still at times figured conspicuously in the political events which occurred during the troublous days of the Stuart dynasty.

Amongst the State Papers of James I. it is recorded that a grant was made to Nicholas Fortesque and Michael Vivian of 60*l.* out of the goods of John Bonithon, deceased, which were forfeited by outlawry, his death having occurred just prior to the grant, viz., June, 1605. This may possibly be the hero of the drinking-cup, present at the coronation of James I., and afterwards in trouble.

In 1603, and again in 1604, the Comptrollership of the Stannaries,



in Cornwall and Devon, was granted to Richard Bonithon; and again, in 1603, Richard Bonithon was appointed keeper of the gaol at Lostwithiel.

A little later "Roskymer Bonithon was sheriff of Cornwall, in the 17th of James I., A.D. 1619," and in 1625, a John Bonithon was captain and sergeant-major of a regiment levied for the king in Devonshire.

In the Sloane MSS. occurs the following paragraph, extracted from a news letter of the day, Feb. 18th, 1687, "Mr. Bonithon, steward for Westminster, has been displaced in favour of Mr. Owen."

Tonkin, the Cornish historian, says, "Charles Bonithon, of Bonithon, Esq., was a serjeant-at-law and steward of Westminster, which city he also represented in parliament. His father was John

Bonithon, who married a Cornish lady. His grandfather, Thomas Bonithon, married Frances, the daughter of Sir John Parker, of London. This Charles Bonithon shot himself in a fit of madness, in his own house in London, leaving two sons, Richard and John, and a daughter. Richard, the eldest son, a very ingenious gentleman, was called to the bar, but being tainted likewise with his father's distemper, first sold portions of his estate in parcels, and at last this Barton^b (Bonithon in Cury) which had been so long in his family; and then, to complete the tragedy—for he was never easy in his mind after this sale—first of all set fire to his chambers in Lincoln's Inn, burned all his papers and bonds, &c., and then stabbed himself with his sword, but not effectually, but he threw himself out of the window, and died on the spot, 1720." His brother John, who was educated in King's College, Cambridge, became an eminent physician, but died before Richard, s. p., and thus ended the race of Bonithon of Bonithon.

From these extracts it would appear that the hero of the flagon, most probably a John Bonithon, and his descendants, were residing periodically in London during many successive reigns, and that they occupied important official positions under Government, from time to time, with varied fortunes, until the tragical death of the last Richard Bonithon, in 1720.

No doubt other interesting particulars of this once powerful family might be obtained by further research into the old historical records of the period, but we have already quoted enough to establish the authenticity of the "Coronation Cup," which it has been our purpose here to illustrate and describe. The Bonithon Flagon is now in the collection of a gentleman at Teignmouth, Devonshire, and is much admired and appreciated by archæologists, not only on account of its historical interest, but for its truly regal appearance and for the unique style of its ornamentation; it is, moreover, untouched by the destroying hand of time, and the lustre of the glaze continues undiminished.

It should be added that the arms of the Bonithons were *Arg., a chevron between three fleurs-de-lis sa.*

^b "Barton" is a West Country expression for a "farm," very common in Dorset, as well as in Devon and Cornwall, at the present day. Crabb, in his "Technological Dictionary," defines "Barton" as "the demesne lands of a manor," which seems to have been the ancient signification of the term as used by the Cornish historian.

MIDDLE ROW, HOLBORN.



OF all the clearances in the metropolis during last year, the removal of Middle Row is most to be commended. It had been an obstructive eyesore of long standing. More than two centuries ago it was condemned as a "mighty hindrance." Howel, in his "Perlustration of London" (1657, p. 344), remarks, "Southward of Gray's Inn Lane there is a row of small houses, which is a mighty hindrance to Holborn in point of prospect, which, if they were taken down, there would be from Holborn Conduit to St. Giles's-in-the Fields one of the fairest rising streets in the world." These obstructive buildings are shown in Faithorne's "Ichnographical Delineation of London" in the reign of Charles I., though it is dated 1658. It has a curious history, it being questionable if his map was ever published until precisely two centuries after, when Messrs. Evans, the printsellers, of the Strand, issued a facsimile of this undoubtedly the rarest view of old London, inasmuch as but two impressions are known to be in existence.

Elmes has well described Middle Row as "an island of Holborn Bars, opposite the end of Gray's Inn Lane, with a footway behind them;" which seemed to say, with Ovid, "Medio tutissimus ibis," for the footway in Holborn was a perilous strait. This is curious, seeing that the lower part of Holborn was paved four centuries and a half ago. A century later Stow records the street as ill-paved; but in 1533 (25 Hen. VIII., c. 8), it was enacted that "the high street between Holborn Bridge and the Barrs at the west end of the said street, shall be paved on both sides with paving-stone, at the expense of the tenant in fee-simple, fee-tail, or for life."

It appears that about a century ago the removal of the Row, for the widening of Holborn, was agitated; when, in an application to Parliament, the petitioners stated that "Holborn had originally been the king's highway, that near that part there was a market, and that persons from the country came with poultry, vegetables, &c., and first had little standings, which in process of time became sheds, and gradually grew up into houses, which were left by the possessors to their children, came to their heirs, &c.; but as it was originally an encroachment, the nuisance ought to be removed." For answer to these allegations, the proprietors searched old records and musty deeds,

and found that they had proof of the Row having been occupied by some sort of tenements near two hundred years; but that not being deemed sufficient, they prayed for twelve months to seek better proofs. This, on their application to Parliament, was granted. At the end of this time they had found nothing further for their purpose, and applied for a year more. This was also admitted, and at the end of that time the petitioners were many of them dead, and those who survived, being tired of the search, the inquiry dropped, and was not for some time renewed. This evidence appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* of Friday, March 22, 1792. The obstruction continued unpopular; for Dr. Hughson, in his "Walks Through London," half a century ago, has, "we now approach the nuisance called Middle Row."

The origin of the sort of market held upon the site of the Row may be explained by the site. It was just outside the City liberties. These terminated at Holborn Bars, which stood upon the site of the present Brook Street. Here the customs were payable upon victuals; for, according to the "Liber Albus" of the City of London, 1419, bread, poultry, and the like, for the market of London, were paid for at the Bars; every cart that brought corn for sale, paid one half-penny; if it entered by way of Holborn, one penny, the franchise excepted; the cart that brought nuts or cheese paid twopence; and if it entered by Holborn, twopence-halfpenny; and the same rate for wood or hides.

However, a century and a half ago Middle Row had acquired some notoriety or fashion; for Stow, in his "Remarks" (1722), tells us, "they are most periwig-makers who live here." They kept shop here until our own time, for we remember rival dealers in "bears' grease," *ecce signum* the bears' skins at the door. "Forty or fifty European bears are annually slaughtered in London for their grease," said a writer in the *Quarterly Review* some years since. The article has now fallen into disrepute; for M. Chris, the fashionable perfumer of Paris, states that the bear is wholly innocent of contributing to the making of "bears' grease;" adding, that the fat of the bear, from its rancid and coarse nature, is destructive to pomades of all sorts. The location of the wig-makers in Middle Row may be traced to the lawyers in the Holborn Inns of Court and Chancery,—as Gray's Inn, Staple Inn, and Barnard's Inn, Thavies and Furnival's Inn; besides Scroop's Inn or Serjeants Place before they removed to their inn in Fleet Street. One of the latest

of the "periwig" tenants of the Row was "a human hair manufacturer."

At the east end of Middle Row, in Holborn, the representatives of the Bars were a pair of granite obelisks bearing the City insignia. Here, not many years ago, all vehicles not belonging to City freemen were compelled to stop and pay the "City toll," the yearly amount of these tolls being 5000*l.* At the south-east corner of the Row, Sir James Branscomb kept a lottery office forty years. He had been footman to the Earl of Gainsborough, but rose in the world, and being elected Sheriff of London and Middlesex in 1806, received knighthood. At the Golden Anchor, hard by the Bars, lived Dr. Johnson in 1748, when he was hard at work upon his Dictionary; though his workshop was in Gough Square, Fleet Street, where, Boswell tells us, "he had an upper room fitted up like a counting-house for the purpose, in which he gave the copyists their several tasks."

The removal of Middle Row has brought out prominently that olden piece of street architecture, Staple Inn, traditionally named from having been the inn or hotel of the merchants of the wool staple, whither it was removed from Westminster by Richard II. in 1378. It became an inn of Chancery in the reign of Henry V., and it was granted by Henry VIII. to Gray's Inn. The Holborn front is of the time of James I., and with its gables, central bay, and its arched entrance, flanked with terms, is not unpicturesque. The staircases in this front are so narrow as not to admit two persons abreast. The inn consists of two courts, the inner one being modern. The hall has a clock turret, and had originally an open timber roof. Some of its armorial window-glass is of date 1500. In the garden we remember a luxuriant fig-tree, which nearly covered the south side of the hall. Upon the terrace opposite are the offices of the Taxing Masters in Chancery, completed in 1843 (Wigg and Pownall, architects), in the purest style of the reign of James I., with frontispiece, arched entrance, and semicircular oriels,—finely effective. The open parapet of the terrace, lodge, and gate leading to Southampton Buildings, are very picturesque. In 1759, Dr. Johnson left Gough Square for Staple Inn. In a note to Miss Norton, dated March 23, he tells her that he had on that day removed from Gough Square, where he had resided ten years, into chambers at Staple inn. Here he wrote his "Idler," seated in a three-legged chair, so scantily were his rooms furnished. In the following year

the Doctor removed to Gray's Inn. At Staple Inn, No. 11, in the inner court, next the Taxing Masters' office, Isaac Reed had chambers, and of his tenancy Mr. Peter Cunningham relates in his "Handbook of London":—"Here (in Reed's chambers) Steevens corrected the proof-sheets of his edition of Shakspeare. He used to leave his home at Hampstead at one in the morning, and walk to Staple Inn. Reed, who went to bed at the usual hour, allowed his facetious fellow-commentator a key to his chambers, so that Steevens stole quietly to his proof sheets without, it is said, disturbing the repose of his friend."

Returning to Holborn we are reminded by the sight of the old Blue Post public-house, eastward, that at the beginning of the present century, the road was in the hands of Mr. Miles, his pair-horse coach, and his redoubtable boy, familiar to the readers of Robins's "Paddington, Past and Present," and long the only appointed agents of communication between Paddington and the City. The fares were 2s. and 3s.; the journey took more than three hours; and to beguile the time at resting-places, "Miles's Boy" told tales, and played upon the fiddle.

Looking across the road, the sight of Brook Street reminds us of the sad story of Chatterton, who died at No. 39 in the street, in the garret. The room commands from its dormer windows a view of St. Paul's, which Mr. Wallis has introduced in his masterly painting of the death of Chatterton: this was a lucky accident of the painter, for it was previously believed that the house in which Chatterton died was opposite, where no room looking into the street could have commanded a view of the Metropolitan Cathedral. In Brook Street lived Johnson, the ingenious printer, who wrote and printed the curious history of printing, entitled "Typographia; or, the Printer's Instructor," 1824. And, in the same street, we remember to have inspected, about the year 1818, a large working model of a horizontal cylinder printing-machine, which had been designed and completed in a room of the King's Bench Prison. At the corner of old Furnival's Inn, Edward Kidder, the famous pastry-cook, who died in 1739, aged 73 years, had one of his schools, in which he taught young lads the art of making pastry. Kidder published his receipts, with his portrait as a frontispiece. In the square of the present Furnival's Inn is a statue of Mr. Peto, the contractor, who rebuilt the Inn; he was the father of Sir Morton Peto, by whom the statue was erected.

Returning to the south side of Holborn, we step into Barnard's Inn, where, some sixty years since, died in his chamber, Peter Woulfe, the eminent chemist; and according to Mr. Brande (who died in 1866, aged 81), Woulfe was the last true believer in alchemy. He was a tall, thin man; and his last moments were remarkable. In a long coach journey he took cold; inflammation of the lungs followed, but he strenuously resisted all medical advice. By his desire his laundress shut up his chambers, and left him. She returned at midnight, when Woulfe was still alive; next morning, however, she found him dead; his countenance was calm and serene, and apparently he had not moved from the position in which she had last seen him. We received these particulars from the Treasurer of Barnard's Inn, who was one of the executors of Woulfe's last will and testament. Woulfe's chambers were so filled with furnaces and apparatus that it was difficult to move in them. Dr. Babington told Mr. Brande that he once put down his hat, and could not find it again; such was the confusion of boxes, packages, and parcels, that lay about the floor. Woulfe's breakfast hour was four in the morning; such of his friends as were invited, gained entrance by a secret signal, knocking a certain number of times at the inner door of the chamber. Woulfe had long vainly searched for the elixir, and attributed his repeated failure to the want of due preparation by pious and charitable acts. Sir Humphry Davy tells us that he used to affix written prayers and inscriptions of recommendations of his processes to Providence. Whenever he wished to break an acquaintance, or felt himself offended, he resented the supposed offence by sending a present to the offender, and never seeing him afterwards. These presents sometimes consisted of an expensive chemical product or preparation. He had a heroic remedy for illness, which was a journey to Edinburgh and back by the mail coach; and a cold taken on one of these expeditions led to his death, at No. 2, second floor chamber, in Barnard's Inn, in the year 1805.

To conclude, there are other Middle Rows in the metropolis besides that we have described. Tottenham Court Road has, at its southern end, an obstruction of this class—"an island of houses." In Goswell Street is another; and on Knightsbridge Green is another Middle Row, described as "a medley of very inferior houses."

There is still another Middle Row — the block of houses

between Wych Street and the Strand, the removal of which will, if we mistake not, be decided on during the present year.

The Holborn riddance, undertaken by the Metropolitan Board of Works, has not been a costly improvement (61,000*l.*), considering how desirable it is to render the fine, broad, roadway of Holborn open, more especially in connection with the long needed raising of Holborn Valley. Now that the Row has been cleared away, the house-fronts in Holborn have a sort of piebald appearance. West of Staple Inn are two houses of equal antiquity; the continuation is then irregular; but these defects will, doubtless, hereafter be remedied: already some handsome houses have been built. We have got rid of the Row after a battle of two centuries: in the meantime we have lost the pleasant Gray's Inn Lane of Stow's time, "leading to the fields, towards Highgate and Hampstead." Jacob Tonson kept shop "within Gray's Inn Gate, next Gray's Inn Lane:" Tonson was the second son of a barber-chirurgeon in Holborn; and we recollect the last of his shop, at the Gate, where second-hand books were sold until our time. Holborn was formerly noted for its booksellers, one of whom, if we mistake not, kept shop in Middle Row.

JOHN TIMBS.



EPOCHS OF ENGLISH POETRY.

By THE REV. F. W. FARRAR, M.A., F.R.S.,
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IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.



UT, great as Spenser was, his greatness was eclipsed by the greatest man of that century—perhaps the most astounding man of any century—William Shakspeare. Of all names England is justly proudest of that name. We cannot think of him without amazement. First consider his works—next to the Bible, the most precious and priceless heritage of imaginative genius. What new worlds they open to us! In one play we are in magic islands, surrounded by perilous seas, with delicate spirits singing and harping in our ears; in the next, we are sitting at the stately council-board of kings, or listening to the loud roar of artillery around beleaguered cities; in another, our faces are reddened by the glare of the witches' caldron upon some blasted

heath ; in a fourth, we watch the merry elves, under the yellow moonlight, dancing their ringlets to the wind. And how perfect in their kind is the splendour or the loveliness of these ever-changing scenes ; whether, as in the “Troilus and Cressida,”

“ Upon the ringing plains of windy Troy
We drink delight of battle with our peers ;”

or in “As You Like It,” we pity the wounded deer, stumbling wearily beside the rivulet under the waving boughs of the Forest of Ardenne ; or in “Macbeth” watch the temple-haunting martlet, flitting to and fro in the sweet and eager air about the Castle of Inverness ; or in “Cymbeline” take shelter under the noble Briton’s mountain cave ; or in “Romeo and Juliet” assist at the lighted masque in the hall of the Capulets ; or with “Julius Cæsar” stand, thronged with conspiring senators, in the capitol of Rome. What thrilling alternations do we undergo of horror and laughter, and fear and joy ! and what a range of characters do we encounter, from kings and queens down to idiots and clowns ! This Proteus takes a thousand different shapes ; but, whether in rushing water or burning fire, we still find the same changeful divinity. Consider his women alone ! From the imperial palace of the same mighty brain whence came the tenderness of *Imogen*, and the girlish sweetness of *Juliet*, and the vestal purity of *Isabel*, and the playful innocence of *Miranda*, and the chastened sadness of poor *Ophelia*, came forth also the desolating passion of *Constance*, and the luxurious boldness of *Cleopatra*, and the sulky pettishness of *Catharine*, and the terrific steely hardness of *Lady Macbeth*, and came forth, also, the homely stupidity of *Audrey*, and the maudlin coarseness of *Mrs. Quickly*, and the cruel, grasping, hypocrisy of *Regan* and *Goneril*. Surely, before the wand of a magician such as this the rod of *Prospero* sinks into insignificance. In the same brain were conceived *Falstaff* and *Hamlet*, *Shylock* and *Fluellin*, *Caliban* and *Prince Arthur*, *Sir Toby* and *King Lear*. Sometimes the electric flame of his genius seems to be blazing in the lightning,—sometimes to be slumbering in the dewdrop. And where are we to look for this potent enchanter ? Not among princes born in the purple, or amid the grand associations of some baronial hall, but among the sons of a butcher and a wool-carder ; not among learned universities, but in the grammar-school of a Midland village ; not among men of letters, but in an obscure and provincial actor, who took fourth and fifth-rate parts in his own plays ; not by

the mighty roar of sea-waves, or under the sunlit ice of Alpine peaks, but in a flat, dull country, beside a sluggish, willowy stream,— here sprang to light the mighty genius who shall live when all the princes of his age have been buried in unfathomable oblivion, and when the very language which he spoke may have become, in the changing ages, the obsolete dialect of some half-forgotten land.

Of Shakspeare, then, the most grandly-prominent figure of the 16th century, I will make but two further remarks: one respecting his works, the other respecting his life.

Of his works I will say this, for it is, I think, a point on which we need to dwell, that, setting aside their grandeur and genius altogether, they are still distinguished by their high and marvellous morality. Doubtless, you will find coarseness in them; but coarseness, remember, though neither to be admired nor imitated, is yet a very different thing from vice. Coarseness is an affair of the manners, vice is an affair of the heart; coarseness is the external defect of an age, vice is the inward rottenness of all time. In an age when queens thought it no disgrace to swear roundly with their own fair lips, and ladies of high rank wrote and spoke to each other in a style which no courteous gentleman could now repeat, a rare and occasional coarseness cannot be fairly made a charge against a single writer. Read Beaumont and Fletcher, and Massinger, and Marlow, and others of that age, who stand next to Shakspeare, though next by an immeasurable interval, and you will find plenty to revolt and repel an unstained mind:

“ They stood around
The throne of Shakspeare, sturdy but unclean.”

But Shakspeare never “ clothes impurity with the garb of virtue; he never injures the mind, if, now and then, he shocks the delicacy; he never excites or flatters the passions, or shows any sympathy with wickedness.”

“ Give me the man that is not passion's slave,
And I will wear him in my heart's core; aye,
In my heart of hearts.”

This, and the noble bursts of moral indignation in “ Measure for Measure,” show us what view Shakspeare took of sin. When he strips bare the features of Vice, it is only that you may loathe them in their unmasked horror. The sunbeam may shine on the carrion, but it loves better to rest on the violet and the rose; and so the light of Shakspeare's genius may sometimes seem to fall upon corruption,

but it never rests there fondly or even willingly; it loves better to sparkle on the brow of maiden virtue and the gray hairs of injured innocence,—on the sword of the chivalrous hero, and the crown of the patriot king.

And his life shows the same noble superiority. Most of his fellow-actors and fellow-tragedians—the Dekkers, the Randolphins, the Marlowes, the Beaumonts and Fletchers—lived in a world of passion and revelry, of want and despair. They composed loosely, frequented taverns, and were killed or wounded in drunken brawls. The story of their lives drags us into the jail, and the gutter, and the spunging-house, and the gambler's hell. But with Shakspeare it was not so. In the despised condition of a playwright he lived a life simple, dignified, and self-contained; never losing his independence, his purity, or his strength,—from first to last what his contemporaries called him, the gentle, *i.e.*, the fine-hearted Shakspeare. And when, by manly exertion, he had secured a modest competence, he returned to the quiet Stratford of his infancy and boyhood, finding enough of mystery and beauty in the blue sky, and the green fields, and the willowy river; enough of sublimity in the simplest elements of nature,—so careless of fame that he left his very plays to drift, unedited and uncorrected, into their destined immortality, and content to forego, for the narrow society of a country town, the favour of nobles and the brilliancy of wits, the gilded saloons of St. James's, and the merry orgies of Blackfriars. There he lived, and there he was buried, in the aisle of the church where his childhood had worshipped, and saying in those memorable words of his will, on which, in connection with his memory, I love to dwell, "I commend my soul into the hands of God my Creator, hoping and assuredly believing, through the merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting." Nothing could be simpler than his tomb; but, in the epitaph of even the Puritan Milton—

“What needs my Shakspeare for his honour'd bones,
The labour of an age in pilèd stones?
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a star y-pointing pyramid?
Dear son of Memory, great heir of Fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a live-long monument, . . .
And so sepulcher'd, in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.”

I shall not, of course, give you any specimens of Shakspeare : first, because they ought to be extraordinarily familiar to you ; and next, because I might as well pluck a leaf and offer it you as the analogue of a boundless forest. But, without apology for lingering so long upon his name, I hasten on from the 16th to the 17th century, from William Shakspeare, who died in 1616, to John Milton, who, in that year, was a fair child of eight years old. The genius of Milton dominates throughout this century as that of Shakspeare throughout the last. It was the short and splendid period of Puritan mastery interpolated between the Shakspeare of Elizabeth and the Dryden of Charles II. Other poets, indeed, there were : there was the metaphysical school, of which the religious earnestness has preserved Donne, and Quarles, and G. Herbert, and a few stray verses of Crashaw and Herrick ; there were Cowley, and Marvel, and Waller, whose names, indeed, are famous, but whose verses are but little read ; and there is a whole crowd of Cavalier poets before the Revolution and after the Restoration ; those before the Revolution, who mainly jingled ephemeral conceits about love and gallantry, and those after the Restoration, who have mainly died out in the thick fumes of their own corruption. For the most part they are only known by, here and there, a gay lyric or fugitive thought which has emerged from the black stream of oblivion. Four lines of Lovelace—

“ Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron barres a cage ;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage,”

are probably worth all the rest of these cavalier songs put together ; and even these are from a lyric which celebrates the “ greatness, meekness, majesty, and goodness ” of a king who, if he could have had his way, would have re-established military despotism by the will of Wentworth, and an English inquisition under the auspices of Laud.

But to look for one or two sparkling songs or gallant sentiments among the heaps of licentious trash in which they lie embedded is to seek diamonds on a dunghill. And, indeed, there are many reasons why there should be little worth reading in “ vulgar amorists,” whom a modern poet, himself by no means too particular, has characterised as “ a herd of scented fops.”

From the thick of this “ mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease,” amid this jingle of love compliments and fantastic serenades,—amid

this reeking poetry of the tavern and the court, a voice comes as awful and holy as though it were borne by the breezes of Eden from the choirs of the cherubim. The clatter of castanets is suddenly broken by a majestic organ peal, and the complimentary strains in honour of girdles and stomachers are hushed before a hymn of those ethereal virtues, with whose

“ Loose garlands, thick thrown off, the bright
Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
Empurpled with celestial roses smiled.”

Side by side with the cringing, pusillanimous Waller,—side by side with the dressy, immoral Suckling,—side by side with Wither, who, after being Charles's captain, became Cromwell's general,—side by side with Dryden,—who was a Puritan under the Commonwealth, a Freethinker at the Restoration, and a Roman Catholic under James II.,—sits, “with his garland and singing robes about him,” the sublime, solitary form of John Milton, perhaps the very noblest of all England's sons. Shakspeare was a more oceanic, myriad-minded genius, but Milton was the rarer and the lordlier soul. It may be his literary imperfection, but assuredly it is his moral strength, that Milton could not have conceived such creatures as *Falstaff* or *Sir Toby Belch*. For that “foul gray-haired iniquity” he would have had no bursts of inextinguishable laughter, nor any other words than those of King Henry V. :—

“ I know thee not, old man : fall to thy prayers ;
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester !
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane ;
But, being awake, I do despise my dream.”

Does it, in your eyes, deteriorate from Milton's peculiar greatness that he could not have given us the conception of *Falstaff*? To have done so he must have lived differently from what he did ; he, too, must have joined in long drinking bouts and careless jest-encounters with wits and poets at the Mermaid Tavern. He, too, must have learned to look on sin, not as he *did* look on it, but more as Ben Jonson looked on it—with cold, unreprieving eye. A modern writer has imagined Milton appearing at the Mermaid, a pure, beautiful youth, and, in answer to some burst of witty ribaldry, casting among the company that grand theory of his, “that he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things ought himself to

be a true poem—that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honourablest things.” “What a blush would have mounted on the old face of Ben Jonson before such a rebuke! what interruption of the jollity! what mingled uneasiness and resentment!—what forced laughter to conceal consternation! Only Shakspeare, one thinks, would have turned on the bold youth a mild and approving eye, would have looked round the room to observe the whole scene; and, remembering, perhaps, some passages in his own life, would, mayhap, have had his own thoughts.” For myself, such a scene recalls to mind that grand passage of the “Paradise Lost,” where the reproof of Ithuriel, “severe in youthful beauty,” makes Satan “feel how awful goodness is, and Virtue in her own shape how lovely;” or where the seraph Abdiel is faithful found,

“ Among the faithless, faithful only he ;
Among innumerable false, unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified ;”

and so passes, with retorted scorn, through the ranks of scornful foes.

But the days of Milton's manhood were cast among men of infinitely more degradation than the Elizabethan wits; and among these ribalds, and roysterers, and men about town, he stands out like a being of another sphere. In the very darkest days of English history,—amid the loudest dissonance of Bacchus and his revellers,—in days which, as Macaulay says, cannot be recalled without a blush, “the days of servitude without loyalty, and sensuality without love,—of dwarfish talents and gigantic vices, the paradise of cold hearts and narrow minds, the golden age of the coward, the bigot, and the slave,—in the days when the principles of liberty were the scoff of every grovelling courtier, and the Anathema Maranatha of every fawning dean,—in these days blind, detested, impoverished, deserted, stricken,—in these days when the great friends who had loved were pining in the dungeon, or had diéd upon the scaffold,”—in these days

“ With voice unchanged,
To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil days,
On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues,
In darkness, and with dangers compassed round
And solitude—”

he would still “gaze on the bright countenance of Truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies,” and gave to the world,

in "Paradise Lost," the imperishable memorial of a most lofty soul. During no less than fifty years, in which they were contemporaries, while Dryden was adding by numberless plays and prologues to the reeking degradations of the stage, Milton was speaking in a voice which has been compared to the swell of the advancing tide, settling into the long thunder of billows, breaking for leagues along the shore. While the gay creatures who fluttered in the brief sunshine of a licentious prosperity were grating upon their scranell pipes the lean and flashy songs to their Phyllises and Campases, he was asserting Eternal Providence, and justifying the ways of God to man. "Neither blindness, nor gout, nor age, nor penury, nor domestic affliction, nor political disappointments, nor abuse, nor proscription, nor neglect, had power to disturb his sedate and majestic patience Such as his mind had been when, on the eve of great events, he returned from his travels in the prime of health and manly beauty, loaded with literary distinctions and glowing with patriotic hopes, such it continued to be when, after having experienced every calamity which is incident to our nature—old, poor, sightless, and disgraced, he retired to his hovel to die."

But my language is too imperfect to convey my own conception of this lofty, and vestal, and stately soul. He was, to my mind, one of the very purest, one of the very sublimest, of mortal men; from eighteen Christian centuries the noblest impersonation of Christian manhood—patriot, and saint, and sage. I imagine him sometimes armed with that "fiery whip" wherewith he threatened tyrannous kings and prelatical impostors, and "with such an eye as struck Gehazi with leprosy and Simon Magus with a curse," and sometimes, in his softer and gentler moods of tenderness and hope. Shakspeare may have been the greater poet; but if he and Milton were now to enter this room in mortal form I should bow to Milton first; for never, I think, lived any man with a more intense and glowing conviction that the soul of man is an emanation from the breath of God, and that "the love of God is a fire sent from heaven to be kept alive upon the altar of our hearts; and that, for the dignity of God's image upon him, a man should dread, more even than the censure of others, the reflection of his own severe and modest eye upon himself." Oh, that many and many, especially of our youths, were like him—religious without austerity, learned without pedantry, pure though passionate, graceful yet strong. If it were so, this England of ours, respecting whose future destiny one cannot always think

without an anxious dread, would go far to realise his own great image :—

“Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle, mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam; purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about her amazed at what she means.”

I should like to read you much of Milton's poetry: some of the rich and dignified passages of “Comus,” of the wailing strains of “Lycidas,” of the soul-animating Sonnets, of the majestic, unequalled music of “Paradise Lost;” but if I once began I should not know where to choose, and, therefore, I will read none of it; but as Milton's prose writings are barely known at all, and as, in parts, they are almost as grand as his poetry, being, in his own grand words, “a seven-fold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies,” let me read one passage from them. Here, then, is a fragment of that amazing burst of high feeling with which he concludes his treatise of the “Reformation in England,” that bright and blissful change which, “by Divine power, strook through the black and settled night of ignorance and antichristian tyranny,” and when “the sweet odour of the returning gospel bathed men's souls in the fragrancy of heaven.”

After saying that he feels himself enwrapped into such mazes and labyrinths of hideous and dreadful thoughts, that he knows not how to escape them, save by lifting up his hands to the eternal throne, he adds ;—

“Thou, therefore, that sit'st in light and glory unapproachable, parent of angels and of men! next thee I implore, Omnipotent King, Redeemer of that lost remnant whose nature thou didst assume,—ineffable and everlasting love! And thou, the third subsistence of divine Infinitude, illumining Spirit, the joy and solace of created things! one tripersonal Godhead! look upon this thy poor, spent, and almost expiring Church! leave her not thus a prey to those importunate wolves, that wait to devour thy tender flock,—these wild boars that have broken into thy vineyard, and left the print of their polluting hoofs upon the souls of thy servants”

“Then, amid the hymns and hallelujahs of saints, some one may, perhaps, be heard offering at high strains in new and lofty measures to sing and celebrate thy divine mercies and marvellous judgements in this land throughout all ages; whereby this great and warlike nation, instructed and inured to the fervent and continual practice of truth and righteousness, and casting far from her the rags of her old vices, may press on hard to that high and happy emulation, to be found the soberest, wisest, and most Christian people; at that day when thou, the eternal and shortly-expected king, shalt open the clouds to judge the severall kingdoms of the world Where they, undoubtedly,

that by their labours, counsels, and prayers, have been earnest for the common good of religion and their country, shall receive, above the inferior orders of the Blessed, the Regal addition of Principalities and Thrones into their glorious titles, and, in supereminence of beatific vision, progressing the datelesse and irrevoluble circle of Eternity, shall clasp inseparable hands with joy and blisse in over measure for ever !”

Thus, and in many another mighty page, wrote that grand, austere Puritan, John Milton, who took his inspiration not “from the heat of youth and the vapours of wine,” not even “by the invocation of Dame Memory and her syren daughters, but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and all knowledge, and sends out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and purify the lips of whom he will.”

The next poets who mark an epoch in English literature are Dryden and Pope. Dryden died in the year 1700 ; (and here let me remark, in passing, that three of our greatest poets died in the first year of a century—Chaucer in 1400, Dryden in 1700, Cowper in 1800). It is the merit of Dryden to have brought into perfection the heroic couplet ; and this is what Gray alludes to when he says—

“ Behold, where Dryden’s less presumptuous car
Wide o’er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding pace.”

That Dryden had in him the elements of greatness is indubitable ; that he desecrated those high powers and laid them, like the incense of Israel, upon unhallowed shrines, is no less certain. Happily, poetry like most of his—“prurient yet passionless”—poetry, to write some of which, it is said, that he actually produced an artificial languor by letting blood !—is also ephemeral ; nor shall I read you any of it, except a few lines, in which he admits his own condemnation, and which show how much better he might have done, when he says—

“ O, gracious God, how far have we
Profaned thy heavenly gift of poesy !
Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,
Debased to each obscene and impious use,
Whose harmony was first ordained above
For tongues of angels, and for hymns of love !—
O, wretched we, why were we hurried down
This lubrique and adulterate age, . . . ?
What can we say t’ excuse our second fall ?”

Yes; well would it be for him who pollutes the vestal flame of genius by kindling it on the altars of sin, if such works of his, instead of being remembered, might be steeped in forgetfulness for ever, and might swiftly undergo that happy doom of eternal oblivion for which he himself, in another and better life, would himself pray upon his bended knees!

The impulse begun by Dryden was continued by Pope, who

“ Made poetry a mere mechanic art,
And every scribbler had his tune by heart.”

As Milton reflects the grandeur of Puritanism in the glorious days of Cromwell, as Dryden in his false taste and ribald decrepitude mirrored the low and heartless reign of Charles II., so Pope, in his smooth, trim-shaven, artificial mannerism, is the representative of the cold-hearted semi-sceptical period of Anne and the Georges. The age when people could extravagantly admire a description of night in which the mountains are said to nod their drowsy heads, and the flowers to sweat under the night-dews; when a gimcrack grotto at Twickenham was thought the perfection of loveliness; when patches on the cheek, the concealment of disease, were deemed to enhance the attraction of healthy beauty; the poet of such an age, if he reflected it, could hardly be expected to excel except in such scathing satire as the lines to Addison, and such glittering mock heroics as the “Rape of the Lock.” In Pope’s time all affectation of “the great” in poetry was over; for imagination there was mere fancy, for courageous labour and solid study there were florid diction and *jeux d’esprits*; for the “leisurely ideal building up of a continuous action,” there were things of which the author was half ashamed, and which were only meant at the best to amuse the leisure of idle fine gentlemen. So far from being born in a golden clime,

“ With golden stars above,
Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love,”

the poet was “a man about town.” The lofty ideal of a poet’s work had fallen into infinite degradation; and Pope helped its fall. And yet, such was his natural genius, so perfect his narrow style, so powerful his influence, that sixty years of vacant and regular inanity are mainly due to him.

Accordingly, the next poet of an epoch is William Cowper, the shy, religious hypochondriac, who spent his life in remote country

villages with old ladies and evangelical clergymen, and who never gave a line to the world till he was fifty years of age. His main contribution to English literature consists in the fact that by his pure, simple naturalness and heartiness he was the first to break loose from those clanking chains and artificial swaddling-clouts in which Pope had bound the English Muse, and which had produced their worst degeneracy in the vaporous inanities of the "Minerva Press" and the "Della Cruscans." Joined with him in spirit were Crabbe, the homely poet of village life, Bishop Percy, the collector of the "Reliques," and Robert Burns, the glorious Ayrshire ploughman. What they did was to turn the age from the formal and turbid canals of affected mannerism to the pure, sunny, ebullient fountains of nature, simplicity, and truth. Pope, with his classical, fine-gentleman instincts, would have despised the unvarnished truth of Crabbe's simple narrative; he would have regarded as half-barbarous the heart-stirring, passionate fire of Burns; he would have shaken his sides with laughter at the notion of a lovely and serious poem written to an old lady's knitting-needles; and would probably have condemned as trivial and irregular those true and tender lines, perhaps the very sweetest and most pathetic poem in our language, which the recluse of Olney wrote on the receipt of his mother's picture.

Let me, as a specimen of Cowper's manner, give you his lines on one whom then it required some courage to praise, and whom in the hour of her apathy and anti-vitality the Church of England treated with such bitter coldness—I mean George Whitefield:—

“ Leuconomos—beneath well-sounding Greek
 I hide a name a poet must not speak,—
 Stood pilloried on Infamy's high stage
 And bore the pelting scorn of half an age;
 The very butt of slander, and the blot
 For every dart that malice ever shot.
 The man that mentioned him at once dismissed
 All mercy from his lips, and sneered and hissed:
 His crimes were such as Sodom never knew,
 And Calumny stood up to swear all true:
 His aim was mischief, and his zeal pretence,
 His speech rebellion against common sense:
 A knave, when tried on honesty's plain rule,
 And, when by that of reason, a mere fool;
 The world's best comfort was—his doom was passed—
 Die when he might he must be damned at last.

Now, Truth, perform thine office : waft aside
 The curtain drawn by prejudice and pride ;
 Reveal—the man is dead—to wondering eyes
 This more than monster in his native guise.

He loved the world that hated him ; the tear
 That dropped upon his Bible was sincere :
 Assailed by scandal, and the tongue of strife,
 His only answer was a blameless life ;
 And he that forged, and he that threw the dart,
 Had each a brother's interest in his heart.
 Paul's love of Christ and steadiness unbribed
 Were copied close in him, and well transcribed ;
 Like him he laboured, and like him content
 To bear it, suffered shame where'er he went.

Blush, Calumny, and write upon his tomb,
 If honest eulogy will leave thee room,
 Thy deep repentance of thy thousand lies,
 Which, aimed at him, have pierced th' offended skies,
 And say, ' Blot out my sin, confessed, deplored,
 Against thine image in thy saint, O Lord ! ' ”

Cowper, I fear, is less read than he deserves to be ; but he has this glory, that he has ever been the favourite poet of deeply religious and loving minds ; and his history is peculiarly touching as that of one who, himself plunged in despair and madness, has brought hope and consolation to a thousand other souls.

“ O poets, from a maniac's tongue was poured the deathless singing,
 O Christians, to your cross of hope a hopeless hand was clinging ;
 O men, this man in brotherhood your weary hearts beguiling
 Groaned inly while he gave you peace, and died while ye were smiling.

He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high vocation,
 And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker adoration ;
 Nor ever shall he be in love by wise and good forsaken—
 Named softly as the household name of one whom God hath taken ! ”

Cowper, as I have said, died in 1800 ; we now come to our own 19th century, and it is high cause for thankfulness that, although it has produced no individual names so great as those of Shakspeare or Milton, it is, perhaps, the richest of all in poetic wealth and splendour. In it poetry is no longer confined to a single current ; but, dividing itself into a hundred channels, refreshes every region of human intelligence and human emotion, and like the river of bliss through the midst of heaven—

“ Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream.”

What spirit it was which sweeping, as with a breeze, the well-nigh dormant strings of the great heart of humanity, made them resound

again to such marvellous life, that never before did men shake to the ground so many old tyrannies and effete superstitions, and explore so many Eldorados of discovery, and crown themselves with such starry garlands of science and poetry, we cannot tell; but certain it is that the burst of new life was coincident with the great world-earthquake of the French Revolution. At any rate, certain it is that, among a host of minor poets, we have had in this single century the fine chivalry of Scott, the lyric enthusiasm of Campbell, the statuesque grandeur of Keats, the spiritual loveliness of Shelley, the deep-woven melody of Coleridge, the moving pathos of Hood, the divine unworldliness of Wordsworth, the profound intensity of Browning, the marvellous grace and finish of our present Laureate.

“ O'er wakened realms philosophers and bards
Spread in concentric circles; they whose souls
Conscious of their high destiny from God,
Brook not wealth's rivalry.”

But out of all these poets I select one as the poet who marks an epoch, and that one is William Wordsworth. I can well remember the time when to do so would have made a man the subject of laughter; Byron was then the rage, especially of the young, and they thought that they were crushing Wordsworth (they might, says Southey, have talked as well of crushing Skiddaw) by quoting Byron's two lines—

“ A drowsy, frowsy poem, called the Excursion,
Writ in a manner which is my aversion—”

of that famous poem which Coleridge, with enthusiasm, called

“ An Orphic song, indeed,
A song divine of high and passionate thoughts
To their own music chanted.”

Yet Byron and the satanic school are rapidly dying out; and the words of that wise and noble fraternity, nicknamed the “Lakers,” have long become household words with the noble and the good. From the Byronic school emanated poems on subjects so abhorrent, as Byron's “Heaven and Earth,” and Moore's “Loves of the Angels,” and Shelley's “Cenci,” and Leigh Hunt's “Rimini;” from the school of Wordsworth such poems only as made men more full of admiration, hope, and love. Byron wrote much that no person of delicate feeling could read without the burning blush of indignation; Wordsworth made his laurel greener by uttering no line that

might not have been lingered over by the purest angel in heaven ; the tendency of Byron's verse was to make men moodier, more immoral, more egotistical, more selfish ; the tendency of all that Wordsworth wrote was " to lend ardour to virtue and confidence to truth." And, therefore, the whole grisly troop of Byron's Corsairs, and Laras, and Giaours, and Selims, and Don Juans, and Manfreds, are on their way to the limbo of contempt and dust ; while Wordsworth has inaugurated a new epoch, and remains the greatest poet of the epoch he began. Byron's verse flashed forth like an evanescent meteor, that dazzled only to betray ; Wordsworth shone with the steady lustre of some benignant star, glowing more intensely when all was most dark around. The difference between the two, as poets, may be seen in the contrast between the two as men. The one, a handsome young nobleman, traversed all Europe in search of pleasure and amusement, letting every winged wish roam unrestrained over the gardens of enjoyment, so that the poems sent forth from his Venetian seraglio speak but of joys which are the thrillings of sense ; " his pathos is but the regret, and his wisdom the languor and satiety, of the jaded voluptuary : " the other lived in poverty and seclusion in a rustic cottage among the hills, and wrote with the light of heaven upon him in the bosom of a pure domestic life. " One special occasion he notes, when returning home in the early morning, his whole spirit was stirred within him, as

" Magnificent
The morning rose in memorable pomp ; "

and there came over him one of those crises, so marked in the history of great minds, which colour the whole after-course of existence. " To the brim," he says,

" My heart was full ; I made no vows, but vows
Were then made for me ; bond unknown to me
Was given, that I should be, else sinning greatly,
A dedicated spirit : on I walked
In thankful blessedness which yet survives."

And to this consecration—" the silent influences of the morning poured upon his head by the Invisible Hand "—he remained faithful as few priests have ever been to their calling, a priest of nature, a priest of God.

It seems to me that there are two great lessons to be learned from comparing the lives of such men as Byron and Wordsworth : the one

intellectual, the other moral. The intellectual one is, that immediate popularity is no test whatever of poetic merit ; a great writer must create the taste which enjoys him. Byron's poems were received with frantic enthusiasm, and with shouts of applause ; Wordsworth's were for a long time greeted with cold neglect or with bursts of silly laughter. Yet, now, Wordsworth's have commenced their steady immortality ; and Byron's (who himself said, "nearly all that I have written is mere passion") are beginning already to sink into a mere historical oblivion. And the moral lesson is this :—

" Who follows pleasure, pleasure slays,
 God's wrath upon himself he reeks ;
 But all delights attend his days
 Who takes with thanks but never seeks."]

Byron with health, beauty, strength, fame, riches, and noble birth—Byron, with the society of eminent men, and the adoration of lovely women, who roamed over earth's fairest places to find himself the most voluptuous of homes—did he find that phantom of pleasure which he chased ? Let himself answer. He was the most miserable of men. On his thirty-third birthday he wrote these lines—

" Through life's dull road so dim and dirty,
 I have dragged on to three-and-thirty.
 What have these years left to me ?
 Nothing—except thirty-three."

In the last year of his life but one, though he had not yet reached middle age, he says—

" I am ashes where once I was fire,
 And the bard in my bosom is dead ;
 What I loved I now merely admire,
 And my heart is as gray as my head."

And at the age of thirty-seven, in the last verses of all which he ever wrote, he says in a language which is intense in its pathetic and hopeless remorse—

" 'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
 Since others it has ceased to move ;
 Yet though I cannot be beloved,
 Still let me love !

My days are in the yellow leaf :
 The flower, the fruits of love are gone ;—
 The worm, the canker, and the grief,
 Are mine alone.

The fire that on my bosom preys
 Is lone as some volcanic isle ;
 No torch is kindled at its blaze,
 A funeral pile.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
 Th' exalted portion of the pain
 And power of love, I cannot share,
 But wear the chain."

How widely different is this little passage of Wordsworth, a passage containing a simple Christian lesson, such as is not to be found in all Byron :—

“ And the lady prayed in heaviness,
 That looked not for relief ;
 But slowly did her succour come,
 And a patience to her grief.
 O there is never sorrow of heart
 That shall lack a timely end,
 If but to God we turn and ask
 Of him to be our friend.”

Which of the two writers seems to you to have been the happier man—the lordly pleasure-seeker, who exhausted the world's gifts, or the quiet family-loving Christian recluse, who wrote the “ Ode to Duty,” and the character of the Happy Warrior, and who had learnt from Nature the deep, sweet lesson—

“ Never to mix our pleasure, or our pain,
 With anguish of the meanest thing that feels.”

But it is more than time for me to conclude ; and I will conclude, not with any of those great and important inferences which might be drawn from even so brief and hurried a survey of English poetry as this, but with a few words of more general import. And I would say this ;—that, in a hard and faithless generation, poets are eminently fitted to teach us one lesson which we greatly need. It is the lesson, and one which contains in it a great secret of human happiness, that God's simplest, cheapest, most universal blessings are his best. The hearing ear and the seeing eye—if we have these we have the materials for man's most lofty and unalloyed enjoyments.

“ Not only round our infancy
 Doth heaven with all its splendours lie ;
 Daily with souls that cringe and plot
 We Sinais climb and know it not ;
 Over our manhood bend the skies ;
 Against our fallen and traitor lives

The great winds utter prophecies ;
 With our faint hearts the mountain strives ;
 Its arms outstretched, the Druid wood
 Waits with its benedicite ;
 And to our age's drowsy blood
 Still shouts the inspiring sea.


“ Earth gets its price for what earth gives us ;
 The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,
 The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us,
 We bargain for the graves we lie in ;
 At the Devil's booth are all things sold,
 Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold ;
 For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
 Bubbles we earn with our whole soul's tasking ;
 'Tis Heaven alone that is given away,
 'Tis only God may be had for the asking ;
 There is no price set on the lavish summer,
 And June may be had by the poorest comer.”

We may not be rich ; but the starry heavens, and the refulgent summer, and the meadows spotted with white and gold, the sunshine raining through the gorgeous autumnal trees, and the everlasting light and music of the sea,—is there anything in wealth which can yield a pleasure one tithe so intense and magnificent as this ? We may have never travelled ; but the soul of Shakspeare found enough to feed upon in smoky London and slow Avon, and no living man has ever exhausted that microcosm of wonder that lies in a single blade of grass. “Give me health and a day,” says Emerson, “and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous. The dawn is my Assyria ; the sunset and moonrise my Paphos and unimaginable realms of faërie ; the moon shall be my England of the senses and the understanding ; the night my Germany of mystic philosophy and dreams.” We may not be learned ; yet he who can read and write has in his hands the whole of the instruments by which any one ever yet gained learning ; and if we can enter into the thoughts of our Bibles, our Miltons, and our Shakspeare, we have won all and more than human divinity can teach us. The lowest of mankind may yet enjoy the glories of every sunny day and of every moonlit night with emotions which an angel might envy, and which no poet could express in words. “From the earth as from a shore,” says the writer whom I have just quoted, “I look out on a summer dawn upon the silent sea of heaven . . . The daybreak, with its long, slender bars of cloud floating like fishes in the crimson sea, does not recall to me the words

of poets. No ; but I feel, perhaps, the pain of an alien world, a world not yet subdued by thought ; or I am cheered by the moist, warm, glittering, budding, melodious hour that takes down the narrow walls of my soul and extends its life and pulsation to the very horizon. That is morning,—to cease for one bright hour to be the prisoner of a sickly body, and to become as large as nature." Such feelings, ladies and gentlemen, the poets teach us to understand and to enjoy ; and they lead us to feel more than even they can express. They make us nobler, more independent, happier, with larger hearts and wiser thoughts. Next to the sacred Scriptures, they teach us best that "man doth not live by bread alone," and that "his life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." They will help to teach us how rich is the boon which God has given us in giving us the gift of life. They will teach us that He doeth all things well. They will enable us to learn with them the lesson which, well learnt, contributes no little to the peace and joy of earth ; that man, in spite of his fall from Paradise, is often loveable ; and that God, even in the hour of our deepest trials, is always merciful and good.



THE EARLY ENGLISH TEXT SOCIETY.

 **T**O us who for upwards of a century and a quarter have been directing men's minds to the antiquities of their native land, exhorting the Englishmen of our day to study the records of the thought and handiwork of their ancestors in past generations ; to us who have welcomed so many fellow-labourers in our work, who have seen so many die out after their scant energy was exhausted, while we toiled on ; to us the appearance of a fresh and strong auxiliary, flushed with enthusiasm, facing boldly its section of work, and resolving, before it stops its efforts to get that section done ; to us, old tried hands, this is a pleasurable sight. One condition of success is to believe in the worth of the work you are doing ; another is, not to be afraid of the amount of work before you ; trust to your own stiff back and strong arm, set at your work with a determination to get it under, and in time it will go down before you, if you don't flag. These reflections are called up in us by a perusal of the Early English Text Society's Report for this year, which is full of spirit, and of that resolution which men who mean work should have. Four years ago the society was started very quietly, by a few little-known but enthusiastic members of the Philological Society, and its first year's income was only 145*l.* Last year its income was 941*l.*, and the society now stands at the head of the societies of its kind. It has announced that it means to print the whole of our early English

manuscript literature, besides reprinting all the best of our early books that need reprinting; it suggests that 60,000*l.* will finish its work, and it asks for this sum at the rate of 2000*l.* a year—1000*l.* for its original MS. Series, and 1000*l.* for its Extra Series for reprints—so that its work may be done by this generation. We like the coolness of the request, and we like the pluck of it. That the work must and will be done some day, we are sure; and why should it not be done by us of the Victorian era? If Germany can print all its early literature, why cannot we? Are our men of old less worthful than theirs? God forbid. Whom can they set beside Cædmon, Layamon, Manning, Hampole, Langland, Chaucer, Barbour, and Lydgate? Whom beside Mandeville, Trevisa, and many another worthy whose name is unknown, but whose work remains to us? Why should we, then, hesitate longer to put in type for modern eyes all that yet exists of the records of our forefathers' thoughts? The sources of the Nile are esteemed an object worthy of the money, the attention, nay, the lives of Englishmen; are the sources of English literature so much less in value to English eyes? Surely it is time for our countrymen to set resolutely to work at this task of doing justice to their ancestors, of tracing their language and the course of their thoughts back step by step to its rise in Anglo-Saxon days, that so the progress of the mind and tongue of England may be known. Two-thirds of the old road are still inaccessible. But the pioneers to clear it are ready and willing. Here is what they say of their last year's work and this year's. Who will help them on?

The following is the substance of the report of the committee, dated January, 1868:—

Unexampled as had been the progress of the Society in former years, its success in the year just passed must be held to have exceeded that of all previous ones, for not only have its own members increased by a hundred and seventy—not only has its income risen to 941*l.*, but it has given birth to what are, in fact, four other societies, namely, its own Extra Series, the Spenser Society, the Roxburghe Library, and the Chaucer Society.^a Thus reinforced, the society can proceed with fresh vigour to the accomplishment of its task, with the determination not to rest till Englishmen shall be able to say of their early literature, what the Germans can now say with pride of theirs, “every work of it's printed, and every word of it's glossed.” England must no longer be content to lag behind. But many a year of strenuous effort lies between this task just begun and its end. It is an effort in which every member of the society is called on to take part; and during this present year, and all future ones, the committee rely on its volunteers to put it in possession of, at least, the money power that the Government supplies to its English regulars under the Master of the Rolls,—a thousand a year. With an income of that amount, a real impression could be made on the work before us, and if every member will but get one fresh subscriber during the year,^b the income wanted will be at once secured.

^a The collection of Early French Texts, undertaken by MM. Paul Meyer and Gaston Paris, is also mainly due to the society's example. A Lydgate Society, to take Lydgate, Occleve, and Hawes, is still wanted.

^b “I will undertake to get twenty subscribers during 1868. I wish all the rest would undertake to get ten.”—John Leigh, Manchester.

To the resolute members who have made the society what, in numbers and income, it is, the committee especially appeal to continue their exertions, so that the subscribers may be raised to the required thousand.

The review of the past year's work shows two sides to it; one of much encouragement, the other of less. To take the latter first. Members were offered thirty-two texts during the year, in the original series, if they would find money for them; they found it only for seven,—and these instead of eleven, as in 1866,—which made necessary the starting of an Extra Series, but yet that has been only able to take one text, and part of another. Members were asked to double the society's income: they left it at its old amount,^c only making up by fresh subscriptions for the old revenue from back texts. They were asked to reprint the back texts of 1864 and 1865; they have only raised enough to reprint those of 1864. Still, new members take time and trouble to obtain; and that so many were obtained as 170, is cause for congratulation, not complaint. The society's numbers were in its first three years successively, 145, 260, 409: in 1867 they reached 580; its income was in its first three years successively, 152*l.*, 384*l.*, 681*l.*: in 1867, it was 941*l.*; its issues of texts were, successively, in 1864, '65, '66, four, seven, eleven: in 1867, nine,^d and this with the help of the Extra Series; but as 68*l.* of the cost of the *Ayenbite*, published in 1866, was carried over to 1867, in which year that sum (with the money paid for copying MSS. for 1868, &c.) would have produced one more text, the issues of 1866 and 1867 may be looked on as equal. Thus, while in numbers (by the help of the *Percy folio*), and in income (by the help of the Extra Series), the society has largely increased during 1867, in texts it may be considered as having maintained its issue of 1866. Moreover, it has, by the establishment of the Extra Series for re-editions, taken these out of the way of the MS. work for the original series, that pioneer work which is the society's most important business.

The texts of the past year have yielded to no prior ones in interest and importance, as will be manifest when their names are mentioned; they have touched more nearly the life of the people than ever before. In our Miscellaneous Class, Mr. Toulmin Smith's "*English Gilds*"^e will cast a light, as long desired as unexpected, on the condition of our early "common and middling folks" ("*Gilds*," p. 178) in towns, and show the whole of urban England covered with brotherhoods "for cherishing love and charity among themselves" (p. 184), for mutual help in sickness and old age, and the performance of the last offices to the dead. It is in the spirit of these men that the editor, Mr. Toulmin Smith, has thrown his work, gratis, into the society's series, removing it from that superintended by the Master of the Rolls, where the circulation of the book, and its consequent usefulness, would have lessened, though the editor's full pay would have been secured. The committee desire to express their strong sense of this generosity on Mr. Toulmin Smith's part.

^c That is, considering only the original series, for out of the 941*l.* of 1867, the Camden and Philological Societies paid 93*l.*, and the extra series 121*l.*

^d Or reckoning by pages, the issues were: in 1864, 481 pages; in 1865, 950 pages; in 1866, 2034 pages; in 1867 there will be about 1860 pages.

^e This will, it is hoped, be ready in February or March.

The next great work of the year falls also into the Miscellaneous Class, for it is in its social aspect rather than its religious, that the Committee regard "The Vision of William concerning Piers Plowman," as being of importance. For the first time, the first sketch of this noble English poem has been given to the world, and with a loving care that has never been heretofore bestowed on the later versions. "Pierce the Ploughman's Crede" has likewise been issued under Mr. Skeat's editing, and here again for the first time have appeared from the MS. the writer's own lines on the Real Presence, altered by the first printer, and copied from him by subsequent editors. For the Extra Series, Mr. Morris's other engagements have not allowed him to produce yet the first part of Chaucer's "Prose Works," but it will be issued during 1868 to the subscribers to that series for 1867, and the edition will be the only separate one of the poet's prose ever published.

In our second class, works illustrating our dialects and the history of our language, we have not only started our "Dictionary Series," by the new edition of the first printed English Rhyming Dictionary, rendered now for the first time easily available by Mr. Wheatley's careful Index; but we have in the "English Guilds," a most important collection of documents of one and the same date, from many of the counties of England, enabling us—under Mr. Richard Morris's guidance—to contrast their varying provincialisms, and also to see the differences between the language of the educated cleric and the provincial scribe of the same town. The linguistic importance of the volume is almost equal to its social, and had it done no more than confirm the existence in Lynn^f of the initial *x* forms known also in Coventry and Lincolnshire, it would have justified its publication. It ranks also as the second of our dated Texts (Report, 1866), the Ayenbite being the first.

In our third class, "Religious Treatises," Mr. Perry has given us the nervous and rhythmical Sermon that Dan John Gaytryge made, the singular Poem of Sayne John the Evangelist, the Abbey of the Holy Ghost, &c.; while Mr. Furnivall has added, besides the curious Poems on the Pilgrim's Sea-Voyage and the Parliament of Devils, &c.; those tender Hymns to the Virgin and Christ, that simple Prayer of Richard de Castre's, whose pathos all must feel. The issue of the revised version of Hampole's "Office" promised in our last Report has been postponed, as a better MS. of it than the Thornton one has been found.

In our first class, "Romances," no work has been issued during the past year in the original series; and this because the Committee gave notice in their last Report that they would consider "the Arthur and other Romances in the Percy Folio as part of the Society's Texts." No less than twelve Romances, or Romance-Poems, being in the Percy

^f The "Songs and Carols" edited by Mr. Thomas Wright, for the Warton Club, in 1856, from the Sloane MS. 2593, contain the *x* forms (*xal*, &c.) as well as the Midland (and Northern) *quan*, *quat*, &c.; and at p. 74 occur the lines:—

" Many merveylis God haȝt sent,
Of lytenyng and of thunder dent;
At the frere ca[r]mys haȝt it bent,
At *Lynne* toun, it is non nay.
Lytenyng at *Lynne* dede gret harm,
Of tolbothe and of fryre carm . . . "

Folio, now all in type,—including three poems at first intended for the Society's second *Gawaine* volume—the Committee felt absolved from the necessity of producing more. But they regret to hear that the subscriptions to the Folio have not covered half the cost of printing it, and they trust that those members who have not yet taken the book on the favourable terms at which it has been offered to members of the Society and their friends, will speedily do so. In the Extra Series, "The Romance of William of Palerne" (or "William and the Werwolf") will be issued for 1867 in January or February, 1868, re-edited by Mr. Skeat, with the missing portion supplied from the French original by the kind help of Monsieur Michelant, of the Imperial Library of France. The fragment of an alliterative "Romance of Alexander," assumed to be by the translator of "William of Palerne," will be issued in the same volume.

Another most important section of the Society's work, the spread of the study of English in schools, and as a recognised branch of education, has during the last year made a splendid advance. Interest and inquiry have been aroused on all sides, and many of the most thoughtful and able teachers have declared in its favour, as is shown by Professor Seeley's "Lecture," the "Essays on a Liberal Education," the proximate establishment of "The London Student," the introduction of regular English teaching into Marlborough College, King's College School, &c. The Committee believe also that the forthcoming Report of the Schools Commission will take the same view. Mr. Morris's "Specimens of Early English," has been adopted as the Text-book for the B.A. degree in the University of London; and to meet the growing want in schools for early text-books, Mr. Morris has issued his "Selections from Chaucer," and Mr. Skeat's "Pierce the Ploughman's Crede" has been published separately as a school book. Professor Hiram Corson's edition of Chaucer's "Legend of Good Women" is also here worthy of note. The foundation of an Anglo-Saxon professorship at Cambridge by a member of the Society, the Rev. Professor Bosworth, has been announced, and when completed will rescue that seat of learning from the disgrace it

* The Society does not of course desire the study of Early English apart from that of modern and middle English, but as the head and crown of the later work. On the English training in the City of London School, Mr. Abbott says:—

"Here are some of the books studied in different classes—beginning from the lowest in the senior school:—

Grammar Class.	(By heart)	{ "Ruin seize thee" Gray.
		{ "Ivanhoe" Scott.
1st Class.	(By heart)	{ "Ivry" Macaulay.
		{ "Quentin Durward" Scott.
2nd Class.		{ "Marmion" Scott.
3rd Class.	(By heart)	{ "Allegro and Penseroso" Milton.
		{ "Old Mortality" Scott.
Latin Class.		Pope's "Iliad."
		{ "Paradise Lost," (two books).
		{ Trench on "Words."
(For this year, 1867.)		{ A Book of the "Faery Queen."
5th Class.		{ 1st part of Angus's "Handbook."
		{ "Piers Plowman's Crede."
(For this year.)		{ Dante's "Inferno" (Carey).
6th Class.		{ Angus's "Handbook."

has hitherto laboured under, that the University of Spenser, Ben Jonson, Bacon, Milton, Wordsworth, Byron, Macaulay, and Tennyson, has had no recognised teacher of their mother tongue. Well has Professor Seeley said,^h "Classical studies may make a man intellectual, but the study of native literature has a moral effect as well. *It is the true ground and foundation of patriotism.* . . . We too are a great historic nation; we too have 'titles manifold.' This country is not some newly discovered island in the Northern seas. . . . But the name of Milton sounds like any other name to those who have not pondered over his verses. I call that man uncivilised who is not connected with the past through the state in which he lives, and sympathy with the great men who have lived in it." Whencesoever the mighty of old come, we can set their peers beside any, their lords over many, from the rolls of our early and middle times, and in the knowledge of these men's words and thoughts lies one of the springs of the regeneration of our land.

In connection with the study of Early English, the Committee allude also with special gratification to its spread in Germany; to the completion of Dr. Stratmann's "Dictionary of the Old English Language, compiled from writings of the 13th, 14th, and 15th centuries,"—the best book of its kind;—the same editor's announced edition of the "Owl and Nightingale," from the MSS.; and the appearance of Mätzner and Goldbeck's "Sprachproben," or "Specimens of Early English," which, though unluckily not re-edited from the MSS., contains elaborate notes and careful introductions that reflect the highest credit on the editors.

The winners of the Society's Prizes in 1867 for the study of English before Chaucer were:—

<i>Winners.</i>	<i>Examiners.</i>
Alexander Monro.	} Rev. Prof. Bosworth, Oxford.
George Lever Widemann.	
John Bradshaw.	
Henry A. Harben.	
Boswell Berry.	Prof. Dowden, Trin. Coll., Dublin.
W. Taylor Smith.	,, Morley, Univ. Coll., London.
Laurence Thomson.	,, Brewer, King's Coll., London.
George Crighton.	,, Masson, Edinburgh.
W. G. Rushbrooke.	,, A. W. Ward, Owen's Coll., Manchester.
	,, Nichol, Glasgow.
	,, Baynes, St. Andrews.
	Rev. E. A. Abbott, City of London School.

The Committee have again to return thanks to the several Professors and Mr. Abbott, for the trouble they have taken in giving lectures and holding examinations for these prizes. It is gratifying to know that in one instance, at least, the Society's prize has induced the best man of his year at a college to take up the study of Early English, and so to gain a possession above the worth of mere prizes.

The result of the past year's work is such as to call on every member for increased exertion to extend the sphere of the Society's usefulness and operations. It is hindered on every side by want of funds, by want of attention from men in the hurry of business or fashionable life; and in securing either or both of these, members will do good service to their Society.

^h *Macmillan's Magazine*, Nov., 1867, p. 86, "Lecture on English in Schools."

For this new year of 1868, the Committee will issue to members with this Report:—1. The very interesting set of Instructions to Parish Priests, by John Mirk, Canon of Lilleshall, in Shropshire, edited for the first time, from the best MS., by Mr. Edward Peacock. Its sketch of the life and duties both of priest and layman, is full of life-like touches and curious information. 2. In contrast with this, the even more curious and full picture of the outer life of page and duke, of school-boy and girl, of olden time, contained in the largest collection of verse treatises yet made on the Manners and Meals of our ancestors, edited by Mr. Furnivall, entitled “The Babees Book, &c.,” and having Forewords on Education in Early England before 1450 A.D. 3. Another most curious treatise on Female Education in the 14th century—“The Knight de la Tour Landry,” edited by Mr. Thomas Wright—showing how then, by precept and the citation of examples, a father taught his motherless girls to “learn and see both the good and evil of the time past, and for to keep them in good cleanness, and from all evil in time coming.” To these the Committee propose to add:—4. Perhaps the most important linguistic text issued by the Society, “Early English Homilies,” ab. 1200 A.D., edited by Mr. Richard Morris, showing a stage in the development of English noun-inflections, hitherto unknown and unexpected, and exhibiting an extraordinary confusion of forms, besides most pleasant quaintnesses of speech, of thought, and life. 5. The Third Part of the Romance of “Merlin,” edited by Mr. H. B. Wheatley. 6. Part III. of Sir David Lyndesay’s Works, “The Historie and Testament of Squyer Meldrum,” edited by Dr. F. Hall. And the Committee trust that members will supply funds enough to enable the “Gawaine Poems,” the short Anglo-Saxon “Finding of the Holy Cross,” the “Alliterative Romance of the Destruction of Troy,” Text B. of Langland’s “Vision of Piers Plowman,” and the “Catholicon,” to be included in this year’s issue, for the books can be ready whenever the money for them is forthcoming.

For the Extra Series the year’s issue will be:—

1. Caxton’s Book of Curtesye, in Three Versions:—1, from the unique printed copy in the Cambridge University Library; 2, from the Oriel MS. 79; 3, from the Balliol MS. 354. Edited by F. J. Furnivall, Esq., M.A. (*In February.*)

2. Havelok the Dane. Re-edited from the unique MS. by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A., with the sanction and aid of the original editor, Sir Frederic Madden.

3. Chaucer’s Prose Works. Part II. Edited from the MSS., by Richard Morris, Esq.

The Committee desire to express their warm thanks to Sir Frederic Madden for withdrawing his formerly expressed wish that “Havelok” should not be re-edited by the Society, and for now nominating Mr. Skeat to reproduce in a more accessible form the text so much desired by students,—a text whose reputation is so largely due to the great ability and care of him who first gave it to the small public of the Roxburghe Club.

The “Reprinting Fund” has now eighty subscribers, and their subscriptions, with 47% from the sale of back texts, will enable the texts of 1864 to go to press at once, and there can be no doubt that this year will see them all reprinted.

Correspondence of Sylvanus Urban.

Sin scire labores,

Quære, age : quærenti pagina nostra patet.

[Correspondents are requested to append their Addresses, not, unless it is agreeable, for publication, but in order to facilitate Correspondence.]

HERNE'S OAK.

1. MR. URBAN,—Permit me to make a few remarks on the paper by Mr. B. B. Woodward in your last number in reference to my book on the above subject.

He accuses me (most good-humouredly, I confess) of wholly overlooking and altering evidence. Now, if he looks at the introduction (p. xi.) of my book, he will find that, not wishing to make the work unnecessarily tedious, I applied myself to the principal points of evidence, not caring to trouble my readers with second and third rate questions, which would not materially affect the issue. Tighe and Davis, succeeding to Charles Knight, are the champions of the '96 tree. Their salient points I attacked; the result of my endeavours my readers must decide.

As to altering evidence, I do not comprehend him, except he means the plan of Collier's, which I give faithfully, and also a sketch, *confessedly* my own, side by side with it. Collier's plan I think of little value, as touching the two rivals. Many trees are indicated where none now appear. True it is, that some of them may have been removed; on the other hand, many old trees exist at the present time without any indication of them in Collier's, even the "huge oak" referred to by Mr. Woodward is not pointed out there; and in distinguishing Sir John Falstaff's oak from others, if he meant the pollard, he has put the figure of the maiden tree, which stood by its side, in its place; or, if he meant the maiden tree, he has inaccurately placed it. Either way his evidence is questionable, as I have plainly stated, p. 18. As to William III., the distorted avenue with the maiden tree retained in it, is a singular exception to all the other regular lines of trees planted by that monarch, and although there is no document to confirm the view taken by the advocates of Herne's

Oak, the fact is a link in the chain as a probability, if not a positive evidence.

The fact that *my* tree, as Mr. Woodward calls it, is the only maiden tree in all that part, is another link; and it must appear singular, I am sure, even to him, that every other tree in the park should have either been "polled," or had its leading shoots broken. Could it be possible that this alone occupied a favourable situation for the full development of nature? In my opinion such a conclusion is unwarrantable.

As to the "third alternative," Mr. Woodward is in error in assuming that it has been overlooked. I have read of the merits of that tree nearer the Castle having been considered. At the present moment I cannot say where, not having the book by me; but I will ascertain, if necessary, and inform you. The substance was this,—there were a few points in favour of this "third alternative," but more and weightier evidence in favour of those at the pit; consequently, the one nearer the Castle had to give way to the other two. I am quite aware of the value of Mr. Woodward's quotation at p. 33, where Page, Shallow, and Slender "couch i' the Castle ditch," till they see "the light" of their "fairies," but so far from being astonished at the "readiness and alacrity" with which "these worthies appear," I confess myself so blind that I cannot perceive these qualities, or even their necessity, in the parts they play; for, after the lights appear, there is a short speech to the fairies by the Queen, then instructions by Pistol and Evans, afterwards a longer address by the Queen; Evans and Pistol also have something each to say; sundry ejaculations are uttered by Falstaff; then comes a trial with the lighted tapers, and the Queen a third time speaks before the fairies

sing; and it is not until the song that Slender is required to appear to steal his fairy in white. And it has already been argued that the time occupied in delivering the above addresses, &c., would be amply sufficient for the parties concerned to quit the Castle ditch and reach the dell, the distance from which, I believe, is less than half a mile.

There is a sentence in the play which bears upon the subject of distance very strongly, and will be found in Act 4, Sc. 4, as follows:—

“The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves, dis-horn the
spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.”

This undoubtedly signifies that the place of appointment intended must have been at some distance from the town, or it signifies nothing; for how could Falstaff be “mocked home to Windsor,” unless some distance had to be traversed, occupying considerable time, during which he was to be tormented?

Of course every one knows the play was not performed in the Park. The Castle ditch was never couched in by the parties named; nor was either dell or sawpit tenanted by the fairies in reality. It is only a question as to consistency or inconsistency; either in the construction or the reading of the play; as touching the object in question therein alluded to.

As to the expression in Shakspeare quoted at p. 32,—

“As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at
once

With some diffused song,”—

bringing the “site of the oak very much nearer both to the town and to the Castle than either *mine* or that of '96 occupied.” In reply to this, I would refer Mr. Woodward to the earliest edition of the play published in 1602, or to the reprint of 1619, where he will find the following passage:—

“Now for that *Falstaffe* hath bene so
deceived,

As that he dares not venture to the
house,
We'll send him word to meet us in the
field.”

And further on it says:—

“And at that time we will meet him
both:
Then would I have you present there
at hand
With little boyes disguised and drest
like fayries,
For to affright fat *Falstaffe* in the
woods.”

I have italicised the words “field” and “woods;” but how does this accord with Mr. Woodward's view of the trying place being very near to the town? His reference to Norden's view, showing the timber-yard, as being suggestive of the site of a saw-pit, is very reasonable; but there is no ground for supposing that a sawpit in the timber-yard was the *only* one in that locality; indeed the expression in Shakspeare,—

“Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at
once,”

seems to indicate that there were more sawpits than one thereabout, otherwise would he not have said “*the* saw-pit,” instead of “a”? And what more reasonable than to suppose that large trees should be cut up on the spot near where they fell, to avoid the difficulty of removing very heavy loads over uneven ground, or spoiling valuable trees by cutting them into portable fragments, especially as the ground (according to the evidence produced by Mr. Woodward, p. 34), was “full of pits and mounts,” where an impromptu saw-pit could readily be made?

Thus, I think, if Mr. Woodward's view of the case is not entirely overthrown, he will admit it to be negatived, and allow the two trees, about which so “much ado” has been made, to hold their place; but here I must stop, to resume, with your kind permission, my argument in your next number.—I am, &c.,

Your “Adventurous Wood-Carver,”
WILLIAM PERRY.

6, North Audley Street, W.

THE ART EXHIBITION AT LEEDS.

2. MR. URBAN,—The National Exhibition of Works of Art to be held in Leeds in May next, and five following months, is intended to serve a threefold object—in the first place, to give to the

nation at large an opportunity of enjoying and studying such a collection of art-treasures as has not been gathered together since the memorable Manchester Exhibition of 1857; next, to benefit an

important local charitable institution—the Infirmary; and thirdly, to spread a greater taste for and knowledge of the fine arts amongst the vast industrial population of Yorkshire, by establishing in Leeds—its commercial centre—a permanent Gallery of Painting and Sculpture. If you will kindly allow me space in your columns, a few sentences will serve to explain the origin of the movement.

In September, 1866, the building committee of the New Infirmary estimated, that notwithstanding the handsome subscriptions made towards the hospital—now almost completed at a cost of 100,000*l.*—there would be a deficiency of 25,000*l.*; and in considering in what manner this was to be made up, the capabilities of the erection for a Fine-Art Exhibition naturally occurred to their minds. Nearly ten years had then elapsed since the Art Treasures Exhibition of 1857 had drawn thousands to the cotton metropolis of Lancashire, and had afforded, to quote the language of the late Prince Consort, a gratifying proof not only of the wealth and spirit of enterprise of the country, but also of a generous feeling of mutual confidence and goodwill between the different classes of society. It was felt, not without reason, that the nation would gladly support a scheme which proposed again to open the treasure-houses of the country, and to assemble their choicest gems in some central spot. The more the project was considered the greater appeared the certainty of its success, and before it had been submitted to the public one short month, the guarantee fund, originally fixed at 50,000*l.*, had reached double that amount, and stood at 110,000*l.* It was at one time proposed to unite with the display of the fine arts an exhibition of industry and processes of manufacture—the latter to take place in a separate building—but this idea was finally abandoned, and the Exhibition limited to one of “Works of Art.” The undertaking, however, whilst it may be said to have been somewhat narrowed in this respect, broadened in another and a much more important aspect; and the scheme, which at first assigned the profits entirely to wiping off the debt on the new hospital, gradually assumed a different shape, by which it was resolved to devote one-half of the proceeds to the establishment in Leeds of a permanent Gallery of Art. One of

the first duties of the executive committee was to bring the intended exhibition before the notice of the principal noblemen and gentlemen connected with Yorkshire, with the view of enlisting their interest in the project, and obtaining a number of them as vice-presidents of the general council. A prompt and hearty acquiescence to this request was gained, and the general council was formed, with Earl Fitzwilliam, K.G., as president, with seventy vice-presidents, and, with the subscribers to the guarantee fund, 188 in number. A request made to Her Majesty to become the patron of the exhibition also met with a gracious consent; and since then the Emperor of the French, the King of Prussia, the King of the Belgians, the King of the Netherlands, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Cambridge, have also signified their intention to act as patrons. The next step was the appointment of myself as general manager and chief commissioner of the Exhibition. Other means were adopted to complete the organisation of the Exhibition—amongst them being the formation of a “London Committee of Advice,” with Lord Frederick Cavendish, M.P., as chairman. Soon after my appointment, I presented a report to the executive committee regarding the arrangement of the works of art in the Exhibition.

With your kind permission I have already been enabled to place before your readers a description of the New Infirmary, in which the exhibition will take place; * it therefore only remains to be added that the distribution of the works of art has been arranged as follows:—Three galleries of oil paintings by the old masters, and a collection of their drawings and sketches. Two galleries of oil paintings of the English school by deceased and living artists. A gallery of oil paintings by modern foreign artists. A gallery of English water-colour drawings. A gallery of portraits of deceased Yorkshire worthies. A collection of miniatures. A gallery of engravings, etchings, &c. An oriental museum. A museum of ornamental art, from the earliest British period to the close of the 18th century, including furniture, tapestry, china, glass, metal-work, &c. An Indian museum. A collection of marble sculpture.

* See G. M., vol. iii. n.s., pp. 639-41, and 783-5.

The list of contributors to the Exhibition already numbers about 300, and includes Her Majesty, the King of the Belgians, the Prince of Wales, the Secretaries of State for War and for India, the Lords of the Admiralty, the Tower of London, Greenwich Hospital, the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, and Glasgow; the Corporations of Leeds, York, Chester, Lincoln, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Preston, Richmond, Shrewsbury, Scarbro', and Glasgow; the Ashmolean, Dover, and India Museums; the Arundel Society, the Art Union of London, the Bodleian Library, the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, the Royal Society; the Archbishops of Canterbury and York; the Dukes of Buccleuch, Richmond, Devonshire, Manchester, Wellington, and Sutherland; the Marquises of Lothian, Lansdowne, Exeter, Northampton, and Ailesbury; the Earls of Denbigh, Chesterfield, Carlisle, Scar-

borough, Dartmouth, Fitzwilliam, Stanhope, Hardwicke, Charlemont, Spencer, Mexborough, Clarendon, Powis, Cathcart, Bradford, Durham, Zetland, and Dudley; Viscounts Powerscourt, Galway, Lifford, Halifax, and Pollington; the Bishops of London, Bath and Wells, Bangor, and Exeter; Lords Scarsdale, Lyttelton, Bolton, Ravensworth, Feversham, Wharnccliffe, Talbot de Malahide, De Mauley, Wenlock, Chesham, Taunton, and Houghton; the Speaker of the House of Commons, the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., the Right Hon. W. F. Cowper, M.P., the Baroness North, Lady Rolfe, Lady Ryecroft, Sir J. W. Ramsden, Bart., Sir Francis Crossley, Bart., M.P., the late Baron Marochetti, R.A., Baron De Triqueti, the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, &c.—I am, &c.

J. B. WARING.

Leeds, Jan., 1868.

FAMILY OF GODDARD.

3. MR. URBAN,—Under the heading "Old Fuller," vol. i., n.s., p. 699, I asked for information about a Captain Goddard, whose descendants were connected with the Fuller family. Since then, I have discovered certain facts which may enable you, or some kind reader who may have the fortune to possess *THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE* as far back as 1757, to give me more.

I want to know what regiment he belonged to, and whether there is an obituary notice of him in *THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE* for 1757.

His will is dated August 21, 1756, and was proved May 2, 1757, in "ye city of Dublin," where he lay "sick and weak." He mentions his wife, Mary, daughter of William Mullins (De Moleyns*), of Burnham, co. Kerry; also his sons George and William, and his daughter, Louisa Goddard. He appoints the Honourable

Baron Ventry, Thomas Spring (Counsellor at-Law), and his wife Mary, executors and guardians of his children, then under age. There is an error in the pedigree of my family, as given at p. 355, vol. ii. n.s., which, in a magazine such as yours, Mr. Urban, should be corrected. The name of Captain Goddard's daughter (who married the Rev. John Blennerhassett, Rector of Tralee), is given as Margaret, instead of Louisa. Her only surviving daughter (my grand-aunt) gives the latter name, thus confirming the will; and in the parish register of Tralee, is the following:—"Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. John and Louisa Blennerhassett, baptised May 17, 1772." This Elizabeth became (as was stated in the pedigree) wife of Captain Edward Fuller, grandfather of

Yours, &c.,

JAMES FRANKLIN FULLER.

Killeshandra, co. Carrig.

FURNITURE OF LUDLOW CORPORATION A CENTURY AGO.

4. MR. URBAN,—I am, as you perhaps know, a Ludlow man, and I feel especial interest in the history of our town. In a recent visit there, a curious scrap of paper fell into my hands, which, though not much more than a century old, I think worthy of preservation. It

is an inventory of the furniture in what is now called the Market Hall, belonging to the corporation, in the earlier part of the year 1753. The Market Hall, or, as here called, the Market Houses, is the building in which the corporation has always held its meetings and feasts. It seems to me to furnish rather a curious illustration of municipal life at that

* Family of Lord Ventry.

period, for Ludlow was one of the most important of our old local corporations. I found this document in private hands, and therefore liable to destruction at any time.

"An account of what things are in the Market House, belonging to the Corporation of Ludlow.—Taken on this 1st day of February, 1753 :—

"One delf punch-bowl, six ladles, eight earthen quarts, five earthen pints, one-and-twenty drinking glasses, one stone jug, four pewter tobacco plates, two pewter chamber-pots, a cloathes brush, a mugg brush, nine brass candlesticks, a

dozen of knives and forks, a mopp, a hair broom, a hand brush, one large copper tea kettle, a trevott, a fire plate, a box, wherein are a scarlet cushion and a scarlet cushion seat, eight long tables, a little table in the little room, a round table broken, thirty-one wooden chairs, seven long back chairs, thirty-seven brass sconces, one large brass sconce, a fire grate in y^e lower room, two pairs of iron tongs, two fire shovels, two pokers, twenty-five benches."

I am, &c.,

THOS. WRIGHT.

*Sydney Street, Brompton,
January, 1868.*

YORK AND CAERLEON.

5. MR. URBAN,—On looking at Gent's account of York I could not find the passage which "Etonensis" quotes in his letter in your number for Dec., p. 78‡; but I found the mention of the inscription and cave in his "Dissertation on the Ancient and Present state of Pontefract." This cave, as Gent says, was in the garden of Mr. John Marsden; over the entrance were the letters DITIS; and a flight of seventy-two steps led into a vault, where there was a well of fine limpid water. But "Ditis" is not the deity to whom "Etonensis" refers, but Duj. Now an altar with "DUJ" on it was found in the 17th century, at Gretland in Yorkshire; hence one may consider that York had nothing to do with Dis, though he may have been a favourite god with Brigantes. I find in Ælius Spartianus, that Severus "was by the mistake of an augur conducted into a temple of Bellona."

Hence we may suppose that York was sacred to Bellona, whose British name was Andraste, the female form of Hesus (Mars).

Concerning Caerleon, it is highly probable that Geoffrey of Monmouth founded the story of his fabulous King Belyn, on some ancient legend of the god Belenus (Apollo), and gave him Brennus for a brother, to give some slight tinge of veracity to his tale, and to bestow on our isle the glory of conquering Rome. Having discovered the identity of Belyn the hero and Belyn the god, we now see that Billingsgate was said to have been built by Belyn, from its having been sacred to him; so the legendary fact of 'Belyn's founding Caerleon-upon-Usk' proves that his divinity was supposed to watch over its safety.—I am, &c.,

C. BEARDMORE.

Wylam-on-Tyne, Northumberland.

DISCOVERY OF OLD BOOKS.

6. MR. URBAN,—When I published in your pages last Nov.^a an account of my discovery of a copy of a hitherto-unknown edition of Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis," dated 1599, bound up with a copy of "The Passionate Pilgrime" of the same year, only one other copy of which latter was previously known, I hinted that this was not the only literary curiosity that I had the good fortune to light upon at Lamport Hall. I am now able to give a list of some other contemporary works, the existence of which had never been suspected. All these treasures were found in the now famous "lumber-

room" in the old mansion, Lamport Hall, Northamptonshire, the residence of Sir Charles Isham, Bart. It seems to me beyond doubt that these, together with many other early-printed English books of excessive rarity and value, have been preserved in the same house since the time of publication. The following is a list of them, which you may possibly like to place on permanent record.

Emaricdulfe: Sonnets written by E. C., 1595, 8vo. A beautiful volume, bound up with those excessively rare works, Griffin's Fidessa, 1595; Toft's Laura, 1597; and Barnefeilde's Cynthia, 1595.—The Shepherdes Complaint, in English Hexameters, by John Dickenson, black letter,

^a See vol. iv. n.s., p. 608.

4to. (1596).—Sinetes; Passions upon his Fortunes; Posies, Sonets, Maddrigals, by Robert Parry, 1597, 8vo.—The Transformed Metamorphosis, by Cyril Turner, in Verse, 1600, 8vo.—Arbusto, the Anatomie of Fortune, a prose Romance, interspersed with Poetry; black letter, 4to. 1584.—Vertues Due: Poems on the death of Kath. Howard, Countess of Nottingham, by T. Powell; 1603, 8vo.—An Excellent Historie on the Life and Death of Charles and Julia, two Welsh Lovers, by W. Averell; a long Poem, black letter, 1581, 8vo.—A Garden of Spirituall Flowers, planted by Ri. Ro., W. P., Ri. Gree., M. M., and Geo. Web, 2 parts, 1610-13, 8vo.—The Garland of a greene Witte, a precious spectacle for wanton Wives, by R. Turnar; a prose Romance, interspersed with Poetry, black letter, n. d. 4to.—Witts new Dyall, by Anthony Sherly; a collection of Poems, 1604, 4to.—Celestial Elegies of the Goddesses and the Muses, by Thomas Rogers; poems on the death of Frances Countess of Hertford, and on Mathew Ewens, Baron of the Exchequer, 1598, 8vo.—A Commemoration on the Life and Death of Sir Christopher Hatton, Lord Chancellor, by John Phillipps; in Verse, 1591, 4to.—Cephalus and Procris, by Thomas Edwards, in English Hexameters, 1595, 4to.—Funerall Elegie on Sir Thomas Overbury, 1615.—Hero and Leander: begun by Christopher

Marloe; and finished by George Chapman. Printed by Felix Kingston, for Paule Linley, 1598; 4to. This is an edition never before heard of, it having been always supposed that the first complete edition was not published till the year 1600.—To these may be added a work hitherto supposed to have perished, namely, "Tarleton's Tragical Treatises, contaynyng sundrie Discourses and prety Conceytes, both in Prose and Verse: imprinted at London by Henry Bynneman, 1578," 8vo; and a curious and clever work, no other copy of which appears to be known, and the title of which has consequently always been incorrectly printed, entitled! "No Whippinge nor Trippinge, but a kinde friendly Snippinge. Imprinted at London for John Browne, and John Deane, 1601," sm. 8vo, which is a reply to "The Whipping of the Satyre," a violent attack in verse upon John Marston, Ben Jonson, and Nicholas Breton. The two works just mentioned are bound up with another reply to "The Whipping of the Satyre," the title of which is "The Whipper of the Satyre his pennance in a white Sheete; or the Beadle's Confutation. At London. Printed for Thomas Pauier, 1601;" sm. 8vo.—I am, &c.,

CHARLES EDMONDS.

*H. Sotheran & Co's., 136, Strand.
Jan., 1868.*

THE SOCIETY OF BIBLIOPHILES.

7. MR. URBAN,—As an old subscriber to THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, I venture to ask you to place on record, for the guidance and warning of your friends, the following correspondence, which appears in a recent number of the *Athenæum*, in reference to a certain secret (so-called) "Society" of (so-called) Bibliophiles, which professes to have its habitat at Wangford, in Suffolk, and of which a certain Boyce, unknown to literary men, appears to be the moving spirit, and to be, in fact, the Society.

We (*Athenæum*) have been favoured by Mr. Boyce with a letter on the subject of the "Society of Bibliophiles," which we give in the very words of the writer, so that our readers may form their judgment of his literary pretensions by his own evidence:—

"Wangford, Dec. 30, 1867.

"You will oblige the members of the Society of Bibliophiles to insert the en-

closed communication in the next issue of the *Athenæum*, and I am requested to say that the Society will take no further notice of any article or letters that may appear in that Journal respecting the said Society; but if any personal allusions are being made, the usual course will be taken.

"H. W. BOYCE, Secretary."

"Wangford, Dec. 30, 1867.

"Sir,—In reply to Mr. J. Payne and the several correspondents to the *Athenæum* seeking knowledge respecting the Society of Bibliophiles, with respectfull greeting to them, the Secretary furnishes the following particulars:—

"The Letter sent to Mr. J. Payne in reply to his enquiries contained the substance of the Society's intentions. This Letter being inserted in last week's issue it is needless to repeat it.

"—" 'This Singular Phenomenon' which have caused Mr. J. Payne and other Cor-

respondents much 'pain' will still continue its work, and the 'unknown man' being the Secretary is quite prepared at any time to show the Books and papers respecting the financial part of this 'phenomenon,' so as to quiet their suspicions regarding its genuineness and stability. Allowing the Prospectus and 'the reply' to contain some 'notable phenomena in the way of spelling, grammar and exposition,' the Society is able in a just way to meet all demands made upon them.

"The Society having issued a Prospectus soliciting additional Members, it is at their option at a certain time after paying their subscriptions to withdraw, when the amount of their subscription is returned to them.

"The proof of the Pudding is in the eating.' And this is all. Yours truly,

"THE SECRETARY."

We (*Athenæum*) have also received the following notes:—

"*Norwich, Jan. 1, 1868.*

"Mr. Henry W. Boyce is the son of a small saddler in the small and remote village of Wangford, in Suffolk, and lives and works meekly with his father. Still

he has a soul above leather, and has for some years carried on, simultaneously with the bridle and saddle business, a small trade in books and stationery. He has seen the article in last week's *Athenæum*, but still refuses to divulge the name of a single member of the 'Society.' The rules would therefore appear to be similar to those of the Fenian Brotherhood, and that each person joining is sworn to secrecy. It would, however, be a mistake to suppose there is anything criminal in the 'Secretary.' If Mr. Boyce should ever want to be taken care of, it will be rather at the county asylum than the county gaol. The truth is, 'some demon has whispered' to him, 'have a taste' for books; and he has failed to learn there is nothing like leather. *Let him stick to his last, and your readers to their money.*

"R. M. PHIPSON."

I will add not a word to the above caution,^a but leave Mr. Boyce to your tender mercies.—I am, &c.,

A SUFFOLK SEPTUAGENARIAN.

Ipswich, Jan., 1868.

THE ABBÉ EDGEWORTH (DE FIRMONT).

8. MR. URBAN,—I can set at rest the question asked by Mr. Kingsley at page 286 of *THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE*, vol. iv., N.S. The common ancestor of both the Abbé and the authoress, was Sir John Edgeworth, who married a Miss Bridgeman, and became father of several children. His sixth son, the Reverend Essex Edgeworth (born 1678, died June 3rd, 1737^a), was father of the Abbé; his eldest son Col. Francis Edgeworth, was father of Richard Edgeworth, who was father of Richard Lovell Edge-

worth, who married four times, and was father of twenty children, Maria Edgeworth the authoress being one of them. The Abbé took the title *De Firmont* from property possessed by his branch of the family. The French found it impossible to pronounce "Edgeworth" and he changed his name for their convenience.—I am, &c.,

JAMES FRANKLIN FULLER.

Killeshandra, co. Cavan.

LONGEVITY.

9. MR. URBAN,—As another instance of the great age to which some of our "American cousins" arrive, I beg to send you the following paragraph, which recently appeared in an American journal:—"The oldest widow pensioner whose name is now upon the United States pension rolls is Mrs. Wealthy Whipple, widow of Marmaduke Whipple, who was a revolutionary soldier. She is a relative of William Whipple, who was one of the

signers of the Declaration of Independence. This venerable lady is a resident of Union Village, Washington county, N.Y., where she has resided the past eighty years. Her age is 104. She enjoys excellent health, and is quite active. She draws from the Government the yearly pension of 96 dollars. Efforts are being made to increase her pension."—I am, &c.,

London, Nov. 25, 1867.

W. D.

^b He is given incorrectly as fifth son in Burke's "Landed Gentry," and without the *Reverend*.—Edition 1857.

^a We cordially subscribe to the advice of Mr. Phipson.—S. U.

Antiquarian Notes.

By CHARLES ROACH SMITH, F.S.A.

— Quid tandem vetat
Antiqua misceri novis ?

ENGLAND.

Northumberland.—Last month we briefly noticed the discoveries made by excavations at Chesters on the Roman Wall, one of the most interesting of the long line of *castra* which sheltered the garrisons established there to protect Britain from the Caledonians and Picts. Its ancient name, *Cilurnum*, is fully authenticated by the order in which it is placed by the *Notitia* among the stations upon the line of the Wall, being the sixth, counting from *Segedunum*, or Wall's End; by the fact of inscriptions there discovered recording the second *ala* of the Astures, the identical body of auxiliaries mentioned by the *Notitia* as quartered there; and, lastly, for a trace of the word *Cilurnum* in the adjoining places, Chollerford, and Chollerton, from which it may be concluded that the first part of the word was sounded as the modern Italian. The station includes within its walls five-and-a-half acres. It had its temple, one at least, as we learn from an inscription, and other public buildings, including barracks for the soldiers. Sculptures show that the worship of Mithras prevailed here, as well as that of local divinities; and a recumbent figure of a river-god probably personifies the North Tyne, which winds along near the station, and upon the bank of which was the burial-place. Nowhere, moreover, have more substantial buildings been discovered than on the site of *Cilurnum*, or structures more impressive for their spaciousness and solidity.

The Roman Wall terminated on the eastern side of the North Tyne in a guard-chamber and massive foundations for a bridge of wood. On both sides of the river Mr. Clayton has had the abutments of the bridge excavated; and his more recent investigations have been directed towards ascertaining how the gates of the station were arranged in reference to the Great Wall and the bridge, &c. Mr. Clayton has now laid his Report before the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, as follows, somewhat abridged:—

“According to the theory of antiquaries, as enunciated and powerfully sustained by Dr. Bruce (“Roman Wall,” 3rd edition, p. 143), the station of *Cilurnum* was the work of Julius Agricola, in the reign of the Emperor Vespasian, and was about forty years afterwards connected with the Great Wall by Hadrian, its builder, and thereupon became one of the stations “per lineam Valli.” The wall of Hadrian approaches the station of *Cilurnum* at its eastern and western fronts, and strikes the wall of the station so as to leave about 71 yards on the north, and 115 yards on the south; and the immediate object of the excavation lately completed was to investigate the point of junction of the wall of Hadrian with that of the station on its eastern front. After the removal of the soil and *debris* which had accumulated during the fourteen cen-

turies which have elapsed since the Romans abandoned Britain, the wall of the station was found standing to the height of five courses of masonry, whilst the Great Wall was standing to the height of four courses. The two structures are obviously distinct and separate works; and though they touch each other there is no intermixture of masonry. With respect to the gates of the station of Cilurnum, Mr. MacLauchlan makes the following observation:—‘The gates in the north and south fronts appear to have been in the centre, and of the gates in the other fronts (the east and the west) those nearer to the south front are opposite to each other and about 57 yards from that front. We could see no trace of any other gates in these fronts—the east and the west—more northerly, and the wall strikes these in such a manner that if the gates were placed conformably with the more southern ones, they would be *outside the wall*; hence we are disposed to consider that there was only one gate in each front.’—“Memoir by Henry MacLauchlan,” p. 27.

“If the station of Cilurnum and the wall of Hadrian had been contemporaneous in either design or execution, then the reasoning of Mr. MacLauchlan against the existence of any other gates in the east and west fronts of the station would have been conclusive, for they would then have been placed outside the shelter of the great wall.

“The eastern gateway, the site of which (57 yards from the south front) was pointed out by Mr. MacLauchlan, was shortly afterwards excavated, and was found to be a single gateway, up to which was traced the road leading from the Roman bridge over the North Tyne.

“The recent excavation having been continued for a short distance northward, along the face of the wall of the station (outside the wall of Hadrian), the excavators came upon the remains of a massive double gateway, thus disclosing, contrary to the expectation of Mr. MacLauchlan, ‘another gateway conformably to the more southern one, and consequently outside the Roman Wall.’

“The station of Cilurnum, therefore, like the station of Amboglanna, has six gates, each of those stations having two gates on the east and west fronts—one of them a single gate, and the other a double gate. The very clear and minute account of the excavation of the north-eastern gate of Amboglanna, by Mr. Henry Glasford Potter, in the year 1852, published in the fourth volume of the ‘*Archæologia Æliana*,’ p. 141, supplies many points of resemblance between the two stations, both of which obviously existed before the Roman Wall.

“Both these stations were placed on Roman roads, formed anterior to the Wall—the station of Cilurnum on the Roman road, to which, in modern times, has been given the name of the Stonegate, leading from Watling street to the Roman road, designated as the Maidenway, at the station of Magna, and hence continued in conjunction with the Maidenway to Amboglanna. The gateway is set back five feet from the wall of the station; the opening in which it is placed is 28 feet 3 inches in width, and the guardrooms on each side of the gateway measure 12 feet 9 inches by 12 feet, and are of larger dimensions than the guardrooms at the gateways of any of the stations on the Roman Wall that have yet been excavated. One of the pillars of the gateway was found standing at its full height. The wall of one of the guardrooms stands to the height of eleven courses of masonry, and the station wall at the

point to which the excavation has been continued is standing to the height of seven courses of masonry. On the sill of the gateway were found pivot holes for the gates; but at an early period of Roman occupation the floor seems to have been raised rather more than a foot, probably for the purpose of clearing the top of a drain from the station which is carried through the gateway; and stones with pivot holes have been placed on the original stones at a subsequent period; the outside openings of the gateway have been built up with solid masonry, and the space behind them, as well as the floors of the guardrooms, filled with stones, mortar, and rubbish, and a new floor laid about four feet above the original floor.

“*One of the two* openings of each of the four gateways of the station of Borcovicus has been built up, which has been assumed to have been done by the Romans, as their garrisons grew weaker, and their power waned. In the present case *both openings* have been substantially built up, and the presumption is that the Wall of Hadrian having interrupted the communication between this gateway and the Bridge of Cilurnum, it had become useless, the gate in the northern front of the station affording ample means of communication, whether hostile or otherwise, with the country of the Picts to the North. The coins which have been unearthed by these operations are altogether imperial coins, ranging from Trajan to Valerian. With a few exceptions in silver, the whole are of brass. On the floor of the later period (that of Hadrian) was found a tablet inscribed to his immediate successor, Antoninus Pius. The stone has been broken, but enough remains to render the whole legible, with the exception of the number and style of the legion, which are supplied with sufficient certainty from other sources. The letters stand thus:—

IMP - CÆS - TITO - ÆL
 IO - HADR - ANTONI
 NO - AVG - PIO - PP
 COS - LEG - II AVG - P

which being extended read, ‘Imperatori Cæsari Tito Ælio Hadriano Antonino Augusto Pio Patri Patriæ Consuli Legio Secunda Augusta Posuit.’

“The minor antiquities disclosed by these operations are of the character usually found on the sites of Roman occupation: they consist of large quantities of horns and bones of deer and cattle, oyster shells, of fragments of glass both of vessels and windows, quantities of pottery, chiefly Samian ware, adding to the number of potters’ names found on the Wall. Amongst them is a portion of a bowl of embossed Samian ware of unusual type; and on the rim of one vessel a Roman soldier has asserted his right of property by incising the name of Varius. There have been found two seals separated from their settings—the one a carnelian stone, on which is a figure of Mercury, and the other of jasper, on which is the figure of a Roman soldier; and in the works of the early period was dug up mineral coal, showing that the Romans had discovered at an early period of their occupation that in Northumberland there was beneath the surface a material calculated to mollify its climate.”

Sir Edward Blackett, of Matfen, has just discovered a fragment of a

Roman inscription at Halton, near the Roman station *Hunnum*. Of this an account will be given in the next number of THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

Cumberland.—Dr. Bruce announces the discovery of Roman foundations at Nether Denton, about two miles south of the Roman Wall, nearly opposite Lanercost. They were brought to light by the rector, the Rev. T. Trafford Shipman, while building on a plot of ground marked in the Ordnance map (with questionable correctness) as the site of a camp. Dr. Bruce could trace the lines of walls and those unmistakeable appearances in the ground which denote the remains of buildings. All sorts of speculations have been made as to the actual character of these remains, and the object of the camp, if a camp it were; but the pickaxe and the spade, those truthful expositors of the buried mysteries of the past, would do more in one day to determine the real nature of the place than an age of conjectures based on outward appearances.

At some little distance from this supposed camp, at the base of the hill, Mr. Shipman has made further discoveries, which go towards indicating the establishment of residences over a considerable period. Dr. Bruce observes:—"I cannot suggest a better theory than that the spot has been a burial ground; but the quantity of articles found in it belonging to the abodes of living men seems rather inconsistent with this idea. The quantity of the remains found in so small a spot is quite remarkable. The quality of them also struck me; they seemed to indicate that the Romans located in this vicinity were richer and of more luxurious habits than those living in the central and eastern districts of the Wall. Several coins have been found. Amongst them are four denarii; one I take to be a Grecian coin; another is a family coin of the Petilia family; a third has not been made out; the fourth is a false coin of Domitian. Most of the brass coins are too much corroded to admit of recognition; amongst them, however, are three of Trajan. So far as these coins go, they are quite consistent with a period of occupation equivalent to that of the early part of Hadrian's reign. Some exceedingly fine bowls of Samian ware have been found. There are specimens of Caistor ware and other kinds of pottery; some mortaria and fragments of glass bottles of the usual square shape and green colour; and five large green glass beads. Amongst the remains were the fragments of several wine amphoræ. The only use these could be of in a burying-ground would be to hold the ashes of the individuals who perhaps had themselves imbibed their previous contents. The most curious earthenware utensil which I noticed was one that had a perforated strainer placed in front of the spout, out of which the liquid was intended to be poured or sucked. I have seen none like it. I noticed portions of three millstones formed of Andernach stone. The metallic remains found are considerable. There is a small bronze cylinder, apparently intended for some other use, but which appears to have been pressed into service as a lamp. It is about half full of a wax-like substance, with a cotton wick in the centre. Can it be of the same age as the other articles? There is an iron vessel of the shape of a Roman lamp, but of larger size. I do not remember ever seeing an iron lamp; and Mr. C. Roach Smith suggests to me (which I have no doubt is the correct view) that it is a

candelabrum—a receptacle for the common earthenware lamp, which has been suspended from the roof or side of the house. Several nails have been found, portions of bits, a prick spur, several knives, spear-heads, and a mason's chisel. There is one curious implement which I never saw before amongst Roman remains—an instrument five inches long, having at one extremity a receptacle for a wooden handle, and terminating at the other in three whirls like a modern corkscrew. There are also two formidable instruments, which look uncommonly like fetterlocks."

Middlesex.—The Roman marble sarcophagus found at Clapton, and remarked on in a recent number of THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, was the subject of discussion at the last meeting of the London and Middlesex Archæological Society. Mr. Clarke read a paper on the subject, particularly referring to the site of the interment, as being evidently close to a point where two ancient ways met, perhaps crossed each other, observing that where the causeway in a line with Clapton alley, and that from Brooksby-walk, Homerton, meet, the latter passes in due north-east half a mile further in a straight line, until it reaches the banks of the river Lea at a point which, a hundred years ago, was the Lea-bridge river head. He proceeded to say that he had followed the course of the farm road from Clapton alley, passing from west to east, and then took up the line on the other side of the Lea navigation cut; thence an eastern course brought him to a remarkable spot on the river's bank, known as the boys' bathing-place, where the bottom consists of a hard smooth material, and grey sand, unlike the general river bed—a contrast which evidently indicated the existence of a ford in ancient times.

Mr. John E. Price said that the locality was not generally thought to have been productive of Roman antiquities; but he instanced the discovery, in 1814, near Springfield-lane, Clapton, of stone coffins and other relics of antiquity, some sixty feet above the level of the marsh, and also in 1849, at Shrubland-road, Dalston, Roman British pottery had been found. Both places are not far distant from the site of the sarcophagus, on the rising ground sloping down to the marshes on the Lea bank, and flanked by the great Roman road which ran in a line from Old-street, Shoreditch, Bethnal-green, along what is still called the Roman road, to Old Ford, and so on into Essex. He referred at length to the design upon the coffin, the flutings, pilasters, the bust and the inscription, with reflections suggested by the absence of the lid, proceeding to mark the contrast with the sarcophagus from Haydon-square, found some years since, those from York and other parts of England, with particular reference to examples from East Ham, Essex, and others lately from Old Ford, exhibiting, by the kind permission of Mr. Mathews, Resident Engineer, Broad-street station, an interesting collection of cinerary urns, pateræ, and other Roman remains. Mr. Price further described such fragments of marble sculpture as have been found in this country, remarking on the interest attaching to the present find, from the fact of its being quite unique, there not appearing to be any recorded example of a marble sarcophagus being found in Britain, though frequent enough

abroad; and gave copious references to articles in the "Collectanea Antiqua," bearing on the subject. He then compared specimens exhumed from the catacombs at Rome, showing that from Clapton to be but a variation of a well-known form, and that while it was possible for it to have been wrought in this country, it was likely to be of foreign workmanship, brought over probably by the individual himself for whom it was intended, doubtless a wealthy man, as evidenced by the costly character of his tomb.

Mr. Alfred White made some remarks on the locality, and also on the character of the marble in which the sarcophagus was wrought; but it does not appear whether the geologists who had examined it have decided whether it be Parian or from one of the quarries in Gaul; and Mr. H. W. King communicated particulars of interest connected with excavations that were made some time since in Old-street-road for the North Mid-Level Sewer. The account, which had been prepared by Mr. J. W. Butler, carefully recorded the levels of the various strata, the class of objects found at each depth down to the lowest, which yielded Roman remains.

The Rev. Thomas Hugo introduced, with an interesting account of his life and episcopacy, a mandate of Boniface of Savoy, uncle of Eleanor, Queen of Henry III., to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, announcing his intention to hold, and commanding their presence at, a visitation in their church, on Thursday next, before the Feast of St. Mary Magdalen, dated from Lambeth, 11th July, 1253. The document is perfect, and bears the seal of the Archbishop. Mr. Hugo gave a most amusing account of the treatment of the sub-prior and canons of St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield, by this pugilistic archbishop. Upon his visiting the monastery to make a visitation, they received him with every kindness, but refused to acknowledge his authority. Whereupon, as records state, the archbishop proceeded to deliver his fist upon the face of the unfortunate sub-prior, who received such severe chastisement that he never recovered.

Kent.—In THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE for April, 1867, I gave an account of the discovery of two Roman leaden coffins, near Milton-next-Sittingbourne. I have now to report that a third has just been found, and has been secured by Mr. Alfred Jordan, upon whose property it was dug up. The spot where these rare and interesting remains were found is a field, or open ground, called Bexhill, to the east of Milton. Here the high land slopes down towards the creek, and the more elevated part is the site of these interments.

This coffin is 6 ft. 5 in. in length, and 2 ft. 10 in. wide; and it is formed as the Roman leaden coffins usually are, of a large sheet of thick metal folded up to form the sides, with separate pieces for the head and foot welded on; the cover laps slightly over. It is rather richly ornamented with a beaded pattern (the beads are divided by transverse bars), which runs along the borders and encloses compartments along the sides and at the head and foot of the same design arranged crossways, with a medallion in each quarter of the cross. The lead is very solid, and pronounced by the plumbers to be of excellent quality. The earliest account to which I can refer of the discovery of

Roman leaden coffins is that in Weever's "Funeral Monuments," edit. 1631, describing a very rich interment laid open at Radcliffe, in the parish of Stepney. The leaden coffin is described as "garnished with scallop-shells and a crotister-border." Morant describes one found at Colchester, in the middle of the last century, as being "cast or wrought all over with lozenges, in each of which was an escallop shell." Near it was an urn, with coins of Antoninus Pius and Alexander Severus. In 1801 two leaden coffins were found at Southfleet, with objects which denoted extraordinary wealth and position in the persons interred. Near the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb in the Old Kent Road, in 1811, was found a coffin with the band-and-fillet ornament and escallop shells; and in one of the compartments two figures of Minerva. They have also been found at Whitechapel, at Stratford-le-Bow, and at other places.^a In France, from Rouen to Nismes, examples have been from time to time discovered; but, rather strange to say, until recently very little attention was paid to what, in many points of view, are among the most curious and interesting of ancient monuments. No doubt they are often considered as mediæval, and of no especial interest. They open a very attractive source of inquiry, especially in connection with the history of the working of the lead mines in Britain, and the discoveries which have been made illustrative of that important branch of the industrial arts; and they throw an almost unlooked-for light on the advanced state of metallurgy in Roman Britain.

Mr. Jordan has directed every care to be taken in case, as is probable, further discoveries are made.

BELGIUM.

Soignes.—The church of Soignes possesses three ancient shrines; of which, the first is said to contain the body of St. Vincent; the second, his head; and the third, the body of his son, St. Landry. The first two, in copper gilt, have been described by Du Sollier, in 1725, and afterwards by Ghesquières, who has given a representation of it in the *Acta Sanctorum Belgii*.^b The third possesses no artistic merit; but in it have been found a quantity of ancient stuffs, among which is a fragment of tapestry worked by the needle, which, in some details, has been compared to that at Bayeux, of world-wide celebrity. The Royal Commissions of Art and Archæology have issued an engraving of this fragment^c to illustrate a report on it by Canon Voisin.

This tapestry has two compartments of designs. In the lower is a long procession of male figures, draped in coloured vestments, which descend to the knees. They would seem to be walking in a covered place, probably cloisters, as they are divided into groups of three, by what seem to be twisted columns. The right arm of each is close to the body, the hand extended horizontally from the breast; but, in one instance only, it is raised, as if in the act of blessing. They are all nearly of equal height, excepting one in the fifth group, who is a head taller than the rest. Above, are seven medallions bearing busts, behind each

^a In the 2nd volume of my "Collectanea Antiqua" I have brought together most of the recorded discoveries of leaden coffins.

^b Tom. iv. p. 21.

^c Bulletin, 1867, p. 70, *et seq.*

of which stands an angel or winged figure; between these medallions are birds on the wing, and hands extended upwards, the palms fronting the spectator. The colours used in the various figures are red, blue, green, yellow, and white.

The tapestries, Canon Voisin suggests, with reason, were used for covering these shrines; and he is disposed to view in the procession a representation of the translation of the remains of St. Vincent in 876, and fifty years afterwards, to Mons for protection against the Northmen. The anniversaries of these translations are still celebrated at Soignes. In the busts of the seven medallions he is inclined to recognise personages of the family of St. Vincent, honoured as saints. It is worthy of remark that the central bust is front-faced, and the faces of the others on the right and left are turned towards it. In explanation of the details, it is possible the Abbé Voisin attaches too much local significance to them. He, for example, would explain the hand in reference to a legend which relates how an oppressor extending his hand over the relics of St. Vincent in the act of swearing, had both hand and arm withered until he repented. The procession is probably that of the transportation of relics; and the busts may denote the family of the chief personage; the rest, the angels, birds and hands, may be merely accessories to give a sacred character and impressiveness to the scene. As an old Pagan symbol, the hand extended denoted liberality. On coins of Constantine and of later emperors, the hand indicates the hand of providence; and such, in this instance, it is probably to be interpreted. The birds, though more like peacocks or pheasants, may be intended for doves. The position of the angel recalls that of the winged victory so common on the coins of the Lower Empire; and in the whole of the upper compartment of this tapestry there is a debased classical character, which goes far to give it a date even anterior to what Canon Voisin would claim for it, namely, the 11th or early part of the 12th century.

Flémalle near Liège.—A dedicatory inscription of local interest, found at the close of the 16th century, has only just been brought to light. It was found in a miscellaneous MS. collection at Utrecht, by Professor Branbach; and the Royal Commissions have published it, with remarks by M. Schuermans.

It is defective as regards the name of the dedicator, and the position he held; but in other respects it is sufficiently clear to be read as follows, with extensions of a few of the words:—

“JOVI OPTIMO MAXIMI, JUNONI, MINERVAE, DIANAЕ, NUMINI FLUMINIS MOSAE ANTONIAE CONJUGIS (?) . . . SOLVIT MERITO . . FUSCIANO 11 ET SILANO COSS.”

Flémalle, where this was found, is on the river Meuse, who, as a divinity, is addressed in this inscription, with Jupiter, and the three goddesses, Juno, Minerva, and Diana. The joint consulship of Fuscianus and Silanus was in the eighth year of Commodus, A.D. 188.

Romano-Belgic Villas.—The excavations of Roman villas, and the discoveries made, constitute a large portion of the *bulletin* of the Belgian

Commissions for the past year; and they are admirably reported by M. Schuermans, seconded by engravings in profusion; and, where needed, coloured. If these villas are not so splendid in tessellated pavements as some in this country, such as those at Woodchester and Bignor, yet they show in rich capitals of columns, and in contrivances for comfort, warmth, and cleanliness, that they probably were equal to them originally; but the hand of destruction has fallen heavier upon them, and we now see them in a very fragmentary state only. These villas, M. Schuermans considers were all destroyed during the invasion of the Cauchi and never restored; and he partly founds his opinion on the testimony of the coins discovered on their sites, none of which are posterior to the reign of Commodus.

Scientific Notes of the Month.

Physical Science.—Some months ago Professor Hoek, of Utrecht, made known some curious investigations upon the nature of cometary orbits, which had led him to the conclusion that the orbits of certain comets have common intersecting points in space, and hence that the comets so meeting have had some community of origin. Continuing his researches on the subject, he has lately found that the orbit of the last discovered comet, the third of 1867, and those of the third and fifth comets of 1857, cross each other at one point common to all three orbits: he therefore infers that these three bodies belong to one system.—The literature of sun-spots is about to receive an important acquisition in the shape of a volume embodying the results of all the observations of these phenomena hitherto made with the photo-heliograph at the Kew Observatory. We may reasonably expect some additions to our scanty knowledge of the sun's constitution to come from this mine of materials.—The numerous records of remarkable meteors and fireballs that exist do not offer many instances of these bodies coming into close proximity to the earth in their burning state. Dr. Collingwood, however, thinks that he has found one well authenticated case of such a near encounter. One evening, in 1846, a lady, Dr. Collingwood's informer, was in the ship *Manook*, on the Rangoon River, when a tremendous sheet of light appeared to rush in a horizontal direction across the bows of the vessel: it was not like lightning, but presented the aspect of a mass of thick red flame. A temporary heat was felt as the fiery mass passed by, and a sulphurous smell was experienced: there was no noise whatever. On shore the heat was felt by some people within doors, but no light was seen.—Professor Marco Felice, of Turin, in a communication to the French Academy of Sciences, explains the well established influence of the moon on the earth's magnetism by the assumption that the light of the sun is of electric origin and in an electro-positive state, while the moon is, by induction, electro-negative on the side turned towards the sun and electro-positive on the other side. Sig. Felice does not stop at terrestrial magnetism, but applies his theory to the alleged influences of the moon on the earth's atmosphere. Here are two more items of evidence for and against these alleged influences. Mr. Park Harrison read before the last meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society a paper, in which

he showed that when the part of the moon turned towards the earth has been for a long time exposed to the sun it radiates warmth, which lightens or evaporates the higher clouds of our atmosphere, and thus permits the earth's heat to escape into space; the consequence being a diminution of the temperature when the moon is warmest on the side facing the earth, or at third quarter. A collection of temperature records confirms his theory. There is a popular belief that more rain falls at the changes of the moon than on other days of lunation. Mr. Hennessey, of the Indian Survey, negatives this opinion in a paper sent to the Royal Society, in which he shows, from a tabulation of the registers of rain-fall kept for thirteen years at Mussoorie, that while the mean daily fall at changes of the moon is 0.466 of an inch, the daily fall between the changes is 0.525 of an inch.—The increased traffic in the streets of Paris has spoilt the position of the Observatory there, by rendering impossible the delicate observations upon which the accuracy of astronomical instruments depends; and the increased consumption of coals in the city has so vitiated the atmosphere that the observers cannot use the full powers of their instruments. It has, therefore, been proposed to move the Observatory to Fontenoy-aux-Roses, and the subject of removal has been warmly discussed at the Academy of Sciences, without result at present, for verily "there is much to be said on both sides." Since moving the building means moving the meridian, it is no light matter.—By the liberality of an amateur, M. Dolfus Assuet, a Meteorological Observatory is to be fitted up on the summit of Mont Blanc for the purpose of securing a weather record during the summer months: the great elevation will prevent the observations being continued throughout the year.

Geology.—More earthquakes! At St. Thomas they were for a time of almost daily occurrence; in America, on the 18th of December, severe shocks were felt over a large territory; and even in England we have not been quite free, for at the beginning of the year the county of Somerset was disturbed by a shock which, judging from the reports, even after making allowance for some reasonable exaggeration, must have been a smart one, though not sufficiently so to injure life or property.—The citizens of Leon, in Nicaragua, have been frightened by the breaking out of a number of volcanic fires near the base of the extinct volcano, Rota, the middle of the plutonian chain which runs from the Lake of Managua to the Volcano el Viejo. So bright was the blaze from these vents that it lit up the towers of the cathedral in Leon, ten miles distant.—The eruption of Vesuvius has continued with vigour increased rather than abated, and it shows no present sign of diminution. Professor Palmieri has several times reported the eruption to be on the decline; but the lulls that led him to this opinion seem to have been only moments of repose between successive convulsions of increasing intensity. The inhabitants of the villages on the mountain have become terrified, and in many cases have left their homes, or dispatched their valuables to a distance, in case sudden flight should become necessary; for they who have lived all their lives beneath the shadows of the crater say that the eruption will terminate with a grand and terrible finale. The abnormal activity of the volcanic life of the earth at pre-

sent manifesting itself prompts speculative minds to wonder whether we are not on the eve of another of those great geological changes that in bygone ages have convulsed the world.—M. Hageman has lately discovered two new minerals accompanying cryolite, which he has named respectively *dimetric pachnolite* and *arksutite*. The first is described as resembling the pachnolite found by M. Knoss: it occurs in prisms on quadrangular pyramids, cleavable in the direction of the base, of a pinkish white colour, and very brilliant; its density is from 2.74 to 2.76, and its hardness the same as cryolite. The arksutite is granular, white and crystalline, and, like the other mineral, very brilliant. Its density is from 3.03 to 3.17, and hardness equal to cryolite; it fuses at a dull red heat. Both these minerals occur at Arksut-Fiord, in South Greenland, and are probably the result of the decomposition of cryolite.—A correspondent of the *Scientific American* says that at the village of Decorah, near the northern boundary of the State of Iowa, there is a cave where the operations of nature are reversed: it is cold in summer, and warm in winter. Icicles, from four to eight feet long and six to eight inches in diameter, are gathered in July. The ice disappears as autumn comes, and from September to June none is to be found. The cave has been known for about twenty years; but no explanation of its curious phenomena has been given.

Geography.—At the Geographical Society, on January 13, M. Lucien de Puydt communicated the scientific results of two explorations he had made, in 1861 and 1865, in the interior of the Isthmus of Darien, having for object the discovery of a practicable line for a ship canal from ocean to ocean. He first directed his attention to the routes followed by Captain Prevost, Mr. Gisborne, and others; ascending the river Savannah, and crossing to the confluence of the Rio de la Paz and the Chucunaque, acquiring the conviction of the impossibility of constructing a canal in this direction towards Caledonia Bay. The statements made by Dr. Cullen on this subject he ascertained to be completely erroneous. He found, moreover, that the altitude of 152 *mètres*—on which was built a host of projects for a canal—was founded on an erroneous reading of the tables of Colonel Codazzi, the New Granadian surveyor; this altitude being given as that of a village on the road, and not as that of the greatest height of a pass in the mountains. M. de Puydt afterwards turned south, and ascended the Tuyra River as far as Paya. The broken nature of the Andean chain there gave him hopes of finding a low pass; and he returned to Europe, organised a new expedition, and penetrated the Isthmus again in 1865, from the side of the Atlantic. With three companions and a party of eleven labourers he entered the river Tanela, north of the delta of the Atrato, and sending away his vessel to cut off the retreat of his men, he opened a path through the forest, and on the 25th of August discovered a break in the mountain chain, having an altitude of only 120 feet above the level of the sea. His observations for heights were taken by measuring the velocity of current of a river which flows from the pass to the sea. The memoir included interesting details on the orography, ethnology, &c., of the isthmus.—The captain of an American Whaler, the *Nile*, writing in a Honolulu journal, announces that he recently penetrated as far north

as latitude $73^{\circ} 30'$, and found there a comparatively summer sea, with land beyond of mountainous aspect and volcanic character. At about longitude 180° he saw what he conceived to be an extinct volcano, which he estimated at about 3000 feet high. Captain Long sailed several days along the coast, approaching within fifteen miles of the shore. The lower lands appeared to be covered with vegetation.—M. Lambert, in France, continues his endeavours to sustain the public interest in his proposed Arctic expedition, and Captain Sherard Osborne, anxious that English ships and explorers should be doing something, repeats his proposals for a similar voyage.—Mr. McChesney, formerly United States Consul at Newcastle, now a Professor in the Chicago University, lately addressed the Lyceum of Natural History at New York upon the Antiquity of Man, and detailed his observations gleaned during visits to the different localities in Europe where evidences of man's antiquity have chiefly been found. His examinations led him to fix the age of the human race as far greater than the generally assigned six thousand years. In particular he referred to the implements found in the drift stratification on the banks of the Tiber as affording evidence of the higher antiquity. The boulders and pebbles forming this drift are derived entirely from the Apennine mountains; no trace exists in it of the Latin mountains—a chain now lying intermediate between the Tiber and the Apennines. Far above the drift is a layer of volcanic tufa, derived from the latter chain, and this forms the foundation for towns which existed long before the building of Rome. Dating from the latter event, from the known rate of disintegration of the rock forming this foundation, an approximate calculation can be made as to the period which has elapsed since the formation of the Latin hills, from which it may be inferred that six thousand years is far too limited a period to ascribe to the time of man's existence upon earth.—At last we have authentic information concerning the safety of Livingstone, the best that can be expected till the traveller himself comes home to tell us of his adventures and achievements, and to hear the strange stories that have been told concerning him. The search expedition has returned, and the members of it announce that they are satisfied that Livingstone was not murdered as the Johanna men reported. He did not take the route expected, from the Ruvuma river, at about 11° S. along the north coast of Lake Nyassa, in from 36° to 34° E., but from the Ruvuma went south round the south end of Lake Nyassa, going as far as $14^{\circ} 28'$ S. Thence he proceeded to the north-west, and was left pursuing that route, either with the view of exploring the west coast of Lake Nyassa, and thus ascertaining how far it extends north, and then proceeding on to Lake Tanganyika, or he had gone direct for Tanganyika and thence down the Nile home. Mataka, Makata, Marenga, and Maksura, mentioned by the Johanna men, were found on the southern route instead of the northern. The expedition followed Dr. Livingstone up to within a few miles of where it was reported he was murdered, and there found that the doctor and his "boys" were ferried over a marshy lake by Marenga, but the Johanna men under Moosa made a detour round the lake, and returned next day to Marenga, saying they had deserted Livingstone, and should return to the coast, because he was leading them into a country where

they would be murdered by the Mavite. The expedition also had interviews with the native porters who had carried Livingstone's luggage five days' journey further to Pasombe.

Electricity.—An ingenious electrical bullet probe has been invented by Mr. De Wilde. It is double pointed, and from each point a wire passes; in the circuit of the wires there are placed a small battery and an electric bell. So long as the points, in the act of probing, come only against flesh or bone, no current passes; but when they touch the bullet a metallic circuit is completed, and a current passes and rings the bell. For extracting the bullet, forceps are substituted for the points: while these grip the bullet a current passes, but if they lose their hold the operator learns the fact by the non-passage of the current.—Mr. Moses G. Farmer, a Boston electrician, has devised an apparatus for converting heat into electricity. "All that is necessary to put it into active operation is to light a gas jet, and in a few moments the electrical impulses are manifested, and the battery is ready to be set to work. It deposits metals with great facility, and the development of the agent is constant and uniform so long as the heat is supplied. It resembles a 'fretted porcupine' as much as anything we can compare it with. The metals employed in its construction are antimony and copper. The strips or arms of copper protrude outward from the bars of antimony, so as to secure the cooling influence of an air current, while the gas is heating the other extremity. A portion of the heat is thus transformed over into electricity." This vague description is all that is given by the *Boston Journal of Chemistry*.—According to the experiments of M. Blondeau, an induction current produces a curious and beneficial action on plant seeds. Some beans, peas, and cereal grains, were soaked in water and then submitted to the action of a current during several minutes. After this they were planted in pots with good garden earth, and unelectrified seeds were similarly sown for comparison. The former always came up first and gave much more vigorous plants than the latter.—At a late meeting of the French Academy of Sciences, M. Demance read a note on the amalgamation of battery plates. He stated that it is quite sufficient to place mercury in the cell without actually bringing it into contact with the zinc; that the metals amalgamate by the mere action of the current without any previous conversion of the mercury into a salt; that, in fact, an actual transference of metallic mercury takes place, and that this is only effected under the influence of the current.—The electrical jewels of M. Trouvé seem to have been for a time the delight of fashionable Paris. These trinkets consist chiefly of scarf-pins, representing heads of men and animals, which work their jaws and roll their eyes, automaton soldiers beating drums, rabbits hammering upon little bells, and jewelled birds that flap their glittering wings, &c. They are worked by means of tiny electro-magnets concealed within the article, and connected by fine wires with small batteries carried in the pockets or about the dress of the wearers. A scarf pin, with the motive power complete, costs from 60 francs upwards.—It is worth noting that the London newspapers of the 14th of January for the first time included in the weather reports furnished by the Meteorological Office the readings

of instruments taken at Newfoundland at 6 A.M., local time—the Atlantic telegraph being the medium of communication.

Chemistry.—At a time like the present, when the science of heat is undergoing such revolutions, a review of the ancient theory of “Phlogiston” is to be welcomed. Mr. Rodwell gives such a review in the pages of the *Philosophical Magazine*. He relates the various ideas concerning heat that prevailed in remote times, and gives an account of the introduction of the term “phlogiston” by Becher, and its subsequent employment by Stahl to designate the *materia ignis*, or invisible fire, of former writers on chemistry; at the same time inquiring into the nature of the theory and its influence upon the subsequent development of chemical knowledge. In the course of his paper Mr. Rodwell points out that the first promulgator of a comprehensive theory of combustion was Robert Hooke, who published his hypothesis in a chapter of his *Micrographia*, entitled “On Charcoal or Burnt Vegetables,” four years before the publication of Becher’s work which led to the foundation of the phlogiston theory. But little notice has been taken of Hooke’s speculations on account of their burial in a mass of irrelevant matter, with nothing to indicate their position or existence.—Nitro-glycerine has been the subject of much painful interest during the past few weeks. This explosive was discovered in 1847, by the celebrated Italian chemist Sobrero, now professor at the Technical Institute of Turin. Its properties were studied by Dr. J. E. De Vry, the chemist of the Netherlands Indian Government, who first introduced it into England at a meeting of the British Association in 1851, and astounded the assembled members by its terrible powers, made manifest by placing a drop on a piece of paper and striking it with a hammer. It was unknown in commerce till 1864, when Nobel, a Swedish engineer, proposed to use it for blasting purposes in lieu of gunpowder, than which it is thirteen times, taken bulk for bulk, more powerful. Nobel secured the manufacture of it by a patent, and it has ever since been made in great quantity in various parts of the world, generally on the spot where it is to be used. It is made by mixing sulphuric acid with nitrate of potash, and cooling the mixture till a portion of it crystallises, leaving a strongly acid liquid behind; this liquid is added to commercial glycerine, and nitro-glycerine is thus formed. After separating the oil from the acid, and washing it in water, it is fit for use. The blasting oil having gained a bad name, Mr. Nobel has written in its defence, urging that its use is not dangerous, and that the many accidents that have arisen from it have either resulted from carelessness or ignorance: he denies that it possesses the treacherous properties ascribed to it,—such as that of exploding, while in its congealed state, by the scratch of a pin, and of firing spontaneously; and, reasonably enough, he maintains that whenever an article can be regularly and safely manufactured, it can, with due care, be regularly and safely used.—A new explosive powder, made by Mr. Horsley, has been tried, in conjunction with nitro-glycerine, upon some blasting works at Milford. It is safer than the glönoine oil, both in use and storage, very powerful, and requires a temperature of 475° to ignite; glönoine ignites at 150° less heat than this. What the composition of the powder is, we cannot say.

—Professor Tyndall, in his “Heat considered as a Mode of Motion,” asserts that the anomalous expansion of water in the act of solidifying by cold is by no means an isolated case of the kind, but that several substances, in particular the metal bismuth, participate in the property of expansion by solidification. Mr. Tribe lately told the Chemical Society that, from experiments on bismuth he had arrived at the conclusion that the analogy between water and bismuth is imperfect, since in the case of the metal there is no perceptible range of temperature through which it expands on cooling. The act of solidification is itself accompanied by an increase in bulk, but there is no evidence of this expansion taking place prior to the act of crystallisation. Mr. Nasmyth has shown that all substances expand in passing from the fluid to the solid state; in other words, that they are specifically lighter when solid than when fluid, a fact which is proved by every solid floating in a bath of its own material in the liquid state.—It is asserted that a large quantity of ordinary creosote is simply carbolic acid. The false may be told from the true by its behaviour with collodion. Mixed with the latter, carbolic acid gives a gelatinous precipitate, while with pure creosote the mixture remains clear.—The analysis of water is just now an engrossing subject. Dr. Angus Smith read a paper thereon at a late meeting of the Manchester Philosophical Society, with special reference to examinations for organic matter. He repeated his opinion that the mere expression “organic matter” had no such meaning as would allow chemists to measure the impurity of water by its amount. He insisted upon the quality and condition of the organic matter being observed as well as its quantity, as some portions are unwholesome and others innocent. He discussed the methods of Frankland and Wanklyn, but did not consider that these superseded his own, which made a great number of subdivisions: he further explained the mode in which organic matter is removed from water, and showed the importance of finding the amount of atmospheric oxygen it contains.—It has been found by M. Bœttger that an alcoholic extract of the leaves of the ornamental plant known as *Coleus Verschaffelti*, forms a reagent of great sensitiveness for alkalis and alkaline earths. To prepare the test-papers, the fresh leaves are agitated with absolute alcohol, mixed with a few drops of sulphuric acid, and left to digest for twenty-four hours: the papers are soaked in this solution till they become red. So sensitive is this reagent, that a strip of paper exposed to a jet of coal gas speedily becomes green from the presence of ammonia.—Schonbein illustrates the simultaneous formation of ozone and antozone by introducing into a flask a little ether, and plunging a spiral of red-hot platinum wire into the vapours. By the slow oxidation of the ether both ozone and antozone are generated. The former is shown to be present by the ordinary iodine and starch test-paper: to exhibit the latter the flask is rinsed with ether: a solution of bichromate of potash, with a drop of sulphuric acid added, is placed in a test-tube, and the ether is poured in, when the ethereal layer becomes coloured a deep violet blue. The conclusion arrived at from this experiment is, that during the formation of ozone, antozone is also formed.

Photography.—Apropos of ozone, Dr. Emerson Reynold lately stated to the Dublin Chemical and Philosophical Club that he had been

experimenting upon the action of that element on sensitive photographic plates. He had found that when a plate bearing a latent image is submitted to the action of ozone, the impression is completely obliterated: not only is it impossible to develop the image, but a second picture may be taken upon the same plate. The author held that this fact opposed the mechanical theory of photogenic action, and proved conclusively that the change wrought by light is a chemical one: he also thought that the quantity of ozone in the atmosphere might have some important bearing on the varying keeping powers of dry plates.—The early experimenters on the use of salts of silver in photography got good results from the fluoride, which they found to be extremely sensitive to light, so much so, that a visible impression could be obtained in the camera upon paper prepared with it. Its solubility in water, however, prevented its utilisation, for it was lost in the aqueous solutions as fast as it was formed. M. Prat has discovered a form of the fluoride which, while it possesses the extra sensitiveness, is insoluble in water, and may consequently be made available for the photographer's operations. M. Prat's researches are detailed in a paper recently presented to the French Academy of Sciences, entitled "Fluorine and its Compounds."—In June last we alluded to the coloration of glass by light. M. Gaffield, who investigated this subject, communicates to the last number of *Silliman's Journal* a continuation of his experiments. He considers that the very decided changes which the sun produces in the colour of glass are due to peroxide of iron, formed from iron impurities contained in the raw materials, in conjunction with the oxide of manganese used by glassmakers to annul these impurities. A glass containing iron turns yellow on exposure to sunlight, and this explains a fact noticed by photographers,—viz., that better pictures can be taken in a room newly glazed than in one in which the glass is old. Iron and manganese are to be avoided in the manufacture of the better kinds of glass, and generally M. Gaffield suggests greater care on the part of makers in the selection of their ingredients. His experiments led him to a good opinion of English crown; but the most enduringly clear plate glass he met with was a superior kind of plate made by the French and Belgian plate glass companies, and a German crystal plate made in Hanover.—American photographers, like their English brethren, have found that over-competition is destroying the profession of portraiture; so at New Orleans they have resolved upon a fixed schedule of charges, and all the photographers there have bound themselves to adhere to it, under penalty of "dishonour and forfeiture of the esteem and confidence of the community" if they deviate. Only good work is to be done: the scale of prices is fair, five dollars being the charge for a dozen *cartes de visite* at the first-class galleries, and four at the second-class: other sizes are in proportion. In Paris the operators are combining to form a kind of trade union: masters and *employés* are united to co-operate for their mutual improvement, "both from a moral and pecuniary point of view." Those who are acquainted with the class of productions that the Parisian photographers seem to delight in, will agree that there is plenty of room for the moral part of the improvement.

Miscellaneous.—The Aëronautical Society of Great Britain proposes to

hold an exhibition, in May next, of all things connected with ballooning and aërial navigation. The locality has not been fixed on: it is to be where there is plenty of room for trying aërial machines, &c. To add to the interest of the show, they propose to offer a prize to be won by the continental aëronaut who comes in his balloon across the Channel, and drops nearest to the place of exhibition. An additional prize is to be held out to any venturous aëronaut who essays to cross the Atlantic in a balloon, and succeeds. To provide these prizes funds are wanted, and a circular inviting help has been issued, so that those who wish well for aërostation have an opportunity of contributing something more than good wishes to the success of this undertaking.—Mr. Thompson, an Edinburgh engineer, has produced a successful road locomotive. The tires of the wheels are of india-rubber, and it is said that the bite of this material on the road is marvellous: what is equally surprising and important, it is not cut or damaged by newly broken road metal, flints, and other seemingly destructive road materials. The elasticity of the caoutchouc destroys small vibrations, and makes riding on the engine as smooth as driving over a grass lawn.—Another Thames tunnel is talked of, to cross the river between London Bridge and the Tower. The Tower authorities sanction the project, but Parliamentary sanction has not yet been obtained. Mr. Peter Barlow is the engineer who proposes the scheme. His plan embraces provision for lowering passengers by hydraulic lifts, and carrying them through the tunnel in omnibuses.

J. CARPENTER.

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NUGÆ LATINÆ.—No. XXIV.

LUCY.

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove ;
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye,
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be ;
But she is in her grave, and oh !
The difference to me !

WORDSWORTH.

LUCIA.

SECRETOS inter nemorum formosa recessus
Vixit, ubi primis Dova relucet aquis ;
Abdita, quam nulli poterant laudare,
puella,
Abdita, nec crebris conspicienda procis.

Subdita muscoso violæ ceu purpura saxo
Lucet, odoratis semiseputa locis ;
Candida, ceu quondam quærentis lumina
fallit
Stella tenebroso quæ micat una polo.

Nota fuit nulli, nec erant qui Lucia
nossent
Quo mihi sit tandem dulcis adempta
die :
Sed tamen interiit,—mihi quantum inter-
fuit, eheu !^a
Mutata heu quantum vita superstes
erat !

HERBERT KYNASTON.

^a οἶμοι, πολλὸν γὰρ τὸ μέσον.—Eurip. *Alcestis*.

MONTHLY GAZETTE, OBITUARY, &c.

MONTHLY CALENDAR.

Nov. 23, 1867.—Arrival of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh at Melbourne, Australia; unprecedented demonstrations were made, and fêtes in his Royal Highness's honour were held.

Dec. 28.—Fatal explosion at Messrs. Hall's powder mills at Faversham. Eleven persons killed, and a great quantity of valuable property destroyed.

Dec. 30.—Daring robbery of firearms and ammunition at a gunsmith's shop in Cork. Eight men entered the shop, armed with revolvers, and deliberately loaded two sacks with sixty revolvers, and 1,500 rounds of ammunition, which they carried away.

Jan. 9, 1868.—Enthronisation of Bishop Selwyn in Lichfield Cathedral. Committal of the Fenian prisoners Burke, Casey, and Shaw to Warwick Castle for treason-felony.

Jan. 13.—Arrival of the body of the late Emperor Maximilian at Trieste.

Jan. 17.—Opening of the Swedish Chambers at Stockholm, with a speech from the throne by the King.

Celebration of the funeral obsequies of the late Emperor Maximilian at Vienna. The remains were deposited in the Imperial crypt in the Capuchin Church.

Jan. 19.—Arrival at Plymouth of three members of the Livingstone searching expedition, announcing their belief in the safety of Dr. Livingstone.

APPOINTMENTS, PREFERMENTS, AND PROMOTIONS.

From the London Gazette.

CIVIL, NAVAL, AND MILITARY.

Dec. 20, 1867. J. Rawlins Semper, esq., to be Chief Justice of the Island of St. Christopher and of the Island of Nevis; T. Braddell, esq., to be Attorney-General; W. Willans Willans, esq., to be Treasurer; C. J. Irving, esq., to be Auditor-General; and Capt. J. F. A. Mc'Nair, R.A., to be Colonial Engineer for the Straits Settlements.

Dec. 24. Sir F. B. Head, Bart., sworn a Privy Councillor.

Arthur Edward Kennedy, esq., C.B., Governor of the West African Settlements, knighted.

39th Regt.—Major-Gen. Sir C. T. Van Straubenzee, K.C.B., from the 47th Regt., to be Col. *vice* Gen. Sir R. Lluellyn, K.C.B., deceased.

47th Regt.—Major-Gen. J. Patton to be Col. *vice* Major-Gen. Sir C. T. Van Straubenzee, K.C.B., transferred to the 39th Regt.

Dec. 31. G. Harvey Hayward, esq., to be Consul at Madeira.

Jan. 3, 1868. George Cooper, of Uttoxeter, co. Stafford, gentleman, to be a Commissioner to administer oaths in the High Court of Chancery in England.

Royal licence granted to William Davenport-Bromley, esq., of Baginton Hall, co. Warwick, to discontinue to use the surname of Davenport before that of Bromley, and to use the surname of Davenport in addition to and after that of Bromley.

Jan. 7. W. Keswick, esq., to be a member of the Legislative Council of Hongkong.

Royal licence granted to the Rev. W. C. E. Owen, M.A., Incumbent of St. John's, Huddersfield, to take the surname of Ky-naston, in lieu of that of Owen.

Gen. Sir A. Woodford, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., Gen. Sir W. Maynard Gomm, G.C.B., Gen. Sir Hew Dalrymple Ross, G.C.B., and Gen. Sir J. Fox Burgoyne, G.C.B., to be Field Marshals.

Jan. 10. F. Gerhard Myburgh, esq., to be Consul at Hiogo and Osaka; Lachland Fletcher, esq., to be Consul at Yeddo and Kanagawa; William Willis, esq., to be

Vice-Consul at Yeddo and at Kanawaga; and J. F. Lowder, esq., to be Vice-Consul at Hiogo and at Osaka.

Sidney Locock, esq., to be Secretary to Legation at the Hague; and F. Ottiwell Adams, esq., to be Secretary to Legation in Japan.

Jan. 17. The Hon. William Stuart to be Minister Plenipotentiary to the Argentine Republic.

Sir A. E. Kennedy, C.B., to be Governor of the West African Settlements.

Henry Connor, esq., to be a Puisne Judge of the Supreme Court of the Cape of Good Hope.

Col. the Hon. D. C. Fitz Gerald de Ros, to be Equerry to the Queen, *vice* Lieut.-Gen the Hon. C. Grey, resigned.

Col. C. Taylor Du Plat, R.A.; Col. H. F. Ponsonby, and Col. the Hon. A. E. Hardinge, C.B., to be Equeries to the Queen.

MEMBER RETURNED TO PARLIAMENT.

January.

Westmoreland.—William Lowther, esq., of Lowther Castle, *vice* the Hon. H. C. Lowther, deceased.

BIRTHS.

Nov. 2, 1867. At Cape Town, the wife of Capt. Henry C. Lewes, R.A., a dau.

At Mussorie, the wife of Capt. H. P. W. Wynch, B.S.C., a dau.

Nov. 8. At Rajanpore, Punjab, the wife of Major Millett, a dau.

Nov. 15. At Mhow, Central India, the wife of Lieut.-Col. H. Shewell, a son.

Nov. 18. At Abbotabad, the wife of Brigadier-General Wilde, C.B., a son.

Nov. 19. At Abbotabad, the wife of Capt. Henry Tyndall, a son.

At Thayemyoo, Burmah, the wife of Major W. E. White, M.S.C., a dau.

Nov. 21. At Barrackpore, the wife of Capt. Stanton, R.E., a son.

Nov. 23. At Guildford, W. Australia, the wife of the Rev. H. B. Grimaldi, a son.

Nov. 24. At Calcutta, the wife of Capt. Bruce, 91st Highlanders, a son.

Dec. 2. At Bellary, Madras, the wife of Capt. A. J. Ogilvie, R.H.A., a son.

Dec. 4. At Meerut, the wife of Capt. Vaughan Arbuckle, 3rd Regt., a son.

Dec. 7. At Jubbulpoor, the wife of Lieut.-Col. Elgee, a son.

Dec. 12. At Madras, the wife of Capt. F. Henderson, 107th Regt., a son.

Dec. 14. At Armitage Bridge, Huddersfield, the wife of Rev. A. Hardy, a son.

At Wolston, Warwickshire, the wife of the Rev. R. Straffen, a dau.

Dec. 15. At Stony Stratford, the wife of the Rev. R. Winkfield, a son.

Dec. 16. At Hayes Manor, Uxbridge, the Lady Maria Spearman, a son.

At Wootton, Isle of Wight, the wife of the Rev. W. F. Fisher, twin daus.

At Cheltenham, the wife of the Rev. J. E. Waldy, a son.

Dec. 17. The Hon. Mrs. Augustus Byron, a son.

At North Walsham, Norfolk, the wife of the Rev. J. Harrison, a dau.

Dec. 18. In Bryanston-street, the wife of the Rev. R. Dell, a dau.

At Fleetwood, the wife of Capt. C. M. N. Fellowes, 107th Regt., a son.

At Granborough, Warwickshire, the wife of the Rev. R. Kettle, a son.

At Packington Hall, Staffordshire, the wife of R. T. K. Levett, esq., a son.

At Brighton, the wife of the Rev. H. Revell-Reynolds, vicar of Markham Clinton, Notts, a son.

At Mickleton, Gloucestershire, the wife of the Rev. C. J. Young, a dau.

Dec. 19. In Onslow-gardens, S.W., the Hon. Mrs. G. Barrington Legge, a dau.

At Poplar, the wife of the Rev. R. J. Elliott, a dau.

At Hill House, Isle of Wight, the wife of B. G. Le M. S. Le Marchant, esq., a son.

At Welford-on-Avon, the wife of the Rev. W. Dudley Waddell, a son.

Dec. 20. At Marchington, Uttoxeter, the Lady Maud Hooper, a son.

At Dublin Castle, the Lady Fanny Lambart, a son.

In Half Moon-street, the wife of Capt. R. Blundell, 3rd Hussars, a dau.

At Fitzhead Court, Somerset, the wife of J. E. Knollys, esq., a son.

At Hylton Grange, Sunderland, the wife of J. E. Randle, esq., a son.

Dec. 21. At Kington, Warwick, the wife of A. J. Armstrong, esq., a son.

At Burgh Hall, Norfolk, the wife of Capt. Astley, a dau.

At St. Andrews, Fifeshire, the wife of Major Dangerfield, R.A., a dau.

At Ramsgate, the wife of the Rev. H. P. Dodd, a dau.

At Myton, Warwick, the wife of Major Greenway, late Madras Army, a dau.

At Lancaster-gate, the wife of G. W. Heaton, esq., a dau.

At Ledbury, Herefordshire, the wife of the Rev. W. H. Lambert, a son.

At Westbourne-place, the wife of Capt. W. R. Lascelles, Rifle Brigade, a dau.

At Cardiston, Salop, the wife of the Rev. H. D. Lloyd, a son.

At Stuston, Scole, Norfolk, the Hon. Mrs. Edwd. Paget, a son.

At Oxford, the wife of C. A. Chetwynd Talbot, esq., of Aston, Cheshire, a dau.

Dec. 22. At Cattistock Lodge, Dorchester, the Lady Poltimore, a son.

At Colchester, the wife of the Rev. J. G. Bingley, M.A., a son.

The wife of Charles Combe, esq., of Cobham-park, Surrey, a son.

At Howbury Hall, Bedfordshire, the wife of F. C. Polhill-Turner, esq., a dau.

At Bradford-on-Avon, the wife of the Rev. J. C. Thring, a dau.

Dec. 23. At Princes-gate, Lady Louisa Fielding, a son.

At the Curragh Camp, the wife of the Rev. M. Crooke, a dau.

At Sion College, the wife of the Rev. H. Irwin Cummins, a son.

At Loppington House, Shropshire, the wife of Capt. Dickin, a dau.

In Gilston-road, West Brompton, the wife of the Rev. G. B. Hodges, a dau.

The wife of E. H. Hoskins, esq., of Fanhams Hall, Ware, Herts, a dau.

In Devonshire-terrace, the wife of C. Howard, esq., barrister-at-law, a dau.

At Assington Hall, Suffolk, the wife of F. Lambarde, esq., a dau.

At Bognor, Sussex, the wife of Capt. F. Ironside Rawlins, a dau.

At Brighton, the wife of Major J. L. Thursby, a dau.

At Lichfield, Staffordshire, the wife of J. W. Corbould-Warren, esq., a dau.

Dec. 24. At Ludgershall, Wilts, the wife of the Rev. W. H. Awdry, a dau.

At Rutland-gate, the wife of Capt. Keith Fraser, 1st Life Guards, a son.

At Clifton, the wife of the Rev. B. Hartnell, a son.

At Peterchurch, Hereford, the wife of the Rev. G. M. Metcalfe, twin daus.

At New Brompton, Chatham, the wife of Capt. H. C. Seddon, R.E., a son.

The wife of the Rev. I. Taylor, M.A., of St. Matthias, Bethnal-green, a dau.

Dec. 25. At Gairney House, Edinbro', the Hon. Mrs. Francis Crofton, a dau.

In Lowndes-square, the wife of Armar Lowry Corry, esq., a son.

At Castle Nugent, co. Longford, the wife of Capt. H. C. Farrell, R.A., a son.

At Upper Halliford, Sunbury, the wife of Capt. H. Steward, R.E., a son.

At Goldsborough Hall, the wife of P. S. Wilkinson, esq., a son.

Dec. 26. At Cockfield Hall, Suffolk, Lady Blois, a son.

At Southfield, Stirling, the wife of Sir A. G. Hay, bart., of Park, a dau.

In Belgrave-road, the wife of Comm. H. McClintock Alexander, R.N., a dau.

At Mount Royd, Bradford, the wife of W. H. Peel, esq., a dau.

At Limerick, the wife of Lieut.-Col. Vesey, R.A., a son.

Dec. 27. At Edinburgh, the Hon. Mrs. Lake Gloag, a dau.

At Norwich, the wife of the Rev. J. Dombrain, of St. Benedict, a dau.

At Rhydoldy, Rhayader, the wife of R. L. Lloyd, esq., barrister-at-law, a dau.

At West Derby, Liverpool, the wife of T. Makins, esq., barrister-at-law, a son.

At St. Leonard's-on-Sea, the wife of the Rev. J. S. Ruddach, a son.

In Guildford-street, Russell-square, the wife of the Rev. R. Whittington, a dau.

Dec. 28. At Quarrwood, Ryde, Isle of Wight, the Hon. Mrs. O'Brien, a son.

At Twickenham, the wife of the Rev. R. S. Cobbett, a son.

At Holme Eden, Cumberland, the wife of Capt. Dixon, a dau.

At Edinburgh, Mrs. Gilbert Mitchell-Innes, a son.

Dec. 29. At Rickmansworth, Herts, the wife of J. H. Barnes, esq., a dau.

In Gloucester-terrace, Hyde-park, the wife of H. Bonham-Carter, esq., a son.

At Weymouth, Mrs. Alfred Cox, of Compton Castle, Castle Cary, a son.

At Woodside, Hitchin, the wife of the Rev. G. Gainsford, a son.

At Wickwar, Gloucestershire, the wife of the Rev. R. J. Lyon, a dau.

At Newbridge, Ireland, the wife of the Rev. W. Ponsford, a son.

At Bishops Teignton, the wife of the Rev. Sydney Scroggs, a son.

At Battersea-rise, the wife of Major Cam Sykes, a son.

At Nosely Hall, Leicester, the wife of G. Turner, esq., of Allexton Hall, a son.

At St. George's-road, the wife of Watkin Williams, esq., barrister-at-law, a son.

Dec. 30. In Devonshire-street, the wife of Sir James Duke, bart., a dau.

At Acre-hill House, Stroud, the wife of the Rev. W. C. Baker, a son.

At Cheltenham, the wife of the Rev. C. Bigg, a son.

At Swinton, Rotherham, the wife of Major E. B. Cooke, a dau.

The wife of the Rev. E. T. Hudson, of St. Paul's School, a dau.

At Tiverton, Devon, the wife of the Rev. J. Awdry Jamieson, a dau.

At Holybourn, Alton, the wife of A. St. John Mildmay, esq., a dau.

At Anglesea-place, Woolwich-common, the wife of Comm. Palmer, R N., a dau.

At Ingham, Lincolnshire, the wife of the Rev. S. K. Webster, a son.

Dec. 31. At Findon Manor, Sussex, the wife of B. Barttelot Barttelot, esq., a son.

At Over Wallop, the wife of the Rev. H. Fellowes, a dau.

At St. Helier's, Jersey, the wife of W. M. Frobisher, Capt. 34th Regt., a dau.

At Childwick Bury, Herts, the wife of H. J. Toulmin, esq., a dau.

At Brighton, the wife of Capt. M. W. Willoughby, B.S.C., a dau.

At St. John's, Ryde, the wife of the Rev. W. Wingate, a dau.

Jan. 1, 1868. In Cronwell - road, Queen's-gate, the Hon. Mrs. Reginald W. Sackville-West, a son.

At Skipton-in-Craven, the wife of Major W. Cookson, a son.

At Stotfold, the wife of the Rev. A. A. Ellis, a son.

In Soho-square, the wife of the Rev. H. J. Wattsford, a dau.

Jan. 2. At Hayton, the wife of the Rev. T. Arundell, a dau.

At Fryerning, Essex, the wife of the Rev. W. Barlee, a dau.

At Boothby Hall, Grantham, the wife of H. F. Beaumont, esq., M.P., a son.

At Spondon, Derby, the wife of the Rev. J. J. Blandford, a son.

At Castleton, Argyleshire, the wife of J. G. Campbell, esq., of Shirvan, a son.

At Gowran Grange, Naas, the Baroness de Robeck, a son.

At Stoke Newington, the wife of the Rev. J. L. Fish, a dau.

At Langton Hall, Lincolnshire, the wife of B. R. Langton, esq., a dau.

At Fordington, Dorchester, the wife of the Rev. G. E. Moule, a son.

At Broome House, Rochdale, the wife of Capt. Schofield, a son.

At Ardeer House, Ayrshire, N.B., the wife of P. Warner, esq., of Ardeer, a dau.

Jan. 3. At Cheette, Blandford, the wife of E. A. H. Castleman, esq., a dau.

At Knowl-hill, Berks, the wife of the Rev. A. H. Fairbairn, a dau.

At Bath, the wife of the Rev. W. G. Luckman, a dau.

At Farley Hospital, Salisbury, the wife of the Rev. J. Farnham Messenger, a dau.

At Bath, the wife of the Rev. C. A. Shickle, a dau.

At Cambridge House, Tunbridge-Wells, the wife of the Rev. J. Taylor, a dau.

Jan. 4. At Weldon, the wife of Rev. W. Finch Hatton, a son.

At Catton, Yorks, the wife of the Rev. Edmund Jenner, a son.

At Conishead Priory, Ulverstone, the wife of H. W. Schneider, esq., a dau.

Jan. 5. At Clunagh House, King's Co., the wife of A. Connolly, esq., a son.

At Zeals, Wilts, the wife of the Rev. S. Fellows, a dau.

At Sutton Grange, St. Helen's, Lancashire, the wife of W. Pilkington, jun., esq., a dau.

Jan. 6. At Newbridge, Ireland, the Hon. Mrs. Everard Stourton, a son.

At Cliftonville, Brighton, the wife of Capt. Bainbridge, 21st Fusiliers, a dau.

The wife of E. J. Bury, esq., of Gristhorpe Hall, Filey, a son.

In Wilton-crescent, the wife of Lieut.-Col. Crichton-Stuart, M.P., a son.

At Wolsey, Warwickshire, the wife of the Rev. C. Glynn, a dau.

At Weymouth, the wife of Capt. R. Hoskyns Phelps, M.S.C., a son.

At Sibley, Leicestershire, the wife of the Rev. E. N. Pochin, a son.

At Kensington, the wife of C. J. Tahourdin, esq., barrister-at-law, a dau.

The wife of Alfred Wills, esq., of the Middle Temple, and of Esher, a son.

Jan. 7. At Gunton Park, Lady Suffield, a dau.

At New Wimbledon, the wife of the Rev. W. A. Bartlett, M.A., a son.

Jan. 8. At West Malvern, the wife of the Rev. J. D. Macbride Crofts, a dau.

At Aigburth, Liverpool, the wife of W. A. Gorst, esq., a son.

At North Mimms, Herts, the wife of the Rev. A. S. Latter, a son.

At Easton-in-Gordano, the wife of the Rev. A. Walker, a dau.

Jan. 9. At Portland, the wife of Lieut.-Col. MacDonald, a son.

At Torwoodlee, the wife of J. L. Pringle, esq., a son.

At Otham, Maidstone, the wife of the Rev. C. J. Kenward Shaw, a dau.

At Midhurst, Sussex, the wife of Capt. H. C. B. Tanner, B.S.C., a dau.

Jan. 10. At Rowing, the wife of N. H. D'Aeth, esq., a dau.

At Athlone, the wife of Capt. H. R. Luard, R.E., a dau.

At Normanby Hall, Cleveland, the wife of the Rev. W. Ward-Jackson, a son.

Jan. 11. At Oatlands, Surrey, the wife of the Rev. J. Bowden, a son.

Jan. 12. At Alton Grange, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, the wife of W. T. Everard, esq., a son.

At Bickerstaffe, the wife of the Rev. Oswald Penrhyn, a dau.

At Chart, Farnham, the wife of the Rev. C. E. Steward, a dau.

Jan. 13. At Rutland-gate, Hyde-park, the Lady Lurgan, a dau.

MARRIAGES.

Jan. 11, 1868. At Frohsdorf, Ferdinand, Grand-Duke of Tuscany, to the Princess Alice of Parma.

Nov. 14, 1867. At Goordaspoor, Punjab, Charles Kenneth Mackinnon, esq., 3rd Infantry, to Anna Sutherland, eldest dau. of Alexander Broadfoot, esq.

Nov. 15. At Bombay, William Newbigging, esq., Lieut. 96th Regt., to Eleanor, dau. of Major Thompson, 96th Regt.

Nov. 16. At Bombay, Francis Strubb Iredell, esq., Capt. 18th Regt., eldest son of the late Lieut.-Col. F. M. Iredell, to Katharine Helen, only dau. of John Green, esq., of Dublin.

Nov. 19. At Buenos Ayres, Arthur, youngest son of Hardman Earle, esq., of Allerton Tower, Liverpool, to Ida Euphemia Bertie, eldest dau. of G. Buckley Mathew, esq., C.B.

Nov. 20. At Madras, Stewart William MacIver, esq., Lieut. 6th Regt., second son of the late Rev. W. MacIver, M.A., of Lymm, Cheshire, to Elizabeth Agnes, second dau. of the late T. Jennings, esq., of Fownhope, Herefordshire.

Dec. 3. At Madras, Charles Augustus Bird, esq., M.C.S., to Ann Frances Honeywill, stepdau. of Edward Chambers, esq., of Hammersmith.

Dec. 5. At Fort William, Calcutta, Charles S. Noble, esq., B.S.C., son of the late Rev. J. Noble, of Nether Broughton, Leicestershire, to Annie Georgina, youngest dau. of the late A. Hay, esq., of the 85th Regt.

Dec. 9. At St. Saviour's, Paddington, William Strode Hewlett, esq., of Kingskerswell, Devon, to Fanny Maxwell, eldest dau. of the late Major J. Jarritt, of Rumson, Devon.

Dec. 12. At Colombo, Christopher Edmond Temple, esq., Deputy Queen's Advocate for the Southern Circuit, Ceylon, only son of the Hon. Mr. Justice Temple, Judge of the Supreme Court, to Alice Anne, eldest dau. of the Right Rev. P. C. Claughton, D.D., Bishop of Colombo.

Dec. 16. Stapleton Thomas, eldest son of Sir Henry Mainwaring, bart., to Elizabeth, third dau. of Michael Kinneen, esq., of Athenry, co. Galway.

Dec. 17. At Thetford, the Rev. Robert C. Cavell, rector of Binham, Norfolk, to Ellen, dau. of Mr. T. Richardson.

At Christ Church, Lancaster-gate, George John Harcourt, esq., Capt. 102nd Madras Fusiliers, to Adelaide Mary, elder dau. of the late A. S. Galloway, 3rd Ben-

gal Cavalry, and granddau. of the late Major-Gen. Sir J. McCaskill, K.C.B.

At St. Matthew's, Bayswater, David Stanley W. Johnstone, Lieut. 100th Regt., youngest son of the late S. Johnstone, esq., of New Brighton, to Blanche Ida, dau. of the Hon. Richard Pennell, Colonial Secretary, St. Helena.

At St. James's, Piccadilly, the Rev. Henry Leach, M.A., of All Saints', Bradford, to Lucy, only dau. of W. Peel, esq., of Ackworth Park, Yorkshire.

At Portobello, near Edinburgh, Major-Gen. Alexr. MacLeod, late Madras Cavalry, to Kate Macdougall, widow of D. H. Reid, esq., and dau. of the late D. Macdonald, Capt. 42nd Highlanders.

At Scarborough, Alice Harriett, dau. of Childers H. Thompson, esq., of Bilborough, to the Rev. John Bedford, M.A.; and at the same time and place, Emma Mildred, dau. of the above C. H. Thompson, to G. H. Ringrose, esq., of the 4th Dragoon Guards.

Dec. 18. At Cheltenham, Edward Abbot Anderson, esq., Capt. 18th Regt., to Lavinia, dau. of the late J. Barr, esq., of Bermuda.

At Methley, the Rev. Alex. Bennet, B.A., Head Master of the Royal Kepier School, Houghton-le-Spring, to Isabella, eldest dau. of the late G. H. Taylor, esq., B.A., Head Master of the Kepier School.

At Loppington, Shropshire, John Campbell, eldest son of Richard Lambert, esq., of Lyston Hall, Essex, to Catherine Elizabeth, eldest dau. of R. C. Vaughan, esq., of Burlington Hall, Shropshire.

At St. Sidwell's, Exeter, Ponsonby William Watts, esq., 18th Regt., eldest son of Lt.-Col. J. P. Watts, M.S.C., to Mary Louisa, only dau. of the late G. P. Luke, esq., of Exeter.

Dec. 19. At St. Alban's Abbey, T. H. Blencowe, esq., only son of the Rev. T. Blencowe, vicar of Marston St. Lawrence, Northamptonshire, to Amelia, fifth dau. of J. R. Hutchinson, esq., of St. Alban's.

At Monkstown, Dublin, Capt. Hervey Browne, 12th Royal Lancers, eldest son of T. R. Browne, esq., of Aughtentaine Castle, co. Tyrone, to Louisa Elizabeth, third dau. of Col. Knox Gore, of Belleck Manor, co. Mayo.

At St. James's, Piccadilly, Capt. Charles Mansfield Clarke, 57th Regt., to Gemma Cecilia, only child of the late W. P. Adams, esq.

At Hove, Alexander, eldest son of Alexander Crowe, esq., of Woodcote Grove, Epsom, to Sarah Ellen, widow of

W. H. Woodhouse, esq., of Irnham Park, Lincolnshire.

At St. Andrew's, Well-street, J. Hunter, esq., barrister-at-law, to Louisa Mary, dau. of J. J. Wells, esq., of Lansdowne-place.

At St. James's, Piccadilly, Allesley Boughton Leigh, esq., eldest son of J. W. Boughton Leigh, esq., of Brownsover Hall, Warwickshire, to Ellen Caroline, dau. of the Hon. Charles Lennox Butler.

Dec. 21. At St. Leonard's, the Rev. Frank Besant, M.A., son of Wm. Besant, esq., of Southsea, to Annie, only dau. of the late W. P. B. Wood, esq.

At East Thorpe, the Rev. Cosmo Spenser Gordon, vicar of Messing, Essex, third son of the late A. Gordon, esq., of Great Myless, Essex, to Mary Matilda, eldest dau. of the Rev. G. C. Bowles, rector of East Thorpe.

At Fulham, Isaac, eldest son of Isaac Horton, esq., of Ystrad, Carmarthen, to Mary, second dau. of J. Thornton Down, esq., of Mornington House, Fulham.

At St. Stephen's, Westbourne-park, Frederick Charles James Millar, esq., barrister-at-law, to Clara Louise, eldest dau. of R. Phillips, esq., F.R.C.S.

At St. Peter's, Pimlico, Harry Charles Willes, esq., Capt. 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, to Edith, youngest dau. of the late J. Alston, esq.

At Tregare, Monmouth, the Rev. D. Williams, of Dingestow, Monmouth, to Mary, adopted dau. of J. Eastham, esq., of Coedcefn, Monmouth.

Dec. 23. At Richmond, Surrey, John Monroe, esq., M.A., barrister-at-law, of Dublin, to Lizzie, fourth dau. of J. Watkins Moule, esq.

Dec. 24. At the British Embassy, Paris, Eardley Wilmot Blomefield Holt, only son of the Rev. E. Chauncy Holt, to Julia, eldest dau. of Christian Klug, esq., late of Kensington.

At Holy Trinity Church, South Kensington, Capt. Henry George Saunders, B.S.C., to Caroline Frances, youngest dau. of Spencer Crosby Price, esq.

Dec. 26. At Penwerris, Falmouth, Harry Barber, esq., Capt. Leicestershire Militia, eldest son of the Rev. W. Barber, M.A., rector of St. John's, Leicester, to Beatrice, eldest dau. of the late H. O. Bullmore, esq., of Greenbank, Falmouth.

At Edinburgh, Wm. Laurence Banks, esq., of Pont-y-wal Hall, Breconshire, to Elizabeth Maria Richards, of Bron Menai, Carnarvon, and Plas Tirion, Anglesey, dau. of E. Richards, esq., of Ynys, Anglesey.

At St. Peter Port, Guernsey, Thomas Brooksbank, esq., barrister-at-law, to Bea-

trice, dau. of Sir Stafford Carey, Bailiff of Guernsey.

Dec. 27. At Edington, Wilts, William Vernon Arnold, esq., of Croydon, Surrey, to Mary Ann Hayward, eldest dau. of the Rev. S. Littlewood, B.D.

At St. Giles' Church, John Bamfield Street, esq., barrister-at-law, to Martie, second dau. of W. Weld Wren, esq., of Gower-street, Bedford-square.

Dec. 28. At Upminster, Edwin John Herapath, esq., barrister-at-law, to Belinda, dau. of the late J. G. Holmes, esq., of Wood End House, Walthamstow.

At Loughcrew, Edward, youngest son of J. Watts Russell, esq., of Ilam Hall, Staffordshire, to Alice, eldest dau. of A. O'Reilly, esq., of Beltrasna, co. Meath.

At Islington, the Rev. George Henry Whitaker, to Henrietta Sarah, only dau. of Joseph Horne, esq., of Hornsey.

Dec. 31. At St. George's, Hanover-square, Macgregor Skinner, R.E., eldest son of Major-Gen. Macgregor Skinner, C.B., to Sophie, youngest dau. of Louis de Koehler, M.D., of Warsaw.

At Biddestone, the Rev. Walter G. Wilkinson, of Lowestoft, to Charlotte Elizabeth, dau. of the Rev. John Emra, rector of Biddeston, Wilts.

Jan. 1, 1868. At Newton, Cambridge-shire, the Hon. Spencer Dudley Montagu, to Henrietta, second dau. of C. R. Pemberton, esq.

At Islington, William Beales, esq., of Barton Hall, Suffolk, to Sarah, youngest dau. of the late John James, esq., of Trehiddion, Carmarthen.

At Tortworth Court, Gloucestershire, Hugh Ashley Fife Brodie, second son of William Brodie, esq., of Brodie, to the Lady Eleanor Moreton, third dau. of the late, and sister of the present, Earl of Ducie.

At Stamford, Hamilton Chapman, esq., 8th Bengal Cavalry, second son of the late Rev. W. H. Chapman, vicar of Easingbourne, to Sophia, third dau. of the late J. Phillips, esq., of Stamford.

At Appleby, Leicestershire, George Anthony, eldest son of George Fenwick, esq., of Bywell Hall, Northumberland, to Mary Louisa, dau. of the Rev. J. M. Echalaz, rector of Appleby.

At Aberdare, Matthew Wayne Morgan, esq., of the Hafod, Glamorganshire, to Mary, eldest dau. of the late Morgan Morgan, esq., of Abercrombie.

At Sutton Mandeville, Wilts, the Rev. James Rimington Ward, youngest son of the late Rev. S. B. Ward, rector of Teffont Evias, to Catherine Louisa, eldest dau. of the Rev. J. Wyndham, rector of Sutton Mandeville.

At St. John's, Paddington, the Rev. John N. Blacker Woodroffe, son of the Rev. J. N. Woodroffe, rector of Glanmire, to Maria Sophia, eldest dau. of F. Bashford, esq., of Barvins, Herts.

Jan. 2. At St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, Francis Arkwright, esq., eldest son of the late Rev. G. Arkwright, of Sutton Scarsdale, to Louisa Jane Elizabeth, second dau. of H. Milbank, esq., of Ashfield House, Bury St. Edmund's.

At Fakenham Magna, Suffolk, Peter B. Baldock, esq., of Wenhaston Grange, Suffolk, to Jane Louisa, dau. of the late Thomas Kersey, esq., of Fakenham Hall.

At Edstaston, Shropshire, the Rev. Thomas Bearcroft, rector of Fitz, Shropshire, to Mary Hester Lilly Rosalie, only dau. of the late Col. Sir O. Honyman, bart.

At Westbury-on-Trym, the Rev. E. B. Brackenbury, to Elizabeth, youngest dau. of the late Marcus Holmes, esq.

At Gonalston, Notts, Thomas Frederic Burnaby, M.A., second son of T. F. A. Burnaby, esq., of Langford Hall, Notts, to Elizabeth, youngest dau. of the late J. Francklin, esq., of Gonalston Hall.

At Christ Church, Marylebone, the Rev. Ayrton Chaplin, B.A., of Carshalton, to Edith Elizabeth, fourth dau. of Henry Pyne, esq.

At St. Barnabas', Kensington, John Allen Edwards, esq., to Adelaide Cecilia Caroline, widow of Douglas Fitzgerald Pearson, esq., of Christ Coll., Cambridge, and only child and heiress of the late Samuel Le Fevre, esq., by Anna Maria, dau. of the late Hon. Peter Boyle de Blaquièrre.

At Upper Norwood, William Charles Boden, eldest son of the Rev. W. E. Elwell, rector of Dauntsey, Wilts, to Mary Margaret, younger dau. of the late James Mansfield, esq., 92nd Highlanders.

At Bedford, the Rev. Feltrim Christopher Fagan, M.A., Chaplain Bengal Establishment, son of the late Major-Gen. Fagan, C.B., to Emily Helen, eldest dau. of the Rev. C. Brereton, B.C.L.

At Whitechurch, Salop, the Rev. J. H. Green, Head Master of Moulton Grammar School, to Catherine Elizabeth, younger dau. of the Rev. J. R. Peake.

At St. Mary's, Paddington, Gerald Massey, esq., to Eva, dau. of the late Charles Byrn, esq.

At Bramerton, Capt. Frederick Thomas Miller, M.S.C., second surviving son of the late J. Miller, esq., of Bramerton, Norfolk, to Maria S., eldest dau. of the late J. Miller, esq., of Claydon Hall, Suffolk.

At Birch, Rusholme, the Rev. John Mugliston, M.A., to Mary, eldest dau. of Robert Udall, esq., of Manchester.

At Limerick Cathedral, Charles Spencer Perceval, esq., barrister-at-law, to Mary Ellen Vere, eldest dau. of the Hon. Robert O'Brien.

At Cheltenham, James Tod, esq., advocate, of Edinburgh, to Constance Mary, only dau. of the Rev. Meyrick Beebee, rector of Simonburn, Northumberland.

At Lacock, the Rev. William L. Walford, eldest son of Alfred Walford, esq., of Bebington, Cheshire, to Sarah, second dau. of Sir John W. Awdry.

At Chelsea, the Rev. John R. Wilson, vicar of Guilden Morden, Cambs, to Emily Jane Baines, eldest dau. of Capt. L. C. Bailey, R.N.

Jan. 4. At Ryde, Major William Henry Kerr, to Elizabeth Edith, youngest dau. of J. B. Daubuz, esq., of Ryde.

At Hammersmith, the Rev. Walter J. Weekes, to Emily Helen Blundell, dau. of the late George William Shury, esq., of Ealing.

Jan. 6. At Chalton, John Delaware Lewis, esq., of Westbury House, Hants, to Teresa, eldest dau. of Sir Jervoise Clarke-Jervoise, bart.

Jan. 7. At St. George's, Hanover-square, the Lord Brabazon, only son of the Earl of Meath, to the Lady Mary Jane Maitland, only dau. of the Earl of Lauderdale.

At Tonbridge, the Rev. Delaval Shafto Ingram, to Elinor, eldest dau. of the Rev. J. I. Wellton, D.C.L.

At St. Michael's, Paddington, Alexander Mackenzie, esq., of Elgin, to Fanny Louisa, dau. of the late Rev. G. Bullock, vicar of Aldworth, Berks.

At Bermondsey, the Rev. Frederick Orton, B.A., to Laura, sixth dau. of Alfred Bevington, esq., of Bermondsey.

At St. Mary's, Wimbledon, Edwin James Pearson, esq., of the Board of Trade, elder son of Sir Edwin Pearson, F.R.S., and the Hon. Alicia Anne, his wife, to Emily Margaret, elder dau. of Richard Valpy, esq., of the Board of Trade.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, James Watkins, esq., late of the 18th Hussars, to Mrs. William Kay, relict of Wm. Kay, esq., of Tring Park, Herts.

The Rev. James R. Woodgates, rector of Putley, Herefordshire, to Elizabeth, eldest dau. of the Rev. E. J. Moor, of Great Bealings, Suffolk.

Jan. 8. At Clapham, Sir F. P. Price, bart., of Spring Grove, Richmond, to Rosina Mary, dau. of the late Richard Price, esq., of The Lawn, South Lambeth.

At Lytham, the Rev. R. T. Whittington, B.A., curate of Thornhill Lees, Yorkshire, to Julia Margaret, youngest dau. of the Rev. R. Barton Robinson, incumbent of Lytham.

Jan. 9. At Trevethin, Monmouthshire, the Rev. Herbert Alder, of Seaton, Devon, to Theresa Annie, eldest dau. of David Lawrence, esq., of Wain Wern House, Pontypool.

At St. Mark's, North Audley-street, the Rev. W. B. Beaumont, rector of Cole-Orton, to Elizabeth Mary, dau. of the Rev. S. H. Alderson, late rector of Risby.

At Christ Church, Oxford, the Rev. George John Blore, Head Master of Bromsgrove School, to Mary Jane, younger dau. of Thos. Allen, esq., of Headington-hill, Oxford.

At Battle, John Martineau Fletcher, esq., barrister-at-law, to Jane, only dau. of Samuel Carter, esq., of Quarry-hill, Battle.

At Lee, Capt. John Fraser, of Balnain and Farraline, Inverness-shire, to Katherine, youngest dau. of the late Capt. Thomas Cleather, of the Lombay Artillery.

At All Saints', Ennismore-place, the Rev. John Blake Honnywill, vicar of Sompting, Sussex, to Anne Jane Montagu, dau. of the late H. F. Stephenson, esq.

At St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, Edmund Hegan Kennard, esq., Capt. 8th Hussars, to Agnes, second dau. of the late J. Hegan, esq., of Dawpool, Cheshire.

At Kensington, Philip Perceval, esq., to the Hon. Ernestine Wellington Sidney, second dau. of the late Lord De L'Isle and Dudley.

At Exeter, Frederick P. Phelps, M.A., to Fanny, younger dau. of C. Cardew, esq., late B.C.S.

At Dublin, the Rev. C. H. Rice, B.D., rector of Cheam, Surrey, to Eleanor Vernon, elder dau. of the late Judge Macan.

At Willington, Thomas Richardson, esq., of Bradenburgh House, Chatteris, to Mary, youngest dau. of John Purser, esq., of Willington, Beds.

At Loughton, the Rev. Edward Lister Salisbury, incumbent of Biscovey and

Par, Cornwall, to Susan Emily, youngest dau. of the late W. W. Maitland, esq., of Loughton Hall, Essex.

Jan. 11. At Trinity Church, Paddington, Edward M. Manning, esq., Lieut. 47th Regt., eldest son of Sir W. M. Manning, to Anne Esther, only dau. of the late W. Powell, esq.

Jan. 12. At St. Mary's, Bryanston-square, Frederick Charles Wombwell, esq., brother of Sir G. Wombwell, bart., to Madlle. Maria Boyer.

Jan. 14. At Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire, Viscount Boyle, eldest son of the Earl of Shannon, to Julia Charlotte, youngest dau. of the late Sir W. Cradock-Hartopp, bart.

At St. James's, Piccadilly, James Colebrooke Carter, esq., 43rd Regt., eldest son of Sir James Carter, Knt., to Frances Katharine, eldest dau. of Capt. W. Foxcroft Jones.

At Bramshott, the Right Rev. Bishop Hobhouse, to Anna Maria, youngest dau. of the late Rev. Dr. Williams, Warden of New College, Oxford.

At Addington, the Rev. James Newton Heale, to Isabella Margaret, eldest dau. of J. Wingfield-Stratford, esq., of Addington-place, Maidstone.

At Southwell, James Kitson, esq., of Elmete Hall, Roundhay, Leeds, to Elizabeth, second dau. of the late Rev. J. E. S. Hutchinson, M.A., vicar of East Stoke.

At Ayot St. Lawrence, John Ranking, esq., to Frances Eliza, widow of Andrew Hamilton, esq., of Streatham common, and dau. of the late Sir W. Feilden, bart.

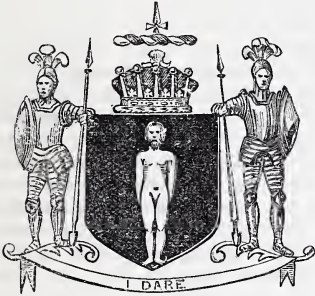
At St. Mary's, Bryanston-square, the Rev. Francis Alfred Smith, rector of Rushton, Dorset, to Elinor Mary Frances, youngest dau. of the late Rev. Moss King.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Edmund Hope Verney, Comm. R.N., eldest son of Sir H. Verney, bart., to Margaret Maria, eldest dau. of the late Sir J. H. Williams, bart.

Obituary Memoirs.

Emori nolo ; sed me mortuum esse nihil æstimo.—*Epicharmus.*

[Relatives or Friends supplying Memoirs are requested to append their Addresses, in order to facilitate correspondence.]



THE EARL OF CARNWATH.

Dec. 14, 1867. At Bagnères de Bigorre, Hautes Pyrénées, aged 70, the Right Hon. Thomas Henry Dalzell, 11th Earl of Carnwath, and Baron Dalzell, in the Peerage of Scotland, and a Baronet of Nova Scotia.

His lordship was the eldest son of Robert Alexander, 10th earl, by Andalusia, daughter of Lieut.-Col. Arthur Browne, of Knockduffe House, Kinsale. He was born Sept. 2, 1797, and succeeded to the family honours on the death of his father, Jan. 1, 1839. His lordship was a Magistrate for co. Dumfries, but had taken little or no share in public business for many years. Tradition details the origin of the family surname and arms thus:—In the reign of Kenneth II., a kinsman and favourite of that monarch having been hung by the Picts, it so exceedingly grieved the King that he offered a considerable reward to any person who would rescue the corpse; but none was disposed to undertake so dangerous a duty, until a gentleman cried out, "*Dalzel!*" (Scotch, *I dare!*); and, performing his task to Kenneth's entire satisfaction, himself and his family bore ever afterwards the name of Dalzell, and the nude figure of a man upon their shield. Thomas de Dalzell was one of the great Barons who swore fealty to King Edward I. in 1296, but afterwards, led by his patriotic feelings,

joined, and gallantly and faithfully served, Robert Bruce. This Baron's descendant, Sir Robert Dalzell, of Dalzell, was elevated to the Peerage of Scotland, Sept. 18, 1628, as Baron Dalzell, and was advanced, in 1639, to the earldom of Carnwath. He was great-grandfather of Robert, 6th earl of Carnwath, who, taking part in the rising of 1715, on the side of the Stuarts, and being made prisoner, was, with six other Lords, condemned of high treason; but he received a pardon so far as his life and estates were concerned, while his honours sunk under the attainder. His grandson, Lieut.-Gen. Robert Alexander Dalzell, was, however, restored to the earldom and other titles by Act of Parliament, in 1826. He was father of the nobleman just deceased.

His Lordship married, first, in 1834, Mary Anne, eldest daughter of the Right Hon. H. Grattan, and widow of John Blachford, Esq., of Altadore, co. Wicklow (she died in 1852); secondly, in 1855, Isabella Eliza, daughter of the late Col. Eardley Wilmot, R.A., and widow of J. H. Lecky, Esq., by whom he leaves an only son, Henry Arthur Hew, Lord Dalzell, who was born in 1853, and now succeeds to the earldom.



LORD BRIDPORT.

Jan. 6, 1868. At Cricket St. Thomas, Chard, Somerset, aged 79, the Right Hon.

Samuel Hood, 2nd Lord Bridport, of Cricket St. Thomas, in the Peerage of Ireland.

His Lordship was the second son of Henry, 2nd Viscount Hood, by Jane, daughter and heir of the late Francis Wheler, Esq., of Whitley Abbey, Warwickshire, and was born Dec. 7, 1788. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and was a Dep.-Lieut. for the county of Dorset, and a Magistrate for Somerset. He succeeded to the title upon the decease of his great-uncle, the celebrated Admiral, Alexander, Viscount Bridport, under a special remainder, May 3, 1814.

The deceased nobleman during the last few years did not interest himself much in political affairs, but spent his time principally in Somersetshire. He more especially turned his attention to horticultural pursuits, and his gardens at Cricket St. Thomas bear evidence of the care and taste manifested. He was a thorough friend to the poor, and a strong supporter of the various local charities and institutions. His remains were interred in the family vault at the parish church of Cricket St. Thomas.

His Lordship married, July 3, 1810, Lady Charlotte Mary, Duchess of Bronté, only surviving child and heir of William, 1st Earl Nelson, by whom he had several children. His only surviving son, the Hon. Maj.-Gen. Alexander Nelson Hood, Equerry to the Queen, who now succeeds to the title and estates, was born in 1814, and married, in 1838, Lady Mary Penelope Hill, second daughter of Arthur, 3rd Marquis of Downshire.



THE RIGHT HON. SIR G. CLERK, BART.

Dec. 23, 1867. At Penicuik House, near Edinburgh, aged 80, the Right Hon. Sir George Clerk, Bart., F.R.S.

He was the elder son of the late James

Clerk, Esq., by Janet, daughter of George Irving, Esq., of Newton, and grandson of the late Sir George Clerk, 4th Baronet of Penicuik. He was born in 1787, and was educated at the High School, Edinburgh; he succeeded his uncle, Sir John Clerk, the 5th Baronet, in 1798; was called to the Scottish bar in 1809, and was created Hon. D.C.L. of Oxford in 1810. Sir George was a Magistrate and Dep.-Lieut. for Edinburghshire, and was M.P. for that county from 1818 until the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832. He was again member for the county from 1835 to 1837, and sat for Stamford from 1838 to 1847, and for Dover in the Parliament of 1847—52. He was a strong Conservative in politics, but favourable to free trade. He was chairman of the Royal Academy of Music, and an active and earnest amateur, his love of music being attested by his liberal patronage of the art during a long life. During a political career of thirty-three years he filled the various offices of a Lord of the Admiralty (1819-20), Under-Secretary for the Home Department (1830-1), Assistant-Secretary to the Treasury (1841), Master of the Mint, and Vice-President of the Board of Trade (1845-56). He was sworn a Privy-Councillor in 1845.

The Clerks of Penicuik descend from John Clerk, Laird of Killhuntly, in Badenoch, the stanch friend of Queen Mary Stuart. His descendant, Sir John Clerk, of Penicuik, was created a Baronet of Nova Scotia by Charles II., March 24, 1679, and was direct ancestor of the Baronet just deceased. The motto, "Free for a Blast," of the Clerks of Penicuik arises thus:—The barony of Penicuik is held by a singular tenure: that the proprietor must sit on a piece of rock, called the Buckstane, and wind three blasts of a horn when the Sovereign shall come to hunt on the Borough Muir, near Edinburgh. Hence the family crest, a huntsman blowing a horn, with the above motto.

The late Sir George Clerk married, in 1810, Maria Anne, daughter of the late Ewan Law, Esq., of Horsted Place, Sussex, and by her, who died in September, 1866, he has had issue nine sons and four daughters, of whom six sons and two daughters survive him. His eldest son, James, who now succeeds to the title and estates, is a Dep.-Lieut. for Midlothian and Capt. Commandant, 3rd Midlothian Rifles;

he was born in 1812, and married, in 1851 Jane Calvert, daughter of Maj.-Gen. Mercer Henderson, C.B.

SIR S. FALKINER, BART.



Dec. 30. In London, aged 75, Sir Samuel Edmd. Riggs Falkiner, Bart.

The deceased was the third but eldest surviving son of the late Sir Samuel Falkiner, 2nd baronet (who died in 1825) by Sarah, daughter of Charles Leslie,

Esq., M.D., and was born in 1792. He was educated at Winchester, and succeeded to the title, as 5th baronet, on the death of his brother in 1858. Sir Samuel, who entered the army in 1806, served with the 61st Regiment in the following engagements:—Talavera, Albuera, Fuentes d'Onore, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajos, and Salamanca, in three of which he was wounded. He was an esteemed and excellent officer, and was sent home, in 1809, with despatches wherein he was honourably mentioned. He became a Lieut.-Col. in the Army (retired) in 1851. He married, in 1834, Mary, daughter of J. Bouwens, Esq., of Connaught Place, London, by whom he has had issue, besides three daughters, an only son, Samuel Edmund, now the 6th baronet, who was born in 1841, and married in 1865, Blanche, daughter of the late Sir Wm. Berkeley Call, Bart.

SIR H. W. DES VŒUX, BART.



Jan. 4, 1868. At Drakelowe, near Burton-on-Trent, aged 61, Sir Henry William Des Vœux, Bart., of Indianville, Queen's County.

The deceased was the second son of Sir Charles Des Vœux, Bart., by his first

wife, Christina, daughter of Robert Hird, Esq., of Rawdon, co. York, and was born Dec. 16, 1806. He was educated at Rugby School and at Sandhurst, and afterwards entered the army, from which

he retired with the rank of lieutenant-colonel in 1861. For some years he was one of the gentlemen-ushers to the Queen, but resigned his court appointment in 1859. On the death of his father in Sept., 1858, he succeeded to the title as third baronet.

He was a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant for Queen's County, and served the office of high sheriff of Derbyshire in 1864.

The late baronet married, in 1839, Lady Sophia, youngest daughter of George, 7th Earl of Coventry, and widow of Sir R. Gresley, Bart., but as he died without issue, the baronetcy passes to the deceased's half-brother, Mr. Frederick Adolphus Des Vœux, ensign Coldstream Guards, who was born in 1848.

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR W. DICKSON, BART.



Jan. 5. At South Kensington, aged 69, Vice-Admiral Sir William Dickson, Bart., of Sydenham, Roxburghshire.

The deceased was the eldest son of the late Admiral Sir Archibald Collingwood Dickson, Bart., by Harriet, daughter of

Admiral Bourmaster, of Tichfield, Hants, and was born June 10, 1798. He succeeded his father as 3rd baronet in June, 1827. After completing his education at the Royal Naval College, he entered the navy in 1814, as a volunteer on board the *Cumberland*, and having served for about three years under his father and Captain W. Paterson, was transferred to the *Minden*, in which vessel he was present at the taking of Algiers by Lord Exmouth. Until promoted to the rank of lieutenant, in 1822, he further served on the *East India*, *South American*, and *Home* stations, in different vessels. He was subsequently appointed to the *Queen Charlotte*, flag-ship to the Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, and afterwards to the *Revenge*, bearing the flag of Sir H. B. Neale, in the Mediterranean. In 1829, he was appointed to the command of the *Raleigh*, and in 1833 to that of the *Orestes*, off Lisbon. He attained post-rank in 1837, and was further invested in 1841, with the command of the *Volage*,

on the North American and West India stations. He became a Vice-Admiral on the reserved list in 1864.

Sir William married, in 1850, Laura Emmeline, only daughter of Colonel Northey, of Llangwathen, Pembrokeshire, but leaves no issue, so that the baronetcy passes to his eldest surviving brother, Lieut.-Col. Colpoys Dickson, late of the Bengal Army, who was born in 1807, and married, in 1831, Emma, daughter of William Knyvett, Esq.

SIR C. H. MILLER, BART.



Jan. 12. At Froyle, Alton, Hants, of paralysis, after a few hours' illness, aged 33, Sir Chas. Hayes Miller, Bart., of Froyle.

The deceased was the eldest son of the late Rev. Sir Thomas Combe Miller, Bart., vicar of Froyle, by Martha, eldest daughter of the Rev. John Holmes, of Bungay, Suffolk; he was born in Feb. 1829, and succeeded to the title as 7th bart., on the death of his father in 1864. He was educated at Eton, was a magistrate for Hants, and for a few years was cornet in the 2nd Life Guards. Sir Charles was well known in his neighbourhood and county as a great sportsman.

The first baronet, Sir Thomas Miller, so created in 1705, was M.P. for Chichester in 1688 and 1690. The second and third baronets were likewise M.P.'s for Chichester, and the 5th baronet for some time represented the borough of Portsmouth in Parliament. The late baronet married, in 1856, Katharine Maria, second daughter of James Winter Scott, Esq., of Rotherfield Park, Hants, by whom he leaves issue two sons and three daughters. He is succeeded in his title and estate by his elder son, Charles John Hubert, who was born in 1858.

THE DUKE DE LUYNES.

Dec. 17. At Rome, from a cold caught while tending the wounded soldiers in the hospitals, aged 65, the Duke de Luynes.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* thus speaks of the deceased:—"The Duke left France when matters seemed to be approaching a crisis in the Roman States,

to offer his services to the Pope, either as a volunteer in the field, though he was 65, or in any other capacity in which he might be found useful. As he was one of the largest landed proprietors of France, and possessed an income of over a million and a half of francs, or 60,000*l.*, gain was certainly not his object. Neither is it probable that he was influenced by religious bigotry, for I have never heard any one charge him with being a bigot. It could not be from any Legitimist passion, for the Duke de Luynes was a Liberal, and even, to a certain extent, a Democrat. Whatever the motive was, we may be sure it was most disinterested. The Duke de Luynes was born in the Château de Chevreuse (Seine-et-Oise) in 1802, and was educated at home under the immediate direction of his grandmother, the Duchess de Luynes. He entered, at the age of sixteen, the Royal Body Guard, in the same company (that of Luxemburg) as the late Marquis de Boissy. He quitted the service in 1825, in order to indulge his taste for literature and art, and accepted the post of assistant-director of a museum founded by Charles X. The discovery of the ruins of an ancient temple on one of his estates formed the subject of one of his first works on antiquities. When the Revolution of July broke out, the Duke de Luynes, who up to that time was better known as D'Albert de Chevreuse, placed a large sum of money at the disposal of the new Government, though he had but little sympathy with its head, in case of foreign invasion, and organised and equipped at his own expense a battalion of National Guards at Dam pierre, of which he was named commandant. He was elected member of the Council-General of his department, but took no part in politics under the July Government. He declined taking his seat in the Chamber of Peers, in place of his father, who had refused to take the oath of allegiance to King Louis Philippe. The overthrow of the Orleans dynasty, for which he had never felt much sympathy, and the proclamation of the Republic, against which he had no invincible antipathy, surprised but did not astonish him. He resolved to offer himself as a candidate to the new Assembly. Some days before the general elections the mayor of a neighbouring commune came to him to solicit some assistance for the poor of his jurisdiction, who were in the

deepest distress. The Duke gave him a large sum of money, but on the express condition that the name of the donor should not be breathed until after the elections. The secret was kept; but the people of the Seine-et-Oise named him to the National Assembly by a majority of 63,441 votes—the fifth on a list of twelve representatives elected. Unlike so many others, he neither proclaimed himself as a Republican of the eve nor as a Republican of the morrow, but simply offered himself as an ‘honest man,’ and he was taken at his word.

“In the Constituent Assembly the Duke usually voted with the Right, or party of order; he was opposed to the establishment of two Chambers, and though objecting to certain details of it, voted for the Constitution of 1848. He was re-elected to the Legislative Assembly in May, 1849, and formed one of the majority which was equally opposed to the Republic and to what was called the policy of the Elysée. He protested against the *coup d'état* of the 2nd of December; attended the famous meeting of deputies at the Mairie of the 10th arrondissement; was arrested with the others; and while some were carried off to the fortress of Vincennes, and some to the prison of Mazas, he was lodged in the fort of Mont Valerien. His detention was not long; but from that time forward he took no active part in public life.”

M. CLAUDET, F.R.S.

Dec. 27. In Gloucester-road, Regent's-park, aged 70, M. Antoine François Claudet, the eminent photographer.

The deceased was born at Lyons in 1797. Shortly after the discovery of the daguerreotype, M. Claudet communicated to the French Academy of Sciences a paper on the discovery of a new process for accelerating the production of the daguerreotypic image by the addition of bromide and chloride of iodine to the iodide of silver; thus permitting a portrait to be obtained in fifteen or twenty seconds. This discovery was, with the fixing of the image by chloride of gold, the completion of Daguerre's invention. In 1849 M. Claudet communicated a paper to the Académie des Sciences upon the use of a new instrument called the “Focimeter,” the object of which was to secure the good focus of photographic

portraiture. In 1848 he communicated a paper upon a new apparatus called the “Photographometer,” the object of which was to measure the intensity of the photo-genic rays, and to compare the sensitiveness of various compounds. This paper was also read before the British Association of Birmingham, 1849. At the Universal Exhibition of 1851, M. Claudet received the Council medal from the President of the jury for his numerous discoveries in photography. In 1853 M. Claudet was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, for his various scientific labours and discoveries in connection with photography. His certificate of admission was signed by Sir John Herschel, Sir David Brewster, Prof. T. Graham, Prof. Wheatstone, Prof. Faraday, Mr. Babbage, and other eminent members of the Society. In the same year he had the honour of taking the portrait of Her Majesty and several other members of the royal family, and was appointed Photographer in Ordinary to Her Majesty. In 1855 he obtained a first-class medal at the French International Exhibition for his eminence in the profession. In 1858 he communicated a paper to the Royal Society upon the “Stereomonoscope,” an instrument founded upon the principle of producing stereoscopic relief by the mental combination of the two dissimilar visual representations of a solid object, which we receive through the joint instrumentality of our two eyes. In 1862 M. Claudet was elected member of the jury at the London International Exhibition, and obtained the medal of the jury. In 1850 a medal was presented to him by the Society of Arts and Manufactures of London for the invention of a new machine for cutting glass, whatever might be the curvature of its surface. He received this medal from the hands of H.R.H. the late Prince Albert. M. Claudet was nominated, in 1865, a Chevalier of the Order of the Legion of Honour, and he had tokens of honour presented to him by the late Emperor of Russia and King Louis-Philippe.—*Athenæum*.

BARON MAROCHETTI.

Dec. 29. At Passy, Paris, suddenly, aged 62, Charles, Baron Marochetti, R.A.

The deceased, who has for many years occupied a leading position as a sculptor in England, as well as on the continent,

was born at Turin, of French parents, in 1805. He received his education in Paris at the Lycée Napoleon, after which he was placed with Bosio, a Parisian sculptor of some eminence. While studying in his *atelier* he obtained honourable mention from the École des Beaux Arts, but was not awarded any other distinction, and his journey to Italy to complete his studies was undertaken at his own expense. In the year 1827 he returned to France, and in the same year exhibited a group, "A Girl Playing with a Dog," for which a medal was awarded him. This group he presented to the King of Sardinia. In 1831 he exhibited his "Fallen Angel," and somewhat later he executed for the Academy of Arts of Turin a statue of Monsignor Mossi. He presented to the capital of Sardinia an equestrian statue of Emanuel Phillibert, which is by many esteemed his *chef-d'œuvre*, and which was his sole contribution to the French Exposition of 1855. Many of his works are well known in Paris, and among them are one of the bas reliefs on the Arc de l'Etoile; the tomb of Bellini, at Père la Chaise; a maître d'autel in the church of the Madeleine; two equestrian statues of the Duke of Orleans; a Saint Michel, and a statue of the Emperor. Shortly after the revolution of February, 1848, Marochetti threw in his lot with the exiled Bourbons, and came to England, where he soon became known in art circles. In 1851 he contributed the model of a colossal equestrian statue of Richard Cœur de Lion to the Great Exhibition, but dissatisfied with the position allotted to it inside the building, he set it up at some distance from the western entrance to the great palace of glass. The position of the figure and its spirited attitude attracted no small share of attention, and this model was the means of bringing the sculptor into very general notice. The statue was afterwards executed in bronze, and placed close to the new Palace at Westminster, the cost being defrayed by a national subscription. The people of Glasgow commissioned him to execute for them an equestrian statue of the Queen, which was inaugurated in 1854. In this year he exhibited at the Royal Academy, "Love Playing with a Dog." In 1856 he executed the granite monument to the memory of the English soldiers slain in the Crimea, and a year

later, the monument of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Charles I. He also executed a bronze statue of the great Duke of Wellington, which now surmounts a huge monolith erected to his memory, at the principal entrance to the park of Strathfieldsaye. One of his most recent works has been a monument to Lord Clyde, which stands in Waterloo Place. Of the merits of Marochetti's productions there are various opinions, but all will agree in awarding to him a very high position among artists. Many of his works give evidence of genius, and none will deny that they are of his own creation. The spirit and the vigour of conception displayed by some of his productions are sufficient to entitle him to the fame which he has acquired, and his decease will be mourned by all true lovers of art. Among his fellows, and those who knew him personally, his loss will awaken a sincere regret that they can no more on this side the grave meet and commune with one whose urbanity and *savoir faire* made him welcome to all.

Baron Marochetti was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour in 1839, and a Grand Officer of the order St. Maurice and Lazarus in 1861. He obtained the honour of R.A. in 1866. Baron Marochetti was *en route* to Brussels for the purpose of being present at the marriage of his eldest son to the daughter of the Saxon Minister in that city, when he was taken ill and died so suddenly, at the house of his sister-in-law, the Countess de Sade, who resides at Passy.

MR. ADAM STARK.

Dec. 31. At Gainsborough, Lincolnshire, aged 83, Mr. Adam Stark, the historian of that town.

Mr. Stark was born at Edinburgh on the 24th of February, 1784. After serving his apprenticeship he, in 1803, entered into business in his native city as a printer with his cousin, Mr. John Stark.^a The partners separated in 1804, and Adam, the subject of this notice, worked as a compositor at Liverpool till 1807, when, in conjunction with a Mr. J. Richardson, wine merchant, of Hull, he commenced the publication, at Hull, of the *Hull and Lincoln Chronicle*. After

^a Author of "A Picture of Edinburgh," 12mo, "Elements of Natural History," 2 vols, 8vo. Both works have been several times reprinted.

a few months the publication was removed to Lincoln, where it assumed the title of the *Lincoln and Hull Chronicle*. During Mr. Stark's short residence in Hull, the local history and antiquities of that borough attracted his attention. He prepared a history of the place, but the MS. still remains unprinted among his papers. He resided at Lincoln until 1810, in which year he first appeared as an author. His first work was "A History of the City of Lincoln," a 12mo volume of some three hundred pages. At the end of that year Mr. Stark removed to Gainsborough, where he commenced business as a bookseller, and where he spent the remainder of his life. He retired from business in 1844. In 1817 he published the "History of Gainsborough and Stowe." In 1814, on the removal of Mr. Henry Mozley to Derby, Mr. Stark bought that gentleman's business, and thus became the leading bookseller and publisher—for there were provincial publishers even then—in that part of Lincolnshire. He also filled the office of Postmaster of Gainsborough for many years.

Mr. Stark was three times married: first, to Ann Trotter of Lincoln; second, to Harriet Mozley of Gainsborough; and thirdly, to Sarah Wootton of Newington, near Ramsgate. The death of his last wife took place about twenty years ago. He has left three sons and two daughters.

Mr. Stark's works have been a valuable contribution to the history of his adopted county. There are few districts of Britain that have been so neglected by the antiquary and the historian as the large and interesting county of Lincoln. Mr. Stark laboured with great zeal and untiring industry, not only to collect information, but to spread abroad a taste for historical research. His works are of a high order of merit. His histories of the bishopric of Lincoln and of the town of Gainsborough are by far the most important contributions that have yet been made towards a history of Lindsey (North Lincolnshire). It is difficult to understand how they could be done so well by a person who had spent the best part of his life in a neighbourhood where there were no large collections of books to which he could have access, and who was by the necessities of his business hindered from long and continuous study, and subjected to the hundred petty annoyances which studious persons feel when they are called

off from useful labours to give a forced attention to irksome matters of detail.

The following is a list of Mr. Stark's works:—"History of the City of Lincoln," 12mo, 1810; "History of Gainsborough and Stowe," 8vo, 1817—second edition, 8vo, 1843. With this second edition was also published a "History of Lea with Lea Wood," which is understood to be by Sir Charles Anderson, Bart., of Lea Hall. The account of Stowe, and a tabular pedigree of the family of Hickman of Thonock Hall, were omitted in this volume. "History of the Bishopric of Lincoln," 8vo, 1852; "Printing, its antecedents, origin, history, and results," Longman, 1855 (in the Traveller's Library); "Stonehenge," a tract of 30 pages, privately printed, 1822. Mr. Stark was also the printer and publisher of the late Archdeacon Stonhouse's "History of the Isle of Axholme," and furnished its author with much valuable information; he has also published a very useful "Visitor's pocket-guide to Gainsborough and its neighbourhood."

J. DOYLE, Esq.

Jan. 2, 1868. At his residence in Clifton Gardens, W., aged 70, John Doyle, Esq., the eminent political caricaturist.

The deceased was born in 1797. He was Irish by birth and extraction, and of a highly respectable family in the middle ranks of life. He devoted himself, we are told, from his boyhood to art, and, in its cultivation, studied under some of the best masters in Dublin. He took more particularly to portraiture; but he also showed a special facility in the delineation of the horse. The result, in respect to both, is signalled in his subsequent works. Mr. Doyle, says a writer in the *Daily Telegraph*, was the celebrated "H. B." the political caricaturist whose works, from 1829 to 1840, aroused a degree of interest in England which more than once approached the proportions of a *furor*. "H. B." took up George IV. where George Cruikshank left him; but he treated the "first gentleman in Europe" with a little more clemency than had been shown him in "Dr. Slop," the "House that Jack Built," and the "Green Bag." Lithography had been but recently invented by Aloys Senefelder when "H. B." first entered the lists of pencilled politics; and his earliest per-

performances were careless chalk sketches on stone; but in the course of his ten or twelve years' career his cartoons—always published by Mr. Thomas M'Lean, of the Haymarket—became more elaborate. Some of the latest were really beautiful specimens of tinted lithography. "H. B.'s" likenesses were wonderful; and he was always less a caricaturist than a vigorous delineator of characteristics. His Sir Robert Peel, his Disraeli, his Emperor Nicholas at Ascot races, his Duke of Wellington, his Lord Carlisle, have never been equalled. It has been said that he could only draw one kind of horse, a cob, but this is far from true; on the contrary he had a singular power of truthfulness and character in drawing and painting horses. Indeed one of his best non-political drawings was a series of plates, most delicately lithographed, illustrative of the race-horse. Be this, however, as it may, at all events his heads of political characters of the day were inimitable. As a satirist, one of his most successful *coups* was "Old Glory," a portrait of Sir Francis Burdett, with a view of the Tower, framed and glazed, in the background. Then there was an embodiment of Mr. Disraeli's famous sarcasm of Sir Robert Peel's having found the Whigs bathing, and run away with their clothes. Again, a cartoon produced at the accession of William IV., which represented John Bull inspecting a golden effigy of the monarch and saying, "It's a good sovereign, *only it's a little cracked.*" The individuality of "H. B." was at one time surrounded by considerable mystery, but *tôt ou tard tout se sait*; and of late years the claims to notice from the gifted father of "Dick Doyle" have been familiar to the public in *Punch* and the *Cornhill Magazine*. The strength and grace and delicacy of Mr. Doyle's caricatures rested on the fact of their never degenerating into coarseness. In them it is true, might be seen Lord Brougham's nose, and Lord Morpeth's ill-considered dancing, yet they were never for an instant vulgar. Mr. Doyle's last published drawing is dated 1856, and represents several eminent statesmen; among those living, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Disraeli, Lord Russell, Sir J. Pakington, and Lord Houghton. Sir James Graham is represented as aiming a blow at Lord Russell's twelve resolutions, which, as events proved, he succeeded in overthrowing. Mr. Doyle,

it may be added, only gave up the production of his "H. B." sketches, when he found that his *incognito*,—in other words his independence,—no longer existed, and when the name of the political satirist was by degrees unveiled.

In private life John Doyle in no respect represented his reputation as a caricaturist. He was courteous, quiet, utterly averse to listen to or believe in the scandals of the hour, and never (as all who knew him can most emphatically assert) made use of material gathered in private to wing his pencil. He was simple in manner, more pertinacious in argument than in agreement, but never aggressive. He has left a family, a daughter and two sons, Richard and Henry. The best character of himself may be found in the career of his children, all in different paths and careers, individual as artists. His son Richard is the graceful and facile artist whose "Pips his Diary" and "Brown, Jones, and Robinson" have won him such well-deserved fame.

M. ATHANASE COQUEREL.

Jan. 10. At Paris, aged 72, M. Athanase Laurent Charles Coquerel, Pastor of the French Protestant Church.

The deceased was born in Paris in 1795, and was brought up in great part by his aunt, Helen Maria Williams. He entered the institution at Montauban, formerly the stronghold of the Huguenots, where he completed his theological studies in 1816, and, at the age of 21, was appointed a minister. He fixed his residence in Holland, was appointed pastor to the French church of Amsterdam, and preached in Leyden and Utrecht. After twelve years' absence, during which he acquired considerable reputation for eloquence, he returned to France, at the instance, it is said, of the celebrated naturalist, Cuvier, who was also a member of the reformed religion. He exercised his ministry in Paris, and entered the Consistory in 1833.

It might, perhaps, have been better had M. Coquerel confined himself to his pastoral functions, and abstained from taking part in the stormy politics of the period. But his intentions were excellent; and it was no doubt with a view to contribute towards calming the effervescence of parties that he presented himself in the clubs that were opened in all parts of Paris

after the Revolution of February. When the moment came for the elections to the Constituent Assembly, M. Coquerel issued his address to the electors of the Seine, "as a moderate Republican," and was returned by 109,934 votes as one of the thirty-four representatives which the single department of the Seine sent to the primitive National Assembly, one of his colleagues for the same city being the ex-Abbé Lamennais, while the great Dominican preacher, Lacordaire, appeared in his monastic costume on the benches of the same Assembly as representative for the department of the Bouches du Rhône. M. Coquerel was, soon afterwards, elected member of the Commission charged with framing the new Constitution—the same which Dupin elaborately annotated and explained, and which was to be the palladium of the liberties of France. He spoke often in the Assembly, by his speeches and votes supported the Government of General Cavaignac, and combated vigorously the extreme doctrines of the Socialists and the Mountain. After the election to the Presidency of Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, on the 10th of December, M. Coquerel supported the new Government in its general policy, and gave his vote for the expedition to Rome in 1849, and the re-establishment of the temporal power of the Pope. These votes did not prevent his re-election to the Legislative Assembly. He was again returned as one of the representatives of the Seine, took his seat with the Centre, or party of order, and preserved his line of moderation between the parties of reaction and of revolution. He was one of those who in the Constituent Assembly voted for the complete and definitive abolition of the penalty of death. M. Coquerel is thus spoken of in a Republican publication of the day (1848):—"Coquerel as an orator possesses all the external qualities of a man who seems destined to subjugate the masses by the force of words. His diction is noble and calm; his gesture sober and precise. There are certain portions of his sermons which seem cold and commonplace; but when he gets into the impassioned parts of his discourse—when,

under the fire of inspiration, the orator undergoes a sort of transfiguration, it is then the hearer is subjugated and hurried off by the torrent of rhetoric." This description applies more to his religious discourses than to his speeches in the Assembly, and it was written before he appeared in the tribune. The *coup d'état* of the 2nd of December put an end to his political career. Soon after his nomination as minister of the Gospel he was offered the incumbency of the Reformed Episcopal church in Jersey, but he declined it, as he could not subscribe to the Anglican creed. He professed to belong to what is called "liberal Protestantism"—"to that which," as one of his biographers observes, "is more attached to the principle of the Reformation than to the superstitious respect for its letter, and which does not conceive faith as separated from science, or as lagging behind the spirit of modern times." Another writer says:—"His liberal doctrines, which more and more approach the pure spiritualist philosophy, placed him long since in opposition to the exclusive Calvinists, who reproach him with exaggerating the merit of voluntary works, and with renouncing the principle of predestination. But the most vehement attacks of the Methodist school have not prevented the advance of his popularity, and under his guidance a portion of his co-religionists have entered on a path which seems to lead to a sort of Christian rationalism."

M. Coquerel was the author of several works. The first two, "Le Protestant" and "Le Libre Examen," appeared in 1831 and 1834. He also published eight volumes of sermons from 1819 to 1852: "Sacred Biography," "Analysis of the Bible," "Answer to Strauss' Life of Jesus," "Modern Orthodoxy," "Experimental Christianity," &c. He was much esteemed by all who had the honour of his intimacy. He was tolerant towards others, while maintaining his own opinions with sincerity and courage, kind-hearted and charitable, and he is deeply regretted by a large circle of friends.—*Times*.

DEATHS.

ARRANGED IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER.

Nov. 2, 1867. The late Rev. George Shephard Porter, M.A., Rector of Anstey, Herts, (see *THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE*, vol. iv., p. 830), was the eldest son of the late Rev. George Porter, M.A., of Billericay, Essex, by Julia, dau. of William May, esq. He was born at Upminster in 1800, and received his early education at home, whence he proceeded, in 1818, to Cambridge, and obtained a scholarship at Christ's College. Having graduated in 1822 as ninth wrangler, he was elected fellow of his college; ordained deacon on the 8th of August, and priest on the 12th of December, 1824. After holding various college offices, and serving diligently in the church, both at home and abroad, for several years, he obtained, in 1828, the college living of Anstey, Hertfordshire. For twenty-nine years he faithfully discharged the duties of this office, and, so late as Sunday, October 13, administered the Holy Communion, assisted by a curate, his eldest son. He married, in 1840, Jane, second dau. of William and Mary Stafford, by whom he has left six sons and four daus.

Nov. 15. At Jubbulpoor, East Indies, from a fall from his horse, aged 26, Capt. Henry Edmund Stanley, 23rd Regt. He was the third son of the Hon. H. T. Stanley, by Anne, dau. of the late Mr. Richard Woolhouse, and nephew of the Earl of Derby, and was born in Dec., 1840.

Nov. 22. At Bombay, suddenly, aged 56, Brigadier-General Charles Ireland, M.S.C.

At Almora, aged 41, Major Charles Warde, B.S.C.

Nov. 23. At St. Helena, W. R. Phelps, esq., Chief Justice of that island. He was the eldest son of Mr. Samuel Phelps, the eminent tragedian, and was called to the bar at the Inner Temple in 1857.

Nov. 25. At Ellichpore, Berar, Elizabeth, wife of Col. James Stubbs, and dau. of Charles C. Black, esq., of Harrow.

At Umballa, East Indies, aged 46, Major John Guyse Sparke, B.S.C., eldest son of Dr. J. G. Sparke, of Huyton Park, Liverpool.

Nov. 29. At Mhow, East Indies, Martha Agnes, wife of E. W. Golding, esq., 95th Regt., and dau. of the late Rev. C. W. Robinson, of Leamington, Warwickshire.

Nov. 30. At Lucknow, aged 69, Meer Syed Mohummud Khân Bahadoor. Dur-

ing the last fifty years of his life he acted as magistrate and revenue collector of Jubbulpore, and was for some time past in receipt of a liberal pension granted in token of his staunch adherence to the British Government; the honorary title of Khân Bahadoor also was conferred upon him for the same reason.

Dec. 1. At Woodford, Kentucky, U.S., aged 48, Robert S. C. Aitcheson Alexander, esq., of Airdrie, Lanarkshire, and Cowden, Dumbartonshire. He was the eldest son of the late Robert Alexander, esq., of Kentucky, by Eliza Weisiger, of Frankfort, Kentucky, and nephew of the late Rt. Hon. Sir Wm. Alexander, of Airdrie, chief baron of the exchequer (who died in 1842). He was born in 1819, was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and was a magistrate for co. Lanark. He was unmarried, and is succeeded in his estates in Scotland by his brother, Alexander John, who was born in 1824.

Dec. 5. At Mussoorie, Lieut. Henry Cotterill Smith, R.E., son of Col. J. T. Smith, late R.E., of Lee, Kent.

Dec. 7. At Poonah, India, David Graham, esq., of Meiklewood, Stirlingshire. He was the only surviving son of the late David Graham, esq., of Meiklewood (who died in 1847), by Honoria, dau. of Oliver Stokes, esq. He was formerly a lieut. in the 108th M.N.I.

At St. Helier's, Jersey, aged 13, Charles Frederick Johnstone, eldest son of Major Frederick Phillips, B.S.C.

Dec. 9. At Bristol, aged 69, Ann Day, wife of the Rev. Joseph Baynes, late of Wellington, Somerset.

Aged 79, Robert Grimshaw, esq., of Longwood, Belfast. He was a magistrate and deputy-lieut. for co. Antrim, of which county he had served as high-sheriff.

Dec. 11. At Headington, near Oxford, aged 80, William Brooks, esq. Mr. Brooks was the architect of the London Institution (Finsbury Circus), of Finsbury Chapel, of Dudley Church, of the Church Missionary College, Islington, and (with Mr. Dyer) of the Orphan Asylum at Bristol, and of numerous private edifices. His favourite style was classic, and his talents for internal arrangement were extraordinary. He carried into theological and political affairs the earnestness which won him very early distinction in his profession, was a laborious and acute student of the Scriptures, and an energetic fellow-worker with Wilberforce, Clarkson, and

Buxton, in their exertions to put down slavery, and a warm promoter of the Bible Society. From infirm health, he had lived for many years in retirement, but his mental faculties were vigorous until within a few days of his death. He married Elizabeth, eldest dau. of William Sabine, esq., formerly of Islington, and by her (who died Nov. 24, 1849, and is buried in St. Alban's Abbey) he had a numerous family, of whom Mr. Shirley Brooks, the author, is the eldest survivor. Mr. William Brooks was buried in the churchyard of Headington.

At Malta, aged 43, the Rev. Henry Abdy Middleton, M.A. He was the eldest son of the late Rev. H. Middleton, M.A., vicar of Barton Stacey, Hants, and was born in 1824. He was educated at Brasenose College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1847, and proceeded M.A. in 1850. At the time of his decease, Mr. Middleton was chaplain of H.M.S. *Crocodile*.

At Stoke Lodge, Bishopstoke, aged 82, Elizabeth, widow of the Rev. Charles Yonge, of Eton College.

Dec. 12. At Belle-Vue, Harrogate, aged 70, Mary Anne, widow of the Rev. Edward Feilde, incumbent of Rock and Rennington, Northumberland.

At Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, aged 67, the Rev. Hamnet Holditch, M.A. He was educated at Caius College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1822, and proceeded M.A. in 1825. He was the senior fellow of the above college.

At Henley House, Wellington, Somerset, aged 53, the Rev. D. B. Sherry, formerly of Sherston, Wilts.

Dec. 14. At Thorpe, Chertsey, Caroline Henrietta, widow of the Rev. William Purdon, rector of Seaton, Rutland.

Dec. 15. At Worcester, Nicholas, fourth surviving son of the late Rev. J. Bright, rector of Grafton Regis.

At Turk's Islands, aged 25, Emma Louisa, wife of the Hon. Francis Ellis, queen's advocate for the Turk's and Caius islands.

Dec. 16. At Bruton, aged 14, Henry Arthur, youngest son of Henry Cartwright, esq., J.P., of Heavitree, Devon.

At Bamber Bridge, Preston, aged 68, the Rev. W. Wignall.

Dec. 17. At Rome, aged 65, the Duke de Luynes. See OBITUARY.

At Birmingham, aged 59, Charles Rann Kennedy, esq., barrister-at-law. The deceased was a son of the late Rev. Rann Kennedy, formerly second master of King Edward's school, Birmingham, and brother of the Rev. Benjamin Hall Ken-

ned, D.D., head-master of Shrewsbury school. He was born in 1803; educated at Shrewsbury, and at King Edward's school, Birmingham, whence he proceeded as an exhibitioner of that school to Trinity College, Cambridge, where in 1828 he obtained his first Bell's scholarship, and in 1829 he became a scholar of his college. He gained the Browne medal for the Greek ode, and also the Porson prize. In 1830 he gained the Pitt University scholarship and Browne's medal for Latin ode, and the Porson prize a second time. In 1831 he graduated B.A. as senior classic, and was elected fellow of Trinity College; he proceeded M.A. in 1834, and in the following year was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn. Mr. Kennedy was, perhaps, better known as an author than as a barrister; he has published, among other works, a volume of poems, and has translated "Virgil" and "Demosthenes." He formerly practised on the Home circuit, and took a prominent part in the famous Swinfen case a few years since, but which at the time was considered somewhat unprofessional. He retired a few years ago to his native town, and there died, it is said, in very reduced circumstances.

Dec. 19. At Brimpton, Berks, aged 55, Ellen Mary, wife of the Rev. G. B. Caffin.

Dec. 20. At Waltham Lodge, Murrayfield, Edinburgh, aged 86, Major John Middleton, late of the Rifle Brigade.

At Alton House, Hants, aged 33, Capt. Horace Seymour Kerr Pechell, late Bombay Artillery. He was the third son of the Rev. Horace R. Pechell, rector of Bix. Oxon, by Lady Caroline Mary, dau. of Charlotte, late Countess of Antrim, and was born in 1834.

At Brackley, Northamptonshire, aged 80, the Rev. Chas. Arthur Sage. He was the third son of the late Joseph Sage, esq., of Penhill, Bexley, and was born in 1786. He was educated at Trinity Coll., Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1810; he was appointed vicar of Brackley in 1825, and in the following year a rural dean and surrogate.

At Greenock, N.B., aged 66, John Cony Sicklemore, esq., Capt. R.N. He was the eldest son of the late John Sicklemore, esq., of Upnor Castle, Kent, and of Wetheringsett, Suffolk, by Ann, dau. of Robert Cony, esq., of Walpole Hall, Norfolk, and was born in 1800. He entered the navy in 1812, and during the war with the United States, served for two years on the North American station, being present in the attack upon Crany Island, and at the capture of Hampton, besides sharing in other operations. He

was afterwards employed in the Persian Gulf, at Rangoon, and in other parts of India. He subsequently held an appointment in the Coast Guard, and became a captain on the retired list in 1862. He was thrice married; first, to Louisa, second dau. of Lieut.-Col. Lacy, R.A. (she died in 1826); secondly, in 1832, to Sarah, eldest dau. of Wm. Hyder, esq., of Lee's Court, Kent, which lady died in 1836; and thirdly, in 1847, Augusta Charlotte, dau. of Rear-Admiral Searle.

Dec. 21. At Starston, Norfolk, Caroline Jane, wife of the Rev. G. L. Allsopp, M.A., vicar of Meetshall St. Margaret, Suffolk, and youngest dau. of the late Charles Etheredge, esq.

Aged 21, Henry Steuart, eldest son of the Rev. H. Dale, rector of Wilby, Northampton.

At Merton, Surrey, aged 52, Col. Gilbert Hogg, K.T.S., K.S.P. The deceased was the third son of James Hogg, esq., J.P., of Gilston, co. Roscommon. He was born in 1815, and was early in life in military service, and distinguished himself in the Portuguese and Spanish wars. He obtained the rank of colonel and several knightly decorations. Colonel Hogg was subsequently connected with the regulation and direction of the present system of rural police almost from its establishment, and he was one of the first of those able chief constables who have brought the police force throughout England to such perfection. He held for a time, and during a disturbed period, a command at Manchester. Thence he went to Staffordshire, and was deputy-chief-constable of that county, and afterwards chief constable of Wolverhampton. He eventually became, in 1857, chief constable of Staffordshire; and, after much valuable service there, he retired, in 1866, on a pension, in consequence of ill health, from which, to the regret of all who knew him, he never recovered. Colonel Hogg married, first, Bessy, youngest dau. of the late Hubert Kelly, esq., M.D., of Parsonstown, Ireland, and niece of Charles Kelly, esq., of Charleville, by whom (who died in 1854) he leaves two daughters. He married, secondly, in 1857, Mary Emily Gardner, eldest dau. of the late T. Ashmead Perry, esq., of Cheltenham, by whom (who survives him) he leaves a son and two daus.

At Hollymount House, co. Mayo, aged 77, Thomas Spencer Lindsey, esq. He was the eldest son of the late Thomas Lindsey, esq., of Hollymount, by Lady Margaret Eleanor, dau. of Charles, 1st Earl of Lucan, and was born in 1790. He was educated at Trinity Coll., Cambridge,

was a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant for co. Mayo, and served as high-sheriff of that county in 1822. He married, in 1818, Margaret Hester, only dau. of the late Richard Alexander Oswald, esq., of Auchincruive, co. Ayr, and by her, who died in 1855, has left besides other issue, a son and heir; Thomas Spencer, a deputy-lieutenant for co. Mayo, who was born in 1828, and married, in 1864, Mary Catherine, second dau. of George Hayward Lindsay, esq., of Glasnevin, co. Dublin.

At Kingston-on-Thames, aged 73, Mary Anne, relict of the late Col. Stephen Nation, C.B., Bengal Army.

At Newtownards, co. Antrim, aged 33, Capt. C. G. O'Brien, 28th Regt.

At Kirklington, Yorkshire, aged 64, the Rev. Jno. Prior, rector. He was the eldest son of the late Rev. Thomas Prior, D.D., Vice-Provost of Trinity Coll., Dublin, and was born in 1803. He was educated at Trinity Coll., Dublin, where he graduated B.A. in 1825, and proceeded M.A. in 1828; he was appointed rector of Kirklington in 1853.

Aged 35, Lancelot Blagdon Shutte, second son of the late Rev. R. Shutte, M.A., rector of High Halden, Kent.

Aged 42, the Rev. John Boys Smith, M.A., vicar of Corsham, Wilts. He was the eldest son of the Rev. Gilbert N. Smith, rector of Gumfreston, near Tenby, and was born in 1825. He was educated at Trinity Coll., Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1848, and proceeded M.A. in 1852; he was formerly curate of Tenby.

Dec. 22. At Little Bookham, aged 90, Helen, dau. of Sir John Halkett, 4th baronet, of Pitfirrane, co. Fife.

In Belgrave-road, aged 82, Francis Hartwell, esq., formerly of Laleham, and a J.P. for Middlesex.

In Eaton-square, Harriet, eldest surviving dau. of the late Walter Sneyd, esq., of Keele Hall, Staffordshire.

At Broad Oak, Cranleigh, aged 76, Arthur Winkworth, esq., late of Saltenham.

Dec. 23. At Aston Clinton, suddenly, aged 25, Lieut. the Hon. Victor Alexander Yorke. He was the third son of the Earl of Hardwicke, by the Hon. Susan Liddell, sixth dau. of Thomas Henry, 1st Lord Ravensworth, and was born in March, 1842. He was appointed a lieutenant in the Royal Horse Artillery in 1861. He was seized with an epileptic fit, just after taking part in some private theatricals.

In Half Moon-street, very suddenly, the Hon. Elizabeth, wife of Capt. Hervey St. John Mildmay, R.N., and dau. of Viscount Eversley.

At Northlands, Cheltenham, the Hon.

Frances Hanbury-Tracy. She was the second dau. of Charles, 1st Lord Sudeley, by the Hon. Henrietta Susanna, only dau. of Henry, 8th and last Viscount Tracy.

At Elmhurst, Torquay, aged 65, the Rev. Henry Edwin Chamberlain. He was educated at Exeter Coll., Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1824.

Caroline Watts, wife of the Rev. Thos. Shaw Helliier, rector of Weston Bampfylde, Somerset.

At Oaklands, Torquay, aged 47, the Rev. George Kinnear.

Dec. 24. Aged 38, Charles John Balfour, Capt. Royal Navy, second son of Charles Balfour, esq.

At Grove Park, Warwick, aged nine months, Edward Henry, son of the Hon. John Dormer.

At Mariville, Llandudno, aged 35, Robert Farrant, esq., solicitor. Mr. Farrant was admitted in Hilary Term, 1855, and became a member of the firm of Reece and Farrant, being son-in-law of Mr. Reece, of the well-known Birmingham firm of Reece and Harris. He was an active member of the Board of Commissioners of the town, and was, so far as his professional duties would allow him to attend the meetings, always ready to further, to the best of his abilities, the interests of those who had reposed their confidence in him by electing him to represent them. He was a most useful and practical member—his suggestions always carried weight with them, and he fully justified the confidence which his constituents had placed in him. He had an extensive practice as a solicitor, in which capacity his services were increasingly effective, with every prospect of his attaining a prominent position in the profession. Mr. Farrant has left a widow and four children to mourn his loss.—*Law Times*.

At Edinburgh, Capt. Charles Taylor Leckie, R.N. The deceased was the nephew of the late Sir Charles Malcolm; he entered the navy in 1834, passed his examination in 1840, and served for some time on the Pacific and Mediterranean stations.

In Cambridge-terrace, Hyde-park, aged 83, Sophia, widow of W. C. Marsh, esq., of Gaynes Park, Essex, who died in 1867 (see G.M. vol. iii., n.s., p. 545).

At Henbury Hall, Cheshire, aged 60, Edward Marsland, esq. He was the second son of the late Major Thomas Marsland, of Henbury Hall (who was formerly M.P. for Stockport, and who died in 1854), by Frances Ann, dau. of — Thompson, esq., and was born in 1806. He was a magistrate for the counties of Chester, Lancaster, and Derby, and for

the borough of Stockport, and was Capt. of the Stockport Troop of Yeomanry. Mr. Marsland married, in 1843, Jane, dau. of — Haigh, esq., of Huddersfield, by whom he has left an only dau.

At Biggar, Lanarkshire, aged 74, the Rev. David Smith, D.D., in the forty-eighth year of his ministry.

At St. Brycedale House, Kirkcaldy, Alexander Swan, esq. The deceased, with his brother the provost of the burgh, has carried on extensive spinning mills in that town and in Kinghorn for a long number of years, and latterly they extended their business to Dundee. They have also carried on a large shipping business, which was almost entirely conducted by the deceased, who was a well-qualified and most active business man. He took a lively interest in public affairs, especially in the improvement of the town, and whatever was calculated to promote the comfort and happiness of the community. Mr. Swan was a kind and liberal-hearted gentleman; always ready with his purse in the support of every good cause, and a kind friend of the poor. His death is universally regretted by the community at large. Mr. Swan was a J.P. for the co. Fife.—*Edinburgh Courier*.

At Glen Hafren, Montgomeryshire, aged 55, Mary Anne, wife of J. Buckley Williames, esq.

Dec. 25. At Dover, Sarah Cripps, widow of the Rev. James Eveleigh, vicar of Alkham-cum-Capel-le-Ferne.

At Dublin, aged 33, Mary Sydney, wife of the Rev. John Knox Fletcher, rector of Monasterevan, co. Kildare, and dau. of the late Capt. E. C. Mayne, 95th Regt.

In Gray's-inn-place, aged 29, Robert Lewis Hughes, esq., of Downend, Gloucestershire, and Gray's-inn, London.

At Wolston, Coventry, aged 37, Lieut.-Col. R. M. Williams, late of the 3rd Hussars. He was the second son of Sir William Williams, bart., of Tregulow, Cornwall, by Caroline, dau. of the late Richard Eales, esq., of Eastdon House, Devon, and was born in 1830. He married, in 1858, Georgina Sophia, dau. of the Rev. Thomas Phillpotts.

Dec. 26. In Leicester-square, aged 79, the Rev. Henry Barez, the last minister of the French Protestant Episcopal Church of St. Martin Orgars, formerly in Cannon-street, London.

Cecil George, the infant son of the Hon. and Rev. Augustus Byron.

At Stirling, N.B., Catherine, widow of Alexander Colville, esq., of Hillside, co. Fife, and second dau. of the late J. Colville, esq., of Trausny, in the same county.

At Edenbridge, aged 93, Mary, widow

of the Rev. Thomas Hayton, late of Edenbridge, Kent.

At Twickenham, aged 74, Capt. J. Colpoys Heaslop, R.N. He entered the navy in 1805 as first-class volunteer on board the *Dragon*. He was much employed on the coast of Catalonia, particularly at the capture of Palamos, and the siege of Tarragona. He was subsequently attached to the American station, and was present at the attacks on Washington and New Orleans.

At Shinfield-grove, Berks, aged 36, Marion, wife of the Rev. George Hulme.

At The Node, Welwyn, Herts, aged 63, William Reid, esq. The deceased was high-sheriff of Herts in 1857, and was a partner in Messrs. Reid & Co.'s brewery.

At Park House, Croydon, aged 63, William Silver, esq., M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Dec. 27. At Hastings, aged 47, the Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave. She was the eldest surviving dau. of William, 8th Earl Waldegrave, by Sarah, dau. of the Rev. William Whitear, prebendary of Chichester, and was born in June, 1819.

At Ramsgate, aged 81, the Rev. Miles Bland, D.D., F.R.S., &c., rector of Lilley, Herts, and prebendary of Wells. He was the eldest and only surviving son of the late Thomas Bland, esq., and was born in 1786. He was educated with Professor Sedgwick, at Sedburgh School, and the two proceeded together to St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1804. Mr. Bland took his B.A. degree in 1808, when he was second wrangler; Mr. Bickersteth, afterwards Lord Langdale, being the senior wrangler of the year; Mr. Blomfield, afterwards Bishop of London, the third; and Mr. Sedgwick the fifth. In the same year he was elected a fellow of St. John's, and in 1809 was appointed assistant-tutor; he proceeded M.A. in 1811, B.D. in 1818, and D.D. in 1826. In 1823 he accepted the college living of Lilley, near Luton, which he held up to the time of his death. In 1826 he was presented by Bishop Law to a prebendal stall in Wells Cathedral. He was a magistrate for Beds and Herts, and a fellow of the Royal Society, the Society of Antiquaries, and the Royal Astronomical Society, and the author of several mathematical and philosophical works. His best-known work is "Bland's Equations." The reverend gentleman married first, Anne, dau. of Thomas Templeman, esq., of Conyngnam House, Ramsgate; and secondly, Emma, dau. of Claud Russell, esq., of Binfield, Berks, which lady died in 1867.

At Tollington-park, London, aged 77, Robert Bower, esq., M.D., R.N.

In Gloucester-road, Regent's-park, aged 70, Antoine Jean François Claudet, F.R.S. See OBITUARY.

At Reading, aged 23, Mary Ann, eldest dau. of the late Rev. W. Keatinge Clay, vicar of Waterbeach, Cambridgeshire.

At Antingham, Charlotte Mary, younger surviving dau. of the Rev. John Dolphin.

In Thomas-street, Southwark, aged 91, Capt. Thomas Gunton, many years a Younger Brother of the Trinity House, and formerly of Yarmouth.

At Highgate, George Knight, esq., of the Public Record-office, London, son of the late Dr. Knight, Professor of Natural Philosophy in Marischal Coll., Aberdeen.

At Lochee, Dundee, the Rev. James Smith, formerly Dean of Moray and Ross.

At Earley Court, Reading, aged 77, Charles Stephens, esq. He was the third son of the late William Stephens, esq., of Aldermaston, Berks, by Mary, dau. of — Pottinger, esq. He was born at Aldermaston in 1790, educated at the Grammar School of Reading under the mastership of Dr. Valpy, and was a magistrate for Berks and senior partner in the banking firm of Messrs. Stephens, Blandy, and Co., Reading. He married, in 1830, Catharine, second dau. of the late Alderman Sir Matthew Wood, bart., M.P., by whom he has left issue two sons.

Dec. 28. At Versailles, aged 82, the Dowager Lady Chamberlain. Her ladyship was Anne Eugenia, dau. of William Morgan, esq., of London, and married, in 1813, as his second wife, Sir Henry Chamberlain, bart., who died in 1829.

At Barfreyston, aged 45, Jane, wife of the Rev. Edward Austen.

At East Bridgford, aged four months, Rose Margaret, infant dau. of the Rev. Arthur A. Barker.

At Cardington, Salop, aged 34, Henry Sheridan Elliot, esq., Capt. R.A.

At 8, Inverness-road, London, Lieut.-Col. Fothergill, of Kingthorp, Yorkshire.

At Boulogne, Francis F. Hamilton, Comm. R.N., son of the late Major-Gen. Hamilton, C.B.

At Dartford, Kent, aged 68, the Rev. William Hodson.

At Ernespie, near Castle-Douglas, N.B., aged 45, James Mackie, esq., M.P., of Bargaly. He was the only surviving son of the late John Mackie, esq., M.P., of Ernespie (who died in 1859), by Anne, eldest dau. of Peter Laurie, esq., of Blackheath, and was born in 1821. He was educated at Rugby and at Oriel Coll., Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1844, and proceeded M.A. in 1847, in which latter year he became an advocate at the Scottish bar. He was a deputy-lieutenant

for Kirkcudbrightshire, and held a commission as a captain in the 1st Kirkcudbright Rifle Volunteers. He was first elected in the place of his late father for Kirkcudbrightshire in April, 1857, since which time he has retained his seat in the House of Commons. He was a Liberal in politics, but disapproved of all "unconstitutional extremes," was opposed to the Maynooth grant, and voted against Earl Russell's Reform Bill of 1866. Mr. Mackie married, in 1853, Jane, dau. of Archibald Horne, esq., of Edinburgh, by whom he has left issue.—*Law Times*.

At Boulogne-sur-Mer, aged 56, Major-Gen. William R. Nedham, R.A.

At Wimbledon, Ann Preest, relict of C. H. Payne, esq., of the Middle Temple.

Aged 78, Ellen Sybilla Peach, of Tockington, Bristol, widow of the Rev. J. J. Cleaver Peach.

At Barton Seagrave, Northamptonshire, aged 66, the Rev. George Powys Stopford. He was the eldest son of the late Hon. and Rev. Richard Bruce Stopford (who died in 1844), by the Hon. Eleanor Powys, eldest dau. of Thomas, 1st Lord Lilford, and was born in 1801. He was educated at Ch. Ch., Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1823, and, having been elected fellow of All Souls' College, proceeded M.A. in 1825; he was appointed rector of Warkton in 1826.

At Breadon House, Croydon, aged 63, Anne, wife of Comm. Walker, R.N.

Dec. 29. At Norwich, aged 85, Mr. Jas. Barrow, Staff-Commander R.N., and the oldest Master in the service, having held his appointment upwards of 60 years.

At Ottawa, Canada, the Hon. Adam Johnston Fergusson Blair, President of the Privy Council of Canada, formerly of Balthayock, Perthshire. He was the second son of Adam Fergusson, esq., by Jemima Johnston, representative of the family of Blair, of Balthayock.

At Dover Castle, aged 44, Lieut.-Col. Joseph Clarke Childs, R.A., only son of Major-Gen. Childs, R.M.L.I.

At Brixton, aged 75, Joseph Glass, esq. The deceased was a great philanthropist. To him the poor climbing-boys chiefly owe their liberation from cruel bondage. He was the inventor of the chimney-sweeping machine now in use, and it was not till the practical value of this invention was established, that the Act of Parliament suppressing the climbing-boy system was passed. Mr. Glass, who never patented his invention, for many years has been engaged in advocating the claims of climbing-boys, and in prosecuting masters for infringements of the Act.—*Court Circular*.

At Manchester, aged 75, the Rev. J. Hannah, D.D., the well-known Wesleyan minister. Dr. Hannah was born at Lincoln in 1792. In 1834 he became theological tutor at the Wesleyan Training Institution at Oxton. In 1842 he was removed to the college at Didsbury, where he remained as theological tutor till he became a supernumerary at the last conference in June. In the year that he was removed to Didsbury he was elected president of the Conference (London); and he was again president in 1851, when the Conference met at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. He was secretary of that assembly in the years 1840, 1841, 1849, 1850, and 1854 to 1858. On two occasions he represented the Wesleyan Conference, once with the Rev. R. Reece, and the second time with Dr. J. F. Jobson, before the American General Conference. At the time of his death he was the oldest member of "the legal hundred." Dr. Hannah leaves a widow, to whom he was married more than fifty years ago, and a son, the Rev. John Hannah, D.D., warden of Trinity College, Glensalmond, who was Bampton Lecturer at Oxford a few years since.

At Passy, Paris, aged 62, Baron Marchetti, R.A. See OBITUARY.

At Moulton Grange, Northampton, aged 85, John Nethercote, esq. He was the eldest son of the late Roger Nethercote, esq., of Clepstone, co. Northampton, who died in 1800. He was born in 1782, was a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant for co. Northampton, and was married, in 1812, to Charlotte Eliza Frances, dau. of the late William O. Hammond, esq., of St. Alban's Court, Kent, by whom he has left, with other issue, a son and heir, Henry Osmond, who was born in 1819, and married, first, in 1847, Anne, dau. of R. Garnett, esq., of Wyreside, Lancashire, and, secondly, in 1857, Charlotte Frances, dau. of Charles Allix, esq., of Willoughby Hall, Lincolnshire.

At Heanor Hall, Derbyshire, aged 85, John Ray, esq.

At Edinburgh, Miss Jane Douglas Moncrieff, only surviving sister of the late Patrick George Skene, esq., of Hallyards.

At Mottram Hall, Cheshire, Mary Catherine, widow of the Rev. Henry Wright.

Dec. 30. Aged 76, Lieut.-Col. Sir Samuel E. Falkiner, bart. See OBITUARY.

At Tottenham, N., aged 17, Seymour Norris, youngest son of the late Perceval Baskerville, esq., Comm. R.N.

In Queen-square, Bloomsbury, aged 75, Miss Sarah Booth, formerly of Drury-lane and Covent-garden Theatres.

Aged 21, Minnie, second dau. of Major Robinson, of Osmondthorpe Hall, Leeds.

In Lupus-street, Pimlico, aged 69, John O'Neil, esq., late of the Quartermaster-General's office, son of the late Major Thomas O'Neil, Assistant-Quartermaster-General at the Horse Guards.

At Edinburgh, aged 61, Professor Patrick Campbell MacDougall, of Edinburgh University. He was the son of the late Rev. Hugh MacDougall, parish minister at Killin, where he was born in 1806. At an early age he went to Edinburgh to attend the High School there, and his father having died whilst Patrick was still a youth, the family settled in the metropolis. Patrick was a highly successful student, and was "dux" of the High School in the session 1821 or 1822, at the age of 15. At the university, which he next attended, he was first in humanity, Greek, and logic; and he took high honours also in mathematics, moral philosophy, and natural philosophy. He afterwards went through the regular course of studies for the Church, but never took licence. At this time he contributed largely to various periodicals, and later he published a collection of essays. About the year 1834 he was offered a classical mastership in the Edinburgh Academy, then under the directorship of Archdeacon Williams; and in this position he continued with great acceptance as a teacher till 1844, when, on the institution of the chair of moral philosophy in the New or Free Church College, he was appointed first professor. And in 1852 he was elected by the Town Council to the chair of moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, vacant by the retirement of Professor Wilson.—*Edinburgh Courant*.

Dec. 31. At Gainsborough, aged 85, Mr. Adam Stark. See OBITUARY.

At Belfast, aged 35, Francis Crossley Colquhoun, Assistant-Commissary-Gen.

At Cheltenham, aged 58, the Rev. Wm. Dobson, M.A. He was born in 1809, educated at the Charter House, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1832, taking high honours; he was subsequently elected Fellow of his College, and proceeded M.A. in 1835. In 1840 he accepted the college living of Tuxford, Notts, and while holding that appointment he was nominated first Principal of Cheltenham College, which appointment he held until 1862. The rev. gentleman married, in 1840, Mary Anne, eldest dau. of B. Harrison, esq.

At Carisbrooke Lodge, Stockwell, aged 75, Capt. Robert Embleton.

At the house of his brother-in-law,

Temple C. Paley, esq., York, aged 39, Hen. Glaisler, esq., of Stokesley, solicitor.

Aged 54, Richard Edmund Goodrich, esq., of Upper Holloway, Chief Clerk of the Judgment-office, Queen's Bench-offices, Temple.

At Bellevue, Clifton, aged 64, Sarah Miles, wife of Capt. Edward Hall, R.N.

At Llangrove, Herefordshire, John Jas. Platt, eldest son of John Harley, esq., of Ross Hall, Shropshire.

At Woodlands, Isleworth, Saml. Simpson, esq., barrister-at-law.

At Leeds, aged 67, Thomas Pridgen Teale, esq., M.D., F.R.S. The deceased held high rank in his profession, being one of the Medical Council, and also one of the Royal Medical Commissioners.

At Heslington Hall, York, Mary Antonia, wife of George John Yarburgh, esq., and third dau. of the late S. C. Hilton, esq., of Pennington Hall, Lancashire. She was married to Mr. Yarburgh in 1840.

Jan 1, 1868. At Liverpool, Sarah, third dau. of the late Rev. T. Harrison, of Park House, Whitehaven.

At Lochmalony, Fifeshire, aged 67, James Horsbrugh, esq., of Lochmalony, formerly of H.M.'s 10th Regt.

In York-terrace, St. John's-wood, aged 78, Marianne, last surviving dau. of the late Sir John Johnson, bart.

At Edinburgh, Louisa Campbell, wife of Kenneth MacLeay, R.S.A., and dau. of the late Sir James Campbell, bart., of Ardkinglas and Craigforth.

At Stockton, Wilts, aged 76, the Rev. Thomas Miles, M.A. He was educated at St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1817, and proceeded M.A. in 1839; he was appointed rector of Stockton in 1856.

At Rickmansworth, Herts, Lieut.-Col. Mill, late 78th Highlanders.

At St. Leonard's-on-Sea, Cecil St. John, infant son of the Rev. James Steuart Ruddach.

In Cloudesley-square, Islington, aged 72, the Rev. John Twycross, M.A., late of Dublin.

At New House, Awre, Gloucestershire, aged 33, John Wade Wait, esq., J.P.

Near Maidstone, suddenly, by his own hand, whilst in an unsound state of mind, aged 35, Mr. F. Walmsley. The deceased had for about twenty years been connected with the *South Eastern Gazette*, as sub-editor and reporter, and was much respected. He has left a widow and five children.

Jan. 2. In Clifton-gardens, W., aged 70, John Doyle, esq. See OBITUARY.

At Edinburgh, Lieut.-Col. James Fraser, C.B., late 2nd Bengal Cavalry. At an

early age he entered the cavalry service of the East India Company, on the Bengal establishment. A splendid horseman, a fine swordsman, 6 ft. 6 in. in height, mounted at the head of his squadron, and towering far above them all, he seemed the very *beau idéal* of a stalwart cavalry soldier; and when the day came to prove his manhood in actual warfare he did not belie the opinion formed of him. During the Affghan war it fell to his lot to lead a charge of native cavalry against a body of Affghan horse commanded by the Ameer Dost Mohammed Khan. The opposing forces were nearly equal. His men were splendidly mounted, and his heart beat high with the coveted opportunity of distinction. Gallantly he led them, and plunged into the thickest of the enemy, but his men failed to support him. Just before reaching the foe he cast one look towards his men, and found that, save his brother officers, there was not a man within 20 yards of him. Assailed on all sides, his reins were speedily cut, and he himself severely wounded — his sword arm being nearly severed. Of seven officers who accompanied him into action three were killed outright, two, including himself, severely wounded, and two only came out of action unscathed. He owed his own escape to the speed and vigour of the powerful English horse which carried him, and which (unguided) bore him back to camp. But he came back a maimed man for life, deeply deploring the cowardice of his men. This mischance gave a tinge of bitterness to all his future life. His career as a fighting man in his own branch of the service was at once cut short by his total inability to wield a sword.—*Scotsman*.

At Dublin, aged 67, Alexander McCarthy, esq., late M.P. for co. Cork. The deceased was a member of the ancient sept of the Macarthys, of co. Cork, and was born in 1800. He was called to the Irish bar in 1826, and was a magistrate for co. Cork; he represented the city of Cork in Parliament in the Liberal interest from Jan., 1846, to July, 1847, and sat for the county of Cork from April, 1857, to May, 1859. He was an unsuccessful candidate for Limerick in 1832.—*Law Times*.

In Gloucester-place, Portman-square, aged 59, William Emmanuel Page, esq., M.D., F.R.C.P., late Senior Physician to St. George's Hospital. He was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1830, and proceeded M.A. in 1833; in the following year he took his degree of B.M., and in 1837 that of M.D. He was elected a fellow of the

Royal College of Physicians in 1838, and on the President's chair passing to Dr. Alderson, he became treasurer of the college.

At Plymouth, aged 71, Commander John Sibly, R.N. The deceased was born in 1796, and entered the Navy in 1811, and served on board the *Tonnant*, off Brest, and in Basque Roads, he subsequently proceeded to the West and East Indies, and was present at the bombardment of Algiers. He was afterwards employed on the Home station, and again in the West Indies. Mr. Sibly, who was for some time Governor of the Brixton House of Correction, married in 1831, Caroline Elizabeth, dau. of the late Lieut. John Derby, R.N., and by her, who died in 1847, had issue an only dau.

At Leamington, aged 27, Esther Adelaide Whittaker, youngest dau. of the late Rev. J. W. Whittaker, D.D., vicar of Blackburn.

Jan. 3. At Trafalgar, near Salisbury, aged five years, the Hon. Albert Horatio, youngest son of Earl Nelson.

At Rome, Katharine Mary Anne dau. of the late Wyrley Birch, esq.

In Onslow-gardens, aged 95, Anne, relict of the Rev. Samuel Crowther, vicar of Christ Church, Newgate-street.

At Quarrwood, Ryde, aged 25, the Hon. Mrs. Emily O'Brien. She was the second dau. of Lord Heytesbury, by Elizabeth, dau. of the late Sir Leonard Worsley-Holmes, Bart., and was born in 1842; she married, in 1862, the Hon. Edward O'Brien, son of Lord Inchiquin, by whom she has left issue three children.

In Portland-place, aged 60, Charles James Palmer, esq. The deceased gentleman was well known as a collector of rare and very beautiful works, especially prints and etchings of the ancient schools of art. He made a name for himself by the courage and patriotism which he displayed in buying the great etching by Rembrandt, of "Christ healing the Sick," which is better known by the nickname of "The Hundred Guilder Print," from the fact that Rembrandt got that sum for it. For many years it had been in the possession of the late Sir Charles Price, and at his death it was sold at the rooms of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge. The disposal of such a great work was an event in Europe, and it attracted collectors from all quarters, the Emperor of the French having sent a special agent to secure it for France. Mr. Palmer, however, purchased it under the hammer for 1180*l.*, though opposed to the last by M. Clement, the emperor's agent. This was

the largest sum ever paid for a print.—
Court Circular.

At St. Helier's, Jersey, Eric Rudd, esq., barrister-at-law. He was the eldest son of the late Rev. Eric Rudd, of Thorne, Yorkshire, and was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1833.

At Ombersley, Worcestershire, aged 71, Frederick Salmon, esq., surgeon, founder of St. Mark's Hospital.

At Wotton-under-Edge, Annie Hodgson, dau. of Gen. H. A. Scott, R.A., and wife of B. H. Hodgson, esq., B.C.S.

At Hoe Court, Herefordshire, aged 81, Ann, widow of John Walker, esq.

Jan. 4. At Drakelowe, aged 61, Sir Henry W. Des Vœux, bart. See OBITUARY.

After a long illness, Mr. Alfred Day, the once famous jockey.

At Otterhampton, Somerset, Emma Evered, widow of the Rev. W. H. Evered, formerly rector of the above parish.

At Folkestone, aged 82, John Charles Kirkman, esq., barrister-at-law.

At Guernsey, aged 81, Captain Bonamy Mansell, R.N. The deceased was a son of the late Thomas Mansell, esq., of Guernsey, and brother of Rear-Admiral Sir Thomas Mansell, K.C.B. (who died in 1858). He was born in 1786, and entered the navy in 1800. He served for some time in the East Indies, and was present at the destruction of the dockyard and stores at Griessee in the island of Java, and of all the men-of-war remaining to Holland in India. He was subsequently engaged in the Ile de Bourbon, and on the coast of North America.

In Westbourne-park, aged 89, Mary, widow of the Rev. George Mason, of Winstor Hall, Derbyshire, and dau. of the late Rev. Richard Baker, D.D., of Cawston.

At Leamington, Elizabeth, the wife of W. A. Skene, esq., of Lethenty, Aberdeenshire.

At Yealand Conyers, Lancashire, aged 52, William Charles Yates, esq., late Captain 1st Royal Dragoons.

Jan. 5. At South Kensington, aged 68, Vice-Admiral Sir William Dickson, bart. See OBITUARY.

At Brighton, aged 80, Ann, last surviving child of the late Lieut.-Gen. Sir Alan Cameron, K.C.B.

At Hammersmith, from congestion of the lungs, Charles Boyce, the celebrated steeple-chase jockey.

At Mavesyn, Kidware, Staffordshire, aged 75, Eliza Catherine Chadwick, widow of Hugo Mavesyn Chadwick, esq., of New Hall, Warwickshire, and dau. of the late Lieut.-Gen. Chapman, R.A., of Tainfield House, Somerset.

In Prospect-place, Maida-hill, aged 67, Maria, widow of Major Wm. Lisle Hall.

At Cound Rectory, Salop, aged three years, Henry Augustus, son of the Rev. Augustus Thursby Pelham.

At Redhill, Surrey, aged 90, Elizabeth, widow of the Rev. William Rose Stephenson, rector of Corringham, Essex.

Jan. 6. At Cricket St. Thomas, Somersetshire, aged 79, the Right Hon. Lord Bridport. See OBITUARY.

At Brook-green, Hammersmith, aged 60, James Bird, esq., Coroner for the Western Division of Middlesex. Mr. Bird, who was a solicitor, and had been for many years in practice at Hammersmith, was elected coroner on the division of the county on the death of the late Mr. Wakley.

At Bath, aged 94, the Rev. Archibald Eyre Obins.

At Melksham, Wiltshire, Julia, wife of the Rev. H. Sheridan Patterson.

At St. Helier's, Jersey, aged 26, Stephen Dixon Power, esq., Lieut. 66th Regt.

At Buckhurst-hill, aged 64, the Rev. John Smith, M.A., rector of that parish. He was educated at St. John's Coll., Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. 1829, and proceeded M.A. in 1833. He was appointed Head Master of the Mercers' School, and Chaplain to the Mercers' Company in 1840, and incumbent of St. John's, Buckhurst-hill, in 1843.

At Sunningwell Rectory, Abingdon, aged 25, Mary, wife of the Rev. G. H. Squire, rector of Sunningwell.

At Brompton, Emily, widow of Admiral Thornton, R.N.

Jan. 7. At Church Crookham, aged 72, Eliza, the widow of the Rev. Charles Dyson, rector of Dogmersfield.

At Manor House, Upper Tooting, aged 67, Joseph Henry Goodhart, esq., J.P.

At Mentone, Emma Frances, wife of Col. F. S. Hamilton, R.A., and dau. of the late T. Darby Coventry, esq., of Greenlands, Bucks.

At Dingwall, N.B., Donald Cameron, a famous Highland piper. Deceased, in 1833, became piper to Sir James J. R. Mackenzie, of Scatwell. In 1843 he entered the service of Seaforth, with whom he has remained ever since, although he received several offers to become her Majesty's piper. Few pipers gained such a number of prizes. He began his triumphant career in 1838, when he won a broadsword at Edinburgh. He won bagpipes in Glasgow in 1841, at Inverness in 1843, at Edinburgh in 1844, and at Perth in 1850. He won the gold medal at the Northern Meeting at Inverness in 1849, and in 1850 a gold medal given by Sea-

forth for competition among the nine best pipers in Scotland. In 1859 he gained the first of the annual champion medals given to the Northern Meeting by the Highland Society of London, and crowned his fame by winning the Great Champion Gold Medal at the Northern Meeting of 1867. He composed several excellent airs, such as "Brahan Castle," "Lady Anne Mackenzie," "Kessock Ferry," &c. — *Inverness Advertiser*.

At Weymouth, aged 77, Admiral Henry Jenkinson, of Fawley, Hants. The deceased was the eldest son of the late Lieut.-Gen. John Jenkinson, and was born in 1790. He entered the Navy in 1806, and was employed for some time on the Bermuda, Channel, and Irish stations. In 1809 he accompanied the expedition to Walcheren, and he was afterwards employed on the North Sea and Lisbon stations. He retired as capt. in 1846, and became an admiral in 1862. He married, in 1823, Elizabeth Lucy Theresa, youngest dau. of the late Sir T. D. Acland, bart., by whom he had issue.

At Lampeter, aged 58, Caroline, wife of the Very Rev. Dr. Lewellin, Dean of St. David's.

Aged 80, Frances Anne, wife of Sir T. N. Reeve, of Richmond, Surrey. She was the only dau. of John Catling, esq., and was married to Sir T. N. Reeve in 1816.

Jan. 8. At Lissadell, co. Sligo, aged 86, Hannah, widow of Sir R. Gore-Booth, bart. She was the dau. of the late Henry Irwin, esq., of Streamstown, co. Sligo, by Anne Stewart, his wife, an heiress of the Scottish house of Stewart, and married, in 1804, to Sir R. Gore-Booth, bart., of Lissadell, by whom, who died in 1814, she had issue two sons and one dau.

At Edinburgh, John, youngest son of the late George Fullerton Carnegie, esq., of Pittarrow.

At Maesteg House, Swansea, aged 65, Penelope Frances, wife of Pascoe St. Leger Grenfell, esq.

In Norland-square, Notting-hill, aged 70, George Edward Hide, esq., formerly Receiver and Accountant General at the General Post-office.

In Seymour-place, Wandsworth, Commander Charles Horace Lapidge, R.N. He was the last surviving son of the late Samuel Lapidge, esq., of Hampton Wick, and was formerly employed in the West Indies and South America, and on the coast of Africa. He was left a widower in 1846.

At St. Helier's, Jersey, aged 13, Charles Frederick Johnstone, eldest son of Major F. Phillips, B.S.C.

At Stanford Rivers, Essex, aged 72,

the Ven. Henry Tattam, D.D., F.R.S., late Archdeacon of Bedford. He was educated at Trinity Coll., Dublin, from which he received the degree of LL.D. The degree of D.D. he obtained from Gottingen, and that of Ph.D. from Leyden. In 1822 he was presented by Lord Eldon, then Lord Chancellor, to the rectory of St. Cuthbert's, Bedford; and in 1831 to the rectory of Great Woolstone, near Newport Pagnel, and both benefices he held up to 1849, when he was presented to the Crown living of Stanford Rivers, Essex. In 1844 he was presented by Dr. Allen, Bishop of Ely, to the archdeaconry of Bedford, and resigned it in 1866. Dr. Tattam, who was a Chaplain in Ordinary to her Majesty, was the author of several theological works in Coptic and English, Coptic and Latin, and Coptic and Arabic; of "Helps to Devotion;" "A Defence of the Church of England," &c.

At Brighton, aged 94, Mary, widow of Charles Watkins, esq., barrister-at-law.

Jan. 9. At Bristol, aged 69, Ann Day, wife of the Rev. Joseph Baynes, late of Wellington, Somerset.

At Ramsgate, aged 65, Mrs. Bradley, widow of the Rev. R. Beadon Bradley, incumbent of Ash Priors, Somerset,

At Shobrooke Rectory, aged 87, Charlotte Anne Hallifax, second dau. of the Right Rev. Samuel, late Lord Bishop of St. Asaph.

At Bramford Speke, Devon, aged two years, Hugh Torin, fourth son of the Rev. R. C. Kindersley.

At Barton Hall, Norfolk, Jane Mary, dau. of the late Sir T. Preston, bart.

At Claydon, Suffolk, aged 106, Mrs. Morfev. She was baptised Nov. 28, 1761. She was a widow for sixty years, and for many years she acted as midwife at the Barham Union; indeed, it is stated that she assisted at the births of half the inhabitants of Claydon. She was in the habit of referring to her younger son, who is 72 years of age, and who is still residing at Claydon, as "her boy William." This wonderful old woman retained her faculties up to the close of last year, and in the course of last summer she recited some short scraps of poetry which she had learnt by rote when only 12 or 13 years of age. She possessed a serene, cheerful temperament, and a naturally strong constitution. — *Bury Post*.

At Hull, aged 71, Thomas Ward, esq., J.P. for the East Riding of Yorkshire.

Jan. 10. At Paris, aged 72, M. Athanase Laurent Charles Coquerel. See OBITUARY.

In York-street, Covent-garden, aged 34, William Simpkin Bohn, esq., eldest son of Henry George Bohn, esq., of North-

end House, Twickenham. The deceased was educated at King's Coll., London, and had for some years assisted his father in his business as a publisher; at the time of his death he was in the employ of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

At Atherstone-upon-Stour, aged 79, the Rev. Thomas Cox, D.D. He was educated at Trinity Coll., Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1811, and proceeded M.A. in 1813, and D.D. in 1824; he was appointed rector of Atherstone in 1814, and of Ox-hill, co. Warwick, in 1824.

Aged 39, Frances Margaret, the wife of Edward James Bury, esq., of Gristhorpe Hall, Filey; also, aged 9 years, Frederic Edward Falkner, their eldest son.

At Blackheath, aged 75, the Rev. John Scott, principal of the Wesleyan Training College, Westminster.

In Great Cumberland-street, W., aged 53, Nathaniel Stainton, esq., M.A., barrister-at-law. The deceased was born in 1814, and educated at Wadham Coll., Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1836, and proceeded M.A. in 1841; he was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1843.

At Hastings, aged 50, Anne Jane, wife of Frederic R. Surtees, esq., barrister-at-law. She was the eldest dau. of the late Hon. and Rev. Charles Douglas (brother of the 17th Earl of Morton), by the late Lady Isabella Douglas, dau. of the 2nd Earl of Arran, and was married to Mr. Surtees in 1843.

At Calton Parsonage, Ashbourne, Derbyshire, the Rev. William Carlisle Ward.

Jan. 11. In Claremont-square, aged 66, Philip James Chabot, esq., M.A., F.R.A.I. He was educated at St. John's Coll., Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1825, and proceeded M.A. in 1828; he was a member of the Hon. Society of Lincoln's-inn.

At Alnwick, aged 50, the Rev. Charles Charlton, incumbent of St. Paul's, Alnwick.

At St. Leonard's-on-Sea, aged 77, Julia, eldest dau. of the late Col. George Dacre, of Marwell Hall, Hants.

Aged 64, Robert Scholfield, esq., of Sand Hall, Howden, Yorkshire.

At Rachan House, Peeblesshire, aged eight months, Herbert James, youngest son of James Tweedie, esq., of Quarter.

Jan. 12. At Froyle, Alton, Hants, aged 38, Sir C. H. Miller, bart. See OBITUARY.

At Dissington Hall, Northumberland, aged 44, Edward Collingwood, esq. He was the eldest son of the late Edward Collingwood, esq., of Dissington (who died in 1866), by Arabella, dau. of Gen. Calcraft; he was born in 1823, and married, in 1844, Frances, dau. of Col. Maxwell.

At Dawlish, Edwin Grove Helyar, esq., formerly of the 14th Regt., son of the late and brother of the present William Helyar, esq., of Coker Court, Somerset.

At Glanarberth, Cardiganshire, aged 46, Arthur Lort Phillips, esq. He was the fourth son of the late John Lort Phillips, esq., of Lawrenny Castle, co. Pembroke (who died in 1839), by Augusta, dau. of the late William Ilbert, esq., of Bowringsleigh, Devon, and was born in 1821; he married Frances, youngest dau. of — Jones, esq., of Pennylan, co. Cardigan.

At Achurch, Northamptonshire, Lewis, eldest son of the Rev. L. F. Potter, rector of Achurch.

At Chelsea, aged 76, Mary Anne, relict of Major Edward Phillip White.

Jan. 13. At Gravesend, Eleanor Penrose, widow of the Rev. Z. H. Drake, and dau. of the late Sir S. Pym, K.C.B.

At Eglington, Northumberland, aged 44, Arabella Sarah, wife of the Ven. George Hans Hamilton, archdeacon of Lindisfarne, and vicar of Eglington.

At Henwick-hill, aged 66, the Rev. George Hodson, M.A. He was educated at St. Magdalen Hall, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1833, and proceeded M.A. in 1837, and was appointed rector of St. Andrew's, Worcester, in 1845.

At Caunton Manor, Notts, aged 89, Samuel Hole, esq. He was the eldest son of the late Samuel Hole, esq., of Caunton Manor (who died in 1819), by Sarah, dau. of John Kercheval, esq., of Wilberforth, co. York; he was born in 1778, and married, in 1812, Mary, dau. of Charles Cooke, esq., of Hallfields, co. Chester, by whom he has left, with other issue, a son and heir, Samuel Reynolds, in holy orders, vicar of Caunton, who was born in 1821, and married, in 1861, Caroline, eldest dau. of the late J. Franklin, esq., of Gonalston.

At Saville House, Twickenham, aged 80, Richard Napier, esq. He was the fourth and only surviving son of the late Col. the Hon. George Napier.

At Bloxworth, Dorset, aged 77, the Rev. George Pickard-Cambridge, of Bloxworth House. He was the eldest surviving son of the late Rev. George Pickard, of Bloxworth, by Frances, dau. of the late Edward Payne, esq., of Ealing House, Middlesex, and was born in 1790. He was educated at the King's School, Sherborne, and at Merton Coll., Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1812, and proceeded M.A. in 1815; he was a magistrate for Dorset, rector of Bloxworth, and also of Winterbourne Thompson in the same county; he assumed the additional name of Cambridge in 1848, after the late C. O.

Cambridge, esq., of Whitminster. The reverend gentleman married, in 1818, Frances Amelia, dau. of the late Martin Whish, esq., by whom he has left issue.

At Portsea, aged 30, the Rev. Robert Stevens, chaplain of the Portsmouth Union, and evening lecturer at St. Mary's, Portsmouth.

At Leeds, aged 27, Mina Eliza, wife of Major T. Wirgman, 6th Inniskilling Dragoons, and fourth dau. of P. H. Muntz, esq., of Edstone Hall, Warwickshire.

Jan. 14. At Shipton Court, aged 83, Sir J. C. Reade, Bart. See OBITUARY.

At Cannes, France, aged 7, Chas. Jas., eldest son of the Hon. Edward Buller Elphinstone.

At Bath, aged 23, Capt. Francis Hill Macnaghten, late 5th Bengal Cavalry, second son of Elliot Macnaghten, esq.

At Dublin, Anna, widow of the Rev. M. D. Pilkington, of Riverville, co. Galway.

At Cannes, aged 14, Sophia Marianne, second dau. of the Rev. John Thornycroft, of Thornycroft Hall, Cheshire.

At Bentinck-street, Cavendish-square, aged 73, Major-Gen. M. A. Waters, R.E.

Jan. 15. At Stirches, Roxburghshire, aged 55, John Scott-Chisholme, esq., of Stirches and Whitehaugh. He was the eldest son of the late Gilbert Chisholme, esq., of Stirches (who died in 1820), by his second wife, Elizabeth, dau. of John Scott, esq., of Whitehaugh, and was born in 1812. He was educated at the Military School and College, Edinburgh, was a magistrate and Commissioner of Supply for co. Roxburgh, and Capt. 34th Roxburgh Rifle Volunteers. He married, in 1840, Margaret, eldest dau. and co-heir of the late Robert Walker, esq., of Mumrells, co. Stirling, by whom he has left issue.

In Hanover-square, aged 64, Grace, the wife of Frederick Dundas, esq., M.P., eldest dau. of the late Sir Ralph and Lady Grace Gore, and granddau. of Barry, Earl of Farnham.

At Brighton, aged 81, Capt. John Small Henry Fraser, H.E.I.C.S.

At Chard, aged 87, Mary, relict of the Rev. Robert Harbin, formerly of Newton House, Yeovil, Somerset.

At Dufton, Westmoreland, aged 83, Alice, wife of the Rev. Jos. R. Henderson.

At Southsea, aged 54, Henrietta Louisa, wife of Capt. Lewis Maitland, R.N., and dau. of the late Sir John N. Newbolt.

At Butley Abbey, Suffolk, aged 26, Eliza, wife of the Rev. T. Robinson, B.A.

At Rock Ferry, Cheshire, aged 65, Maria Charlotte, relict of the late Rev. R. J. Serjeantson, vicar of Snaith, Yorkshire.

At Richmond-hill, aged 91, Henrietta, relict of Capt. Matthew Smith, R.N.

Jan. 16. In Harley-street, aged 79, Mary Josepha, relict of the late Rev. Henry Davies, of Brighton.

At Bayswater, aged 43, Mary, widow of John A. Armstrong Eckford, Major late H.E.I.C.S.

In Devonshire-street, Portland-place, aged 87, John Forbes, esq., Capt. R.N., and formerly of Winkfield-place, Berkshire. He was the son of George Forbes, esq., merchant, of Aberdeen, by Jane, dau. of — Lumsdaine, esq., of Alford, co. Aberdeen, and was born in 1780. He entered the Navy in 1794, as first-class volunteer on board the *Minstaur*, in which he served the whole of his time, and was present at the reduction of St. Lucie, in 1796; the Battle of the Nile, in 1798; and in divers operations on the coast of Italy, including the capture of Naples, Genoa, &c. Being confirmed to a lieutenancy, in 1800, in the *Florentine*, he assisted at the landing of the troops in Egypt in 1801, and for that service was presented with the Turkish gold medal. From May, 1803, till March, 1806, Mr. Forbes was employed in the *Conqueror*, *Leopard*, and *Canopus*, the last two years as flag-lieutenant, during which period he commanded a squadron of boats in the celebrated Catamaran expedition against the Boulogne flotilla in 1804; was on board the *Canopus* in the action off San Domingo in 1806, and came into collision with the batteries at Cadiz. After cruising for a short period in the Channel, he was present at the passage of the Dardanelles, in 1807. He was subsequently appointed acting captain in the *Antelope* at Newfoundland, where he officiated as surrogate and justice of the peace. Captain Forbes' last appointments were the Baltic and home stations. Capt. Forbes, who received a gratuity from the Patriotic Fund in consideration of his wounds, was a member of the Royal Agricultural and Royal Astronomical Societies, and a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant for Perks. He married, in 1814, Letitia Mary, dau. of the late George White, esq., of Oxford, by whom (who survives him) he had issue four sons and three daus.

At Severn Grange, Worcester, aged 56, Renira Henrietta Aldenburgh, widow of the Rev. George Martin, late Chancellor of the Diocese and Canon of Exeter.

Mary Ann Charlotte, wife of Admiral Sir Henry Prescott. She was the dau. of the late Vice-Admiral D'Auvergne, Duc de Bouillon, and was married to Sir Henry in 1815.

Jan. 17. At 3, Suffolk-place, aged 78, the Hon. Daniel Finch. He was the son of Heneage, 4th Earl of Aylesford, by

Lady Louisa Thynne, eldest dau. of Thomas, 1st Marquis of Bath, and was born 23rd Feb., 1789; he was called to the bar at the Inner Temple, in 1814, and was for many years auditor of Canterbury Cathedral.

At Dover, aged 71, Frances Maria, relict of the Rev. Charles Evelyn Cotton, of Etwell Hall, Derbyshire.

At Digswell House, Welwyn, aged 74, Helen Barrington, Lady Norton. She was the dau. of the late Major-Gen. Bruce, of the H.E.I.C.S., and married, in 1813, Sir John David Norton, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Madras, by whom, who died in 1843, she had, besides other issue, two sons, John, now at the bar in India, and Eardley, of the 15th Hussars, who died in India.

At Hountor Villa, Babbicombe, Torquay, aged 84, Elizabeth, relict of the late Thomas Wearing, Lieut.-Gen. R.M.L.I.

At Ramsay, Isle of Man, aged 28, William Weir, eldest and only surviving son of the Rev. J. Weir, D.D., Captain in H.M.'s 103rd Regt., and late Commandant of Ghizree Sanitorium, Scinde.

Jan. 18. At Burnham House, Dingle, co. Kerry, aged 82, the Right Hon. Lord Ventry. See OBITUARY.

Jan. 20. In Ampthill-square, aged 43, Mr. Fredk. Slight, well known for many years as the secretary of the London and Brighton Railway. He was appointed to that office at a very early age about 20 years ago. The deceased continued to act as secretary down to the time of the important inquiries of the investigation committee last year; and it is believed that the anxieties connected with the financial embarrassments of the concern produced a lamentable effect upon him, both mentally and physically, issuing in a complete and premature decay of his powers.—*Express*.

Jan. 22. In Queensborough-terrace, S.W., aged 57, Charles John Kean, esq., F.S.A., F.R.G.S. See OBITUARY.

Jan. 24. At Oxford, the Rev. J. D. Macbride, D.C.L. See OBITUARY.

Lately. At Berlin, of small pox, Count Waligorski, who made many friends in London during his stay here in 1864 and 1865. On his return to Berlin he was elected one of the deputies for the province of Posen in the Prussian

Parliament, of which body his political ability and business habits made him a valuable and esteemed member. A Pole by birth and feeling, he was devotedly attached to his country, and rendered many important services to its cause. He was one of the founders of the "Tellus" society, which has done so much to develop commerce and agriculture in Poland, and took an active part in the establishment of village libraries and reading-rooms, and the circulation of popular educational and other books, with the object of spreading education among the lower classes of his countrymen. His literary abilities were considerable, and it was chiefly owing to his efforts that the *Dziennik Poznanski*, of which he was the proprietor, became one of the best written and most widely circulated of the Polish papers.—*Morning Post*.

At Vienna, aged 77, Baroness Antonia von Arneth. The deceased, fifty-five years ago, as Toni Adamberger, was a celebrated Vienna actress, and the *fiancée* of Theodor Körner. Körner adored her; and her name will not be forgotten in Germany as long as the memory of her lover, the bard of "The Lyre and the Sword," is cherished.—*Athenæum*.

At an advanced age, Faku, chief of the Amaconda nation. The deceased had ever been a staunch ally and friend of the British Government. It is said that one of his sons killed him, Faku not being able to die a natural death, being too big a chief. His third son, Uncagelio, is now chief. Great slaughter is anticipated. Three men have already been sacrificed on the charge of having bewitched him. He sent to the chiefs on the 29th saying that he was dying, and on their arrival on Wednesday he was dead. It rained three days (so the Kaffirs say) on account of his death. Mr. Jenkins is on his way to Natal, but two express messengers have been sent after him, requesting him to return, as his presence would no doubt save many lives from being sacrificed, a Kaffir superstition being that no great chief can die alone. No milk is allowed to be eaten for four days by the men, and three days for the women. All planting is suspended for four days. All the men's rings (escoco) are cut off.—*Natal Mercury*.

REGISTRAR-GENERAL'S RETURNS.
 Births and Deaths Registered, and Meteorology in the following large Towns.

BOROUGH, &c.	Estimated Population in the middle of the year 1867.	Persons for an acre (1867).	TEMPERATURE OF THE AIR (Fahrenheit).				TEMPERATURE OF THE AIR (Fahrenheit).				Deaths registered during the week.	Deaths registered during the week.	Rain-fall in inches.	
			Highest during the week.	Lowest during the week.	Weekly mean of the mean daily values.	Rain-fall in inches.	Highest during the week.	Lowest during the week.	Weekly mean of the mean daily values.	Rain-fall in inches.				
DECEMBER 21.														
Total of 11 large Towns.	5,837,605	47.1	4027	3168	55.4	20.0	41.0	0.72	3404	2941	54.5	24.5	39.2	0.15
London (Metropolis)	3,082,372	39.5	2161	1561	58.9	24.6	41.0	0.50	1701	1493	49.9	29.4	37.2	0.01
Bristol (City)	165,572	35.3	122	106	54.4	29.5	43.4	0.54	91	68	50.8	29.3	39.9	0.11
Birmingham (Borough)	343,948	43.9	231	197	56.4	25.9	41.1	0.90	204	190	51.0	28.2	37.7	0.22
Liverpool (Borough)	492,439	96.4	366	309	53.0	26.9	41.4	0.98	335	300	54.5	28.2	38.9	0.11
Manchester (City)	362,823	80.9	245	243	7.4	201	223	52.0	30.0	38.3	0.16
Salford (Borough)	115,013	22.2	74	62	54.5	26.0	39.9	1.46	66	51	52.7	28.5	39.0	0.24
Leeds (Borough)	232,428	10.8	136	104	53.5	29.5	41.5	0.71	201	113	50.5	24.5	38.0	0.11
Hull (Borough)	106,740	30.0	104	63	52.0	20.0	37.3	0.77	86	54	46.0	25.0	34.9	0.22
Edinburgh (City)	176,051	39.8	140	108	53.7	29.0	40.1	0.60	113	100	50.7	36.0	43.7	0.10
Glasgow (City)	440,379	87.1	311	235	333	273	49.8	34.2	42.1	0.31
Dublin (City & some suburbs)	319,210	32.8	137	180	54.0	29.5	44.0	0.32	73	136	53.8	28.4	41.9	0.12
JANUARY 4.														
Total of 11 large Towns.	5,837,605	47.1	4338	3230	47.7	21.0	32.1	0.11	4036	3237	50.7	25.0	34.5	0.61
London (Metropolis)	3,082,372	39.5	2318	1694	40.7	22.8	30.1	0.05	2132	1574	35.9	25.0	30.6	0.81
Bristol (City)	165,572	35.3	111	73	36.8	23.7	29.6	0.02	115	76	42.8	28.6	33.2	1.46
Birmingham (Borough)	343,948	43.9	227	200	38.5	24.2	30.9	0.05	224	191	39.0	26.7	32.4	0.39
Liverpool (Borough)	492,439	96.4	337	306	38.8	25.4	32.3	0.21	350	316	46.6	28.0	34.7	0.39
Manchester (City)	362,823	80.9	251	273	41.5	24.2	38.5	0.08	258	245	40.0	28.0	35.4	0.26
Salford (Borough)	115,013	22.2	88	73	40.6	24.5	32.6	0.04	85	68	39.0	26.9	34.5	0.35
Leeds (Borough)	232,428	10.8	214	121	41.0	24.5	33.4	0.14	112	133	39.0	30.0	34.8	0.60
Hull (Borough)	106,740	30.0	89	56	41.0	21.0	32.0	0.44	82	62	39.0	27.0	34.2	0.54
Edinburgh (City)	176,051	39.8	152	75	125	86	43.7	26.0	35.9	0.40
Glasgow (City)	440,379	87.1	352	230	40.0	22.5	32.4	0.02	385	287
Dublin (City & some suburbs)	319,210	32.8	166	196	47.7	22.6	34.8	0.10	168	199	50.7	26.8	39.3	0.96

METEOROLOGICAL DIARY, BY H. GOULD, late W. CARY, 181, STRAND.
From December 22, 1867, to January 23, 1867, inclusive.

Day of Month.	Thermometer.			Barom.	Weather.	Day of Month.	Thermometer.			Barom.	Weather.
	8 o'clock Morning.	Noon.	11 o'clock Night.				8 o'clock Morning.	Noon.	11 o'clock Night.		
Dec.	°	°	°	in. pts.		Jan.	°	°	°	in. pts.	
22	50	51	41	29. 86	rain	8	33	34	33	29. 98	cloudy, rain
23	36	41	46	29. 90	cloudy	9	32	33	32	30. 09	do., do.
24	42	49	45	30. 04	do., fair	10	32	34	32	30. 07	do.
25	40	44	42	30. 12	foggy, rn., fog	11	33	36	37	29. 78	sn., heavy rn.
26	35	41	33	30. 17	do.	12	38	45	42	29. 85	rain
27	33	39	38	30. 25	do.	13	45	49	47	29. 39	clo., fair, rn.
28	32	35	31	30. 18	do.	14	48	52	52	29. 57	do., rain
29	31	42	38	30. 05	do.	15	45	51	43	29. 84	fair
30	33	33	33	30. 18	do.	16	43	51	52	30. 04	rain, clo., rain
31	29	33	32	30. 12	fair	17	51	52	47	29. 68	do.
J. 1	31	33	32	30. 09	foggy, fair	18	48	50	47	29. 15	cons. hea. rn.
2	29	34	31	30. 07	do., heavy sn.	19	44	49	43	28. 98	rain, fair, clo.
3	24	31	30	30. 05	do., fr., sli. sn.	20	43	46	38	29. 05	foggy, do.
4	31	31	30	29. 87	snow, sleet	21	43	42	41	29. 53	do., do., rain
5	31	34	32	29. 92	do, do.	22	40	38	38	28. 96	heavy rain
6	32	32	32	29. 90	do., rain	23	38	38	35	29. 71	fair
7	32	33	34	29. 89	fair, heavy sn.						

DAILY CLOSING PRICE OF STOCKS.

Dec. and Jan.	3 per Cent. Consols.	3 per Cent. Reduced.	New 3 per Cents.	Bank Stock.	Exch. Bills £1,000.	East India Stock.	India Bonds £1,000.	India 5 per Cent. St.
Dec.								
23	92 ² / ₁₀ 11 x.d	92 ¹ / ₈	92 ¹ / ₈	240 42	25 29 pm.	Shut.	30 40 pm.	111 ¹ / ₂ 12
24	92 ¹ / ₂	92 ¹ / ₈	92 ¹ / ₈
27	92 ¹ / ₄	92	92	111 ¹ / ₂
28	92 ¹ / ₄	92	92
30	91 ⁵ / ₈	92	91 ⁵ / ₈	239 41	23 27 pm.
31	92	91 ³ / ₄	91 ³ / ₄	110 ³ / ₄ 11 ¹ / ₄
J. 2	92	91 ³ / ₄	91 ³ / ₄	...	22 26 pm.
3	92	91 ⁷ / ₈	92
4	92 ¹ / ₄	92	92	33 38 pm.	...
6	92 ³ / ₈	92 ¹ / ₈	92 ¹ / ₈	32 38 pm.	...
7	92 ¹ / ₄	92	92	35 40 pm.	111 ¹ / ₂
8	92 ¹ / ₄	92	92	240 42
9	92 ¹ / ₄	92	92
10	92 ¹ / ₄	92	92
11	92 ¹ / ₄	92	92
13	92 ¹ / ₄	92	92	...	23 27 pm.
14	92 ¹ / ₄	92	92	...	23 26 pm.
15	92 ¹ / ₄	92	93	...	23 27 pm.
16	92 ¹ / ₄	93 ¹ / ₈	93 ¹ / ₈	111 ¹ / ₄ 3 ³ / ₄
17	92 ¹ / ₄	93	93	241 43	22 27 pm.
18	92 ¹ / ₄	93	93	242 44	22 26 pm.
20	92 ¹ / ₄ 93	93 ¹ / ₄	93	...	23 27 pm.	111 ¹ / ₂ 12
21	92 ³ / ₄	93	93	111 ³ / ₄ 12 ¹ / ₄
22	92 ³ / ₄	92 ³ / ₈	92 ³ / ₈

J. B. HEWITT,
3, Crown Court,
Threadneedle Street.

THE

Gentleman's Magazine

AND

HISTORICAL REVIEW.

MARCH, 1868.

NEW SERIES. *Aliusque et idem.*—*Hor.*

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BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENT.

The Editor has reason to hope for a continuance of the useful and valuable aid which his predecessors have received from correspondents in all parts of the country; and he trusts that they will further the object of the New Series, by extending, as much as possible, the subjects of their communications: remembering that his pages will be always open to well-selected inquiries and replies on matters connected with Genealogy, Heraldry, Topography, History, Biography, Philology, Folk-lore, Art, Science, Books, and General Literature.

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S. U.

The Gentleman's Magazine

AND

HISTORICAL REVIEW.

Auspice Musâ.—*Hor.*

MADemoiselle MATHILDE.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER XLI.

MADAME APPEARS IN STRANGE COMPANY.



Every one seemed likely to have his own way. There had never been but one disturbing cause—the *incompris* André Desilles; and he was dead, and out of the way. If he had never (been reported to have) said those words about Mathilde's ugliness, things might have been otherwise.

But André Desilles was what is called a square man, and would not fit into a round hole; and he was dead on the stones of Nanci, and there was an end of him. And Adèle cried over the quiet, melancholy baby for one whole September afternoon, for she had a very tender little heart; and she told the melancholy baby that she had always told him what would come of this odious, this wicked, revolution (which she had not, by the bye), and the baby screwed its face into the ghost of a giggle. And she went sadly among her flowers for nearly a day.

Sir Lionel Somers, coming softly, as was his custom, into the great room at Sheepsden, saw Mathilde staring out of window towards the south-east.

He came up and kissed her hair; and she turned a perfectly white face towards him, in which there was an expression of ghastly wonder and terror. "Lionel," she said, quietly, "they have

killed André. The soldiers have shot him stark dead upon the stones at Nanci. Old André! I cannot understand it. Will you stay by me and bear with me? for I feel as if all the world were gone from me but you; and there is no church here."

So the interest of our story concentrates now, I hope naturally, upon the two sisters, and, to some extent, on the two houses in which they lived so entirely separated from one another.

Montauban, now utterly destroyed as an evil and unbearable thing, was a typical place—a place so remarkable as to be almost worth recalling again. Approaching it from almost any quarter, you passed through miserable villages, the foreheads of whose inhabitants were stamped not so much with the seal of Revolution as with the blood-red Cain-mark of Jacquerie. Read Arthur Young, and see how much they will bear. The approaches to Montauban were an exception in Brittany, where the peasants had still so much faith in landlord and priest as to be ready to die for them, would they only lead.

Passing these miserable villages you rose to the level of the great forest, and looked upon an ocean of trees, an apparently level ocean, from the diametrical centre of which, on the only mound in that great wooded plateau, rose the castle, dominating the highest tree: a lurid mass of crimson and purple, many-peaked, fantastic, with one great tower of flat slate standing high aloft above the others. It looked like a vast red ship at anchor in and above an endless ocean of green forest. Was it beautiful? It was beautiful beyond measure, with the beauty of Jezebel. Peasants and travellers sometimes saw it aloft from afar, like the evil wild sunset of a day grown hopeless, of a day so hopeless that men turned in despair to the very night itself, hoping only for what weather the morrow's sun would bring. The interior of this beautiful domain had been, hitherto, nameless wickedness; outside, a desolate Paradise of boars, wolves, and stags as far as the eye could reach. The inside of it abomination, the outside of it desolation. If ever a place had reached the requirements of the abomination of desolation, it was Montauban.

And here had come two of the gentlest, most innocent, souls ever born into the world, and had taken possession of it—Adèle and Father Martin. To them this wicked place was an Eden of perfect purity and beauty. There was no evil for *them*. Some souls can make an Eden in a reformatory. I learnt that fact twenty-five years

ago, when I first saw the late Miss Neave (now, I fear, forgotten with her work,) among the fallen and refractory girls at Manor House.

So Father Martin and Adèle, and the very melancholy baby lived in the red castle, and for music heard the wolves howl at night; with the marks of the *tapage* of the now-banished Mamelukes all around them, and the ghosts of old iniquities rustling in every corridor.

Wipe the palette of these chromes and vermilions, and let us have some grey. Enough of Montauban for the present. Let us breathe without four miles of a dense forest all round us. Let us see where the other sister was. Let us have a look at Sheepsdén.

How brisk and nimble the south-west wind comes here then! Take off your hat and sit on the close turf, and drink it in like the best of all good champagne. And you shall have music with your wine. If you do not believe me, listen. What is that sound like the low rushing of innumerable violins up to a great passage? That is the wind amidst the grass and among the fir trees, high over head. What is that strange, booming, subdued harmony, which comes in so well, as though of the wind instruments supporting the sibilant rush of the violins? That is the lowing and the bleating of the cattle and the sheep. What is that magnificent golden staccato which comes in and subdues and harmonises with everything else? That is the sound of the minster bells at Stourminster Osborne rung by our young men. They are in for a grandsire triple, and will do it under the hour; such wonderful young men are ours. Music? You shall have music enough here, if you will listen to it,—better than Brittany bagpipes.

Scenery again. Is not this better, and better used, than the dull, everlasting woodlands of Brittany? In all Brittany is there one grand chalk down so fine as this, hurling itself down suddenly into the level of the valley, and so wonderfully well utilised from the summit, where the short, sweet thymy sward is nibbled by the sheep, down to the rich base, where it subsides into the cattle-bearing meadows? No forest here nearer than Cranbourne or the New Forest. The peasants in these parts would not stand wolves and wild boars; and let that matter be understood very early and with singular emphasis. Gilbert White tells us that a lord in his parts

tried to introduce them, near about this time, "but the people rose on them and destroyed them." It seems, sometimes, a pity that the French people should not have made their will known sooner. But this was their *first* revolution; ours was over and gone one hundred and fifty years. And so it was a pleasanter thing to live at grey dim Sheepsden, among the elms, below the fir trees, than it was to live at the dark red Montauban, rising, as if on an altar, above the level forest.

Although one would much rather have been at Sheepsden in those times, yet action, the thing which a story-teller must attend to first, was all at Montauban. The reader may say that both places were equally dull; that Sir Lionel and Mathilde, philandering—almost platonically—at Sheepsden, were scarcely less dull than Adèle and Father Martin philandering—quite platonically—at Montauban. To which I answer, by no means. At Sheepsden there was no Madame D'Isigny; now, on the other hand, at Montauban there was.

She had got in there. Father Martin knew that she would, and wondered how; and she did. Though he knew that she would, he wondered how she would do it; and as time went on, and she made no sign, but lived in her old house in the Rue de Jesuil, at Dinan, apparently quite contented, this very foolish priest began to think that Medea was going to keep her word, and was not going to involve Adèle in any of her very dangerous political schemes.

Foolish priest! Did he not know that there comes a time in every house when something happens with which the priest has nothing to do at all—when he is of less importance, and of less authority, than the dirtiest old charwoman who has had a family; a time when he is put out of court as an inexpert, and has to get his meals as he may; and when some member of his flock is certain to rise from her knees, in the middle of prayers or mass, and leave the room hurriedly on a false, or purely fictitious, alarm from the *nursery*? Where is your priest at such a time? Nowhere. Father Martin had not calculated on this; but, on the other hand, Madame had.

The melancholy baby fell ill, and they sent for the doctor. Now it will raise your opinion of Madame's power of conspiracy when I tell you that she had brought up one of the discharged Mamelukes to do her bidding, paying him nearly enough to keep his fellows, for the mere purpose of watching the only available doctor's house for her. The messenger arrived from Montauban at one o'clock in the day. By ten o'clock at night this exemplary young man was before

Madame D'Isigny's door, in the cross street above the Jesuil gate, at Dinan, rather drunk, but remembering his message.

No one answered his knocks, and there was no bell. He at last bethought himself of opening the door, and did so, shutting it behind him, in terror of the anger of the terrible lady who was somewhere within.

It was so dead, so silent, so cold, and so dark, that it appalled him, drunk as he was. He groped his way along a slippery, slimy passage, paved with slate, until he tumbled against some stone stairs, up which he went, and arrived at a long, dark corridor, through the window at the end of which corridor the moon seemed to have bent down to have a sly look at him; after which she disappeared. This exemplary young Mameluke began to think that he had been having more to drink than was good for him lately, which was indeed the fact, and was inclined to call out; but was only deterred from fear of the terrible Madame appearing. He opened very gently, according to his training, door after door along this corridor, and looked into the rooms. Four of these rooms in succession were dark and silent, which frightened him; the fifth, which was lit up, he opened with more confidence, but very quietly.

A very beautiful girl was lying in bed, asleep. She had been reading in bed, and had left her lamp burning, so that its light was shed upon her face. Her right arm had pulled the clothes up on to her throat, her left arm lay bare over the coverlet, with the book she had been reading fallen idly from her hand. Her cheek was pressed on to the pillow, and over the pillow lay her hair, spread out like the seaweed on the rocks at St. Malo. Our tipsy Mameluke shut *this* door pretty quickly. It is difficult to brutalise a man before he is one-and-twenty. He closed the door in terror, and stood once more in the dark corridor.

The young man passed along the passage until he came to the window at the end, through which the moon had looked at him, and then he perceived that the keyhole of the door to the left of him was illuminated, and he heard voices.

He listened, as his nature directed him, but although he could hear every word, he could not understand one. There were, he guessed, four people in the room, and they were speaking of numbers—51, 52, 53, 54, were the first numbers he heard. Each number was read out by a rather pleasant female voice; and after each number there was discussion. Fifty-one and fifty-two seemed,

to this rapidly sobering young man, to pass without challenge ; fifty-three, however, was most strongly objected to by two out of the four voices. Fifty-three, it seemed to the young man, must be a terrible fellow. Hearing the catalogue of fifty-three's crimes, our young Mameluke began to feel himself rather a respectable and virtuous youth.

The way in which this fifty-three, nameless for evermore, was denounced by the two dissentient voices, made our young man very much inclined to bolt. There was nothing which fifty-three had not done. The loudest of the denunciatory voices summed up his crimes. Friend of Lafayette, friend of Mirabeau, friend—would Madame pardon him—of D'Isigny, lover—would Madame once again pardon him, these were not times for hiding truth—of a young lady who was the open and avowed friend of the devil Marat.

The second denunciatory voice took up the tale, but very shortly. This gentleman shortly said that unless fifty-three was removed from the roll, he would blow his brains out with a pistol.

“You heat yourselves unnecessarily, you two,” said the strong voice of Madame D'Isigny. “Fifty-three is removed from the list. In fact, he is dead, and has saved us all trouble. He struck out for the law at last, and the men of his regiment killed him. He was worth the whole lot of you put together. And Marat again ! Why do you call Marat a devil ? I talked with him the other day, and thought him rather a good fellow. He wants to hang us and our party up in a row ; and we, on the other hand, want to hang him and his party up in a row. It is equal, is it not ? I rather like your Marat ; he speaks out and says what he wants.”

There was a dead silence after this very terrible speech. No one seemed inclined to say a word. The roll of numbers was read on, until there was a violent hitch at fifty-nine and sixty. Over these two numbers there was battle royal ; on the one side Madame, on the other the four voices. The argument was so fierce and so loud that its purport could not be gathered by the listener ; but Madame's voice was the loudest and most determined of all the voices, and in the end prevailed. The first coherent thing said about these two numbers was in the voice of Madame herself.

“You are all imbeciles about these two men. You say they are tainted with the new opinions ; it is true. You say they are fools ; also true. But they are both thoroughly frightened at the Revolution, and will stay in heart with us, while at the same time they will keep

up social communications with, at all events, the Feuillans, and will do us infinite service. Why fifty-nine, my husband, visits Marat; and sixty is a fool who has married my daughter. I tell you that we must keep these two with us."

The gentleman who had proposed to blow his brains out, asked whether, as Madame was so resolute in retaining her husband's name on the list, it would not be better to utilise him in some way. Could they not, for instance, get M. D'Isigny to act as their agent in buying up Marat. Marat was a most notoriously needy man, and a very dangerous man. Madame's husband was a friend of his; was it not possible that she could use her influence on her husband to bring about the negotiation.

Madame's answer was, "No. I am not afraid of my husband or of anything else, as the world most notoriously knows; but I should hardly like to face him with such an iniquitous proposition. Again, you people are, as I have often told you, silly, and know nothing. You could as little bribe Marat as you could get D'Isigny to take your bribe to him. 'Every man has his price,' some one said. I tell you they lie, and are fools. A fanatic has no price. You do not know a fanatic: look at me then and see one; and the madman Marat is another. We have no price. We are *enragés*."

All the numbers up to 72 seemed to go right to this listening and somewhat crapulous groom. There was a hitch and a discussion at this number however, which he only partly heard, as he became painfully aware that some one was trying the front door as he had done, and that his time was short, unless he wished to be caught listening.

This discussion was not so loud as the others. Madame had bullied the rest of the conspirators so thoroughly. "I tell you," she said, "that I expect a summons which will call me to Montauban; and once in that house, let those who would turn me out, try. My daughter Adèle is foolish, and I can mould her. The priest will be with us in the end, or die. Hark! some one knocks!"

In fact it was the case. The crapulous groom, hearing a belated conspirator come blundering up the stone staircase in the dark, clicking his sword against the stone walls, began to reflect that if he was caught listening there, his life was not worth, in time two minutes, in money not a livre and a half (reducible in the present French currency to one franc and eighty to eighty-five centimes); so he knocked.

Madame was deaf to the first knock, but our young man was so painfully alive to the fact of a bloodthirsty aristocrat with a sword, blundering through the darkness towards him, that he knocked again almost furiously. The advancing aristocrat cried out, "Qui vive," and Madame cried out, "Entrez." The young man accepted Madame's invitation, and went in.

Of course there was no one but Madame, and she had on a silver stirrup, and was netting fishermen's nets. The young man was not wise, but having been listening for nearly an hour outside the door, the behaviour of Madame did seem to him a little overdone. Even in his benighted mind there arose a dim consciousness that Madame was overdoing it, and that he could have done it better himself. He could hear the other conspirators squabbling in fierce whispers in the next room perfectly plain; and here was Madame netting away, in spectacles, and not making very good weather of *that*, as a sailor might say. Our young man had no objection to a farce, but he liked it done well. He liked a tone of probability about it. There was no probability here.

All embarrassment was saved in his case, for the latest conspirator blundered over him as he stood in the doorway, and shot him into the middle of the room. The Mameluke, turning to offer a mild remonstrance, perceived at once that the belated royalist was deeply disguised in liquor.

Madame pointed out the fact to this belated aristocrat in that extremely emphatic language which I have previously noticed as being a *specialité* of hers. The language was too emphatic for reproduction, and the aristocrat resented it. After balancing himself carefully, he informed Madame, who was perfectly unconcerned, that it was foreign to his nature to resent an insult from a lady, and then retired, revenging himself by swearing awfully along the corridor. Madame heard him fall down stairs with perfect equanimity, and silently turned her stony gaze on the terror-stricken Mameluke.

He delivered his message under the influence of that Gorgon stare. The son and heir of the house of De Valognes was dangerously ill.

"I am *en route* for Montauban, you people," he heard her say. "Don't make greater imbeciles of yourselves than you can help without me. We shall none of us meet very likely for a long time, for once in that house, in the midst of that loyal population, I shall remain. And you will send no more communications to me, with-

out my orders. There are snakes in the grass. Just come into the front room again for a moment. There is a young man there whose portrait I want taken."

The young man heard a trampling of feet, and a rattling of swords, and a moment afterwards the whole of these very dangerous *Vendean* conspirators were before him, looking at him. What little nerve he had left was gone, as they say, through the heels of his boots, by now; he was simply desperate. Fourteen gentlemen of the class whose desperate mettle he knew, having lived among such for good or for evil all his life. And these fourteen terrible gentlemen calmly fixed their twenty-eight eyes on him with a view to future recognition. Marat would have shaken his tawny hair, stretched out his ten fingers, and given them utter defiance; Danton would have hurled some of his terrible words at their heads; Robespierre would have—I do not know what Robespierre would have done—nobody seems to understand that man, not even Lewes. But the wild young Mameluke, a parasite on their tree, was simply stricken with terror at the dreadful array of fourteen of the order which he had been taught to dread and had learned to hate, standing before him with their eyes on his face. And besides there was Madame D'Isigny smiling carelessly upon him.

These particular fourteen were a set; Mameluke knew them all save two; and those two stood in front of the others.

Madame D'Isigny said, "I have trusted and paid this young man, Messieurs. You will remember him again."

A very young gentleman among the crowd suddenly said, "It becomes then a question whether or no the highest and purest morality does not dictate his death. Madame's indiscretion is enormous. I do not see how we can save ourselves and the cause without the death of this young man."

The terrified Mameluke cast his eyes on the two men who stood in advance of the rest, in utter despair. He saw that they were laughing at this bloodthirsty nonsense, and took heart at once. A valet is as used to judge men by their appearance as another, and he looked at these two with wonder, with the more wonder because one of them, the one who stood in advance of the other, was not a gentleman at all, but a young man, a little over twenty-five, who seemed half-sailor, half-peasant. Yet the magnificent gentleman who stood rather behind this peasant, and kept his arm affectionately on his shoulder, was from his *entourage*, a gentleman of the first

water ; and they were both, evidently, in some way or another, men of mark. Indeed they were. The sailor-peasant who stood nearest to him, was Charette ; the nobleman who had his arm in the French way round his neck, was Henri de la Rochejacquelein—names, like Danton's, “not unknown in the Revolution.”

“Stop that nonsense, De Morbihan,” said La Rochejacquelein, after he and Charette had had their laugh together. “We have no intention of murdering the young man. You disgrace the King. He gets his dismissal from Madame.”

“Swear him,” said De Morbihan, coming forward.

“Nonsense !” said Charette. “What would be the use of that ? What is his oath worth until he understands the question ? Let me speak to him. Look at me, young man.”

The young man looked at the sailor, and felt that he would rather have looked at a pleasanter face. It was determined, it was calm ; but there was a twinkle of ferocity about the eyes, which he did not like at all.

“If you hold your tongue, you are safe. If you speak, you die : whether you are in Brittany, in Paris, in London, you die. You would ask, are we assassins, then ? We answer, not as yet. Do not force us to become so. Your life is in your own hands, and not in ours. To keep it safe you had better join us.”

The young man thought so also ; but at that moment Charette was thrust aside by Madame D'Isigny, who said :

“Leave him, Charette ; he is under my care. Go, at once, to Montauban, and tell Father Martin that I am coming.”

“Madame, I am afraid of the forest alone.”

“Believe that Captain Charette the Sailor is behind you, my friend, and you will not fear the wolves. Go, now, swiftly and straight, and remember that I am following. I also dread the forest, and so may require some of these gentlemen to follow me. Let us find you there, my good young man, with your message safely delivered when I arrive, or some of my escort may take it into their heads to look after you as they return.”

CHAPTER XLII.

MADAME'S PLOT PROSPERS.

FATHER MARTIN summoned the major-domo. He was walking quickly up and down the room in a state of comical confusion and ill-temper. "Madame the mother of the Marquise is coming," he said.

"Does Madame stay long?" asked the major domo.

"Yes; in permanence," snapped Father Martin. "I have tried hard to keep her from getting her foot into the house; but she has got it in, in spite of me, and she will take it out again no more. No more!"

"What rooms shall I prepare for Madame?"

"Those in the extreme end of the east wing, or the west wing, or in the attics, or anywhere, where the clack of her tongue may not be heard by passers by."

"Will the east wing do, M. le Curé?"

"If it is out of the way it will."

"It is retired. Does Madame expect guests?"

"I suppose so. Women seldom talk their own nonsense without listeners."

"Will Madame receive many?"

"Yes; all the fools in Brittany," said Father Martin, testily.

So Madame arrived, and nursed the melancholy baby. I dare say her presence had something to do with the extraordinary complacent misery of that child. Possibly, also, the expression of Father Martin's face reflected itself in some way on the baby's; for Father Martin's expression of face was extremely melancholy. For Madame's messenger, the Mameluke, like a loose-mouthed young Auvergnois, finding himself under the protection of a tight-mouthed, determined Breton-Norman, like Father Martin, had not only given Madame's message, but had told Father Martin every detail of the extraordinary circumstances under which it was sent. He looked over his shoulder once or twice, to see if Charette was behind him; but the instinct of gabble was too strong for him, and he told Father Martin everything, from beginning to end. He saw that the château was to be made the centre of a great Royalist plot; and he groaned helplessly.

Madame did her duty as a mother by Adèle and the baby, and then retired into her rooms again. "In the present state of politics," she said, "she did not wish to speak too much to her daughter on any subject which would be likely to agitate her. She confessed that she herself felt strongly on politics,—an old woman might without offence. Her daughter's husband had taken up, to a certain extent, with the new ideas. Nothing was more wicked than to cast any word between man and wife which would lessen their respect for one another. Therefore, she felt it her duty to see as little of Adèle as possible. Yet she had her sentiments as a mother, and only asked to see her daughter once a day, if Father Martin did not object. The good father would allow for her weakness towards her own daughter. The good father (she never could keep that forked snake's tongue of hers between her teeth long together) knew nothing of these things. He was too righteous, too far removed from human passions to appreciate the revived *storge* which came upon a mother when her daughter first gave her rank as a grandmother. The good father, in his perfect righteousness, would forgive a poor, sinful, old woman for taking an interest in her own daughter. Might she see her own daughter once a day? How long might she stay? And, oh! might she go to mass?"

I don't know what Father Martin was going to say when she said this. What he said was, "Madame, you may go to—(she says he made a pause here, he said he did nothing of the kind)—mass as often as you like."

Father Martin rather astonished the old major-domo after this. The major-domo was giving the good father his dinner on a Friday—the very day of this conversation—and his dinner consisted of trout—a *consommé*, or something of that sort—I do not understand gastric matters. I doubt there was meat in the gravy of it, and that the good father was committing venial sin in eating it; but that was the cook's fault, for no one was more particular than Father Martin in observing what I call the superstitions of his Church; and the old servants loved him so well that they deluded him out of his fasts. However, he left his trout untasted, and after a long silence, rose up and walked to and fro. Then he turned suddenly on the major-domo, pointed his finger at him, and said:

"You can manage them if they don't take to lying; but when they take to lying persistently, what are you to do? You can't tell them of it, you know."

And the major-domo, without the wildest idea of what Father Martin spoke about, said promptly, with the well-trained dexterity of an old servant, and he a Frenchman: "Such a course would be wrong in two ways: in the first, it would be impolitic; in the second, ungentlemanlike."

Father Martin looked at him with wonder and astonishment.

"Do you mean to say that you understand my allusion?"

"Not at all, M. l'Abbé, but it is necessary for a servant to give a polite answer."

"Do you know, my dear friend, that you are very little removed from a foolish person," said Father Martin.

"It is most likely, M. l'Abbé. For my part I quite believe it."

CHAPTER XLIII.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE PIETY AND VIRTUE OF MADAME D'ISIGNY.

MADAME D'ISIGNY being thus established at Montauban, beyond Father Martin's powers of removal, months and months went on, and she only sat netting fishermen's nets, being profoundly affectionate to Adèle, and profoundly deferential to Father Martin.

She profited deeply by this good man's ministrations. She had been, and she confessed it, exasperated by her husband's incessant contradiction into a state of fury; but that, she told Father Martin, was all passed, and she forgave him. Would it not be possible, she asked him, to bring about a reconciliation. She for one was ready.

Father Martin would be delighted to undertake the negotiation. Whereupon Madame dissolved into tears, and blessed him.

Next, it appeared that her religious state was all wrong together, and required seeing to. She never, she said, would have got into her late state of fury if she had had the benefit of *his* offices. Would he direct her? To which Martin replied that he should be most happy to do so.

"I will show you your duties, Madame, in a perfectly plain manner. It will be better for all who are connected with you if you will follow them. I direct you therefore this night to meditate on the patriarch Abraham, who represents hospitality, in order that you may not abuse that of your noble and good son-in-law, by ruining his very foolish wife. I also direct you to pray to the Virgin, who

represents the piety of a mother towards her child. I will also tomorrow, Madame, preach in the chapel to these Bretons, and I will illustrate and expose the later and spurious legend of St. Elizabeth, of Thuringia—the legend of the loaves and the roses, Madame; the legend which makes the good God himself back up a lie by a miracle; a thing which he never did yet, Madame, and never will.”

Father Martin was not a woman's priest, as I have remarked before.

In spite of such very *prononcé* spiritual directions as these, Madame believed she was humbugging him. I rather begin to believe that a thorough-going conspirator will believe anything—even that every needy rascal, to whom he unfolds his plans, will not sell him for a gallon of beer; else why did that celebrated “party leader,” Catiline, go down to the house on a certain occasion. The Philistine Cicero is generally too strong for the Samson of conspiracy; for conspiracy generally ends in the breaking of shop windows, and the world hates that just now, as much as it does the devil.

Madame D'Isigny would have deceived a younger priest; she only puzzled him, without for a moment putting him off his guard. “What an awful fool that woman is!” he said. “Does she believe that I can forget that eight months ago she was the most furious woman in France. Does she conceive me to be a man deprived of memory? Does she think that this continued quiescence on her part will lull *me* to sleep? She evidently does, and is therefore mad. I wish to heaven she would make her next move, I am sick of this.”

Madame, however, continued in a state of the most masterly inactivity. She knew that her work was being done better elsewhere, and that her *rôle* was to wait. She knew, although she had no precise intelligence, that the great earthquake was getting ready its forces; the great earthquake which was now preparing its vast sea-wave in the south-west; that great earthquake-wave which was to burst at its northern point against the granite rocks of Mont Dol, and then recede, leaving greater ruin in its track than did the earthquake-wave described by Darwin at Concepcion. She knew all that, and sat contented, believing that she was humbugging Father Martin, and believing that the majority of the down-trodden masses of France would rise as one man, *on the side* of their oppressors. For what will not conspirators believe? Alas! our late police reports will tell you.

She sat there, netting nets, in 1791, at nearly the furthest point northward which the wave of reaction ever reached. The wave rose, burst, and retreated; and four years afterwards, a person, different from her, Carrier, long-faced, lanthorn-jawed lawyer of Auvergne, was at the southern point of its retreat, at Nantes.

But she made no sign for months and months. She was a terrible woman, more terrible than Medea, and there was something to Father Martin perfectly awful in her quiescence. He knew her, no man better. He had a sharp keen tongue, and more brains than she. He had managed her and bullied her in old times; now he was utterly powerless. If she had gone on her old plan of violent objuration, he could have done something, but now in her silent mood he could do nothing. She was so dreadfully *good*. The contemplation of this phase in her behaviour exasperates me, after eighty years, into the vulgarism of saying that butter would not melt in her mouth. Conceive then the effect which her inactivity must have had on a warm-hearted and warm-spoken man like Father Martin. If he smote her on the right cheek she immediately turned the other; and when he smote her on that cheek, as I regret to say he always did, she turned the original cheek again, with a charming smile.

“I can do nothing on earth with your mother-in-law,” he said, testily, one day to Adèle, when they were walking together among the empty flower-beds, for time had gone on. “I can do nothing with her at all.”

“She is converted,” said Adèle. “It is you who have converted her, you good man. How good she is—how amiable. How wicked I must have been ever to have hated her.”

Martin was too good a man to sow seeds of discord, or even to give a caution between mother and child. He said nothing now; but when he was gone to his room, he said to himself, “I wonder when and how she will show her hand, and how she will show it.”

She only continued her devotions, and the house went on much as ever. There were two or three visits from Louis, and two or three letters from her father and from Sheepsden, that was all. Martin went out about the forest, and through the forest to the poor people, generally accompanied by the oldest forester.

One morning as he was starting he said to his companion: “Who is that young man who bowed to me just now? Have I not seen his face before?”

The forester replied : " C'est l'Auvergnois de Madame Isigny."

" The what ?" said Father Martin, stopping abruptly.

The old forester, with all the pleasure which a servant feels in exciting your curiosity and astonishment, gladly enlarged upon his text.

" The Auvergnois, one of those whom the good father had so rightly discharged, and whom Madame had taken back into her service. Was Monsieur not aware ?

" Why !" said Martin, stopping still ; " she *asked* me to discharge them."

" That is very possible, yet she has taken one of them back. It was he who took the account of my Lord the Count's illness to Dinan, and brought her here."

CHAPTER XLIV.

IN WHICH MADAME BECOMES ONCE MORE ENRAGED.

ONE day, Adèle and Father Martin, standing on the terrace and looking along the northward avenue, saw, in the extreme distance, above a mile away, a group dressed in black, which puzzled them still more and more as they very slowly approached. When they were close enough to them, they made them out to be a company of nine nuns.

" What can be the meaning of this ?" asked Martin. And Adèle said, " Can it be my aunt ? "

It was indeed. Saint Catherine's had escaped for a longer time than its Superior had expected, but a revolutionary band had remembered it at last, and swarmed in suddenly at primes. Sister Priscilla, trying to save the pix, was killed by a young man, and was in glory, for which they gave thanks. Sister Priscilla had been apt to be contradictory and use strenuous language with regard to trifling backslidings of other sisters, but they had loved her almost the best of all. The convent was burnt, and they were left so utterly helpless that it had been two days before sisters Veronica and Aquila, who were very strong, had been able to get the grave of sister Priscilla deep enough. When they had buried her, sleeping in the forest, (which was bad for sister Anne's rheumatism,) they were about to prepare themselves for death, having nothing to eat, when the Superior, directed of God, bethought herself of her niece's

château of Montauban, feeling assured that they would find a welcome there. So they had started, singing hymns and offices for the comfort of sister Pavida, who was afraid of wolves, and screamed out when she saw a squirrel or hare; and coming very slowly, in consequence of sister Podagra's corns, originally inflicted on her for inattention in chapel, and not subsequently mitigated by frequent prayers, although there had been no visible backsliding on her part. They had avoided Dinan, as being dangerous, and had got the route from godly peasants, one of whom had given them bread and honey and milk, and had let them sleep in his barn: for him they would pray. And so they had arrived.

Here they stood, this jetsam from the mad sea of revolution, cast on *this* strange shore,—women whose lives had been given to God and to good works. Old enough, some of them, to be grandmothers; simple in the ways of the world as babies; utterly helpless, yet perfectly brave, with a bravery beyond that of a soldier: for they could die, these silly women, without fear; for what was death but the gate of glory? There they stood, possibly to some eyes ridiculous, not to mine: their dress was unbecoming and their shoes were large; they were none of them in the least degree beautiful. Sister Podagra had got her shoes off and was openly attending to her corns; sister Pavida, having got over her terror of wolves, was staring her eyes out in wondering admiration of Adèle's beautiful clothes and jewels; other sisters were looking in wonder at the splendid jagged façade of the castle, others at the beauty of the flowers. They were dressed in clothes, purposely made ridiculously distinctive by the founder of their order, and even these clothes were muddy and out of order: they looked, on the whole, absurd, and their belief was in many respects childishly superstitious; yet they knew how to die, these silly women, as well as the best brandy-primed Marseillais of them all. I cannot laugh at these women. I know their ignorance like another, but I would make a deeper reverence to any one of them than ever I would do to a duchess.

I believe that Father Martin thought as I think about them—he was not a man to express his opinions strongly; but the spectacle of these poor brave draggled nuns took effect in the light, sensitive, kind little heart of Adèle in a moment. She left the comparative degree of existence (she had abandoned the positive to that slow Mathilde years ago) and went in for superlatives. The sack of St. Catherine's was the wickedest thing done since the murder of the Innocents by

Herod. Her aunt had always been the best loved friend that she had, and she would spill her life's blood on her own hearth sooner than allow these miserable revolutionists to invade her sanctuary. That was her dear old friend, sister Pavidia. She must have *her* room, because she was always nervous. Sister Podagra was in trouble with her corns as usual: she must have her feet in warm water instantly. There was that old sister Veronica, who had frightened her so about baby. In short, her kind little heart had something for each. And so the pretty little Marquise, with her pretty bright coloured clothes, and her jewels, swept the herd of clumsily shod old nuns into the château before her, giving her arm to sister Podagra in the rear. And when she had got them in, she did with them as she liked.

Perhaps it was a pretty picture to see this beautiful little creature in pink and jewels bustling about among these foolish dull clad old nuns, attending to their wants. Perhaps it was a pretty thing to see her lay the baby in sister Veronica's lap and say, "Now, you will believe, you foolish old woman." Perhaps it was pretty to see the nuns, set in a row on chairs, served with the best of everything by Adèle's new staff of Breton footmen. I cannot certainly say what is pretty, but this has struck me as being so.

When Adèle had seen to their wants and had made them comfortable, she stood in the middle of them beaming with pleasure. They are safe *here* at all events. Suddenly she said, "Where is sister Priscilla, have you left her behind?"

Sister Veronica, the out-spoken sister, said, "Sister Priscilla, who was very strong and resolute, fought with a young man for the pix containing the holy body, and what is more, the ring of St. Catherine, with which—I cannot go on. Romish legends go too far for me). It was our only relic and we placed it in the pix surreptitiously, thinking to keep it safe. And she fought this young man for the pix, and he killed her."

"Is sister Priscilla murdered?" cried Adèle.

"Yes; the young man killed her for the sake of the pix: and we had much trouble in burying her; for our best spade got burnt in the fire, and we were two days in doing it, or we should have been here before."

Adèle put her pretty hands over her shell-like ears. The flood of the Revolution was all around her, and the tide seemed rising to her feet.

Meanwhile, Madame D'Isigny, the Lady Superior, who, though in

many ways as simple as the others, was in some sort a woman of the world, was staying behind her nuns and talking to Father Martin.

“Is it true that my brother has taken to the new ideas?”

“He has no ideas, he is utterly adrift.”

“Will they try to kill us?”

“Unless the south-west keeps quiet, certainly.”

“Is this place safe?” she asked.

“Most dangerous. It is too far north. And I have no ultimate hope from the south,” said he.

“One will have to die, then.”

“One will have to die.”

“It matters not much, one has nothing to live for.”

“One has much to live for,” said Martin; “one has to live for a purified France. But, then, they will not let us live; it is their policy. Do you know that Madame, your sister-in-law, is here?”

“One has been terrified by so much that one is not even afraid of her. We must meet, I suppose; let us meet quickly.”

“You will find her changed. What her reception of you may be I cannot at all undertake to say. I think it will be an agreeable one.”

It *was* a most agreeable one for all parties: there was no ostentation about it whatever. Was it possible that Madame D’Isigny began to see that she had overacted her part with regard to Father Martin, and was determined not to repeat her mistakes; that is most probable. There was certainly no attempt whatever to overact it in the case of her sister-in-law. The poor draggled old nun, who had been frightened beyond terror,—who, in the last terrible passage of her life, having had the responsibility of seven others weaker than herself thrust upon her, and who, in consequence of this feeling of responsibility—of having to care for others who could not care for themselves,—had risen to heroism; this old woman was afraid of nothing now, not even of the terrible Madame D’Isigny. The bitterness of death was passed with *her*.

She was shown by Father Martin into a long, large, dim drawing-room, filled with *bric-à-brac*, and beautiful fiddle-faddle expensive tomfooleries of all kinds: astonishing to her, for she had looked on the Revolution, and had believed that all such things had come to an end. The deep carpet on which she walked made no echo from her clumsy shoes. She saw in a distant window illuminated by the last gleam of a wild sunset a figure, which sat at work: it was that of

the awful Madame D'Isigny. She rose, tall, gaunt, and graceful, and came towards her. She kissed her and said quietly,—

“We old women are being driven south rapidly, and to the south is the sea. Our time is not long. Let us try to love one another; to forgive and to forget.”

Kindness opened the floodgates of the Lady Superior's heart at once. She was in tears directly; and Martin saw at once that his influence was gone, and that any warnings he might address to the Lady Superior about her sister-in-law were worse than useless. He let it go; saying that it was in God's hands, and so these two excellent women began unconsciously to labour as hard at the digging of Mathilde's grave, as ever the two strong sisters had to dig the grave of the martyred sister Priscilla.

“You have now looked on the Revolution yourself, my dear,” said D'Isigny's wife to D'Isigny's sister, when the poor old nun had got her cold feet on the fender, and was having weak negus. “You have seen some of its earlier results. Do you now blame me for my fury against it?”

The Lady Superior was obliged to say “No.”

“I *am* furious,” said Madame D'Isigny. “But I can be sufficiently calm and gentle at times. I can be calm and gentle with you in your adversity, although you remember my behaviour,—to you in your prosperity. Sister, the men are all half-hearted. It is left to weak women to stop this Revolution. I calculate on your assistance. Your sanctity and goodness is known even here. Among these peasants we must utilise it, as I intend to utilise my daughter's beauty and amiability. Sister, it lies with us to stop this wicked flood of atheism and disloyalty, which men call the Revolution.”

“But I doubt there will be more bloodshed, sister,” said the poor Lady Superior.

“I hope so,” said Madame D'Isigny, rising. “Sister Priscilla's death is not avenged yet. We will have masses for her—bah! I forget the details in my growing fury. Come to bed. We will talk of it again.”

She put the old woman tenderly to bed, and staid with her a long time—to give Father Martin time to go to bed. He, on the other hand, did nothing of the kind, but waited with his door ajar, knowing that she must pass it.

He heard her coming, and stood out into the passage to stop her. He saw advancing towards him a tall woman in a grey cloak, with a

lamp held close before her face. Tall, dim, colourless, inexorable. In her steady, pitiless gait he saw the as yet unorganised reaction which was to destroy them; in her splendid beauty he saw the matrix of the almost incredible beauty of her two daughters; in her terribly set face he saw the only woman who had used the weapons of the precisionist D'Isigny against himself, and had beaten him with them. She was as terrible as Medea; yet he was not in the least afraid of her. He put himself in her path, and told her to stop.

She thrust out her breast, and looked on him.

“Out of my way, priest!” she said. “I am not in the humour for priests. I am *enragée*.”

“It matters little to me, Madame, whether you are sane or insane. I intend to be heard, and I will be heard. I always knew you to be ferocious, but I liked you better in your worst old moods of ferocity than I do now, when you are cowardly and deceitful.”

“How dare you use such words to me!”

“How dare I? To whom do you talk? Do you not know that you are making a tool of our imbecile little Marquise, and that equally imbecile old nun, to forward your reactionary plots?”

“I know it well. I use them. And why not? I use them, and I mean to use them. Do you then declare for the Revolution?”

“By no means, Madame.”

“Then hold your tongue. I don't say get out of my way, because I wish to pour a little more scorn over your head before I have done with you. I have kept quiet too long. Vesuvius was quiet three thousand years, and then it destroyed Pompeii. I have tried to be good, but I can't. I could go in for Maratism, but this twopenny Feuillanism has maddened me again. I come of the nation which has conquered India, and I am, as my nation sometimes is, in a dangerous mood. You are going on to object to my making this house the stronghold of a Loyalist plot. I am going to do so.”

“Will you not think of the danger to your own daughter, Madame?” said Father Martin, suddenly altering his tone to about an octave lower. “Will you not consider that this is a suspected house, and that it is the very worst place in which to concoct a reactionist plot?”

“My own daughter must take her own chance. I fancy that I am as good a judge of these matters as you are. Still understand this for the future, that I am once more enraged, and leave me alone.”

CHAPTER XLV.

PARIS.

FATHER MARTIN soon wrote to Louis.

“MY DEAR LOUIS,—There are only two men in the world, I believe, who can keep any given woman out of mischief,—her husband and her priest.^a The priest can generally do it, if the woman is fool enough; when he fails, he must call in the husband.

“I wish you would come here, and come at once. There will be heads falling if you do not. Your mother-in-law is here. She has taken full possession of the place, and every one here is entirely under her influence, with the exception of myself. Your aunt, who has brought her nuns here for refuge, is utterly under her finger. Adèle adores her, and is so entirely her slave that she attributes any little warnings which I have dared to give her against her mother to jealousy. Yesterday, on my praying her to be cautious, and not to believe all her mother said about the chances of Royalist success, she broke out on me, and accused me of making mischief between mother and child.

“My influence with your wife is gone since the arrival of your mother-in-law. How much you may yourself possess, I have no means of knowing. But, for heaven's sake, come.

“I imagine that there are two things which you would ask me. The first, Why do I not use my old influence over Madame D'Isigny?

“My answer is, that it is utterly gone. I am not more afraid of her than I ever was; indeed, dear Louis, I think that I have no more fear of anything than had my own André—son of my heart!—my child in God!—my beloved—taken to heaven like Elijah—whom I shall meet. *N'importe*. I have no fear of anything, but this woman fights me on equal terms. She does not beat me, but she is no longer afraid of me, and will no longer obey me. To her fury I give back calm scorn; it is all I have to give, but it is useless. I am absolutely powerless with her. She has said many times that she and Marat represent the fury of the Revolution, and upon my honour

^a I beg to state that these atrocious sentiments are not *mine*.

she is perfectly right. She has passed miles beyond the point which I would allow myself to pass in any cause. I would stop short and testify to my cause by martyrdom (a dangerously powerful testimony, as those who know history can tell you), long before I would dream of casting myself into the headlong, blind, stupid fury of a Jacquerie or of a Stuart reaction. I have lost all hold over the woman. As for Adèle, she dare not say that her life is her own. I am quite powerless.

“The other question which I should think you would put to me is this, What are they doing, these women of ours? I do not know. I do not believe they entirely know themselves. But one thing I am sure of; every revolutionary committee for miles round does. I am loyal and Christian, I need hardly say; but this castle of yours is too far north for either loyalty or Christianity. We are a mere outpost. Madame was playing this game, with her usual courage, at Dinan, even further north, but has removed her implements of conspiracy to this place. I cannot sleep for mysterious whistlings under my window. One of those most unhappy Auvergnois, whom your mother-in-law has taken back into favour (not, I think, knowing who he is), is Mercury to the whole business. The others, whom I discharged with your consent, are mainly, as far as I can understand, revolutionary. What the awful danger may be of a band of Mamelukes, brought up in the contempt of God and in every form of luxury and vice, and then turned loose, I leave you to decide; and this young Mameluke, whom Madame has in her pay, almost certainly betrays us to his brothers.

“Again, I am told nothing. Last night I went into the library late to get my Anselm’s ‘Meditations’ with Fénelon’s ‘Autograph Annotations.’ You knew it and loved it in old times—no, I forgot—it was André who knew and loved it. I beg pardon; and lo! after I opened the door, there was what the South American Spaniards call an estampedo. That very hair-brained young man, La Rochejacquelein, was winding your mother-in-law’s string, and a common sailor, or to be more correct a sea-captain, a man miles removed from a gentleman, was being shown pictures by Adèle in a book. The name of the sailor, I afterwards learned, is Charette. And I don’t like the looks of him: his face seems to me both cruel and mean.

“He is on our side, you say, and thine is only a priest’s judgment. It is possible: nevertheless, *you come here, and come quickly.*”

No doubt Louis would have come quickly enough, but unfortunately the arrests had began, and Louis was safe in the *conciergerie*. So he was saved the pain of reading this letter, and continued bowing among his brother aristocrats, believing that his wife was sufficiently far south-westward to be safe. But the letter was, I need not say, read by others, and a revolutionary cordon was placed round Montauban at once. I will not insult the reader's reason by pointing out the small fact that the Mameluke in the pay of the infuriated Madame D'Isigny, carried every item of news to his four brothers and his twelve cousins. I can only reiterate with every feeling of reverence the words of our Litany—"From all sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion, Good Lord, deliver us."

That nest of loyalist conspiracy at Montauban was considered by the Revolutionists too good a one to be disturbed. "A hen always lays in the same place," said Desmoulins (who, judging from his writings, had a somewhat powerful tongue inside that loose and rather worthless mouth of his); "wait till the eggs are all laid, and then take them." Madame D'Isigny went on, and believed that her plot was hidden in darkness; while Father Martin, whose tongue was tied, saw her own Mameluke trying not to laugh in her face.

Mirabeau was dead and buried, but there was no king to send for D'Isigny: "Tant pis pour lui," said one old friend. D'Isigny was reduced to walking and stalking up and down Paris, and to proving to every one who allowed himself to be button-holed, that all this might have been prevented, that he was the only person who could have prevented it, and that it was only the Queen's party which had prevented his being sent for at Mirabeau's death. A great many people believed him: reiterated assertion is about the most powerful weapon I know of. But Louis de Valognes got thrown into prison, and things otherwise went wrong, or at least not as he thought they would go; and he began to feel that he could not make head or tail of it.

Whether his head carried him, or whether his legs carried him, I do not know, but he went one afternoon to the Rue Jacquerie. He had been warned that it was dangerous, but what cared he? The people swarmed in the street as before, but looked more savage, more furious. Yet they knew him. They were to wade knee-deep in blood directly, but they knew him and let him pass. And he walked on, utterly unconscious of the sympathy which these people, now utterly maddened people, felt for him. At one point there was nearly

an end of him. A wild-looking young man, exasperated beyond bearing by his clothes, his beauty, his cleanliness, his air of command, who knows, ran out to attack him. And two women ran out and cast themselves on the young man, holding him. "You shall not touch him," said the women. "He is an aristocrat, but he is the man who took up the dead child and kissed it." And so D'Isigny passed on, with his head in the air, and his hand on his sword, totally unconscious that the one little touch of ordinary human love which he had shown here a year ago, had saved his life now. For there was no accord between classes, or there would hardly have been *such* a Revolution.

The streets, as in his former visit, grew more and more empty as they got narrower. D'Isigny had learnt the habits of the man with whom he wished to speak, and stood quietly in the middle of the street. It was getting dusk, cockshot time as they would have said at Sheepsden, the time when nocturnal birds, such as the woodcock, "shoot," or fly wildly round before beginning their night's work. D'Isigny had calculated "cockshoot" well, for here was his woodcock.

Fluttering swiftly and untidily along the middle of the street came the awful Marat.^b He was not ill-dressed, for his sister, the neat Swiss woman, whom Lord Houghton knew, did all that she

^b What *was* the personal appearance of this most extraordinary and mysterious person? The "David" portrait (?) we most of us know. It is that of a bold, wild, rather noble-looking person, the sort of man any one would give his hand to, with a powerful jaw, a broad good-natured expression, and a noble curling head of hair: really a splendid fellow. Look upon this picture, and on this. Look on the Duplessis-Bertaux portrait; only do not look at it too soon before going to bed, lest you should have the nightmare, and rouse the house. The Duplessis-Bertaux portrait is that, not of a man, but of a nameless *Thing*: a horror—a thing, if possible, to be forgotten. I have always had an intense curiosity about this man, but I fear it will never be gratified. These two, the best authenticated portraits of him, I believe, are utterly dissimilar. There is a wax-work of him as he lay dead in his bath, which is shown at Madame Tussaud's in Baker Street, claiming to have been done by order of the Directory, and to be authentic, as, I believe, is the case. This again is immeasurably hideous; from the internal evidence one would say that there was little doubt of the correctness of *this* portrait. It was done (I believe) by the late Madame Tussaud's father, and he would hardly have invented the missing teeth. Cannot your charming correspondent who set us right about the Abbé Edgewcombe, help us here? With regard to Marat himself, I see no chance of *his* being whitewashed. I fear he was a worthless, bloodthirsty vagabond. His dress, *en passant*, I have partly taken from Duplessis-Bertaux's small drawing of his coronation in a place which I recognise as the Place de la Revolution, now, I think, Place de la Concorde, about 150 yards from the spot where Louis XVI. was executed; opposite the end of the Rue de la Madeleine.

could to prevent his lapsing into the utter squalor which his mistress would have permitted. He wore tight-fitting breeches, grey stockings, and tied shoes; his legs and feet were well shaped and well clothed, but his upper garments were distinctly Bedlamite.

He wore a loose redingote buttoned across his throat, but nowhere else, over which flowed and waved in the wind a large white scarf; he was bareheaded, for he held his hat in his hand, and as he advanced gesticulated with his two arms wildly, talking to himself the while, sometimes in accents of persuasion, sometimes of furious denunciation. And as he came fluttering on his way to his club, lo, there was D'Isigny, calm, clean, perfectly dressed, who stood at the corner, leaning against the wall, who stopped Marat by the mere force of his eye, some would say; by the mere power of his clothes and looks, I should say. Marat was, however, aware of a "foreign substance," and came up to D'Isigny.

"You are D'Isigny the Breton?" he said.

"I am. Your people have arrested my son-in-law, and he is in the *conciergerie*."

"Is your daughter Mathilde married, then?" said Marat.

"She is not. I speak of the husband of my daughter Adèle: the Marquis de Valognes."

"An aristocrat?"

"A marquis is generally an aristocrat," said D'Isigny.

"Huruges is not, but I will not argue," said Marat. "What do you wish me to do, then?"

"To have my son-in-law set free."

"I fear I have not the power," said Marat, standing with his toes pointed inward, and his nervous lean thighs showing through his breeches, before the solemn D'Isigny, who towered above him in height, and whose figure was thoroughly draped. "I fear I cannot do that for you. I will do everything I can, but not that. Besides, he is better where he is than loose. Let him stay. Is your daughter Mathilde here?"

"She is in England."

"Keep her there. No man can serve his own brother in these times. I must die, I know that; but I can die without murmur if I see some others dead before I go. And I am not all wolf. I am so far developed that there is a little of the dog in me; excuse me, I am a comparative anatomist by profession. I am so far civilised from my original wolfishness, that I can be doglike to you and to yours. I

will bark, and if needs were, bite for you and yours. As for your Marquis, let him stay in the *conciergerie*; he is safe enough there; but don't, in Heaven's name, let your daughter Mathilde set foot in France. She is too outspoken. Why, she spoke out for me when you all loathed and hated me."

"M. Marat, you are not all unkind," said D'Isigny, feeling the same sort of strange attraction to the man which the French population did.

"I am not all unkind," said Marat. "I love the people too well to be all unkind. I am furious, and I am wicked, and I am cruel. But, D'Isigny, our case is good."

"Your case is terribly good; but your means, my good sir?"

Marat laughed; but was serious again at once. "Never mind my means. Give this message to your daughter Mathilde. Tell her that she has nearly made me love Christianity. By the bye, does your other daughter live at a place called Montauban? Is she the Marquise de Valognes who lives *there*?"

"Certainly," said D'Isigny.

"Send her away directly. *Stay*; I will watch matters for you. Yes; let things go as they are; I can remember old kindness. Will you trust me?"

"I will, M. Marat," said D'Isigny. "Where are you going to-night?"

"I am going," said Marat, "to meet all the furies of hell. I am going to the club of the Jacobins. Now, you sleek man, you pious man, you man with the well-shaven, beautifully-made face, and the perfectly-made clothes, who is the most bloodthirsty devil of the whole of us at the Jacobins?"

"You are," said D'Isigny, quietly.

"I am only the dog who bites and tears," said Marat; "but who is the sly cat? That cat—that devil, Maximilian Robespierre. I would destroy you, for you are dangerous; but I will spare you and yours for the sake of your daughter Mathilde. If Robespierre had a hundred daughters, each one a hundred times better than yours, I would not spare him. Cat! Devil! I go to the Jacobins. Remember what I have told you about your daughter. I will do all I can. We can spare fools, such as you and your daughter Adèle; but thoroughly virtuous and uncompromising people, like your wife and your daughter Mathilde, must die. People like yourself and your daughter Adèle are not very dangerous to the Revolution. We

would keep you alive as an example. But people like your wife and your daughter Mathilde are too good to be allowed to live. They must die. I don't want any good examples on the other side. The man Roland's wife, for instance, is pertinaciously virtuous. She must go, or she will ruin the Revolution."

"Do you mean," said D'Isigny, "that you will kill her?"

"Yes," said Marat. "Now, attend to me. The Revolution will begin in bloodshed and wickedness; but will end, I believe, in good. Such people as you and your daughter Adèle I can save. Such noble warriors as your wife and your daughter Mathilde I cannot save, though I will do my best. We are going to have the Revolution; it is your order that has made it necessary. You stand there, smiling at me with those cursed thin lips of yours; but what I say is true, in spite of your shallow smile. You will go down like corn before us; but I want to spare your daughter. I might as well talk to the fountain in the Place de la Revolution. Remember what I have said about your wife, for whom, they say, you don't care much; and remember, again, about Mathilde. Do not let her come to France."

So he went, fluttering like a great bat—fluttering, with outstretched arms, under his dark redingote. And D'Isigny, who might have taken his warning, stood like a well-dressed pump at the corner of the street; and, after long cogitations, came to the conclusion that Marat was a lunatic. As if any one had ever doubted the fact.

In Paris, at that time, there was a little club within a club. It was a sort of Whig club, because it was called the *Henri Quatre*. The members of it were mainly aristocratic Feuillans and Girondists; but as exclusive as the Traveller's or White's. At this club you might air the most outrageous Voltaireism, but you must have your generations of nobility. Of course, D'Isigny belonged to it. He went to it the same evening, after his interview with Marat; and he told old Count Gobemouche, with whom he dined, that Marat was mad.

CHAPTER XLVI.

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

THERE is no doubt that Marat was mad, though there was a certain method in his madness; but things at this time hitched, and when things hitch there is apt to be a catastrophe. The hitch was the arrest of Louis de Valognes. Louis de Valognes was in the *conciergerie*, and just at that time five hundred Marats could not have got him out of it. So the foolish woman's plot at Montauban, the consequences of which were to fall on utterly innocent shoulders, went on.

It was all very well for Father Martin to beg them to be cautious. They had all that apercic courage which women have who have never known danger,—the courage of women who have been kept from danger by the men whom the rules of society have set to guard them, and who fancy that they can face danger as well without as with their male protectors. Madame D'Isigny (who scarcely came under this category, however) declared herself to be in a state of rebellion, and defied Father Martin, and invented a sentence of "brave words" for him. She said that he only wanted courage to declare for the Revolution, which words, being long and apparently meaning something, had a great effect on Adèle, who reproduced them by saying "That Father Martin, though strangely positive on some matters, seemed to be making up his mind about this wicked Revolution, and was a long time doing it." Even that poor, gentle, kindly old nun, D'Isigny's sister, picked up a stone, about as hard as a boiled turnip, and slung it at Father Martin's head. She said that he was obviously bent on Gallicising the Church, and that it never would do. In short, three foolish women, one of them clever and furious, were too much for this good priest, and beat him.

He asked them to let him come into their counsels. No. He argued with them, and showed them that their cause was the same as his own; but they would not trust him. Lastly, he earnestly begged and prayed of them not to be so ridiculously mysterious; and told them that with their everlasting midnight messengers they were ruining both the cause and themselves—rousing the suspicions of every disaffected person in the country. They paid no attention to him. They had a nice little conspiracy, and they meant to enjoy it.

Father Martin's power was gone ; the arch-rebel, Madame D'Isigny, had fairly beaten him, and he looked for—nay, prayed for—the arrival of the master of the house, the sole man who had power to say, “ I will have this thing done, and I will have this other thing *not* done.”

My friend Martin was not a man who would give up the prerogative which his Church gives a priest ; but then he was a wise priest. His most important ally was always the *master* of the house. He was not, as I have said before, a *woman's* priest. He used to say in convivial times that the only perfect constitution was the British : that the House of Commons represented the male bread-winning element, and the throne the female. “ Then, don't you see, if the throne rebels, as it often does, the House of Commons can stop supplies, and refuse to pay even the milliner's bills. So *my* ally in every house is the master. The priest is the House of Lords, the moderator. My true ally is the Commons, or purse-holder.”

Now in this case there was the throne in flat rebellion, and the House of Commons, represented by Louis de Valognes, not forthcoming. Father Martin was fairly beaten.

The gay and bright Louis de Valognes was in the *conciergerie*. The Revolution had come home to *him*, among others. I wish to touch as lightly as possible on the mere facts of the politics of that year, having before me the example of almost the most splendid novel ever written—in which one gets almost wearied with unfamiliar politics.

D'Isigny, stalking up and down Paris, and saying the first thing which came into his head, got himself somehow informed that Louis de Valognes was arrested ; and having seen Marat and dined with Gobemouche, thought that he might as well go and see Louis.

He was arrested. All the world was arrested now. A man of his (D'Isigny's) eminence would be pretty sure to be arrested soon. But he must in common decency go and see him ; and so he stalked off to the *conciergerie* and banged the door with his cane, to the unutterable astonishment of the National Guard sentries and the strange loafing patriots around.

The wicket was opened by a slovenly gentleman, who did not seem to appreciate M. D'Isigny's appearance in any way. D'Isigny thought him an objectionable-looking person ; but this person evidently thought him more than objectionable. For D'Isigny was far too neat, too clean, and too ornamental for the present phase of French thought.

“I wish to see the *ci-devant soi-disant* De Valognes,” said D’Isigny, thinking that he had said enough of revolutionary slang to admit him to the Jacobins, at least.

The untidy patriot would not have anything to do with him at all.

D’Isigny had thrown his sixpence of revolutionary jargon to the man, and the man refused to give any change whatever.

“Where is the citizen’s order then?”

“One may see one’s own son-in-law, one might suppose?” said D’Isigny.

“*Pas du tout*,” said the patriot gate-keeper, looking *past* D’Isigny.

D’Isigny heard a thin but singularly clear voice at his right elbow, which said,—

“The virtues of D’Isigny, the Breton, are well known to the Revolution. He is not patriot, this D’Isigny; but he is virtuous, and the Revolution is virtue. Let him pass, good patriot; let him pass. The more that I have followed him here to speak to him.”

Dare I? Well, I will try; I can but fail. I have studied the face so long, and thought of it so much, that at least I may *speak*.

D’Isigny, standing in the shadow of the door, saw before him, standing in the sunlight, a small man, with a flat chest, who looked up at him with an expression of calmness, which seemed like a caricature of quietness itself. This small, thin, weak little man was handsome enough, though all the lower part of his face advanced towards you. Marat would have said, that with his advancing jaw and his receding forehead, his face was feline.^c He was nicely, neatly dressed, this little man; and over his close-cut hair he wore a white wig with a tail, and over his white wig a delicately-set-on three-cornered cocked hat. He looked up with that set, inexorable smile on D’Isigny, and D’Isigny scowled down upon him. D’Isigny was as neat, as well made, as the little man. He could have broken this little smiling man in halves by mere physical strength, but he looked down on him with a mixture of hatred and respect.

D’Isigny was a man not without genius or passion. He looked once again at this little feeble man, dressed so well, with the protruding jaw, and the well-put-on clothes; and he said,—

^c Where has one read of this singular hatred of Marat and Robespierre? I cannot quote just now, but it was in some place of respectability, otherwise I should not have dared to use it.

“M. Robespierre, you will destroy us, as we would destroy you ; but let us meet first. If you have power here, let me see my son-in-law.”

“What do you talk of?” said Robespierre, taking his arm. “Why do you speak of destroying? Why do you talk to me, a lawyer who lost his judgeship for refusing to register an edict of destroying?”

“You can be like another,” thought D’Isigny. “Still you do hate bloodshed. I wish you could speak the truth.”

There was of course no difficulty about D’Isigny passing where he would, now. Robespierre and he talked for a considerable time, a conversation one need scarcely reproduce, as Robespierre was trying to find out what was in D’Isigny, and D’Isigny was trying to find out what was in Robespierre, a thing which has puzzled better men than himself. When they parted at the end of a corridor, they had formed an opinion of one another. Robespierre said, “That Breton hog (I use the word in the Indian sense, he said ‘sanglier,’ not ‘cochon’) has nothing in his head ; he is not worth troubling oneself with, though I do him the justice to think him as honest as myself.” D’Isigny said, “That man has sense, and would be easily won.”

It is very singular, the ignorance of most Englishmen about the events of the French Revolution.^d Only last year a highly meritorious artist painted a good picture of the prisoners being summoned for trial, and consequently for death, by the agents of the Revolutionary Committees. The picture was good enough to detain me, who had been looking into details to a certain extent, admiring the correctness of details in dress which the artist exhibited. As for the sentiment of the picture itself, it was admirable. But all the time the error in the title of this picture kept spoiling my admiration of it. The artist had called it, “The Summoning of the Prisoners in the *Bastille* to Trial.” The *Bastille*, however, had been down a good year before the revolutionary business began. It is strange that a man of genius, who had so carefully got up details of costume, should have for-

^d “Von Sybel” I have not read, to my shame. But, excepting him, very few readers of THE GENTLEMAN’S MAGAZINE will disagree with me when I say that *the* history of the French Revolution is by the great Scotchman. I hate saying anything disagreeable, but to turn from Carlyle, first to Thiers and then to Lamartine, is an awful descent. But Lamartine’s biographies, which are interspersed in his text, are worth a great deal. He seems to have worked very hard at his book, and to speak with certainty about his biographical facts. His politics are a matter of opinion.

gotten details of narrative so far. It was into the great hall of the *conciergerie* that D'Isigny carried his splendidly-set-on head, like the sail of a ship. It was in the great hall of the *conciergerie* where he saw the crowd of the aristocrats whom he had once called his friends. It was in the hall of the *conciergerie* where he heard "great people," according to his measure of greatness, say, with their well-trained drawing-room voices, very low: "This is D'Isigny, the Breton, the turncoat, the traitor, the friend of Marat. Do not speak to him."

He was not prepared for this at all. He was still less prepared for this. The Marquis de Mont Aigu was very old and very infirm. He was also very virtuous, had given his life to the poor, but he held notions about the way in which the nation was to be governed, which did not fit with the new ones; and so here he was in the *conciergerie*, with gold spectacles, rambling about among the others, and giving them examples of his kindly, Christian, gentlemanlike babble.

He was the father, the papa, of these poor souls in the *conciergerie*. He was passing from group to group, and encouraging all. D'Isigny, coming on and seeing that no one would speak to him, caught this old gentleman just as he was crossing the hall.

The old gentleman was nearly blind. D'Isigny put his two hands in his and kissed him. The old gentleman shook them warmly.

"Are you, then, just arrested?" he said. "I cannot see you; but I feel the long, thin hands of a gentleman. But what is your name?"

"D'Isigny."

The old fellow dropped his hands and turned away. "I cannot speak to you," he said; "you are the friend of Marat. It is necessary sometimes that a French gentleman, however old, should speak as his forefathers spoke. You are strong, your family was always an athletic family. My family is, on the other hand, one nearly worn out, and become effete by war. I believe that I am the first male representative of my family who has exhibited virtue; and it falls upon me to tell you that you have betrayed your order, and that you are looked upon among us as a traitor."

"Call back that last word."

"I fear that I cannot do so. But do not resent it here. I will totter up to you pistol in hand, following the wicked old traditions of our order, if I ever get free from the clutches of your friends."

D'Isigny was deeply shocked. From the old gentleman who had

used these awful words to him there was no appeal of any sort or kind. And was not the old gentleman's accusation true—had he *not* betrayed his order?

He looked upon the calm, pale, scornful faces which surrounded him in every direction, and they all said "Yes." He never forgot those faces. Precisionist as he was, with a well-regulated mind, he never forgot them. All those scornful eyes, without scarcely any exception, were closed in death within a year; and he told the rector early one morning, after a wild, nearly mad, walk over the downs above Sheepsden, that they alone would be enough to scare him from heaven; even if it were not for another one, which never left his eyes, waking or sleeping.

But among the scornful, angry faces, pale in the gloom of the *conciergerie*, waiting for their doom, there was one which was neither scornful nor angry. Louis de Valognes came towards him and embraced him, saying: "My dear father, I am so glad to see you."

D'Isigny was by this time—with one of those rapid Celt-Norman transitions of feeling which we calmer English notice in the Irish—in a state of white fury; but he was perfectly calm. In the presence of the row after row of doomed faces, he kissed his son-in-law (the old Duchesse de Marechaussé said that he bit him), and looked round defiantly, saying: "I am glad that there is one at least who has not the impudence to despise me."

"My dear father," said Louis, "these good souls are irritated, do not mind them." And then, wishing to avoid painful subjects, said: "My dear father, how did you gain the *entrée*, now so difficult with men so well known for correct opinions as yourself?"

"I got the *entrée*, sir," said D'Isigny, "from M. Robespierre. His influence was sufficiently great to get me in, sir; but apparently not sufficiently great to save me from gross insult after I *had* got in. M. Robespierre seems to me to be a thorough gentleman in all essentials. For his origin he is not to blame. I like M. Robespierre, and intend to cultivate his acquaintance. He seems to me well read and intelligent, more intelligent than many who would vilipend him. To you, Louis, my son-in-law, I have only to put this question—Why did you summon me here to be insulted?"

Louis was not discursive. He saw that D'Isigny was angry, and utterly unreasonable. He said rapidly:

"I have a letter from Martin. He says that your wife and mine are getting up a Royalist plot at Montauban, which will ruin us all.

You have no influence over your wife, I know. I have over mine; but then I am prisoner, and you are still free. Stop the plot by your influence over your daughter, my wife. Stop it in some way. Your influence over my wife is still as great as my own; she is more afraid of you than she is of me. I know that you are afraid of approaching your very terrible wife; but you can surely do *this*. For the sake of your own head do it. If I was not a prisoner I could do it to-morrow. Now go; the people here are infuriated towards you."

D'Isigny carried his clean cut, scornful face out through the faces which were to fall in sawdust, without another word. But he acted according to his lights; but they were dim. Instead of going to Montauban, and facing his wife and daughter, he having, as he conceived, *thought* through the matter, sent a letter to England; and this was the letter:—

"MY DEAR MATHILDE,—Your sister is, as usual, making a fool of herself. She has, with the encouragement of your mother, declared for the Ultra-Royalists.

"I told you once that I should call on you to sacrifice yourself. You promised that you would do so. The time has come.

"Come instantly, by way of Poole to St. Malo, from thence to Montauban. For me I am too busied by politics to attend to your sister's frivolities. Go and see after her.

"You may be respectful or not to your mother. It is too bad of her to have led such an utter idiot as your sister into such a complication.

"Remember your promise to me. You said once, if you remember, that I could depend on you. How is your lover? Come instantly, and bring him if you choose.

"D'ISIGNY."

The thin-faced, handsome man who wrote this letter, read it through once or twice before he sent it. He had got it into his handsome, foolish head that he was wanted in Paris, and that Mathilde could manage her sister. So, looking at it once or twice, he sent it.

The warning which Marat had given him so often was thought over by him. But Marat was only a lunatic and a vagabond. Still he might have listened. D'Isigny never listened. Had he listened he would have appreciated the awful danger in which he was leading Mathilde.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE JOURNEY.

“IN the ordinary state of affairs, such a course as you propose would be utterly inadmissible,” said old Lady Somers to her son Lionel. “Still, under the circumstances, I really cannot advise one way or another,” which meant that she held a rather strong opinion on the subject.

“Do tell us what we ought to do,” said Sir Lionel. “Her name is as precious to me as it is to you.”

“Well,” said Lady Somers, “having thought it all over, and understanding that Mrs. Bone and the groom William are going also, and considering the way in which all the old rules for our guidance are being swept away, I really think you had better go. It is out of course; but I believe that if your father was alive he would agree.”

The Rector spoke out more roundly. “My dear Lionel,” he said, “for heaven’s sake, don’t let your mother, by any of her old world crotchets, dissuade you from doing the duty which is most natural and proper to you, of all men. Hang etiquette, Lionel! I know there is a ridiculous notion that a man may not travel with his *fiancée*; but if you are not to be allowed to defend her through the very serious dangers of her journey, who is to be allowed? She has quite determined to go, then?”

She had. As in the case of the storm, during which I first introduced her to you, she had begun by protesting to Mrs. Bone, that she wouldn’t go, and couldn’t go, and that her father was mad. But she had ended, as she always did, by gently scolding herself into perfect acquiescence. Sir Lionel, riding over furiously, after she had sent her father’s letter to him, hoped to find her in flat rebellion. But by that time she had gone through all the mental (doubtless, illogical) phases which were necessary to her in forming a resolution, and he found her as immovable as a rock.

“You are risking your own life and my happiness,” was one of his best arguments.

“But I promised him,” was her reply.

“Your father is utterly inexcusable!” was one of his wild exclamations.

"It is possible," she said. "But I promised him in this room before I promised you; and I will not go from my word."

"I may come with you, then?"

"*You* would never leave me *now*?" was all she said, with the most perfectly innocent wonder. "Come with me? Why, how could I go without you, after the words you have said to me so often? I should die without you now, I think. I have only you, Lionel."

"Let us go, then," said Sir Lionel; "and we will face the world, the flesh, and the devil: Madame D'Isigny, Leroy, and Marat; all together."

"Be gentle to my Marat, mind you. I tell you, as a secret, Lionel, that Marat will do us no harm. I cannot tell you why; but I know it."

"Do not mention the dog's name, Mathilde."

"I will not again. But, if everything goes wrong, find the dog, at all risks. He will bark for *me*."

"If you have determined to go, then, we had better go before"—he was going to say before a certain place gets hotter, but, as a gentleman, he only said,—“before affairs get more hopelessly confused.”

Well, and so she started in the early days of July. Sir Lionel, of course, could not possibly have anything to do with the business officially, but drove his curriole down to Poole, and made preparations for her on board the little brig which was to carry them to St. Malo. Mathilde was carried away somewhat triumphantly in Lady Somers' coach, with four horses, and postilions in crimson jackets, with four grooms outriding, two before and two behind. Mrs. Bone, got up in the last style of fashion, was sitting beside Mathilde. Mrs. Bone had a shortish dress on and silk stockings; she had also an idiotic bonnet and a blue veil. William the Silent sat on the box, entirely enjoying the expedition, dressed very much as grooms are dressed now, a dress which has not developed like others. Mrs. Bone insisted on keeping her head out of the carriage window. When she was remonstrated with by Mathilde on doing this, she said she did it to let her veil blow. Perhaps one of those kind critics who tell us that we were “evidently thinking” of something of which we were not thinking in the least, and very probably never thought, will explain Mrs. Bone's reason for putting her head out of the carriage window. It would take some of them all their time to do so.

If you will use your memory, and think of the person who in any

of your doubtlessly numerous voyages was more sea-sick than any one else, you will find yourself able to conceive the state of Mathilde during their voyage ; if you will go further and use your imagination, if you will try to fancy a person about nine times more sea-sick than any one you ever saw, you will arrive at Mrs. Bone. Before they had passed Swanage, Mrs. Bone was in a state of fatuous imbecility. Mathilde was idiotic with sea-sickness, but Mrs. Bone beat her hollow. She had superadded to her imbecility a kind of penitential delirium, during which she told Mathilde the whole old story of Adèle's correspondence with Louis de Valognes, and also told her three or four early love passages of her own, confiding to her the reason why she had not married several eligible young men. Mathilde, finding her necessity greater than her own, attended to her, and advised her to be ill like another, as she herself had been. Mrs. Bone said that she would gladly be ill if she could, even only to oblige Mademoiselle. Mathilde, however, at intervals of sickness attended to her, and they were all put ashore, utterly stupid, at the Dinan gate of St. Malo.

They were too stupid with their voyage to notice anything, or they might have noticed that they were received by National Guards. William the Silent was the first person to land. "Name, then," were the first words he heard from a sergeant of the National Guard, who stood before him, bare-headed, holding papers in his hands, with a face and head which was wonderfully like Matthew Prior's and Napoleon Buonaparte's. "Your name, then?" he said to our stupid groom, in English.

"William Dickson."

"Your position?"

William could not understand what he meant, and looked back to see if Sir Lionel was coming.

"You need not look for your assistance to your confederates," said Barbaroux^e Prior Buonaparté. "I only ask what is your position."

An old man with a grey unshaven beard spoke out. "He is only the jockey of Mathilde, the daughter of D'Isigny the Breton."

^e I of course do not say that Barbaroux was likely to be here ; indeed, we know that he was in Paris with Madame Roland, when this was happening. I only used his name because I wished to hint that the young sergeant in the National Guards was handsome. And according to tradition—Matthew Prior, Barbaroux, and Napoleon Buonaparte actually surpassed the old idea of Greek beauty, which, judging from Sir William Hamilton's vases, was not, I should say, difficult.

“He may pass.”

Next came Mathilde and Mrs. Bone, with the passport. It was scarcely *visé*, they were let to pass on through the narrow wicket into the narrow gloomy street, and the wicket was shut-to behind her.

“Where is Sir Lionel?” she cried, suddenly.

“He is arrested,” said one of the guards; “and is in the guard-house. You must come and see after your baggage to-morrow.”

“Why is he arrested?”

“Who can tell?” said the man, shrugging his shoulders as if to dismiss the subject, as so far beyond hope of solution as to be uninteresting; and Mathilde stood alone among the idlers in the street, scared, and yet with the responsibility of the two others upon her. The old apple-women, who had come inside the gate because the barrier was closed, began to jeer at her.

“Send for thy mother, thou lame daughter of D’Isigny,” said one.

“Thou and thy jockey, indeed!” said another.

“Get mademoiselle a cabriolet, that she may drive to her father’s château,” cried another, amidst laughter.

“Or to her aunt’s convent at Dinort,” said another.

“Or to La Garaye,” yelled the oldest of them all.

Mathilde had stood steadily looking at them all this time, utterly speechless; but regarding them with a scorn which grew and grew till it burnt like a clear fire. All this time her bust seemed to expand, and her imperial crest to grow higher, and her magical beauty to grow more splendid in her wordless contempt. They could feel it, these women, for were they not French—it scorched them like flame; their jeers became inarticulate mouthings.

“She has her father’s accursed beauty,” cried one; and this so exasperated the oldest crone of the lot that, hooking her withered old fingers, she made towards Mathilde, and in her fury, fell headlong.

As the others were raising her, Mathilde turned slowly and majestically through a somewhat admiring crowd, who made way for her.

“Those D’Isignys carry their heads well,” said one.

“They must come off,” said another. “They must die.”

“They know how,” said another. “They can die like Désilles.”

(*To be continued in our next.*)

NOTES ON STONE CIRCLES.

By J. T. BLIGHT, F.S.A.



OF the pre-historic remains still left to us few have been the objects of more speculation as to their origin and use than the circles of standing stones. Many have been destroyed in succeeding ages—in the course of the advancement of agriculture, and by other causes—whilst those remaining owe their preservation chiefly to the fact of occupying portions of land unfit for the plough. Thus most of them stand beyond the scenes of the daily labour of man, silent testimonies of the existence of a people who had trod this soil so long ago that, even at the earliest period of which we have records, these monuments were subjects of superstitious regard. The wild and uncultivated scenes by which they are surrounded lend to them a peculiarly weird and mysterious aspect. To every wayfarer, archæologist, painter, or poet they are objects of attraction. To a ruined circle Keats compares his “bruised” Titans:—

“ One here, one there,
Lay vast and edgeways, like a dismal cirque
Of Druid stones, upon a forlorn moor.”

Nor is there any more impressive evidence of the mutability of human affairs than these rude, lichen-stained stones. They, themselves but the relics of once perfect structures, have yet, even in their ruined condition, outstood the downfall of cities, and have remained whilst palaces and the finest works of art have become mere refuse heaps, or have crumbled to dust.

Who were the builders of these structures, and for what purpose were they designed, have long been the inquiries sought to be answered by anxious students; and though there are yet many difficult points to be explained, the researches made in recent years have thrown considerable light on the subject. Many of the numerous theories and fancies which earlier writers had woven around these monuments have been cleared away. Speculation, however, probably did no harm; and the attempted explanations by learned men of the last century served, perhaps, but to pave the way for the more practical observers of the present day.

That many of these circles were reared previously to the arrival of the Romans in this country is very generally admitted by pre-historic antiquaries, as well as by those whose studies have not extended beyond authenticated periods of history. Some circles of a sepulchral character were possibly constructed during the Roman occupation ;



Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.

and circular enclosures to barrows were formed in Anglo-Saxon times. The different modes of interment, and the character of the relics discovered within tumuli, would, of course, clearly indicate the period of each. But as many circles have been denuded of their mounds, and as the structures which may have existed within them have been long since destroyed, the bare rings of upright pillars stand in several



Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.

instances as perplexing puzzles, rendering the intention of the primitive architect, and the purpose of his work, difficult to explain.

My object, however, is more to note the structures than the purposes for which they were raised, though, sometimes, the careful observation of the former seems clearly to interpret the latter. That many of the simple circles of upright stones, popularly known as "Druidic Circles," were constructed as mere ring fences is evident from the more complete remains of other structures of this class, and of which the circle near the Mulfra Cromlech in Cornwall, described in Dr. Borlase's "Antiquities of Cornwall" as the Zennor Circle, may be referred to as an example. This was formed by continuous walling between the uprights, a mode of building well known

to those who have examined British masonry. It has been noticed by Sir Gardner Wilkinson in his remarks on this subject in the "Journal of the British Archæological Association." Uprights were placed at tolerably regular intervals, then courses of smaller stones blocked the intervening spaces (fig. 1), as if the ground plan had first been marked out by the pillars, and completed in the way described. I could refer to a great number of examples of this sort of work. It was adopted in the hut circles, or cyttiau, in the hill castles, and in tumuli. In many instances, in either class of these structures, which still exist in a comparatively good state of preservation, the removal of the smaller courses of masonry from between the larger uprights would leave most excellent "Druid Circles." Sometimes the uprights touched each other, forming of themselves a continuous circle, as shown by the barrow with kistvaen in the parish of Sancreed, Cornwall (fig. 2.). (See "Journal of the Royal Institution of Cornwall," vol. i.). The diameter of this circle is about 15 ft., the height of the stones average 3 ft.; in the centre is a perfect stone chamber or kistvaen, covered with a mound of earth.

The next step in circular building consists of concentric rings of stones, of which a small example exists on Kenidzhék Head, in the parish of St. Just, Cornwall (fig. 3). Here the diameter of the barrow is 32 ft., the circles being about 2 ft. apart, with the stones almost close together, the greater number rising barely more than a foot above the ground, though two or three are between 3 and 4 ft. in height. In the centre are the remains of a kistvaen. A portion of this circle has been cut away by the erection of a stone fence at the back of the targets of the St. Just Rifle Corps. Of this type the Oatland Circle, in the Isle of Man (fig. 4), affords a larger example. Its outer ring, of which but three or four stones are left, was about 45 ft. in diameter; the inner one, 15 ft., with a kistvaen in its midst. As on the external face of one of the uprights of the inner circle there are rows of cup carvings (see "Archæologia Cambrensis," vol. xiii., 3rd Series), it may be presumed that this was always exposed to view; ^a that the mound rose from the base of the inner circle to cover the interment; whilst the outer circle formed merely a protecting fence, leaving a

^a These marks are not, however, decisive proof that such was the arrangement, as rock carvings have been found on the stones composing the buried chambers of tumuli.

clear passage between the two rings. The St. Just barrow had both circles covered.

In the three instances given above the interment was in the centre of the barrow, but there are some cases in which even the principal chamber was placed on one side, as at the barrow on Trewavas Head, in Cornwall (see "Journal of the Royal Institution of Cornwall," vol. ii.), the outer circle of which measures about 35 ft. in

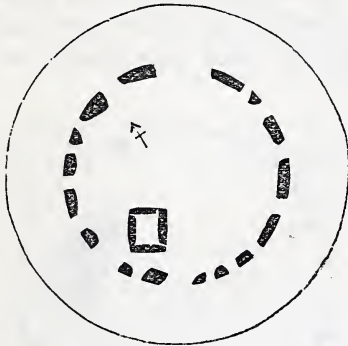


Fig. 5.

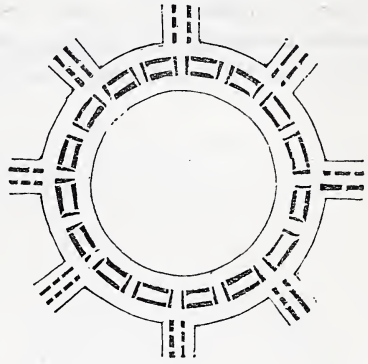


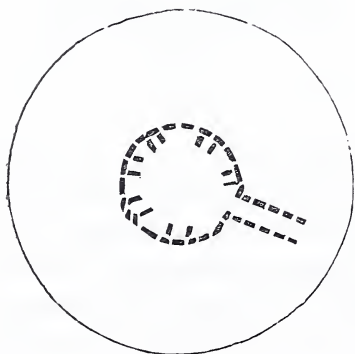
Fig. 6.

diameter, the inner one, of low stones, 19 ft. 6 in., the stone chamber being constructed within a foot of the inner circle on the south-west side (fig. 5). Mr. Stuart, in "The Sculptured Stones of Scotland," vol. ii., notices a similar arrangement occurring at Ballindalloch, in Banffshire, where a cromlech still remains on the south side, immediately within the circumference of the inner circle.

In some cases the circle itself was the part of the structure used for interment, as shown by the remarkable circle of kistvaens on the Mule Hill in the Isle of Man (fig. 6). Here may be seen the remains of a number of stone chambers, following consecutively, or at least with very little space left between them, and thus forming a circular stone structure, over which, as a writer suggests, with much plausibility, in the "Archæologia Cambrensis," was raised a covering of earth; the whole, when first constructed, presenting the appearance of an annular embankment. The diameter of this circle is 55 ft. This peculiar structure was first noticed by Mr. Halliwell in his "Roundabout Notes on the Isle of Man." A circle of sepulchral chambers also existed underneath a great tumulus

in Jersey (fig. 7), and is described in Mr. Lukis's interesting paper on the construction of chambered barrows in the "Journal of the British Archæological Association," and from which the annexed diagram is taken. This "was a round barrow enclosing a series of six cists surrounding a central arched or domed space, to which admission was gained by means of a covered way or passage."

The preceding examples of circular walling all bear traces of having been mound-covered or as marking the limits, or forming the bases, of tumuli. We now come to consider those larger monuments consisting of standing stones, which are more particularly known as "Druid Circles," and regarding which many theories have



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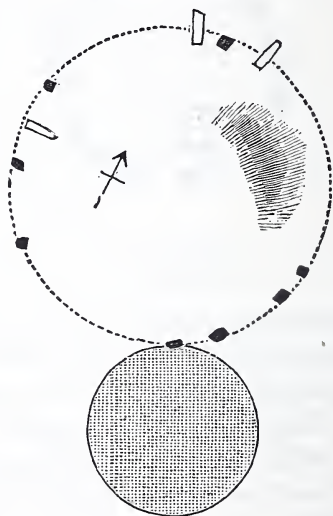


Fig. 8.

been advanced. They have been considered as Druid temples—temples for sun worship—places of meeting for chiefs and kings in council, each man standing by his own pillar, and for various other ceremonial observances. Dr. Borlase, in his description of stone circles in Cornwall, commences with that at Boskednan, in Gulval, as a good example of a simple circle of stones erect. With the exception of one sacred part in ruins, he appears to have considered this as a true type of a proper circle, used as a place of worship. By a recent examination of this monument I found that it is no other than the remains of the enclosing base-circle of the larger portion of a "twin-barrow." The smaller of the two, 36 ft. in

diameter, existing as a cairn of small stones, though it has been much disturbed, on the south side, as shown in fig. 8.^b

The larger circle is nearly 70 ft. in diameter, and consists, at



Fig. 9.

present, of eleven stones, three of which are prostrate; those standing average from 4 ft. to 6 ft. in height. On the north side, within the larger circle, some portion of the mound may still be

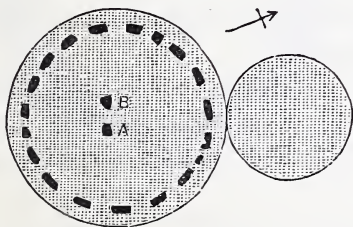


Fig. 10.



Fig. 11.

seen. In Dr. Borlase's time, thirteen stones were standing, six prostrate (fig. 9). About 270 yards north-west of this "circle" are the remains of another "twin-barrow"—the larger 35 ft. in diameter, the smaller 24 ft. Both mounds consisted of cairns of stones; which, to some extent, still exist, though within my remembrance they have been much mutilated. At A B (fig. 10), are stones which seem to have formed portions of a grave, or kistvaen. Twelve enclosing stones remain of the larger circle, of which the tallest measures 6 ft. 3 in. in height, and, were all the interior stones removed, it would stand as a "Druidic circle," as good as its neighbour known as the Boskednan Circle, and described by Dr. Borlase as a good representative of the whole class of Druid circles. It will be seen by the accompanying plans of both, that they were designed for the

^b A person residing in the neighbourhood of Penzance informed me that some labourers, about twenty years ago, found urns in this barrow.

same purpose, the difference between them being, that one is in a worse state of dilapidation than the other. Remains of other barrows similarly formed occur in the vicinity. There were two within a few hundred yards of the "twin-barrow" last described, the greater portions of which have recently been taken away to build a neighbouring hedge, but of which I found enough to show how they were built. First there was an enclosing circle of stones, some placed upright, some longitudinally (fig. 11), the intention being simply to make an enclosing fence; within this the grave was constructed, then small stones heaped over the whole, the cairn extending, by about 6 ft., outside the built circle, as shown in the

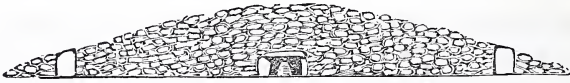


Fig. 12.

section (fig. 12.) The more perfect of the "twin-barrows" also had the cairn extending beyond the circle.

Though the Boskednan Circles were clearly cairn-bases, there are many circles whose diameters are so great that it cannot be conceived that there ever existed within them mounds so vast as to



Fig. 13.



Fig. 14.

occupy all the enclosed space. These larger circles should rather be regarded as great enclosing outworks for the protection of a group of barrows, or lesser circles, as was probably the case with Long Meg and her Daughters in Cumberland, and possibly also with the Rollrich Stones in Oxfordshire, though in the latter there are no internal remains. The Boscawen-ûn Circle, in Cornwall, 80 ft.

diameter (fig. 13), still retains some vestige of an inner structure, in the form of an inclining pillar, 9 ft. in length. Smaller circles on this plan I have also noticed at Aber, in North Wales. (See "*Archæologia Cambrensis*," vol. xi., 3rd series.) In one of these (fig. 14) there were two circles, with a pillar in the midst of the inner one. And the great circle of Callernish, in Scotland, has also this central pillar. Whether these remaining pillars be portions of cromlechs, or were simply the centres of cairns, it is not always easy to determine. To mark the sites of interment in smaller tumuli, single up-

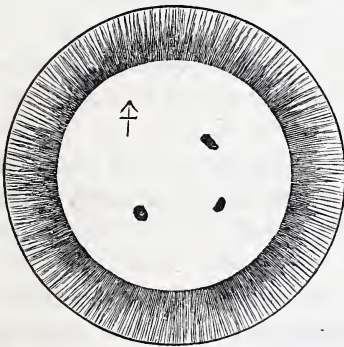


Fig. 15.

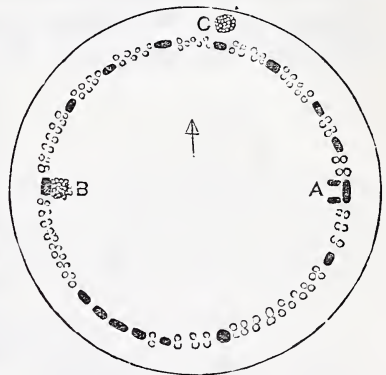


Fig. 16.

right blocks of stones have been found, as at the tumulus at Berriew, in Montgomeryshire (fig. 15), where, underneath the covering-mound, were three stones, several feet apart, unconnected with any structural arrangement (see "*Archæologia Cambrensis*," vol. iii., 3rd series). Much might have depended on the quality of the deceased, or on other causes, as to the nature of the place for the ashes or the body. The spot might be indicated by a single stone, by the mere deposit of ashes on the ground or on a flat stone, or by a kistvaen, or chamber of stone. Different methods occur in the same tumulus. I have found in a barrow an urn inclosed by stones placed carefully around it; whilst within a few feet the ashes of another body had been left on the bare ground with a few flints only, and without protection of any kind other than the mound raised over the whole.

A large circle (fig. 16), 27 yds. in diameter, over Penmaenmawr, in North Wales, which I visited in 1864, appears to have been constructed by several uprights connected by smaller masonry. Here the interments were apparently made beside the pillars. Against the

inner side of the tallest pillar, A, on the eastern part, were the remains of a small kistvaen; while against the pillar B, facing it on the opposite side, was heaped a small carnedd. The whole is surrounded by a ditch, within which, at c, is another small cairn. There are other stone inclosures in the vicinity; one, at the distance of a few hundred yards to the west, is of elliptical form. A circle at Helmen-Tor, in Cornwall, also has the enclosing ditch. This ditch, however, though serving as a sort of protection, owes its existence to the excavation of the earth for raising a vallum or a central mound.

Next in order to single circles, with or without traces of internal structures, may be classed groups of large circles, like the "Hurlers" (fig. 17) near the Cheesewring in Cornwall. Remains

of four of these circles still exist.

Three were placed in a line running about N.N.E. by S.S.W.

The northernmost is 37 yds. from the centre one, from which to the southernmost the distance is 31 yds. 120 yds. N.W. of these

are two stones of the fourth circle.

The spaces between the uprights must have averaged about 10 ft. when the circles were complete.

Their height is from 2 ft. to 5 ft. 6 in. The diameter of the north

circle is 97 ft.; the centre one, 136 ft. There are no traces of internal works. As mere circles of standing stones, these have, doubtless, thus appeared for centuries. The name of "Hurlers" was given them in the popular belief that they were once men engaged in the Cornish game of hurling. In Fuller's "Pisgah-Sight of Palestine," they are thus referred to: "But most listen to it, as to a fable, and the Hurlers in Cornwall (men metamorphosed into stones, as tradition reports, for playing on the Lord's Day) might fitly serve to build a bridge over this river."

Many of the Cornish circles, whatever may be the number of the stones, are also known by the name of the "Nine Maidens," from the tradition that they were dancers turned into stone for dancing on the Lord's Day. Why those with more or less than nine should be thus designated, is unaccountable. Two or three circles happening each to consist of nineteen stones have, from this fact, afforded to



Fig. 17.

some sufficient ground on which to raise theories relative to a numerical signification.

One of the greatest puzzles in stone circles is Dr. Borlase's figure

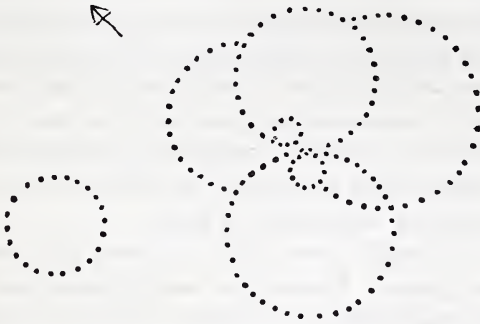


Fig. 18.

of those which stood at Botallack (fig. 18), and which represents a group intersecting each other in the most curious manner. Possibly these were not sepulchral, but the remains of hut-circles with sur-

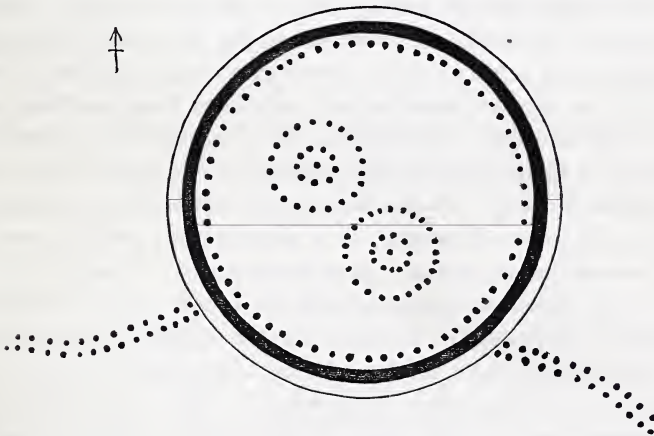


Fig. 19.

rounding enclosures. The skeletons of many such structures still existing might present a similar appearance in the ground plan.

Of circles with long avenues attached, the great examples, of course, would be those which once existed at Avebury, Wilts (fig. 19), in which are combined most of the elements of construction found in early circular tumuli. First, there is a great ditch, with a

circle of stones within it, exemplified on a smaller scale by the Penmaenmawr and Helmen-Tor circles, described above. Then, as in numerous instances already given, internal circles of stones, within which were central structures, of which evidence still exists, two of the great pillars near the farm-house, and which stood inside the northern circle, were placed at an angle, and could not have formed part of a circle. Stone avenues led to the whole work from two directions.

This plan of circular works approached by avenues occurs also in the passage-barrows, of which examples may be found in Mr. Lukis's paper previously referred to; and in the Callernish Circle (fig. 20), the same principle of construction is seen.

Some of the Cornish caves, also, in ground plan would present not dissimilar figures. Remove the roofing-stones and walls from the Chapel Uny Cave (fig. 21), and there would be an avenue leading to a circle. The New Grange tumulus would also bear some resemblance to this kind of work.

Therefore it may be submitted for consideration, whether the great uncovered stone avenues—too extensive ever to have been buried—did not owe their existence to the same motive which caused the smaller stone passages leading to the interior of tumuli. Thus a comparison of the mode of structure of the lesser with the greater monuments, may serve to throw some light on the purposes of both, and dispel or support some of the numerous theories which have been brought forward. Avebury has been considered as a temple of the Druids; a Dracontine temple; a temple of the Cabiri and of “the ever Blessed Trinity;” circles for councils and sacrifices; temple of the Celtic Mercury—Teutates; as a planetarium containing temples of the sun and moon, and as a great burial-place. Though Avebury may to some degree be compared with the smaller circular buildings, Stonehenge stands alone. It was a circular structure of vast pillars; but its plan cannot well be brought in comparison with other existing remains in this country or elsewhere.^f But in one respect this great national circle is like others in being in the midst of a burial-field. Examinations that have been made of some of the larger circles—sometimes called temples—have shown that they were also at one time used for the burial of the dead. An exploration of the Callernish Circle proved that it was once, if not originally, used for

^f Mr. Palgrave, however, in his “Travels in Central Arabia,” describes a circle resembling Stonehenge.

this purpose. On the east side of the central pillar was found a cist containing fragments of human bones, which seemed to have been subjected to the action of fire. (See Proceedings, Soc. Antiq. of Scotland, vol. iii.)

Attention has recently been directed to certain ecclesiastical laws of the Anglo-Saxons, forbidding the people to make a "frith-geard"

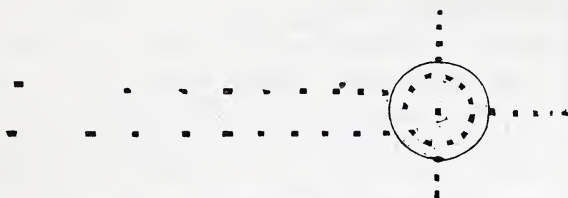


Fig. 20.

round a tree, stone, or fountain, in accordance with certain Pagan rites or superstitions. These "frith-geards" are presumed to have formed circular enclosures in the manner of the "Druid circles." But whether our circles be pre-Celtic, Celtic, or Saxon, it seems very clear that there runs throughout the whole class one predominating idea, which was simply to form, without regard to the



Fig. 21.

number or size of stones employed, an enclosure for the protection of something within, either the remains of the dead, or some object of religious veneration. A mere circle of pillars, ten, twelve, or twenty feet apart, could not answer this purpose; consequently it is fair to conclude that the circles were not constructed as many of them now appear; but that these are skeletons only of fences or boundaries of continuous circular masonry—or of pillars connected by earthen mounds—and therefore, a ruined circle cannot possibly afford sufficient data for the formation of a plausible explanation of its original use, and of the intention of its builders, from the present accidental relative position of one stone to another.

A VISIT TO THE SITE OF TROY.

“Jam seges est, ubi Troja fuit.”

“Where ancient Troy once rais'd her stately head,
There golden corn now meekly bends instead.”



WHAT visions of bygone days rise before the classical mind at the mention of the name of Troy! Scenes both warlike and sublime stand forth in more than “painted imagery.” So audibly does the poet of Chios tell his inspiring fable to the mental ear, so visibly does he delineate his characters before the mental eye, so tangibly does he produce his warriors for the mental touch, that the entranced reader hears the eloquent harangues of the assembled chiefs, beholds the embattled walls of Troy, the gorgeous palace of Priam, and the renowned Scæan gates; he sees the helmeted warriors mingle in the fray, handles the brazen armour of the Greeks, and brandishes the sharp lances of the Trojans. Again, carried away by the spirit-breathing poem, he beholds the Grecian ships equipped for the campaign, hears the mighty, nodding-crested Hector urging the Trojans to the fight, beholds the peerless Helen treading the courts of Troy, and listens to the bodings of Cassandra plaintively sounding throughout the marble halls. Anon the view changes, and he becomes the spectator of a night scene. In the ruddy glare of the Trojan watch-fires he sees the warriors eager for the fight, and hears the impatient war-horses “champing golden grain” :—

“Hard by their chariots, waiting for the dawn.”—*Tennyson.*

Faithfully have both the Poet-Laureate and the late Prime Minister set before us this noble passage. Let the latter now speak :—

“As when in Heav'n, around the glitt'ring moon
The stars shine bright amid the breathless air;
And ev'ry crag, and ev'ry jutting peak
Stands boldly forth, and ev'ry forest glade;
Ev'n to the gates of Heav'n is open'd wide
The boundless sky; shines each particular star
Distinct; joy fills the gazing shepherd's heart.
So bright, so thickly scatter'd o'er the plain
Before the walls of Troy, between the ships
And Xanthus' stream, the Trojan watch-fires blaz'd.
A thousand fires burnt brightly; and round each

Sat fifty warriors in the ruddy glare ;
With store of provender before them laid,
Barley and rye, the tether'd horses stood
Beside the cars, and waited for the morn."—*The Earl of Derby.*

But I must pause in my panoramic view of this marvellous fable, and speak of mundane affairs as they actually exist, however common-place my remarks may sound in connection with such a lofty theme. What, then, is the present condition of that spot which is supposed to constitute the site of ancient Troy? Can any ruins be discerned of a city once so mighty? Are any remains still visible to testify of her former greatness? Does the river Scamander flow in its depicted channels, and do the daughters of Asia still bathe in the far-famed stream?

In reply to these and similar questions, I may mention the following information, which was given to me by a gentleman,^a who in his passage to Balaklava during the Crimean campaign was becalmed for three weeks between Tenedos and the mainland, and who passed his time in shooting excursions on the supposed site and in the immediate neighbourhood of ancient Troy. And first, of the ruins of that renowned city. A city so illustrious and so extensive as Troy is supposed to have been, ought certainly to afford some existing memorials of its former greatness. Travellers speak with astonishment of the enormous stones found amidst the ruins of Balbec; hewn stones of sixty and seventy feet long, by twelve and thirteen feet thick. The modern Athens also abounds in ancient porticos and columns, expressive of her former grandeur. Surely, then, it may be supposed that the neighbourhood of Troy is rich in similar relics.

So far as the researches of my friend extended, he found no such evidences of ancient splendour; no remains of stately palaces, no polished porticos nor evidences of marble chambers; nothing to lead the traveller to exclaim, "Here dwelt the sons and daughters of Priam." On the contrary, the entire locality was singularly devoid of ruins; even stones—which are supposed by some to speak with poetic tongue—were here painfully silent. In short, not a mound nor hillock nor trace of a fallen city did my friend perceive: the whole country appeared to be an unbroken plain.

Again, with regard to those relics of antiquity which are so highly

^a W. Everitt, Esq., of Garveston, Norfolk.

prized by the antiquary and archæologist, viz., brazen swords and spears, ancient urns, vases, and statuary, not a vestige could be discerned,—not even a chip of the old, old horse, instinct with armed men.

In like manner, nothing can be seen of the famed river Scamander, the swift-flowing stream extolled in Homer's song. Its supposed bed is prolific in melons, and its banks cease to listen to the babbling waters. So shallow and shelving also is the sea on the coast immediately adjacent to Troy, that a ship's boat is unable to approach within a hundred yards of the shore. Hence, if the present condition of this portion of the once celebrated *Ægean* Sea is an exponent of the past, we fear the Grecian heroes, when sailing from Tenedos on the night of the destruction of Troy, must have anchored in a most unfavourable locality for effecting a landing; and the task of wading to the shore must have been sadly onerous to their brazen-coated limbs, especially if the phrase in the "*Æneid*," "*tacitæ per anica silentia lunæ*," will bear the interpretation of "a dark and dreary night."

Once more: the quotation with which I have headed this article, and which is duly impressed on the mind of the school-boy upon his introduction to the *Latin Delectus*, is by no means strictly applicable to the present condition of the site of Troy; for, instead of fields of golden corn, there is now a barren waste of scrub oak, interspersed here and there with patches of corn, which corn is still trodden out by oxen, as in days of yore. I must not omit to remark, that the scrub oaks here mentioned will not bear a comparison with our sturdy English oaks, as they seldom exceed six feet in height. The cup of the acorn, however, is a valuable article of importation in the European market, being extensively used as a tan or dye.

From the foregoing considerations, may it not be surmised that the wondrous and spirit-stirring poem of the siege of Troy was, in the main, the brain-creation of the immortal bard? Hesiod supposed that the "heroes who fought at Troy were a divine race, distinct from other men, and now living, by the care of Jupiter, in the islands of the blessed:" perhaps, by a similar stretch of imagination, it may be supposed by some enthusiastic minds, that when these demi-gods departed to the islands of the blessed they took the stones of Troy with them, as mementos of their mundane wars.

On the other hand, it may be argued, that, owing to volcanic or other geological agencies—as in the case of the earthquake which

recently devastated the island of Tenedos—every trace of the palaces and walls, &c., of ancient Troy may have been entirely destroyed; and that the upheaval of the land may have cut off the flowing waters of the river so renowned in Homer's song.

To return, however, from the region of supposition to the realities of the present time, as seen in the immediate neighbourhood of Troy.

For the information of that class of Englishmen who are devoted to the sports of the gun, I may state, on the authority of my friend, that a great variety of game is found in the uplands and lowlands of the western sea-board of Asia Minor. In the boundless waste of wild-growing scrub, pheasants, partridges, hares, rabbits, woodcocks, doves, quails, &c., are met with in great profusion; while in the beds of the old rivers, ducks, geese, snipes, widgeons, teal, cranes, and long-necked swans, offer good sport to the "knights of the trigger," reminding the student of the well-known lines:—

Τῶν δ' ὥστ' ὀρνίθων πετεηνῶν ἔθνεα πολλὰ,
 Χηνῶν, ἢ γεράνων, ἢ κύκνων δουλιχοδείρων,
 Ἀσίφ' ἐν λειμῶνι, Καῦστρίου ἀμφὶ ρέεθρα.

B. 459—461.

Game also of a nobler kind is sometimes met with in the shape of wolves, foxes, jackals, and boars, to try the mettle of the sportsman.

And here, in speaking of cranes, it may not be inopportune to say a few words in reference to a well-known proverb concerning herons, a class of birds belonging to the crane family. When a person is derisively spoken of as ignorant in any matter, it is frequently alleged of him that "he does not know a hawk from a hand-saw." Now, in Norfolk the heron is always called by the labouring class "a harn-sar, or harn-saw;" hence the transition to hand-saw is easy and recognisable.

The coverts in which game is found in Asia, differ in many respects from those in England. *Here*, in our "tight little island," sickle-reaped corn-fields, plantations with a thick undergrowth of nut-bushes or prickly gorse, turnip and beet-root fields, hold out the prospect of success; while in Asia, thickets, forests, and especially melon-grounds, are the places where the sportsman finds, and if he be a tolerable shot, obtains a heavy bag. What the turnip-fields are to the Englishman, such are the melon-grounds to the Asiatic. In every available situation, on hill-sides or valleys, on mountain-tops or open spaces, the melon is extensively cultivated;

hence, he who wishes for a good day's sport in Asia, must trudge over and beat the melon-grounds as carefully as the "true-born Englishman" goes over the stubbles, turnips, and plantations at home. And so plentiful is the game in Asia, that a party of sportsmen accustomed to wild shooting, may daily obtain a well-filled bag of considerable variety. And here may be observed in passing, the surprising audacity with which birds of prey swoop down upon their unsuspecting victims, and carry them off even before the eyes of the astonished spectator.

The great difficulty the sportsman experiences is lack of water. In his excursions across the country he will meet with various rudely-formed wells, into which at eventide he is liable to fall unless due heed be taken. These wells are deep and narrow, and the water can only be obtained by means of a long line with a pannikin affixed to it; hence, if unprovided with these necessary adjuncts, he will resemble a hungry man who has alighted upon a supply of oysters without any means of opening the same.


The adventures that befell my friend and his companions were neither few nor uninteresting. Unacquainted with the language of the natives, they were thrown upon their own resources for provision by day, and for protection during their encampments by night. He describes the inhabitants as a wild suspicious-looking set of men, possessing very ancient and imperfect fire-arms, and by no means "first-rate shots," inasmuch as they invariably kill the game when sitting upon the ground. Their astonishment was great upon beholding our countrymen bagging the game on the wing both with the right and left barrel; they shrugged their shoulders, made rapid movements with their arms and hands, and manifested their delight by various other motions of a symbolical character, which was the sole method of communication used between our friends and the natives, inasmuch as they were mutually unacquainted with each other's language. As a general rule the English party avoided the inhabitants, who on their side seemed equally desirous of keeping "themselves to themselves."

In the villages were mosques with domes and minarets; and around the latter were balconies, upon which at certain times appeared a devout Mussulman shouting aloud, in words unknown to our travellers, but which caused the inhabitants wherever they might be, or however engaged, to prostrate themselves in adoration upon the earth.

H. W.

FRENCH FASHIONS, ANCIENT AND
MODERN.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

“ASHION” long ago unfurled her standard and established her head-quarters at Paris, whence are heralded forth new codes of costume and customs, which, as they influence the modes and the morals of the whole civilised world, involve matters of more or less personal concern to everybody in it, and not to ladies only. It is not unlikely that even the readers of SYLVANUS URBAN in general may feel both amused and interested in judging for themselves of Fashion’s past caprices compared with those of the present day, when Paris has so recently exhibited herself in full modern array to “all the nations of the earth” on the Champ de Mars, and in seeing for themselves How, for What, When, and with Whom, some of those caprices originated.

Upon the subject of dress, always involving points of grave consideration for artists, eminent French ecclesiastics have lately preached and pamphleteered, whilst there are some moralists who fear that that outward state of things is coming round again, thus alluded to by an observer of the First French Empire:—“When ladies shall have re clothed themselves, I will tell you of their costume, in which, at present, there is certainly no novelty.” Meantime, in these locomotive days, many a once far-distant aboriginal chieftain unconsciously displays a practical faith in the old French *mot*, “A man is only half a man without his coat;” and rare are far-off females, generally, who believe not themselves to be within the circles of French fashion, when as long since as the month of April last, a black Sierra Leone laundress boarded her Majesty’s ship *Star* (for the purpose of offering her professional services to the officers of that ship), arrayed in a monster crinoline, which, according to her belief, encompassed in itself every exigency of modern costume.

But circles recede, and blissfully was that black *belle ignorant* that Fashion, like Opinion in the days of Swift, “dances a dervish-like dance hoodwinked, headstrong, giddy, yet perpetually turning.” Round and round French fashion spins back to some old starting-point called new. But there is nothing new under the sun, and

especially not in the vexation of spirit engendered by Fashion's vanity; for Juvenal, who declared that an ancient—or, to speak more politely, a classical—lady's toilette in his day, was more terrible for those in attendance on it, than the tribunal of the tyrants of Sicily, was so stung by the sight of a Roman matron beating her maid, that he asked the former, "Why punish that unfortunate creature, because the shape of your own nose offends you?"^a

But Fashion was then, as now, more cynical than Juvenal, and had no doubt angered that matron; and what lady has *not* cause for indignation when commanded by caprice not only to dress in colours ill-suited to her complexion, but to change the natural colour of her hair (skin to match), or even as far as possible the form of her features to please Fashion, who to-morrow will suddenly turn round and laugh in her face? Let, however, no insinuation be here suspected that ladies of this enlightened day could so heathenishly misdemean themselves as to beat their maids, or that even, like good Queen Bess, any one of them would smash a mirror because, say, her *chignon* differed in shade from the rest of her hair; rather would she, like a nymph in the "Rape of the Lock," reflect—

"How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserves what beauty gains."

Such, naturally, would be a 19th-century lady's sentiment, even when

. "to the destruction of mankind
Nourishing two locks which graceful hang behind."

But none the less may she like, when seated at her toilette, to be reminded that, appertaining to it, there is scarcely a custom or a costume but was familiar to the *beaux* and *belles* of ancient Greece and Rome; and that with regard to hairdressing, the various combinations of classic *coiffure* produced much the same appearances as those patent in London or Paris at this present time;—a fact attested by many a marble goddess and stone empress in the Uffizii Gallery of Florence, and in other antique art galleries of Italy, and here visible on the heads of three Greek priestesses, who having survived the rise and fall of centuries and dynasties, now come forward, as though to prove that they were not only priestesses, but pro-

^a "Quid Psecas admisit? Quænam est hic culpa puellæ,
Si tibi displicuit nasus tuus?"—*Juv. Sat. vi.*, 494, 5.

phetesses of the modern *chignon*, the modern *couronne frisée*, and the cap and veil à la *Marie Stuart*.

Nor only these; for, as observed by the rare art-collector to whom we are indebted for this illustration,^a “all the goddesses of the highest class, Venus excepted, wore the *peplum*; but for the sake of convenience (let walking ladies with long trains observe this), Diana generally had hers furied up and drawn tight over the shoulders and round the waist, so as to form a girdle with the ends hanging down before and behind! Gods and heroes, when travelling,



Costume of Ancient Greek Ladies.

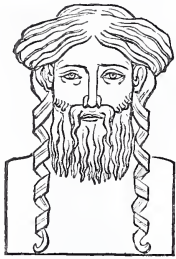
used instead of the ample *peplum*, to wear a shorter and simpler cloak called *chlamys*, which was fastened over the shoulder or upon the chest with a clasp. Such is the mantle of the Belvedere Apollo and of Mercury, a “traveller by profession.” This Roman cloak we shall presently see on the shoulders of French Royalty; but, meantime, if once more raising our eyes to the *Peplum* Priestesses of the Past, it may not be indecorous to observe that they forecast modern fashion in likewise “going about loose” in that now popular jacket or “*Garibaldi*.”

And let not the “gilded youth” either of England or France in this our day of revivals despond; for howsoever Paterfamilias or any survivor of the “Beau Brummel crop” may protest against it, the “new-fangled fashion” of male hair parting, and also of curling or drooping whiskers, is sanctioned by antiquity; and here any classically disposed young man, desirous of dividing his hair in a line with

^a “Costume of the Ancients.” By Thomas Hope. London: Printed by W. Bulmer, St. James’s, 1812.

Subsequent illustrations to this paper are authenticated by a set of plates (sanctioned by a well-known London School of Art), representing male and female costume during the last thousand years; but this set of plates has no letter-press explanation or description, beyond that of dates appertaining to it.

his nose, or of curling the hirsute appendages of his face, may, when looking on this page, reasonably rejoice in the sight of that "Indian or Bearded Bacchus," who was a favourite type of manliness to the youth of ancient Rome, and who still looks on with his clear eyes



Indian or Bearded
Bacchus.

and smiles with his firm lips in various antique art galleries of Italy. For there is Bacchus and Bacchus; and this one lived so long before beer-barrels were invented, that he seems to have been forgotten by that royal "finest gentleman of Europe," whose wig was parted on one side, and whose boon companions with shaven chins were apt to slip from their chairs under the table. But this our Bacchus above stood firm on his pedestal when empires and kingdoms were falling and rising around him; and therefore it came to

pass that he was an object of special respect even to Christian princes and pilgrims of those times when France, in her youthful strength of faith, sent forth her bravest or most penitent sons over gloomy mountains, icy and foggy enough to appear fabulous in these railway days, and over paths then bristling with dangers.

To Rome went French princes and pilgrims, and thence returned to infant Paris with their cloaks all the worse for wear and tear, but worn in the style of the Belvedere Apollo, or Mercury,—traveller, as before said, by profession. The four sons of Clovis, first Christian king of France, all wore this Roman cloak; and Sigebert, a French prince who died about the year 576, and was buried at Soissons, is represented by a monumental effigy as having been so clothed. French monarchs were accustomed to have their necks bare in those days, but none the less had they retained the *chlamys* and its shoulder-clasp, the cloak of King Clovis being moreover adorned with the *fleur-de-lys*, the original of which flower was said to have been presented to him on an azure shield by an angel. The best idea of that heavenly messenger is embodied to us in Clothilde, the wife of Clovis, by whom that monarch was converted to Christianity. By birth she was a Burgundian princess, and in person she was beautiful, as evidenced by the monument from which the following illustration was originally taken. From her Burgundian uncle's palace she came, in the year 493, to wed King Clovis at Soissons, travelling thither in a waggon called a *basterne*, drawn by oxen, which was a vehicle of unusual luxury at that time in France. Her husband and convert,

Clovis, styled "August," lamenting that many of the arts formerly introduced by the Romans into Gaul, were even in his day on the rapid decline, was the first French king who imported theatricals into France, in the form of a "Pantomime, equally well versed in mimicry and music."

Mimics, therefore, with the French were the first comedians, as they had been with the Greeks and Romans; and Queen Clothilde,



Sainte Clothilde, d'après les monuments de l'époque.

albeit a saint, was none the less a woman of talent and taste, as we here in this illustration may perceive from her costume.

For a considerable time after the date of this dress (499), that worn by French princesses continued to be flowing and graceful; but in proportion as classical toilette traditions faded away in France, strange changes took place there, as we shall presently see.

For years before her death Clothilde was a widow, and when she died she was buried in the church of St. Peter and St. Paul (now the church of Ste. Geneviève), in Paris. Her monument, as before-said, marks an epoch not only in costume, but in Christian civilisa-

tion ; and as with the former only we have here to do, it may be observed that during the later period of the life of this pious princess (still at this day in France called Sainte Clothilde), the "weeds" of a widow, such as those she wore, resembled the austere garb of a nun, and by the dawn of the 6th century, or thereabouts, even French wives had become ascetic in outward appearance. Home-spun were their scanty garments of linen, and home-dyed their outer raiments of wool, and so strictly was their costume altogether regulated by the law of man, that it not only compelled home industry in preparing it, but excluded all chance of display, whether of person or individual taste. The long piece of thick stuff attached to a female head in those hard times was not ungraceful in its threefold use of veil, mantle, and *bandelette*, or brow band, but then it suffered not a single stray hair to be seen. Much more licence was, however, allowed by Frenchmen to themselves in the matter of *modes*, and by the time of the great Charlemagne superb was the costume of male courtiers ; the cloak bright blue, lined with white and trimmed with fur, the sandals gilt ; and Charlemagne himself, when smaller men wore long beards, shaved his chin and twirled his moustaches. But the one article most favoured amongst the "swells" of that day was a walking-stick of apple-tree wood, knotted at equal distances, and surmounted by a big apple made of gold or silver. Is it possible that this big apple-topped stick compelled obedience on the part of Eve's descendants contemporary with it ? Away such a suspicion from gallant Gaul ! But, nevertheless, true it was that for a long time not a French wife of high rank could get into her strait, stiff-collared gown, without being visibly reminded of her family duties, for on one side it was emblazoned with the heraldic devices of her father, and on the other by those of her husband.

Startling were some of these devices, which not only was the French wife constrained to wear, but had probably been previously compelled to work ; such as dragons, snakes, or hook-beaked birds, vicious-looking enough to have pecked at the fair fingers of their meek worker and wearer.

Some uncertainty there is as to the exact date when this strange fashion was first imposed on French females of high degree ; but prevalent it was long before the time when playing-cards were invented, although they, in some sort, portray it on card "Queens" of that later period when, as we shall soon see, emancipated Woman in France clothed herself in a way for a man to fear.

Meantime, when French husbands were away fighting barbarous battles, and French wives stayed at home to work their own gowns in honour of their husbands' deeds, monks and nuns naturally obtained a social ascendancy over the female French mind ; for it was not only some excitement to listen to monastic legends of saints and martyrs, but in many cases still more so to look forward to the festivals of the Church, in those days when other Great Exhibitions were not. With the Crusades, however, came new customs ; and French costume was widened, varied, and elaborated, as the age of chivalry advanced. To French ladies then sang troubadours. And poets, who were at the same time pilgrims returned from the East, recited tales of love and war, until at last queens and noble dames of France, inspired by the thoughts of glorious deeds born of love, not only formed courts in Love's name, which they ruled by laws of chivalry, but some of them even obtained grants from the Church to accompany their husbands to the wars, and thus became Crusaders also.

No longer meekly wearing the one scanty gown a-year, such as their grandmothers had worked and worn, French ladies now attached their own symbolically-selected colours, bright and flowing, to the shields and helmets of their own true knights, who were expected either to die for those colours or successfully to defend them. Nor could stay-at-home French monks and nuns resist the charm of Eastern narrative, of tales of the land whence came their faith, together with the gold and frankincense, and myrrh—the offerings and incense of their sanctuaries—for by education they were the men and women best calculated to interpret the allegories involved in Oriental tales. French society then, as now, was but human ; and it need scarcely be said that with increased so-called civilization and means of luxury social abuses began to abound, until it became impossible by modes of dress always to define with precision the rank of their wearer. It therefore happened that, in the reign of Louis VIII., a class of women—not of the Court, but rather of the camp—dressed in such a costly manner that much social confusion arose, until one day (A.D. 1224) Queen Blanche of Castille, the lovely and pious consort of Louis VIII., being at mass, received “the kiss of peace” from a female fellow-worshipper whom she believed to be of a class and character to approach her, and it was not until after Queen Blanche had returned “the kiss of peace” that she discovered her mistake, being certified of which she ap-

pealed to the King, her husband, and obtained from him an edict prohibiting any female whose antecedents would not bear inquiry to wear “gowns with trains, and capes, and *gilt belts*.” But the edict was evaded. “The modest women, however, consoled themselves for this neglect with the testimony of their conscience, and the goodness of their reputation ;” and the form of words in which they thus consoled themselves became a proverb, still familiar in France : “*Bonne renommée vaut mieux que ceinture dorée.*”—“A good name is worth more than a gilt belt.”

The Princess Isabella, one of the eleven children of Queen Blanche, founded the Abbey of Longchamp, in the Bois de Boulogne, whither it became the fashion to make pilgrimages—especially on Ash Wednesday, Holy Thursday, and Good Friday—many pilgrims being attracted thither by the harmonious voices of the nuns. This antique fashion long endured, as we all know ; but, its purpose how perverted, when all that is mostly remembered of Longchamp in this our 19th century, is the display of toilettes still special to the Bois de Boulogne, and which until lately were made patent by the name of that Abbey founded by the pious Princess Isabella, one of whose brothers (Louis IX.) was the “Saint Louis” of whom Louis XVI. was reminded by the Abbé Edgeworth on the scaffold.

Queen Blanche was Regent during the minority of her son, St. Louis, who, having vowed to repair to the Holy Land, died, in the fifty-sixth year of his age, in his attempt to subdue the infidels. When at home he was so prompt and impartial in administering justice that Joinville, his contemporary biographer, says : “I have often seen the saint sitting beneath an oak tree in the wood of Vincennes, or on a carpet in a garden, when all who had any cause of complaint freely approached him.” It was in his reign that the two orders of mendicant monks, the Augustins and the Carmelites, settled in Paris, and many convents and hospitals were founded by him ; it is not therefore to be wondered at that fanaticism then became a *fashion* in France, as elsewhere then in Europe. Scourges of leather thongs were carried by penitents, who walked in public, “and with tears and groans lashed themselves on their bare backs until the blood ran,” and even men and women who were of no monastic order wore the *chape* or *chaperon*, which cape or hood had an ecclesiastical appearance, albeit often made of splendid stuffs. Following the example of his mother, Blanche, above alluded to,

the King-Saint, Louis, issued an edict forbidding any of his subjects but those whose lives were virtuous to wear these chaperon garments; and Jews in France during this reign were distinguished from Christians by two red cloth patches, cut in the form of wheels, which they were compelled to display on their cloaks, before and behind. The game at chess and all games of dice were then forbidden to be played, and love songs ceased to be heard. Musical instruments, such as those once twanged by troubadours, were silent. The only music that prevailed was that of the mournful voice of the penitent, and the Saint-King Louis IX., whose countenance—if monuments and old pictures are to be relied on—was beautiful and ecstatic, wore the Roman cloak, fleur-de-lys adorned, like King Clovis had worn, but with a cross attached to it, like a crusader.

Remarkable was the reaction which took place in French costumes and customs within half a century after the demise of St. Louis, for in 1310, during the reign of Philip IV., surnamed the Fair, such splendour of apparel and disregard of time-honoured conventions prevailed in France that monks openly attended fairs and markets for secular purposes, and nuns wearing silks, “dressed their hair in the fashionable style,” and were present at most places of public amusement. Pins were first used in France about this time, and helped to arrange feminine garments in fantastic forms, unprecedented on Christian wearers. Pins were then called *affiches*; pieces of costly tissue took the place of *fichus*, or neck-handkerchiefs, and robes adorned with gold or brilliant trinkets were upheld on one side, “*fendues comme les tuniques des filles de Lacédémone*,” but the different classes of the nobility still hoped to distinguish themselves by the breadth of their cloaks, the length of their trains, and the magnificence of their furs and ermine. Hats were not yet known, but caps, male and female, were worn of velvet, and sometimes over the cap was drawn a hood, with a very long tail hanging down behind, and topped by a cushion, an elaborate *chaperon*, the larger in form the higher the rank of the wearer. Rank was also proclaimed by the length of the shoes, whence came the French proverb—“*Etre sur un grand pied dans le monde*;” and these shoes (which were said to have been first brought into fashion by a nobleman who had some defect in his foot, and wished to hide it) were frequently adorned with horns, claws, or some grotesque figure; the more ridiculous it was the greater its beauty. Nor was extravagance limited to matters of costume, for the variety of *entremets* served on

various tables having then become notorious, laws were passed, not only to restrain annual outlay in dress, but to limit the number of dishes, especially on Fast Days. Crowns of gold or silver were forbidden to be worn by citizens or their wives, from which extraordinary interdict it must be presumed that the *bourgeoisie* of Paris had by that time grown into a wealthy institution, anxious to compete with the Court, and to display itself in public, for it was moreover forbidden to the citizen and his dame to be lighted home at night with waxen torches. But it was easier for the king and the bishops to draw up a code of sumptuary laws than to compel its observance, and even when some special dress clause was enforced, Fashion found modes to revenge herself: for example, long-shaped and grotesque figure-adorned shoes were abolished by a fine of ten florins which their wearers were made to pay; but the long shoes were succeeded by such broad ones that they were more than a foot wide. Many were the fines which even ladies of rank had to pay out of the *aumonière*, or splendidly adorned purse, in the form of a flat bag, which it was their wont to wear suspended on one side by a long chain, and these fines on fashion helped to enrich the royal exchequer; but that they were not exacted with any moral intention of repressing public extravagance was proved by the fact that on his deathbed King Philip, who was himself one of the handsomest and most luxurious tyrants of his day, conjured his eldest son and successor to suppress the new taxes, and himself revoked all the edicts by which they had been established; and after his time, such ridiculous dress fashions prevailed—especially amongst the gentlemen of France—that by the time Philip VI., the first monarch of the line of Valois, succeeded to the throne, he was greeted by subjects whose heads were laden with feathers, and whose garments were too short and tight to need description, for there was scarcely anything of them.

In the reign, however, of Charles V., grandson of Philip VI., and surnamed the *Wise*, a great improvement was effected in French costume. Short mantles, *sans* sleeves, but superbly trimmed, were worn by gentlemen, and the dress of a lady of that time was so free from absurdity that it might have been reproduced in many an after age with advantage, although here it leaves but little to describe save that the hair, drooping naturally, was confined by a *bandeau* of silk or gems, or else covered by a cap of ermine, or some rich stuff, pointed downward in the centre towards the forehead, and raised in slight curves on either side; the sleeves and skirts of the dress were

long and flowing, and the bodice, though defining the figure, was slightly open.

Quite distinct, about that time, was the dress of the *chambrière*, or waiting-maid; for short were her skirts, something like those of a Swiss peasant, whilst her head was enveloped in a *coiffure* not unlike that of a grand Turk in old picture-books, but which quite concealed her hair.

Very startling were the "fashions" succeeding those just named,



Règne de Charles VI. (d'après un tableau du temps).



Dame de Qualité (d'après Gauguères) Règne Charles VII.

although it is somewhat difficult to define exactly the year when some costume caprices first displayed themselves; suffice it therefore to say, that after the imbecile Charles VI. had mounted the throne, his subjects, male and female, for the most part dressed like mad people. Tight still was male clothing, but of two distinct colours right and left.

One leg was scarlet, the other blue; or one arm was black and the other white, the colours being contrasted according to the taste of the wearer, as also were the devices by which his short coat was variegated. This harlequinade of colours, and likewise, as mentioned in a previous page, the heraldic devices of ladies' dresses, is in some measure observable on playing cards, generally supposed to have been invented at this time for the amusement of Charles VI., and which indeed were then introduced into France by one Grin-

gonneur, who painted "cards in gold and divers colours" for the king's entertainment; but it is here as well to mention the fact that gambling generally had for centuries previously been rife in France, and games at cards had, long before the reign of Charles VI., according to Bernardo of Sienna, been played in Italy. But, without here going still further into the card question, we must commiserate the unfortunate Charles VI., who sought to beguile thought in any way, however puerile, when we remember what manner of woman was his coarse and cruel consort, Isabella of Bavaria. Surely no man in his senses can wonder that the sight of her did occasionally scare the imbecile king, for on her head she wore horns, and these grew wider and wider, and, in proportion, higher.

This formidable horn head-dress, variously decked with jewels or fur, was introduced into France by the Queen above-named, and became eventually so monstrous that, the horns growing at least two yards apart from each other, doorways were enlarged to admit the breadth of them.

And not only horns but tails were at that time worn by ladies, and to these "*robes à queue*," or long-train dresses, were attached sleeves which swept the ground. In addition to all this, it may be observed that ornaments, resembling animals' ears, were sometimes appended to the horns; but the undergarments of this amazing costume were usually of wool or coarse cloth, for fine linen was at that time so rare in France that the mighty Isabella herself possessed but a scant supply of it as a luxury.

When Charles VII. became king, the appearance of men and women was more equalized by dress; for that monarch, who owed his crown to Joan of Arc, was of low stature, and had such very short legs, that no two-coloured tights suited them; so he adopted the dress best calculated to conceal the defects of his person, and thereby revived the fashion of long and flowing male garments in France. By his successor, however, a total revolution was again effected in matters of costume; for Louis XI., who is said to have exulted at the death of his own father, and whose cruelty was so detestable that it earned for him the title of "Scourge of the Human Race," seems to have satirized his male subjects by causing them to be dressed like apes; which, as Monstrelet, the observing chronicler of that time, declares was ". . chose très mal honnête et *impudique*." To say nothing of the *pantalons*, save that they were strained tight beyond any decent precedent, and adorned with a riband rosette;

the short jackets, which did not reach the waist, were sustained by false shoulders, called *mahoitres*, to give a broad-chested appearance to their wearers, whose eyebrows were almost hidden beneath the long front hair then in fashion, and whose pointed shoes, called *poulaines*, even exceeded those of the time of Philip IV., being two feet in length.

Nor was female dress less remarkable in the reign of Louis XI., for before his time the horn head-dress had been superseded by that shaped like a pointed sugar-loaf, which attained such a summit of fashion, that whereas doorways had formerly been widened to admit the horns, they were now made loftier to let in the loaf, from the topmost point of which was suspended a veil of such length that it touched the ground, although the *robe à queue*—the long-dress train—was cut off, as also sleeves which had formerly drooped to the feet of the wearer. Ear-rings and bracelets had been introduced in the reign of Charles VII., and these ornaments were of course much in request during that of his successor, Louis XI. All sorts of artificial personal adornments and toilette practices, supposed to enhance personal beauty, then became general. Wigs and false hair date in France from the time of Louis XI.; and, curious for us in this day to observe, the unnatural custom made familiar to us by recent 19th-century contemporary fashion, of dying hair yellow or gold colour, was then (1461) adopted in France. The ladies, as before said, had cut off their trains, but their shortened garments were trimmed with immensely wide borders. Formerly, as already mentioned, fine linen had been much worn in France, but in proportion as outward and meretricious adornment became rife, fine linen grew rare.

(To be continued.)



DECREASE OF POPULATION IN FRANCE.—Every infant born in France, whether the child of a prince or of a *chiffonier*, must, according to law, be presented at the *mairie* of its parish within twenty-four hours of its birth. This harsh measure induces many a doctor to sign certificates of thriving infants being in a despairing state of health in order to calm the fears of their anxious mothers. The Academy of Medicine has presented a petition to the Minister of the Interior, laying before his excellency the danger during this inclement season of decreasing the rising generation by the continuance of this practice. The object of the law is to ascertain the number of male births, and inscribe their names for future enrolment in the army.

SIR PHILIP FRANCIS, K.C.B.^a

F, in these days of rapid thought and indifference to the past, the public can interest themselves in the bygone history of the British press, the memoirs before us are well worth attention. Mr. Merivale has “undertaken to present to the public the fruits of Mr. Parkes’s labour, but on a scale less than that which Mr. Parkes had intended;” for had the biography been published on the original plan, it would have cost Mr. Parkes “ten or twenty years of a life already far advanced, and would have occupied many volumes.” With regard to the *vexata questio* of the identity of Junius with Francis, the editor admits that the papers contain no confession on the part of Sir Philip, nor any direct evidence. The proofs are much the same in character as they were before the examination of the papers collected by Mr. Parkes; but they are more complete. Though there is no acknowledgment of the authorship, it is difficult on any other supposition to account for the fact that Francis’s minute correspondence and autobiography indicate not one fact inconsistent with it, and that he has evidently mutilated his papers with the intention of concealing something. There is a striking, almost a terrible passage in Lady Francis’s recollections of her husband, in which she says that “it was the opinion of some of his most intimate friends that his hesitation in parliamentary speaking (for he was not a successful orator), was partly owing to the consciousness of his secret. He set so constant and habitual a guard on his lips. . . . that the habit remained, even in cases where the secret was not at all in question.”

Philip Francis was born in Dublin, October 22, 1740. His father was a well-known scholar, and translator of Horace, Demosthenes, &c. At the time of Philip’s birth, Dr. Francis appears to have been a curate in Dublin, engaged in writing for the press in the interest of the Castle. At the age of twelve, Philip was sent to St. Paul’s School, London, where he remained till 1756; when having become head boy, he obtained through Lady Holland’s influence, an appointment in one of the Secretary of State’s offices, as Junior clerk. Dr. Francis, who was a worldly, sceptical sort of parson, was then private chaplain to Lady Holland. In 1758, Philip was appointed secretary to General Bligh in the expedition against Cherbourg; and in 1760, though then only twenty, he went to Lisbon as secretary to Lord Kinnoull. He appears to have been thoroughly disgusted with the Portuguese, for he writes to his father:—

“I had always a very bad opinion of this nation; but at present I have entirely altered it. Instead of finding them moderately execrable, I find that all our ideas of what is superlatively bad, come far short of the qualifications of a Portuguese. . . . This is a sample of the Portuguese manner of thinking:—If a servant offends, we must not strike, but kill him; he will assuredly avenge a blow by assassinating his master, without running the least risk of punishment; whereas his death would be attended with no sort of inconvenience. The king is a beggar; his troops beggars;

^a “Memoirs of Sir Philip Francis, K.C.B.” Commenced by the late Joseph Parkes, Esq.; completed and edited by Herman Merivale, M.A. Longmans, 1867.

the nobility utter beggars ; but no term is strong enough to describe the beggary of the *plebs*. Let it suffice to say, that half a moidore would purchase every crime that even a Portuguese could commit."

On the return of the embassy to England, Francis resumed his official drudgery, but studied hard and well in the intervals of business. In 1761 he fell in love with Elizabeth Mackrabe, an accomplished and virtuous young lady as poor as her lover. Dreading the *res angusta domi* for their children, both fathers opposed the engagement ; but after a clandestine courtship of some months, the marriage took place, and in May, 1763, a daughter was born. Dr. Francis was offended at the match, and his bitterness was increased by political differences with his son ; they do not appear to have been completely reconciled to each other till 1767, when poverty and an attack of palsy softened the heart of the old man. After this date the Doctor's letters to his son generally contain a request for 30*l.* or 50*l.* ; and as these sums do not appear to have been repaid, the young clerk must have been considerably hampered by his liberality to his gambling and drinking father. Sir Philip once told Lady Francis that he scarcely remembered the time when he did not write ; but his first ascertained appearance in print was occasioned by an "O. P." contest in 1763, when he attacked Garrick in a handbill signed "An Enemy to Imposition."

In the same year, the growing unpopularity of Lord Bute—"the reputed lover of the king's mother, the minion, the Scot"—as he was termed, compelled that minister to resign ; but he must have been privy to the *coup d'état* which followed:—

"April 30, 1763, was a memorable day in the annals of the British press. Early in the forenoon, three of his Majesty's messengers, by virtue of a warrant signed by Lords Egremont and Halifax, seized the person of Wilkes (then a member of Parliament), held him in custody, and took forcible possession of his house."

Francis, who had been promised preferment by Lord Egremont, could not openly express his indignation, though he took an intense interest in the contest which followed. In the *Public Advertiser*, July 29, 1764, appeared a letter signed "Crito," justifying the verdicts against the *North Briton* ; this called forth an answer by "Candor." Woodfall declining to print a second letter by "Candor," unless he would give his real name, the correspondence was published by Almon in a pamphlet. Accident has shown that "Francis" and "Candor" were identical. In the autumn of 1764, the Court, the Ministry, and Lord Mansfield, were stung to the quick by "An Enquiry into the Doctrine of Libels, Warrants, and Seizure of Papers," by "The Father of Candor," who was however young Francis himself.

Almon was prosecuted for a passage in the "Enquiry" imputing to the Chief Justice the arbitrary and illegal alteration of the information on record in the prosecution of Wilkes. Almon escaped through a ludicrous mistake. So full was every one's mind of Wilkes, that the rule was entitled "The King against John Wilkes, instead of John Almon." A new rule was prepared, but the Rockingham administration let the matter drop. As "Anti-Sejanus," Francis opposed Lord Rockingham's American policy, and went so far as to caricature the physical infirmities of his idol Pitt for saying, "I rejoice that America has resisted."

Francis was in favour of the legal right of the mother country to tax the colonies; and he strongly disapproved of the repeal of the Stamp Act, and the absurd imposition of the equally obnoxious duties on imported goods. In 1772 he made a tour on the continent; but his letters at that time are not particularly interesting. He did not like the French and Germans much more than the Portuguese, and the Italians he specially despised. It may be remarked here that he hated the Scotch, and that Junius says in one of his letters, "I would as lief be a Scot as a lawyer." In short he was a man of many and strong antipathies to individuals and classes of men. "Francis derived no accession of fortune from the decease of his father (March 5, 1773), who appears to have accumulated nothing." He must, however, have been pecuniarily a gainer by the cessation of the begging letters:—

"Without place or employment (for he had from some unexplained reason left the War Office in March, 1772), with a wife and several infant children to provide for, his patron Calcraft dead, his political friends in hopeless opposition, his position was melancholy in the extreme."

The clouds, however, soon cleared away, for, through the influence of Lord Barrington, he was made a member of the new Council of India, with a salary of 10,000*l.* a year. Shortly after his appointment, Francis paid a visit to Lord Clive in Shropshire; and it is probable that from this visit sprung his antipathy to Warren Hastings—an antipathy which certainly had taken possession of his mind before his arrival in India. Macrabie or Mackrabie (for the name is spelt indifferently with or without a *k*), accompanied his brother-in-law as private secretary. They embarked on board the *Ashburnham*, April 1, 1774, and were accompanied throughout the voyage by the *Anson*, on board which vessel were the judges of the Supreme Court, created by the Regulation Act, to which Francis owed his appointment. Macrabie seems to have been devoured by jealousy of the judges, as his journal is full of gibes at the passengers on board the *Anson*, and it is too probable that in this case as in others, he took his cue from his principal. They reached Calcutta, October 19, 1774, and Macrabie complains of the absence of ceremony with which they were received. Hastings, well informed of the disposition of the visitors, must have felt like Dryden's Hunter, who saith—

" — Here comes my mortal enemy,
And either he must fall in fight or I."

Macrabie gives an amusing account of a ball:—

"If splendour accompanied heat, a ball in India ought to be uncommonly splendid. The appearance of the ladies, even before country dances, was rather ardent than luminous. When the minuets are ended they go home with their partners to undress, and after a little refreshment, return again in the purest innocence of muslin, and in the simplicity of a night-gown. The zeal and activity with which they exert themselves in country dances is exercise enough for the spectators. By dint of motion, these children of the sun get as hot as their father, and then it is not safe to approach them. In this agitation they continue, literally swimming through the dance, until he comes himself and reminds them of the hour."

The four years passed by Francis in India were occupied principally by one incessant quarrel with Hastings and with every one who supported Hastings; a quarrel which culminated in a duel in which the

Governor-General wounded his antagonist badly: During his residence in India, the most interesting episodes in Francis' private life were his successful coups at whist, and his unsuccessful love affair with Madame Grand; (not Mrs. Grant, as she has been described by Sir H. L. Bulwer and the "Quarterly Review," but) the wife of a Swiss gentleman and the daughter of a M. Worlée, of Flemish extraction. Though he met with but little encouragement from Madame Grand (who afterwards married Talleyrand), Francis succeeded in compromising her good name without establishing his own credit as *un homme de bonnes fortunes*. The duel, which took place August 17, 1780, was the finale of Francis' Indian career; he returned to England with a modest fortune, and from the day of his landing in England, October 19, 1781, devoted himself most heartily to the impeachment of Hastings. From this time his life may be considered a failure; it is true that he contributed largely to the ruin of Hastings; but he never gained the prize which he had coveted—the Governor-Generalship of India.

The estimate of Francis' character in the book before us is singularly fair. "His biographers have seen too much of political and public life to set up an idol by the deification of any public man." Mr. Merivale is no hero worshipper, holding that the end justifies the means, and that the crimes of Hastings were atoned for by his brilliant talents; but neither does he approve of the hostility with which Francis, *per fas et nefas*, pursued his rival. With regard to Francis' political tendencies, Mr. Merivale differs from Lord Macaulay. The latter says that—

"Junius, though allied by common enmities with the democratic party, was the very opposite of a democratic politician. While attacking individuals with a ferocity which perpetually violated all the laws of literary warfare, he regarded the most defective parts of old institutions with a respect amounting to pedantry. . . . All this might stand for a character of Francis."

Mr. Merivale, on the other hand, tells us that—

"All the relics of his early writing show the intensity of his early prepossessions, and deliberate opinion likewise, respecting the mischiefs of the *ancien régime* in France, and of despotic and priestly power in general. On these topics his language never varied or wavered during his sixty years of journalism and public life. In this disposition of mind he held on his way. . . . Always opposing Pitt and others, sometimes with effect, whenever the questions of our relations with France, or of the suspension of the Habeas Corpus, and similar measures against the disaffected in England, or of parliamentary reform among ourselves, came in question. In truth, the radicalism of Francis lay very deep. . . . there was a fundamental belief in the doctrine of political equality."

In after years he confessed that he had been wrong in opposing Pitt on the American question. Francis seems to have persuaded himself that "the religion of the Church of England was the true faith of an Englishman and a gentleman." His private life was not spotless, not probably better or worse than the average of his day; but if not a faithful husband to his first wife, he was a tender one, and in money matters was as generous to her and her father as he had been to his own father. He lived on easy and familiar terms with his son, but he was still more warmly attached to his daughters, his "younger sisters" as he called them. The two whom he loved best died young; and in April, 1806, they were followed by their mother. In 1814, he married

again, and he seems to have been happy with Lady Francis until his death December 23, 1818. "No man," writes Mr. Parkes, "more bitterly regretted the severity of some of his earlier writings." Perhaps the greatest blot upon his character was his attack, both as Francis and as "Junius," on his patron Calcraft. It would be impossible within the limits of a magazine article to follow Mr. Merivale through all the evidence in favour of Francis' identity with "Junius," "Candor," "Anti-Sejanus," &c.—but we may notice a claim set up by the late Mr. Jelinger Symons, and recently renewed by the writer of a notice in "Echoes from the Clubs," in favour of William Burke. By a slip of the pen, Mr. Merivale has spoken of W. Burke as Edmund Burke's brother, whereas he was in reality his cousin. Horace Walpole says that "Lord Hillsborough was acrimoniously pursued by the younger Burke in many publications;" afterwards Junius took the same side; *ergo* (it is argued sometimes), William Burke wrote Junius. It is clear, however, that Walpole did not consider Burke to be Junius, his opinion being favourable to Hamilton's claim. W. Burke was in the House of Commons, and it is generally agreed that Junius was not. It is hardly necessary to notice such an argument as this. William Burke was out of town about the same time as Junius, therefore they were one and the same person!

We cannot close these "Memoirs" without thanking Mr. Merivale for this most interesting book; a book which ought to be read even by those who do not care about the Junius controversy, for the beauty of the style, the charming anecdotes with which it abounds, and the picturesque history it contains.

HISTORICAL CHARACTERS.^a

FIRST NOTICE—TALLEYRAND.



OF the four historical characters whose portraits Sir Henry Bulwer now gives to the public, Talleyrand stands most prominently first; and, considering that that "Politick Man" himself is said to have named this present time for the posthumous publication of his autobiography, which publication, however, is still likely to be indefinitely delayed, a study of him is just now peculiarly seasonable.

By some of Talleyrand's contemporaries it has been doubted whether any serious intention of writing his own life was ever entertained, or completely carried out by him; and he being questioned one day with regard to this subject, answered, "Upon that point I am undecided; but I know that my cook is busy editing his *Mémoires*."

By this *mot*, the prince of diplomatists warned the world in time

^a "Historical Characters: Talleyrand, Cobbett, Mackintosh, Canning." By Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, G.C.B. In two volumes. London: Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street. 1868.

against believing everything that might be written about him ; and, in fact, so many contradictions have been published, so many fantastic portraits, each one differing from the other, have been painted of him, that the rational view of him now presented, by so reliable a hand as that of Sir H. Bulwer, cannot fail to be welcome to the world at large, whilst, to the readers of SYLVANUS URBAN, it may not be devoid of interest, to test that view, by comparing it with some few others sketched of the "Politician," and the times he lived in, by more than one of his own compatriots and contemporaries.

Charles Maurice Talleyrand de Périgord was born in the month of February, 1751. His father, who eventually became Lieutenant-General of the armies of Louis XV., was the honourable representative of an illustrious house, for the principality of Chalais had existed for eight centuries in the family of Périgord, to which name the prefix, Talleyrand (anciently written *Tailleran*), is supposed to have originated from a sobriquet derived from the words *tailler les rangs* (cut through the ranks).

The mother of Charles Maurice was "a lady, alike remarkable for her beauty and her virtue," at the court of Versailles ; but, finding that her maternal duties were incompatible with those appertaining to her position in the royal household, she sent him, her firstborn son, to be reared in a distant province ; and when, some ten or twelve years afterwards, he returned to her, he had become an incurable cripple. Various are the reasons alleged for this fact : Talleyrand himself, when speaking in later years of his infirmity, attributed it to a fall from a tree ; but, whatever the cause, the consequences of it were such as to exercise a remarkable influence over his character and career through life.

As a cripple, he was unfit for the army, and he was therefore to be trained for the priesthood ; and, by the same family council which decreed his dedication to the Church, it was decided that his younger brother (afterwards known as the Duc de Périgord) should be considered the elder.

"From this moment," says Sir H. Bulwer, "the boy—hitherto lively, idle, and reckless—became taciturn, studious, and calculating. His early propensities remained, for nature admits of no radical change ; but they were coloured by disappointment, or combated by ambition. We see traces of gaiety in the companion who, though rarely smiling himself, could always elicit a laugh from others ; we see traces of indolence in the statesman who, though always occupied, never did more than the necessity of the case exacted ; we see traces of recklessness in the gambler and politician who, after a shrewd glance at the chances, was often disposed to risk his fortune, or his career, on a speculation for money or power ; but the mind had been darkened and the heart hardened ; and the youth who might easily and carelessly have accepted a prosperous fate, was ushered into the world with a determination to wrestle with an adverse one."

To the Collège d'Harcourt (St. Louis) he was first sent, then to the Séminaire de St. Sulpice, and subsequently to the Sorbonne, by which time he "was often pointed out as a remarkably clever, silent, and profligate young man, who disliked the profession chosen for him, but was certain to arrive at its highest honours."

In 1773, one year before the death of Louis XV., he entered the Gallican Church, and not long afterwards made his appearance in clerical attire at the Court of Versailles, or rather in that section of it notorious as the circle of Madame du Barry,—a section quite distinct from that of the young Dauphin and Dauphiness, soon to become King and Queen of France, or from that other one composed of pious and stately formalists, amongst whom various members of the Périgord family had formerly shone and did still shine conspicuous. Louis XV. himself, weary of life, yet dreading death, craved, like the Athenians of old, for “something new.” To one in the daily confidence of the Duc d’Aumont (first gentleman of his chamber) we are indebted for the following picture of Louis XV. during the last period of his life,—a picture taken of him when he knew not that any mortal eye beheld him, for the narrator was invisible, having lain down to rest on a sofa, and covered himself with a cloak, at night time, in an ante-room of the Duc d’Aumont’s apartments at Versailles:—“Awakened by the noise of a door opening, I raised my head and saw the king. At first he looked round the ante-chamber, here and there. The lights in the chandeliers were burning low. ‘There is nobody here,’ said he, and then he began to walk up and down, sighing and murmuring in the tone of a man who has drunk himself sad. Presently he paused before a large mirror, and, after considering himself a long time in it, he pressed his hands on his forehead, his cheeks, and chin, and thus apostrophised himself—‘Miserable wretch that thou art! Murderer of thine own soul and body!’ Then his pacing up and down, his groans, his sad monologue recommenced, until again he stopped before the glass. ‘Thou wilt not live to a great age,’ said he to his own image reflected there, ‘and hell! hell!’ For some minutes he still stood looking at himself with horror, and then he muttered, ‘France! How is she governed!’ Afterwards: ‘But this supper to-night they say will be delicious—though all is weary, weary! Why can nothing new be invented for me?’”

Welcome was a new witticism to Louis XV., even though uttered by the Abbé Terray, Comptroller-General of Finance, in confession of his frauds on France; for one day Terray being recognised in a popular assembly, and asked by the mob, “Who puts our money into his pockets?” he answered, “My friends, I really do not know where better I could put it.” Gladly did Madame du Barry repeat all such *mots* for the amusement of the king, whilst she politically intrigued at Versailles with his ministerial advisers, who in discontented and over-taxed Paris were pacquinated,—

“Sous leurs propres couleurs,
Vinaigre de quatre voleurs.”

And the young ecclesiastic, Talleyrand, early recommended himself to her notice by a *bon mot* to which he owed his first advance in his profession; for one day when there were assembled around Madame du Barry “a number of young gentlemen rather free in their conversation and prodigal in their boasts,” Talleyrand alone was mute. The hostess, scrutinising his countenance, which, though not handsome, was remarkable from “the triple expression of softness, impudence and wit,” asked him, “And what makes you so sad and silent?” To which he replied:

“Hélas ! Madame, je faisais une réflexion bien triste : Paris est une ville dans laquelle il est bien plus aisé d’avoir des femmes que des abbayes.”

The saying, so goes the story as authenticated by Sir H. Bulwer in the biography before us, “was considered charming, and being reported to Louis XV., was rewarded by that monarch with the benefice desired. The Abbé de Périgord’s career thus commenced, did not long linger. Within five years after entering the Church he, aided by his birth and abilities, obtained the distinguished position of Agent-General of the French clergy,—an important personage, who administered the ecclesiastical revenues, which were immense, under the control of regular assemblies. It is a curious trait in the manners of these times that, whilst holding this high post as a priest, the Abbé de Périgord (Talleyrand) fitted out a vessel as a privateer, and, it being his intention to spoil the English, received from the French government the cannon he required for so pious a purpose. . . . But though thus early marked out as a person who, after the example of his great ecclesiastical predecessors, might rise to the highest dignities in the Church and State, he showed an almost ostentatious disregard for the duties and decorum of the profession he had been forced to embrace. . . . Each year, which increased his reputation for ability, added to the stories by which public rumour exaggerated his immorality ; and in 1788, when the bishopric of Autun, to which he had for some time been looking forward, became vacant, Louis XVI. was unwilling to confer the dignity of prelate on so irregular an ecclesiastic. For four months the appointment was not filled up. But the Abbé de Périgord’s father lay at that time on his death-bed : he was visited by the kind-hearted Louis XVI. in this condition, and he begged the monarch, as the last request of a dying and faithful servant, to grant the bishopric in question to his son. The king could not withstand such a prayer at such a time, and the Abbé de Périgord was consecrated Bishop of Autun on the 17th of January, 1789—four months before the assembling of the States-General.”

Meantime, Voltaire had been apotheosized in Paris (1778), and Benjamin Franklin had successfully urged the cabinet of Versailles to assist in depriving the Crown of England of its dependencies in North America. The society both of Versailles and the Palais Royal was the most brilliant in the world ; but the royal family of France, as represented by those separate places of abode, was divided against itself. The young heroes of France were those who, like Lafayette, had fought for Liberty in the New World ; the favourite dramatists of Paris were those who, like Diderot and Beaumarchais, had revolutionised the principles of the French stage ; and the fashionable talk of the day, such as that encouraged by the blind but still fascinating Madame du Deffand, or by Madame Geoffrin, the “nursing mother of philosophers”—and to which the dinners of Helvetius and Baron Holbach, and the receptions of the Protestant minister Necker (father of the future Madame de Staël) gave zest—was cynical enough in its general character to prove that Voltaire had done more than the work he originally intended to do, for in destroying all faith in old abuses he had, as has been elsewhere said, confounded the distinctions between truth and falsehood—sophistry and common sense.

More welcome than at Versailles was Talleyrand, the witty Bishop of

Autun, at the Palais Royal, where Voltaire in his last days had been received with all honour when refused admission to the court of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. In Talleyrand, the Duc d'Orléans (Egalité), host of the Palais Royal, had reason to hope for a powerful ally, as that ecclesiastic had politically separated himself from his family, and ranged himself on the popular side.

Talleyrand was a desperate gambler, like Egalité himself; but though "he thought like a deist, he preached like a saint," and by his plausible eloquence, his affable courtesy, and subtle representations, he, the Church dignitary of noble birth, induced many of the clergy to follow his example in embracing the liberal cause, and, like Mirabeau, to join the Third Estate; for he foresaw the future triumph of the people, and his diplomacy was henceforth enlisted on the side of success, of which, though shifting his position systematically and continually, he was ever the first to hail the dawn. Not one of the signs of his times had escaped this ecclesiastic, who had unwillingly been forced to embrace his profession, and in Paris a restless craving for change had long been everywhere observable about him. Old creeds were in his youth there superseded by charlatanism. The Cardinal Prince de Rohan was the avowed protector, to say nothing of his being the fraudulent accomplice of Cagliostro, the popular "Friend of Humanity." Mesmer was worshipped for his supposed miracles; Swedenborg had excited an enthusiasm for a New Jerusalem; and, as though "Providence designed for some mysterious end to encourage the aspiring genius of the epoch, the balloon of Montgolfier took its flight from the Tuileries, and the most romantic dreams were surpassed by a reality." It is only fair to judge of Talleyrand by the circumstances, public and personal, above glanced at, which early combined to develop his peculiar character. He was, as one of his own countrymen said of him, "un homme fort aimable, mais sans cœur, et un bien grand citoyen, mais sans vertu;" and at the time he was made Bishop of Autun he was so far from possessing the means to pay his debts, that his coachmaker, having in vain repeatedly demanded payment for the carriage in which it then befitted his dignity to ride, at last took an opportunity of doing so at the carriage door itself. "And who, my friend, are you?" asked M. de Talleyrand, just as he was about to mount the steps of his coach. "Monseigneur, I am your coachmaker," answered the man, with a low bow. "Ah! And what do you want, mon carrossier?" "I want to be paid, Monseigneur." "Ah! You are my coachmaker, and you want to be paid; you shall be paid, my coachmaker." "And when, Monseigneur?" Whereupon Monseigneur, after seating himself comfortably in his new carriage, gazed attentively for a moment at his coachmaker, and then quietly remarked, "You are very inquisitive."

But not always was M. de Talleyrand, the lame bishop, short of funds; for though as a gambler he sometimes lost, it was notorious that he frequently won, which fact being brought against him at a somewhat later date, "Stories," wrote he to the editors of the *Chronicle*, "stories have been circulated of my having lately won in gambling houses the sum of sixty or seventy thousand francs. . . . The truth is, that in the course of two months I gained the sum of about thirty thousand francs; not at gambling houses, but in private society, or at the chess-

club, which has always been regarded, from the nature of its institution, as a private house."

M. de Talleyrand, the "profligate fine gentleman, the deep and wary thinker, the delight and ornament of that gay and graceful society, which, crowned with flowers, was about to be the first victim to its own philosophy," fell, as Sir H. Bulwer observes, into discredit with the conservative court party; and yet it was he, the popular bishop of the National Assembly, who, on the 14th day of July, 1790, performed Mass on the high altar of the Champ de Mars at that first solemn federal festival, when the pious King Louis XVI. swore, with his hand outstretched towards that altar, to maintain the Constitution decreed by the National Assembly, and accepted by him. That mighty altar on the Champ de Mars was built with the stones of the Bastille, stormed by the mob, and its governor massacred, on the 14th day of July, in the year preceding.

Talleyrand, Bishop of Autun, "robed in his pontifical garments, and standing on that altar thronged by three hundred priests, in long white robes and tricoloured girdles, blesses the great standard, the Oriflamme of France, no longer the ensign of war, but the sign and token of peace between the past and the future—between the old recollections and the new aspirations of the French people."

Talleyrand, as further says his latest biographer, intoned the sacred chants that day, and choristers innumerable echoed his voice. In presence of thousands and thousands of people,—“in sight of Heaven and of scarcely-breathing earth,”—in full view of that Queen once described by Burke as “glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendour, and joy,” but who then in an ecstasy of maternal appeal upheld her son, the Dauphin, to the sight of France—in view, also, of that royal maiden (the Princesse Elizabeth, sister of Louis XVI.) described by Sir H. Bulwer as *beauteous* with the charms of the palace, blessed with the virtues of the cloister—a princess, a saint, destined to be a martyr,—Talleyrand, Bishop of Autun, stood before the sacred altar of the Champ de Mars, Lafayette and Mirabeau both being prominently present in that vast multitude, to the wondering gaze of which he, the high priest of the occasion and the politic man of the future, was a conspicuous and central object of attraction.

Talleyrand had in earlier years been intimately acquainted with Mirabeau, and subsequently, whatever former grounds of hope the Duc d'Orléans (“Egalité” of the Palais Royal) might have had that the “liberal” prelate would have embraced the extreme party of which that prince himself was a popular leader, Talleyrand and Mirabeau were united in the idea of erecting a constitutional government. But Mirabeau died; and, after the flight of Louis XVI. to Varennes and his forced return thence to the Tuileries, the monarchy was lost. By some it was rumoured that Talleyrand, who had been present at Mirabeau's death-bed, was privy to that flight; but, as says Sir H. Bulwer, Louis XVI. was more likely to trust a bold and passionate man like Mirabeau rather than a man like M. de Talleyrand, a philosopher, a wit; and, on the other hand, M. de Talleyrand himself was too cautious to commit himself boldly and entirely to the daring and doubtful schemes which Mirabeau had prepared until he saw a tolerable chance of their being

successful. "Other circumstances, moreover, occurred at this time which could not but have an unfavourable influence as to the establishment of any serious concert between the scrupulous and mistrustful monarch and the chess-playing, constitutional bishop. When M. de Talleyrand refused the archbishopric of Paris it was clear that he expected nothing further from the church; and he, no doubt, from that moment conceived the idea of freeing himself from its trammels the first decent opportunity." Be that as it may, a brief of the Pope arrived in Paris towards the end of April, 1791, which caused an announcement in the *Moniteur*, of the 1st of May, to the effect that "De Talleyrand Périgord, the late Bishop of Autun, is suspended from all functions and excommunicated if, after forty days, he has not repented."

Talleyrand at once resigned "the profession into which he had been forced to enter," and which no longer in revolutionary France afforded the chance of political advancement. For a moment there seemed a probability that he would now declare himself a partisan of the Orleans branch of the Bourbons; but though he had always had a "leaning" towards that branch, and, albeit, he afterwards defended "Egalité" by declaring that "Le Duc d'Orléans est le vase dans lequel on a jété toutes les ordures de la Révolution," he was well aware that that prince would never consent to become a mere pliant tool in his hand, and perceiving that "the new legislature would be a new world, and that the wisest thing to do was to withdraw himself from the Paris horizon until the clouds that obscured it had, in some direction or other, passed away," Talleyrand started for London, and arrived there on the 25th of January, 1792.

At Lansdowne House the ex-Bishop of Autun was welcome, for "his manner of narrating was full of grace—he was a model of good taste in conversation. Indolent, voluptuous, born for wealth and grandeur, he accustomed himself in exile to a life simple and full of privations, sharing with his friends the produce of his magnificent library, which he sold very ill, the spirit of party preventing many from becoming purchasers." But the English generally, says Sir H. Bulwer, hardly knew what to make of a Frenchman who so little represented the national character; for his manner was cold, and his countenance, which, in early youth had been distinguished for its grace and delicacy, had become puffed and rounded, and, to a certain degree, effeminate, being in singular contrast with a deep and serious voice which no one expected from such a physiognomy. Sententious, formal, and scrutinising, he rather avoided than made advances, and was neither indiscreet, nor gay, nor familiar. Lord Grenville refused to "discuss business" with Talleyrand, who, though he affected a careless indolence in accordance with his after *mot*, "*Point de zèle, monsieur*," went back to Paris, but quickly returned with a letter from the King, and "on the strength of information which he brought was attached to the mission of M. de Chauvelin in the capacity of counsellor." After the execution of Louis XVI., however (January 21, 1793), M. de Chauvelin was advised by the British Government to depart; and M. de Talleyrand received an order, the Alien Bill being then in force, to quit England, which he did, and, being informed that after the storming of the Tuileries (August 10, 1792),

papers had been found which might compromise him, he set sail for the United States.

Back to Paris Talleyrand came in 1794, and was then made a member of the National Institute. In 1797 the administration of foreign affairs was confided to him. From that time forth his political power steadily increased; and in 1802, when Catholic worship was re-established in France, a brief from the Pope was obtained by Bonaparte, which authorised Talleyrand's marriage with Mrs. Grant, he being thus "restored to a secular and lay life."

Of Talleyrand's wife, Napoleon said, in after years:—"She was a very fine woman, English or East Indian; but *sotte* and grossly ignorant. I forbade her the Court, because she was a disreputable character, and because I found out that some Genoese merchants had paid her 400,000 francs, in hopes of gaining some commercial favours by means of her husband. . . . Talleyrand, who was a great speculator, invited Denon to dinner. When he went home to his wife, he said, 'Ma chère, I have invited Denon to dine. He is a great traveller, and you must say something handsome to him about his travels, as he may be useful to us with the Emperor.' Madame de Talleyrand, being extremely ignorant, and probably never having read any other book of travels than that of Robinson Crusoe, concluded that Denon could be nobody else than Robinson. Wishing to be very civil to him, she, before a large company, asked him divers questions about his Man Friday. Denon, astonished, at length discovered that she really imagined him to be Robinson Crusoe. The story flew like wildfire through Paris, and *even* Talleyrand himself was ashamed of it." ^b At St. Helena, Napoleon furthermore spoke of Talleyrand as "a priest united to another man's wife, and who has paid her husband a large sum of money to leave her with him;" and in this speech, some answer may be found to the following passage contained in the recently-published "Reminiscences of a Septuagenarian," ^c in which the author speaks of Madame de Talleyrand as one "whose antecedents would not bear very close inquiry;" and then adds, "where Prince Talleyrand fell in with her, I never heard; but she must have been very handsome. She was also very silly, so silly that Napoleon asked Prince Talleyrand how he could marry her, to which he replied: 'Ma foi, sire, je n'ai pu trouver une plus bête.' With her his mind was in complete repose. When I saw her she still showed remains of beauty, and was a quiet-mannered, respectable-looking *pâte de femme*." From Talleyrand himself, the English lady, whose recollections of his wife have just been cited, felt herself recoil, although she confesses that his "person and face in some respects did him injustice, for the bad qualities were evident; but his half-closed eyes and heavy countenance gave no indication of his talents and his wit."

From this it may be inferred that Talleyrand, "with mitred head and cloven heel," had, during the Consulate and the Empire, degenerated in his outer man from what he was in former days at Lansdowne House,

^b To some readers it may be interesting to compare Napoleon's version (as above quoted) of the story alluded to, with the various accounts of it which have lately found their way from less reliable sources into London newspapers.

^c By Emma Sophia Countess Brownlow. London: Murray. 1867.
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or even during his brief tenure of office under the Directory, when, not to quote too accurately :—

“ All the five Directors did laugh to see
The limping priest deft at new ministry.”^d

But M. le Prince (Talleyrand) amassed an immense fortune during the Empire. “ C'est un coquin, un homme corrompu, mais homme d'esprit,” afterwards declared Napoleon to his medical attendant, O'Meara; at St. Helena; and then added:—“ After the marriage of Prince Eugène, I was obliged to turn Talleyrand out of office, on account of complaints made against him by the Kings of Bavaria and Würtemberg. Nothing was to be got, no treaty to be made, no arrangement for commerce, without first having bribed him. There were some commercial treaties on foot at the time, to conclude which he demanded enormous sums.”

Upon a much more respectable footing does Sir H. Bulwer place Talleyrand's after conduct with regard to Napoleon, and asserts that when the Emperor, in 1813, offered the portfolio of foreign affairs to his ancient minister, but on condition that he should lay down the rank and emoluments of Vice-Grand Elector, Talleyrand with dignity refused the condition, saying : “ If the Emperor trust me, he should not degrade me, and if he does not trust me, he should not employ me. The times are too difficult for half measures.” In an after page Sir H. Bulwer adds :—“ But though at the head of a considerable party which were dissatisfied, M. de Talleyrand did little more than watch the proceedings of 1814, and endeavour to make the fall of Napoleon, should it take place, as little injurious to France as possible.” And again :—“ M. de Talleyrand saw, nevertheless, that a new chief must, as a matter of course, be given to France. . . . Still, his communications with the Bourbons were, I believe, indirect.”

It is curious to compare the opinion of Sir H. Bulwer with the statement of Madame du Cayla, the celebrated political *intrigante*, who, intimately acquainted with Talleyrand, was such an active agent in bringing about the Bourbon Restoration, that when that event was finally accomplished, Louis XVIII., first visited by her at Hartwell, and whose confidante she was until the end of his life, openly rewarded her political services by the title of St. Ouen. By birth this celebrated and beautiful woman was a Royalist, but by marriage she was supposed to have become an Imperialist; and in her “ Mémoires,” published in Paris, 1829, she says, speaking of Royalist conspirators at the court of Napoleon, after his marriage with Marie Louise :—“ Amongst the number of our friends were M. Sosthène de La Rochefoucauld, M. Alexis de Noailles, M. de Talleyrand. Yes, he, M. le Prince de Bénévent, was working also for the return of the King, but with so many *ménagements* and so many precautions, that I know not if he confessed

^d For fuller quotation from these Anti-Jacobin lines, the reader is referred to the *Quarterly Review*, October, 1867, which repeats the story that Rewbell flung an inkstand at Talleyrand's head, exclaiming, “ Vil émigré, tu n'as pas le sens plus droit que le pied ; ” a reply to which personal insult Talleyrand thus made, when asked by the squinting man how matters were going :—“ A travers, monsieur, comme vous voyez.”

the fact to himself. Hated and suspected by Napoleon, detested by courtiers in favour, in bad odour with the Duc de Rovigo, who always kept a watchful eye on him, he was surrounded by a thousand dangers, which he avoided with his usual dexterity. M. de Talleyrand was born for intrigue, and he has not missed his vocation. . . . He is the most witty and amiable egotist in the world. In the midst of the rapid evolutions of his policy, he has laboured with admirable consistency in behalf of his own personal fortune; and not a change has occurred in the destiny of France without augmenting the power and the credit of the ancient Bishop of Autun." This fact was perhaps best summed up by Talleyrand himself, when he spoke a word of warning and of truth to Louis XVIII., on the arrival of that long-exiled monarch at Compiègne, preceding the royal entry into Paris. "How," asked the King, "have you contrived first to overturn the Directory, and now Bonaparte?" "Really, sire," answered Talleyrand, "it was no doing of mine. There is something inexplicable about me, which brings ill-luck on the Governments that neglect me."

Years before, when Talleyrand had insinuated himself into the confidence of the Directory, and, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, had constant communication with Bonaparte, he desired the presence of the latter at a *fête* to celebrate the anniversary of the execution of Louis XVI. The then future Emperor of the French declined to attend that *fête*, on the ground that "celebrating the death of a man was not the policy of a government, but that of a faction." But, in 1814, when Napoleon was exiled to Elba, Talleyrand was foremost in the reception of the Bourbons, and it was to his splendid hotel, in the Rue St. Florentin, that he welcomed the Emperor Alexander, one of the allies who had helped to achieve their return to France, and there did the Russian potentate hold, "under the auspices of his host, a sort of meeting or council which determined the destiny of France."^e

There, also, was the *mot* concocted which quickly helped to make the Comte d'Artois (afterwards Charles X.) popular on his return to France—"One Frenchman more." In the *Moniteur*, the prince was reported to have said that which he never did say, but Talleyrand had predicted that in two days the Comte d'Artois would persuade himself of having given utterance to any sort of speech, were it only that which he ought to have uttered, and his prediction was verified when the heart of Paris responded to the supposed royal words: "No more discord; Peace and France; at last I revisit my native land; nothing is changed except it be that there is one Frenchman more."

Not many years afterwards, Napoleon, at St. Helena, when discussing news from France, had occasion to say: "The Bourbons have done right

^e Whilst still somewhat uncertain as to which cause would win, the expedient adopted by Talleyrand is described by Sir Henry Bulwer as a singular and characteristic one. "His state carriage was ordered and packed for the journey" (to Blois, he being a member of the Regency of Marie Louise), and "he set out in it with great pomp and ceremony; but found, according to an arrangement with Madame de Rémusat, her husband at the head of a body of the National Guard at the barrier, who stopped him, declared he should remain in the capital, and conducted him back to his hotel in the Rue St. Florentin. . . . It did not suit everyone to be overwhelmed under the ruins of the Government about to fall; and this observation applied, as it was intended to do by M. de Talleyrand, to himself."

to get rid of Talleyrand, as he would have betrayed them the first opportunity, if he saw that there was any probability of success, as he had offered to do after my return from Elba."

Upon this point Sir Henry Bulwer says :—" Louis XVIII. rewarded Talleyrand's retirement with an annual pension of 100,000 francs, and the high court charge of Great Chamberlain, in fulfilling the functions of which he might be seen coolly and impassively standing behind the king's chair on all state occasions, notwithstanding the cold looks of the sovereign and the sagacious sneers of the courtiers. Talleyrand had a decided enemy in M. de Blacas, the favourite of Louis XVIII., his Majesty's best friend during his long exile, but his worst ministerial adviser after his return to France. Before Napoleon's escape from Elba, Talleyrand had gone to Vienna, and, as Sir H. Bulwer ably tells, contrived to make a separate treaty with Austria and Great Britain ; after which he repaired to Carlsbad, observing that "a diplomatist's first duty after a congress was to take care of his liver." In a most uncertain state indeed was M. de Talleyrand's liver during the Hundred Days of Napoleon's return to France, and the retirement of Louis XVIII. to Ghent ; and when he waited on his Majesty there the day after the battle of Waterloo his disgrace was determined on ; seeing which he asked the royal permission to continue his cure at Carlsbad, to which request his Majesty replied : "Certainly, M. de Talleyrand ; I hear those waters are excellent."

The restored Bourbons never liked Talleyrand, for they suspected that to his advice the execution of their kinsman, the Duc d'Enghien,^f was attributable. But concerning that event, the wily diplomatist had cynically said : "It was worse than a crime, it was a fault," and Sir Henry Bulwer argues strongly in favour of Talleyrand's innocence with regard to it. But though disliked by the royal family of France, the ominous presence of Talleyrand at the Tuileries, on state occasions, was, as above explained, unavoidable ; and behind the king's chair he stood, a conspicuous and menacing, though mute and calm figure, with deformed leg, ungainly body, pale (*tête de mort*) face, haggard eyes, and immense head of long grey hair. It is the Duchesse d'Abrantés who thus describes Talleyrand ; and the same observing contemporary remarks as follows, on the fact that, at the funeral of Louis XVIII., at St. Denis, Talleyrand carried the royal standard of France. "He ! he

^f Napoleon was asked by O'Meara, at St. Helena, "If it were true that Talleyrand had retained a letter written by the Duke d'Enghien to him until two days after the duke's execution?" Napoleon's reply was : "It is true ; the duke had written a letter, offering his services, and asking a command in the army from me, which that *scelerato* (miscreant) Talleyrand did not make known until two days after his execution." Without here inquiring whether this omission on the part of Talleyrand were accidental or intentional, it may here be added that Napoleon had, previously to his statement just quoted, said : "An English Lord, a relation of the Duke of Bedford, who dined with me at Elba, told me that it was generally believed in England that the Duke d'Enghien had not been tried, but assassinated in prison in the night ; and was surprised when I told him that he had had a regular trial, and that the sentence had been published before execution." Napoleon added : "I was resolved to let them" (the Bourbons) "see that the blood of one of their princes should pay for their attempts, and he" (d'Enghien) "was accordingly tried for having borne arms against the Republic, found guilty, and shot, according to the existing laws against such a crime."

who since 1789, had borne and followed so many banners! In truth he did this time carry that of the *Fleur de Lys* to the tomb."

But though Talleyrand assisted in burying the last of the Bourbon kings permitted to sleep his last sleep at St. Denis, ambition was by no means then extinct in his own breast, and the Revolution of July, 1830, by which Charles X. was compelled to abdicate, again brought him forward on the stage of public life. On the third day of that Revolution, and when Charles X. was known to have fled from St. Cloud, Talleyrand summoned his private secretary, and, according to Sir H. Bulwer, said: "Go for me to Neuilly, get by some means to Madame Adelaide" (sister of Louis Philippe, Duc d'Orléans), "give her this piece of paper, and when she has read it, either see it burnt or bring it back to me." (On the paper was merely written—"Madame peut avoir toute confiance dans le porteur, qui est mon secrétaire.") "When madame has read this, tell her there is not a moment to lose. The Duc d'Orléans must be here to-morrow. . . . 'Le reste viendra.'"

And when Louis Philippe, son of "Egalité," the companion of Talleyrand's youth, was proclaimed King of the French, Talleyrand accepted the Embassy to London. His celebrated and intellectual niece, the Duchesse de Dino (wife of a nephew of Prince de Talleyrand, and daughter of the Duchesse de Courlande), was at this period of his life his companion and political confidante. To some persons, in Paris or elsewhere, remembering the long-since-vanished Madame de Talleyrand of past times, an extraordinary contrast did the brilliant Duchesse de Dino present to that lady of Robinson Crusoe notoriety.

Reverting again for a moment to M. de Talleyrand's mission in England, Sir H. Bulwer says: "Lord Palmerston told me that his manner in diplomatic conferences was remarkable for its extreme absence of pretension, without any derogation of authority. He sat, for the most part, quiet as if approving; sometimes, however, stating his opinion, but never arguing or discussing. . . . 'I argue before a public assembly,' he used to say, 'not because I hope to convince any one there, but because I wish my opinions to be known to the world.'"

After leaving England, Talleyrand "passed the remainder of his days in the enjoyment of the highest situation, and the most agreeable and cultivated society that his country could afford." "La France avant tout," was a well-known phrase of his. With fortitude he endured an operation for a painful disease, which at last proved fatal to him.

Talleyrand survived until the 17th of May, 1838, and from an account of his last moments given to Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer by an individual present at them, it seems that the veteran French statesman died in peace with the Church, "as a favour that could do him no harm, and was agreeable to those about him."⁸ Louis Philippe, accompanied

⁸ Since the above notice of M. de Talleyrand's life has been in print, the *Gazette des Etrangers* has reminded France of the fact (alluded to in one of the opening paragraphs of this present paper) that the time named by that prince of diplomatists for the publication of his autobiography is at hand; and, as a sort of commentary upon that fact, quotations have been published from the diary of one in M. de Talleyrand's confidence to the last, which, whilst corroborating certain statements in this page, affirms, also, that it was the "little Pauline," daughter of his niece, the Duchesse de Dino, and the

by his sister, Madame Adelaide, visited Talleyrand in his last hours. "I am sorry, prince," said the king, in a tone of great kindness and tearful emotion, "to see you so suffering." Talleyrand's voice, still peculiarly powerful, answered: "Sire, you have come to witness the sufferings of a dying man; and those who love him most can have but one wish, that of seeing them shortly at an end." The king and his sister soon took their departure, but statesmen, brave soldiers, and beautiful women, still thronged the ante-room and lingered in the salons of Talleyrand's house, eager to hear the latest accounts which his medical attendant, Dr. C., had to give of him.

In the words of one present, "The flower of the society of Paris was there . . . and low pleasant whispers formed a sad contrast to the dying groans of the neighbouring sufferer. . . . Few were admitted to his chamber, but the adjoining room was crowded. . . . Presently there was a solemn pause, and every eye turned towards the slowly opening door of the prince's chamber. . . . A domestic entered, with downcast looks and swollen eyes. . . . There was an instantaneous rush to the door of the apartment within which M. de Talleyrand was seated on the side of his bed, supported in the arms of his secretary. It was evident that death had set its seal upon that marble brow," but "it seemed as if all the life which had once sufficed to furnish the whole being was now contained in the brain. From time to time he raised up his head, throwing back with a sudden movement the long grey locks which impeded his sight, and gazed around; and then, as if satisfied with the result of his examination, a smile would pass across his features, and his head would again fall upon his bosom. He saw death approach neither with fear nor defiance."

In summing up the chief political events of Talleyrand's life, Sir H. Bulwer says: "His great good fortune was to have been absent from France during the horrors of the Committee of Public Safety; his great merit, to have served governments when in serving them he served the public interests. His great calamity was to have been minister of foreign affairs at the moment of the execution of the Duc d'Enghien. . . . His great defect, a love of money, or rather a want of scruple as to how he obtained it."

Upon this point it is reported that during his last mission to London, when Talleyrand called in Downing Street, and there received any information that could be made of personal profit to him, he would pencil a line on a slip of paper, and send it down to his carriage in which some confidential agent was seated, ready to rush off to the city should occasion require; and that upon one of these slips of paper a solitary but significant word was inscribed, "*Vendez!*"

It is now a matter of general notoriety that when Napoleon asked Talleyrand how he obtained his great wealth, the answer was, "I bought stock before the 18th Brumaire, and sold it the day afterwards." When there was no longer any political danger in the assertion, Talleyrand confirmed a report in former times denied by him, that in days long

idol, as Sir H. Bulwer says, of Talleyrand in his old age, who induced him to make his recantation on his deathbed, and to sign two letters of submission addressed to the Pope. The recantation was afterwards read aloud by the Duchesse de Dino to the company assembled in Talleyrand's house at the time of his death.

past he had gone to England as Danton's agent, but in his will, referred to in the *Moniteur*, published ten days after his death, "He repels the reproach of having betrayed Napoleon: if he abandoned him, it was when he discovered that he could no longer blend, as he had up to that time done, France and the Emperor in the same affection. *This was not without a lively feeling of sorrow, for he owed to Napoleon nearly all his fortune. He enjoins his heirs never to forget these obligations . . . so that if some day a man of the name of Bonaparte should be found in want of assistance, he should always find it in the family of Talleyrand.*"

The imperturbability of Talleyrand was, on some occasions, notoriously irritating to Napoleon, although the former doubtless owed much of his power to the cool command he exercised over his own temper; in proof of which cool command the reader is here reminded how when Talleyrand was knocked down by an intentional blow, which he did not care to resent, he exclaimed, "Quel terrible coup de poing!" thereby conveying to French ears not the idea of a dishonouring insult, which the more simple word *soufflet* would have suggested, but the notion of a low brutal act beneath his notice as a prince and a gentleman. It was the Marquis d'Orvault (then M. de Maubreuil) who inflicted that *coup de poing*; and, more than eighty years of age, he still survives in Paris (albeit not as a venerable Mentor to society), and is there said to be about to publish his "Mémoires." At Valençay, in the Chapel of the Sisters of St. André, founded by himself, and in which he had already placed the family vault, M. de Talleyrand was buried.

His career and character, as Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer justly observes, were coloured by their times, and must be regarded in connection with an epoch of social immorality and constant political change. "It must, however, be confessed that there is something to an honest nature displeasing in the history of a statesman who appeared as the champion of each cause at the moment of its triumph. Reason may excuse, explain, or defend such versatility, but no generous sympathy calls upon us to applaud or recommend it. . . . 'Enfin, chez M. de Talleyrand, l'aménité et la raison remplaçaient le cœur, et la conscience.'"

Amidst the almost regal splendour of his home he manifested much courtesy—the courtesy of the *ancien régime* of France. Madame de Genlis, referring to Talleyrand's private life, gives many pleasing instances, in her "Mémoires," of his urbane consideration with regard to herself, when, impoverished by the Revolution, she returned from long exile to Paris, and in her old age was resident there. In acts of friendship he seems sometimes to have forgotten his favourite maxim, "Above all things, no zeal!" Of his conduct as "The Politic Man," perhaps the most charitably expressed, albeit none the less sarcastic view, was Pozzo di Borgo's, "That man has made himself great by always ranging himself on the side of *les petits*, and by helping those who stood in need of his assistance."

But, let Talleyrand's diplomacy be regarded from what point it may, no biographer of his can do better than follow his example, when on one occasion in the Chamber of Peers, he said:—"I pray you to observe that I neither censure nor approve: I simply relate."

PHOTOGRAPHY IN PIGMENTS.^a

WRITING twelve months ago upon the application of photography to book-illustration, we were led to offer some remarks upon the permanency, or, perhaps, we should say, the non-permanency, of photographs. Our language was not hopeful; the best prospects we could hold out for the durability of the beautiful works of the camera depended upon the fulfilment of conditions which could not be guaranteed by any conscientious photographer. The fading propensity has become so evident to possessors of photographs, who have seen their treasured collections day by day becoming artistically and historically worthless, that they have lost faith in the sun as a limner and in picture-takers as honest men. This loss of confidence has done its work in bringing about the depression that at present exists in the commercial position of photography. To redeem their art, the photographers have used every endeavour to find means of preserving their productions. The latest of these are based upon the assumption that the decomposing action of the atmosphere is the true cause of fading, and therefore varnishes and impervious films have been applied to protect the material of the picture: one photographer proposes to coat the paper back and front with collodion; another to apply a solution of lac; and a third to cover the print with paraffine. But if the germ of destruction be in the print itself, if the darkened silver of which it is composed is unstable, as some chemists maintain, then none of these preservative processes will avail, and all photographs produced by the salts of silver must sooner or later fade.

The instability of silver prints having grown year by year more manifest, and the hopes of overcoming that instability having simultaneously become fainter, the importance attaching to the various processes for obtaining photographs in pigments has proportionately increased. Great attention has been bestowed upon the perfection of the method of printing in carbon, and great success has followed. To such a point has it now reached, that we may confidently assert that the days of silver printed photographs have passed away, and that the future of photography lies in carbon printing.

A carbon photograph is, strictly speaking, an image in carbon produced by the action of light. As is well known, carbon is one of the most stable of pigments, forming the base of all black paints and printing inks. But the term carbon print, as applied by photographers, has a wider signification; for it includes any sun picture whereof the colouring matter is a permanent pigment, such as is used by the painter or draughtsman: it may be in indian-ink, in sepia, in indigo, in vermilion, in black lead, in chalk, or any other substance, and of any colour. The principle upon which the production of such pictures depends is the same as that which forms the basis of the photo-

^a "On the Production of Photographs in Pigments." By S. Wharton Simpson, M.A. 1867.

engraving and photo-lithographic processes alluded to in these pages a year ago. Certain bodies soluble in water are rendered insoluble by exposure to light. A mixture is made of gelatine and a chromic salt; carbon, or any other pigment, is added, and paper is coated with the solution. Upon exposure to light the gelatine becomes converted into an insoluble parchment-like substance, which imprisons the colouring matter, so that no after-washing will remove it. If the paper be exposed under a photographic negative and afterwards washed, the exposed portions, corresponding to the shadows, remain intact, while the lights, not having been parchmented by the solar rays, are washed away. Thus, a picture is produced in which the shadows are carbon and the lights clean paper.

If it be asked whether this is a novel process, we must answer no. The germ of it was laid by Niepce fifty years ago. Mr. Mungo Ponton advanced it by his discovery, announced in 1839, of the action of light upon bichromate of potash. Becquerel soon afterwards contributed his share of labour towards its development, by investigating the action of chromic salts upon organic substances under the influence of light. Twelve years ago the first fruits of these and other labours were reaped by M. Poitevin, who, in 1855, produced the first carbon prints by a process which was patented in France and in this country. Poitevin's method was slightly modified by M. Testud de Beauregard in France, and by Mr. Thomas Sutton in England, or to speak correctly, in Jersey. In 1858, Mr. Pouncy, of Dorchester, exhibited at a meeting of the London Photographic Society the earliest carbon photographs produced in this country; but he declined to make known the method by which they were obtained. Great stir was made in the photographic journals and at the societies by the rumours of his process, and a subscription was proposed to purchase the secret. So far as we remember, nothing came of this proposal. Meanwhile a provisional specification was lodged at the Patent Office, but the patent was not completed. The necessary publication this involved broke the secrecy Mr. Pouncy had maintained. His method was thus recited in the specification:—"I coat the paper or surface which is to receive the picture with a composition of vegetable carbon, gum arabic, and bichromate of potash, and on to this prepared surface I place the negative picture, and expose it to light in the usual way. Afterwards the surface is washed with water, which dissolves the composition at the parts on which the light has not acted, but fails to affect those parts on which the light has acted; consequently, on those parts of the surface the colouring matter remains in the state in which it was applied, having experienced no chemical change. Sometimes, for the vegetable carbon, I substitute bitumen; or other colouring matter may be employed. By this process pictures are obtained which are not liable to fade like ordinary photographs." Working details by-and-by came to be published, and many amateurs and professional photographers tried the method, but gave it up because the resulting pictures were so crude and devoid of half-tones.

More changes were rung upon the fundamental principle of pigment printing in the years that followed; but in each and all of those the old defect remained: gradations of tint could not be realised. Ordinary photographs gained in beauty, and exhibited half-tones with a perfection

that outshone the efforts of the painter; and neither photographer nor public were prepared to relinquish a jot of the delicacy to which they had become accustomed. But the carbon prints had sooty shadows and chalky lights, and nothing between. For a while this condition of things seemed inevitable, and the process was deemed unpromising. The cause of the evil, however, dawned upon experimenters, and then came the cure; and the cure brought about the perfection of photography in carbon or pigments. It is easy to see that when the surface of a film of bichromated gelatine is exposed to light, all portions upon which the light acts, whether through the half-tones or the shadows of a negative, are rendered insoluble *at that surface*, the only difference being that the light penetrates deeper in the shadows, and therefore produces a thicker layer of insoluble matter. Now, when an exposed print is placed in the water that is to dissolve away the undecomposed part of the film, or the lights, the solvent penetrates laterally underneath the thin insoluble film which forms the half-tones, undermines it, destroys its contact with the paper, and washes it away. The remedy is obviously to wash the film from the other side, to stick it down upon a supporting surface, and dissolve the undecomposed gelatine from the back. We say that this remedy is obvious; it is so now, but it was long before it was recognised and put in practice. It grew into recognition by a slow process of development. It is not necessary that we should here trace the steps of its growth: let it suffice to say that it was fully ripened and practically perfected by Mr. Swan of Newcastle, who introduced a prepared film, or as he technically termed it a *tissue*, which permitted exposure on one side, and washing away on the other. "This step," says Mr. Simpson, "together with the complete system of operations connected with its [the tissue's] use, made carbon printing practicable as a useful art." In the two or three years that have elapsed since Mr. Swan first published his method very many photographers have worked it, and have in most cases produced results comparable with the finest photographs, and leaving nothing for the most fastidious to desire.

For the satisfaction of those who like full information, we give a very brief summary of the process as it is now being extensively worked at the factory of Messrs. Mawson & Swan in Newcastle, and at the establishment of M. Braun in Dornach, where about 500 prints are daily produced, and where arrangements are pending for trebling this number.

The tissue is prepared by mixing gelatine, slightly tempered with sugar, with the finely-ground pigment in which the picture is to be formed, and coating paper uniformly with this mixture in a hot or liquid state. Mr. Swan prepares this commercially on a large scale, by specially arranged machinery, and in various colours—indian-ink, sepia, and a purple-brown, like the generality of photographs. To render the film sensitive to light it is immersed for a time in a solution of bichromate of potash, and dried in a dark room. Then it is ready for exposure under the negative, and this is a critical part of the process; for as there is nothing but a sheet of black paper upon which the light makes no *visible* impression, the proper exposure has to be ascertained by a roundabout method, which has, however, been so far reduced to a formula by the invention of a simple actinometer, that no great difficulties arise. When the print is taken from the negative, its gelatine face

is fastened firmly down upon paper coated with a solution of india rubber, heavy pressure being employed to ensure perfect adhesion in every part, and the operator commences the work of development. The cemented sheets of paper between which the film of gelatine lies buried, are soaked in water, first cold then warm. The india rubber paper forming a water-proof protection, preserves the exposed side of the film from the aqueous action; but the other papers which originally supported the film, soon become soaked and peel off, exposing the back surface of the tissue. Water is then gently poured over this, and by degrees the superfluous or undecomposed gelatine and pigment is all washed away, and the picture stands forth in all its integrity. But in this state it is reversed as regards right and left, and requires retransferring from its caoutchouc bed to its final resting-place. To effect this transfer it is coated with gelatine and stuck down to the mounting card or paper; the then upper side—the caoutchouc paper—is then brushed over with benzole; this dissolves the india rubber, but does not touch the gelatine, and the paper comes cleanly away, leaving the picture perfectly finished and mounted, a “thing of beauty, and”—unlike its photographic progenitors—“a joy for ever.”

Absolute imperishability is a virtue no earthly work, certainly no picture, can lay claim to. But whatever of permanency belongs to an engraving, or a chalk, or indian-ink, or sepia drawing, that we may expect in productions by this process. The image is carbon, or some other known permanent pigment; the vehicle or menstruum in which the pigment is held is insoluble gelatine, and of this there is no greater quantity than is borne by any sheet of well-sized paper. Instead of carbon, any pigment may be employed, as we have already urged; and this brings the process into the domain of the marvellous, for we have actually seen a sepia drawing copied in sepia, an indian-ink sketch reproduced in indian-ink, and a red-chalk drawing actually repeated in red-chalk, the copy being in form and in material a duplicate of the original. Can reproductive art go farther?

The demands for printing by this process have outgrown Mr. Swan's powers of supply, so he has sold his patent rights to a small company who are preparing premises for working it on a scale suited to present and probable future wants. Some copies of first-class pictures will, we believe, shortly be offered to the public as initiators of the new system. Photographs having acquired a bad name from their unstable qualities, the carbon prints will not be associated with them even by name, but will be called autotypes. In the meantime, those who wish to know more of the new art, and to see a beautiful specimen of it, may gratify both wishes by procuring the work whose title we have made the heading of this article.



Correspondence of Sylvanus Urban.

Sin scire labores,

Quære, age : quærenti pagina nostra patet.

[Correspondents are requested to append their Addresses, not, unless it is agreeable, for publication, but in order to facilitate Correspondence.]

HERNE'S OAK.

1. MR. URBAN,—With your kind permission, I beg to trespass once more on your valuable space, in order to resume the thread of my argument contained in your last number. Since Mr. Woodward has not availed himself of my opponent's arguments in criticising my book, I have no need to enter further into the question here, as to "which was which," except to notice a statement at page 26. "It is said to have been about fifteen feet in girth at the largest part." This, I beg leave to say, originated with Mr. Charles Knight, and was adopted by Messrs. Tighe and Davis. But the fact is this, the tree in 1792 or 1793 was measured by the Rev. Mr. Gilpin, and found to be "24 feet in circumference;" measured again by a practical carpenter, by request of Mr. Jesse, about 1840, when, the bark being off, "it measured 21 feet at the end of the trunk." In 1863, after having stood lifeless and barkless, and being in many parts sapless, it measured 6 feet 6 inches in diameter, or about 20 feet 4 inches round. How account for the discrepancy in Mr. Knight's statement? "Nothing easier." Mr. Knight, when he first began to read Shakspeare, before his intelligent mind became fairly developed, misunderstood him; for instead of perceiving that the "huge horns" were intended for the head of "Herne the Hunter," he imagined that Shakspeare meant them to be in the oak; and so used "to look for the 'oak with great raggd horns,' to which he" (fancied he) "had been introduced by Shakspeare." And thus the foundation of his knowledge on the subject being laid in error, as his mind expanded so the latter increased, until his imagination became so overgrown with prejudice against the maiden-tree, that he was unable to inspect it with a sober,

dispassionate judgment, and unintentionally became the author of a false statement respecting it.

My esteemed antagonist (Mr. Woodward) has pronounced me "daring" and "audacious," even guilty of "pious fraud." I frankly confess to the two former qualities; but must plead not guilty to the latter (let your readers and mine be my judges). And as he himself has honourably acknowledged that I have written in good faith, I think he must acquit me of fraud, either "pious" or impious; and to be consistent, should either retract the latter or erase the former.

Having confessed to "daring" and "audacity," I now beg leave to become a candidate for a further distinctive honour, I will be called *impudent* if he pleases; I will do what he says, page 27, I have "all but" done, I will invent evidence. But how? would ask my respected opponent. Ay, "there's the rub." "Nothing easier"—here it is. In working up a piece of the tree in question into book-covers, looking on the end intently, a remarkable formation I discovered in the annular rings of the wood. I have had nigh forty years' experience, and have frequently seen in timber variations in the width of these rings in the same tree; some being larger, some smaller, than others, at intervals more or less irregular, and which I believe are the natural results of more or less favourable seasons, as they affect the development of trees generally. But the wood in question presented a phenomenon entirely different from any I had ever seen before; it was not a variation, but a cessation, of progress, most abrupt, that attracted my attention. The rings, after accumulating in a healthy manner with little variation, suddenly ceased alto-

gether, at least they became so small as to defy distinction one from another; after a while, however, they increased again, with some little variation, until they attained nearly their former widths; they then gradually diminished towards the outer edge of the tree in a natural manner. I had the curiosity to count these rings (as well as I could), commencing from the point where the sudden cessation occurred, and found that the number of them, adding some for the sap (which had been wasted away), and the number of years which the tree had entirely ceased to vegetate, carried the period when this sudden cessation occurred, as far back as 1639, at the latest. It may have been, and probably did happen, many years earlier, and it struck me as being very remarkable, that a tree, said to have been blasted by "Herne the Hunter," should present such internal evidence of having been struck by lightning, or suddenly checked by some other cause when in its prime, whereby its progress was stayed with a ruthless hand, causing it to struggle, as it were, for many years between life and death, before it recovered its wonted vigour.

Seeing that the oak is not mentioned in the first edition of the "Merry Wives of Windsor," published 1602, but first is spoken of in the folio of 1623, I am inclined to the belief that, subsequent to the one date, and previous to the other, an oak was struck by lightning, and that the superstition of the age imputed this circumstance to the evil spirit of Herne, who, tradition said, haunted the locality; which Shakspeare, nothing loth, took advantage of, and introduced into his improved edition of the play, which was published in 1623. And possessing such proof, that an occurrence of this kind happened at so remote a period to the tree I humbly advocate, so that I believe for many years it must have presented a lifeless appearance before resuscitating, I cannot help looking upon it as a powerful evidence in its favour, whatever more learned or enlightened persons may think.

I could make several other remarks in reply to Mr. Woodward, but, as my letter already exceeds the limits I intended, I will conclude, trusting that your readers will consider it a sufficient answer to my formidable, though kind-hearted opponent; and only beg to say, should any of them desire

to inspect a portion of the tree upon which I have founded this latter evidence, for their own satisfaction, I shall have great pleasure in showing it to them, upon their honouring me with a call.

I am, &c.,

Your "Adventurous Wood-Carver,"

WILLIAM PERRY.

5, North Audley Street, W.

P.S.—I attach a paper containing a full explanation of this recent discovery, in case you should desire to say anything more about it than I have herein written.

W. P.

SINGULAR PHENOMENON PRESENTED BY
THE WOOD.

"While working up a portion of this memorable tree into covers for the book I have written on its identity, looking on the end I observed a great peculiarity. The annular rings accumulated in a healthy, vigorous manner up to a certain point, when they suddenly ceased, became almost imperceptible, then increased again in size till they attained nearly their former width, afterwards gradually diminished towards the outer edge of the tree, when they finally became undistinguishable.

"Upon mentioning this phenomenon to an intelligent gardener of fifty years' experience, without informing him in what wood I had observed it, he said the tree must have been struck by lightning, or blighted in some way so as to have stopped its growth, otherwise such an appearance would not have been presented. It was in the nature of trees as it was with us: when they arrived at maturity, they began to decline the same as we did; but it was generally a gradual process,—the rings in the trunk would become smaller and smaller by degrees, as the sap flowed less and less up the tree.

"I have since examined the wood more closely, and, from the healthy part of the tree to the outside of the piece, have counted 164 annular rings; if to these are added twenty for the sap which was wasted away from it, and forty-four years—which time, at least, it is known to have been dead—we are carried back as far as 1639, as the *latest* time when the tree *could* have been seared or blighted. How much earlier than this it may have been, I am not in a position at present to prove; but, considering that the rings are so small as to be scarcely discernible, and that some of the outer portion of the tree has been wasted away, I submit that it is not a very preposterous idea, to assume

it not improbable that it happened during Shakspeare's time.

"Referring to the first edition of 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' published 1602, we find no mention of Herne's Oak; neither do we in the reprint of 1619. The first mention of it is in the first folio edition, 1623: so that the probability is that the story of 'Herne the Hunter' existed before the tree was attached to it, which, subsequent to 1602, being blasted, the superstition of the age imputed to the evil power of the spirit of Herne, who, according to the previous tradition, 'walked in shape of a great stag, with huge horns on his head.' We are, therefore, led to suppose, that between 1602 and the date of Shakspeare's death, 1616, he perfected his first sketch of the play by adding to it such information as he

could gather, and such improvements as his matured judgment suggested; and, if we take the period of his retirement at New Place, as the probable date when he calmly set himself to revise and improve his plays, collecting them together in the form in which they were given to the world in 1623—say 1610 or 1612—we are thus brought to within twenty-seven or twenty-nine years of the date to which we can satisfactorily trace the blasting of Herne's Oak to have taken place; evidence, which, if not sufficient in itself to identify this tree with the play of Shakspeare, yet, when taken in connection with all the other points in favour of the tree which I have previously advanced, forms a powerful collateral evidence, which the most sceptical cannot deny.

FAMILY OF SERLE.

2. MR. URBAN,—Can you assist me in discovering who are the representatives of a family named Serle, who formerly lived at Testwood, Hants? Peter Serle of that place, according to "Burke's Landed Gentry," married Miss Dorothy Wentworth—apparently towards the close of the last century, for no date is given—

and this lady died, according to the obituary of THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, in Berkeley Street, Manchester Square, on Dec. 15, 1809. She is described as *relict* of Peter Serle, late of Testwood, Hants.—I am, &c.,

E. WALFORD.

Hampstead, N.W.

WOOLTON HALL.

3. MR. URBAN,—In "The Liverpool Mercury," of Wednesday last, I find the following:—

"There has been a Woolton Hall at any rate ever since the reign of Richard II., and probably long before that date. It originally belonged to the Woolton family, and afterwards passed into possession of the Bretarghs."

As I am interested in the history of

this and other seats in the neighbourhood, I should feel obliged if you or any of your readers would favour me with the name or names of any work or works in which detailed particulars of the early history of Woolton Hall are to be met with.

I am, &c.,

J. D. F.

Tranmere, Cheshire.

February, 1868.

"PARTY."

4. MR. URBAN,—Will you allow an apology to be made for a much abused word—I mean the word "party"? I am emboldened to ask the favour because the word appears in your own pages, where readers scarcely expect to find slang terms used.^a That the use of the word, in the sense of person, is common, I am prepared to admit; that it ought to be in the pages of the "Slang Dictionary," I am unwilling to believe.

The earliest writer who uses the word as synonymous with "person," as far as I know, is Sir Thomas More. I have not

his works by me, and so I cannot give a reference; but I well remember writing out one or more extracts, to illustrate its use, for the Philological Society's Dictionary. Some thirty years later, namely in 1559, we have no difficulty in finding authorities, and they are, curiously enough, all of an ecclesiastical character. The Dean of Canterbury^b considers "the word 'party' for a man especially offensive," and yet he must have known other authorities for its use than those he quotes.

The Book of Common Prayer contains

^a See G. M., Dec., 1867, p. 696.

^b "Queen's English," p. 227.

the word no less than six times; three times in the singular number, and three times in the plural.

In one of the Communion Rubrics we read:—"The other *party* will not be persuaded to a godly unity, but remain still in his frowardness and malice." In the same rubrics the word occurs twice in the plural.

In the Ordination Service (Deacons) we have 'person' and 'party':—"The bishop shall surcease from ordering that *person* until such time as the *party* accused shall be found clear of the crime." The corresponding rubric, in the ordering of priests, has the same word. The sixth example occurs in a rubric in the "Marriage Service."

It may be worth observing that the Latin Prayer Book of 1560, in the rubric before the Communion Service, has "*pars*" where the English Prayer Book of the year before has "party."

A reference to the Injunctions of Elizabeth (A.D. 1559) immediately supplied another example:—"The *party* that shall be in the fault thereof, shall forfeit to the said Church 3s. 4d."—Inj. x.

The Sixty-seventh Canon (A.D. 1603)

THE HEART OF RICHARD I. AND THE PENSION OF HENRY IX.

5. MR. URBAN,—In the April number of your last year's volume it is stated, p. 440: "His heart he (*i.e.* Richard I.) left to 'Rome;' and it is still to be seen in the museum there." No doubt this is a printer's error; and for "Rome" we should read "Rouen."^a

At page 485 it is stated, that "Henry IX.

closes thus:—"And after the *parties* death (if it so fall out) there shall be rung no more but one short peale, and one other before the buriall, and one other after the buriall."

For the next two references I am indebted to the Dean of Canterbury (*Queen's English*):—"Stephano. How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the *party*!"—*Tempest*, iii. 2. "If an evil spirit trouble any, one must make a smoke thereof before the man or the woman, and the *party* shall be no means vexed."—*Tobit*, vi. 7.

One more example, and this is from a "party" who would hardly condescend to slang. In the Primary Charge of the present Archbishop of Canterbury, p. 23, I read:—"As soon as an individual ceases to reside in a parish he ceases to be a parishioner, and ceases to have any claim whatever to a seat in the parish church. It then reverts to the churchwardens, who assign it to some other *party*." If the word must be considered slang, let it be classed as "religious slang," a dictionary of which is much wanted.—I am, &c.,

J. M. COWPER.

Davington, Faversham.

(so self-called) was a pensioner of the *English Crown*." I should be glad to learn what his pension consisted of, by what government it was conferred, and during what period he enjoyed it,—I am, &c.

G. W. M.

January 25th, 1868.

ETON AND THE MARQUIS WELLESLEY.

6. MR. URBAN,—The Latin elegiacs below, written by the late Marquis of Wellesley, printed in his "Reliquiæ et Primitiæ," and inscribed on his tomb in Eton College Chapel, were found by myself among some old MSS. that had belonged to my uncle, the late Lieut.-Col. Vernon, of the 18th Hussars, who served in India during Lord Wellesley's government, and, after his return, was offered by the Duke of Wellington the post of aide-de-camp, when the Duke went out to the Peninsula. The verses are accompanied by an English translation, the work of Col. Vernon's wife. I think it is probable that

the Latin verses were in Col. Vernon's possession long before they were in any way made public, or placed on Lord Wellesley's tomb in Eton College Chapel.—I am, &c.,

W. J. VERNON.

Leek, Jan., 1868.

"Fortunæ rerumque agis exercitus
undis
In gremium redeo serus, Etona, tu-
um;—
Magna sequi, et summæ mirari culmina
Famæ,
Et puræ antiquum lucis adire jubar,
Auspice te, didici puer, atque in limine
vitæ
Ingenuas veræ laudis adire vias.

^a The fact is as our correspondent suggests.—S. U.

Siqua meum, vitæ decursu, gloria nomen
Auxerit, aut siquis nobilitavit ho-
nos,
Muneris, Alma, tui est; dignum, da,
terra, sepulchrum,
Supremam lachrymam da memorem-
que mei!"

WELLESLEY.

The following is the translation:—

"Long tossed by Fortune on life's rest-
less sea,
At length, loved Eton, I return to
thee,—
To thee, my guide, who taught me to
explore,

By truth's pure light, the paths of
ancient lore;
Led my young spirit first to soar to
fame,—
And, if aught great ennobles now my
name—
If aught of glory, aught of praise be
mine—
Eton, that glory and that praise be
thine.
Nurse of my youth, in life's decline
still dear,
Give the last boon I ask,—a tomb, a
tear."

E. G. VERNON.

LONGEVITY.

7. MR. URBAN,—Several correspon-
dents have, in recent numbers of your
magazine, noticed cases of this class; and
I may with propriety add an instance
within my own personal knowledge. The
name of the individual I allude to, who is
now in her 104th year, is Margaret Long-
mire, a widow, in humble life, residing at
Troutbeck, in the parish of Windermere.
I have tested her case myself, and there
cannot be a question that her age is as
stated. Her Majesty the Queen, with her
accustomed generosity and condescension,
graciously remitted 3*l.* in Oct. last to the
Rev. W. Sewell, the incumbent of Trout-
beck, to be applied by him to the poor
aged woman's comforts.—I am, &c.,

JAMES NICHOLSON.

*The Wall Hall, Warrington,
January, 1867.*

8. MR. URBAN,—As I perceive you are
disposed to keep a record of well authen-
ticated cases of centenarians, I take the
liberty of forwarding to you the following
paragraph from a recent number of the
Bury Post, announcing the death of an
old lady at Claydon, who had long passed
her hundredth year:—"Old Mrs. Morfey,"
as she was familiarly known at Claydon
and neighbourhood, expired on Thursday

morning last, having reached the extra-
ordinary age of 106 years. She was
baptized on the 28th of Nov., 1761; how
old she was then is not known, but she
was at all events in her 107th year at her
death. She was a widow for 60 years,
and for many years acted as midwife at
the Barham Union, and parishes in the
vicinity. Her youngest son, residing at
Claydon, is 72 years of age, and she
always called him 'her boy William.' She
retained all her faculties to a remarkable
degree until a week before her death, and
in the summer of last year, when in
Ipswich, she recited pieces of poetry, and
sang songs and hymns which she had
learned when a child. She last year
walked to Blakenham, a distance of
between two and three miles, to a friend's
house, to partake of tea. During her
lifetime she was visited by many persons,
and if she received any money, which she
frequently did, she would (being herself
in receipt of a private allowance), after-
wards distribute it amongst persons
poorer than herself. She was born at
Claydon, in which parish she lived during
almost the whole of her long life. She
possessed a cheerful and serene tempera-
ment, and a naturally strong constitu-
tion; hence her unusually protracted
existence."—I am, &c.,

T. PARADISE.

Stamford, Jan. 1868.

FAMILY OF DE FOE.

9. MR. URBAN,—Mr. Kingsley, at
page 75 of your January number, in-
quires after the sources of further infor-
mation respecting the ancestry of Daniel
De Foe. I venture to make a few re-
marks, and to conclude with naming

three places where, if nothing more can
be found as to the Foe family, I am satis-
fied that any further search will almost
be in vain.

In Hazlitt's life it is stated that the
name was originally "Foe," and that

Daniel himself added the foreign prefix of "De." Also that his grandfather was a substantial yeoman who farmed his own estate at Elton, in Northamptonshire. Elton, however, is in Huntingdonshire, although close to the border of the former county. Hazlitt also says that the name is obviously a corruption of *foi*, and of French origin—and that for centuries there was a family so called seated in Warwickshire, as we are informed by De Foe himself, in his "Tour through Great Britain," and Hazlitt then adds that it is immaterial whether he claimed affinity with Norman blood or not. I believe this very affinity points out the origin of the name, and that as Chadwick states, it is a corruption of Faux or Vaux, and that they are thoroughly Northamptonshire names of the highest antiquity; and he adds that Foe possibly knew of this descent, and therefore not improperly re-assumed the "De;" but Chadwick then falls into a strange error of confounding these names with Devereux, and supposing Daniel's ancestors might be some foreign Protestant refugees, overlooking the fact of Devereux being from a different origin, and of a far more

ancient settlement in this country. Now it is somewhat in favour of Foe being a corruption or other form of Faux, that the following parties of the latter name may still be found not very far from Elton, viz., B. Faux, Pottersbury, near Stoney Stratford, Carpenter; J. Faux, Esq., Thornby, Welford; A. Faux, Godmanchester; and E. J. and R. Faux, Farmers, at Yaxley; and Mrs. Faux, at Biggleswade. These I find in the county directories.

I think if the will offices of the dioceses of Ely and Peterborough were searched some information might be found respecting De Foe's grandfather and ancestors; and a search also amongst the books containing the entries of "fines," to cover a period before and after the death of the grandfather, might result in some information. These books are now at the Record Office, Fetter Lane, and are arranged and well kept in counties and in the law terms. Property in those days was seldom transferred without the necessity of a fine being levied.

I am, &c.,

W. H. LAMMIN.

Fullham, Jan. 27.

BERRY'S HERALDIC COLLECTION.

10. MR. URBAN,—I should be much obliged to any of your readers who could inform me whether the collections made by Berry for his "Encyclopædia Heraldic"

still exist anywhere? and, if so, whether they are accessible?—I am, &c.,
F. T. C.

Exeter Coll., Oxford.

KNIGHTHOOD AND BARONETS' ELDEST SONS.

11. MR. URBAN,—I see that it is stated by Mr. Walford in his preface to the "Shilling Baronetage," that all eldest sons of baronets can demand inauguration as knights during their fathers' lifetime, on attaining the age of twenty-one.

May I ask you whether this right is obsolete, or whether you know of a case in point during the present century?—I am, &c.,

I. A. H.

Newark, Jan., 1868.

SEPULCHRAL DEVICE AT MELROSE.

12. MR. URBAN,—In Melrose churchyard is a stone erected in memory of an old blind fiddler, of whom the late Sir Thomas Dick-Lauder, Bart., in an autograph letter before me, dated 2nd June, 1847, writes,—“Who used to play so charmingly in old Kyle's inn many years ago, when I lived there for the fishing. I think the man's name was Donaldson.” On the stone is sculptured his likeness in profile, as also a representation of his instruments—a fiddle and bow, a clarionet and organ—but there is no inscription.

What further is known of him, and by whom was the stone erected?

“Old Kyle,” mentioned by Sir Thomas, is the worthy whose name and hospitality have been immortalised by Sir Walter Scott in his introduction to “The Monastery,” and his death took place in 1805.

I may add that Donaldson's tombstone is shown in one of the recently published photographs of Melrose Abbey, by Mr. Frith of Reigate.—I am, &c.,

J. MANUEL.

Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Antiquarian Notes.

By CHARLES ROACH SMITH, F.S.A.

— Quid tandem vetat
Antiqua misceri novis ?

ENGLAND.

Yorkshire.—At the annual meeting of the Huddersfield Archæological and Topographical Association, it was announced that the Council had resolved to suspend for the present the excavations at Slack (the Roman *Campodunum*), until all the contingencies and liabilities already incurred shall be fully provided for, and adequate funds collected not only to carry on but to complete the works commenced.

A paper by Mr. Albert Way, on one of the minor objects found at Slack, was read ; and as we can illustrate it by an engraving, it will be received with especial interest by many of the readers of *THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE*. Mr. Way observes that “the bronze object found at



Front.



Side.



Back.

(Actual Size.)

Slack in 1866 is unquestionably of Roman origin, and although the enamelled ornaments of the period have been found at several stations and towns that were occupied by the Romans, they are of sufficient rarity to be recognised as amongst the most interesting of the minor relics of their age. Specimens have occurred amongst others at York, Lincoln, Cirencester, Caerleon, and other sites of recent explorations in various parts of the country. The colours are for the most part strikingly contrasted ; blue and red are the alternations most in favour ; green occurs not unfrequently ; and in a few instances spots of white or black are introduced in the body of the other colours by some operations that more recent artificers have rarely imitated with success. The technical operation in all these Roman enamelled objects is the same that was so long and admirably employed by the artists of Limoges, especially in the 12th and 13th centuries, and also by enamellers in Germany or other parts of Europe, who seem to have followed the practice and some conventional peculiarities of the design of the Byzantine School of Art. All the Roman enamels, such as that found at Slack, appear to be executed on bronze ; in the middle ages copper alone was used, and it is stated

that copper only would bear the necessary degree of heat, greater probably than that required to fuse the Roman enamels. The mediæval works of this nature are sometimes of very large dimensions; at Stoke Dabernon, in Surrey, there is a sepulchral brass of life-size, a figure in armour, with a shield upon the arm, charged with the heraldic bearing of the deceased, coloured by means of enamel.* This observation may claim notice in regard to Roman enamels of the like description as the little ornament found at Slack, which is a fastening for harness or some part of the dress, and of a form that has repeatedly occurred on Roman sites, and there may now be brought together from Romano-British sites alone a remarkable variety of enamelled relics in good preservation. The most curious and interesting is that known to antiquaries as the 'Rudge Cup,' now in the museum of the Duke of Northumberland, at Alnwick Castle. This was found by his Grace's ancestor in the last century, in a well within the area of a Roman villa at Rudge, near Marlborough, Wilts. There are also several beautiful enamel ornaments in the York Museum. It is remarkable that the Greek rhetorician of the second century, Philostratus, who taught both at Athens and at Rome, and must have had ample opportunities of obtaining information in regard to remote parts of the empire, states that the barbarians dwelling near the shores of the ocean were singularly skilled in decorating their harness and chariots with colours applied by aid of fire. His brief notice, indeed, appears so strikingly allusive to such an art as the enrichment of metals by fused vitreous colours or enamels, that some antiquaries who have examined the specimens above mentioned have imagined that the art may possibly have been brought to perfection by the so-called barbarians of the North, and should not be traced, as commonly supposed, to an Eastern origin."

The Rev. Canon Raine, in a paper on "The Topographical Materials for Agbrigg Wapentake," urged that an effort should be made on behalf of Yorkshire topography on some special plan. The materials for the work were much more extensive than they were twenty years ago, and were daily increasing. Moreover they could not afford to wait until every ancient church and hall had gone through the terrible process of "restoration." He regretted, and regretted most deeply, that the choicest works of mediæval architecture should be tampered with or destroyed to please the whim or caprice of some modern scorners of their art. He had known old screen-work used for firewood, old stained glass sent into the broker's shop, ancient doors and windows replaced, or removed altogether, in order that everything might be "uniform;" church towers or walls had been removed because they were deemed to be dangerous, and some of them had been found "so disagreeably strong" that the use of gunpowder was necessary to bring them down. He recommended that if these ancient monuments must perish, those to whom they had charms should make an effort to have them perpetuated by the pencil in a county history, and he feared that if they waited much longer there would be nothing left to draw. He suggested as the model for such a work Mr. Hunter's "History of Doncaster," which was

* See the Messrs. Waller's "Monumental Brasses," in which this and others are engraved and coloured.

the only part of the county of York which could be said to have a history at all.

The Sheffield Architectural and Archæological Society was inaugurated on the 6th ultimo, when a very popular and sensible address was delivered by Dr. Aveling, the President. "We are assembled here this evening," he said, "to inaugurate a new society in Sheffield,—one of noblest aims and widest scope. In naming it we have chosen two words—'architectural' and 'archæological'—words of the most absorbing interest to mankind. Let a fire or a flood deprive a man of the roof under which he has been sheltered in comfort, or let him be lost on a bleak moor, battling with the tempest or blinded by snow, and he will at once appreciate one of the many advantages bestowed upon him by architecture. Again, what a host of associations rushes upon the mind at the mention of the word archæology! What an immense continent of thought bears this name! what alluring tracts of country, upon which the foot of man has not been for centuries, lie open to the adventurous! what tangled wilderness and mighty caverns tempt the bold explorer! Here are no barren rocks nor arid plains, no poisonous serpent nor furious beast. The whole beauties of the country are open to everyone who has patience, boldness, endurance, and truthfulness. Archæology is the science which relates to ancient things. If it be true that there be nothing new under the sun, no one can possibly complain that our Society is too limited either in range of subjects or sources of interest."

Dr. Aveling, at considerable length and with much force, pointed out the objects of the Society, and the true definitions of archæology and architecture, interspersing technical details with reflections of wider scope, which could but strike his hearers with effect:—"If it were not for our ignorance we should find interest in the meanest object. Give what you so disdainfully call mud to a chemist, and watch him. He evaporates the water from it, and examines the powder under a microscope. He burns it, and tests it, and weighs it, and becomes interested, even excited over it. He finds fossils, and crystals, and parts of plants, and animals in it, the description of which would take you an hour to read. Again, what you denounce as a tiresome weed, the botanist gathers carefully and places in a book, with a long Latin name under it, that he may be able to admire it at will. The most loathsome insects, the most poisonous reptiles, and the most mischievous vermin, are objects of interest to the naturalist; and to the philanthropist what an object of pity and love is the outcast! Hundreds of beautiful and interesting things lie neglected at the doors of all. The eye only requires to be opened by education, and they at once become visible. One of the objects of our Society, then, must be to teach architecture; to teach the eye to see feeling and meaning in stones, for Shakspeare did not exaggerate, there are indeed to be found 'sermons in stone.'" At the close of a long address he commenced practical archæology; and gave among other remarks on local matters, an account of a fragment taken from the tower wall of the parish church a few months since:—"The stone I now point out to you would scarcely be picked up, if it were met with in the road, by one person in a thousand, and yet it is one of great interest to this town. It was found in the middle of the wall of the tower, when it was being pierced for the new clock, and thanks to

our patron the vicar, it will for the future be left in our keeping and form an attractive object in our museum. If we examine it carefully we find that it is composed of limestone, and not of gritstone like the present church. We see from its form that it must have formed part of an arch, and from its sculpturing that it belonged to a building executed between the years 1066 and 1145. Having obtained these facts, we are in a position to corroborate the opinion advanced by Mr. Hunter, that the first church of Sheffield was founded in the time of Henry I. by William de Lovelot—to say that it was built of limestone, and that it still exists, although hidden from view, carefully nursed in the arms of its daughter—and to restore, as an anatomist does an animal from a single bone, this beautiful Norman arch—this is what the knowledge of the history of architecture can do, and I believe there is not a single Sheffield man who would not be moved at the sight of this likeness of a lovely portion of the church in which their ancestors worshipped eight hundred years ago. A feeling of reverence for the work of our forefathers is necessary to guide us in the difficult task of restoration. What pitiless destruction is every day going on around us! The ravages of time are insignificant when compared with the merciless depredations committed by the chisel and the pick. Whatever our politics may be on other subjects, I am quite sure that on that of church restoration we shall, to a man, be staunch Conservatives.”

Kent.—Mr. John Brent has recently communicated to *The Kentish Gazette*, his opinions on certain leaden coffins and skeletons recently discovered in Bridge Street, Canterbury, during excavations for draining. Three of the skeletons were described by the workmen as having stakes driven through the breast; and a theory was forthwith started and adopted that they must have been suicides. Mr. Brent, taking a simpler view, thinks the stakes had been applied to some purpose for which stakes are commonly used; and he sees no reason why the coffins should have been so quickly sold for old metal and destroyed before he and others had examined them. One of the coffins is described by a writer signing himself “F. S. A.,” as being ornamented upon the top with diagonal lines, “having at the point of their intersection in the centre, a very good mediæval *rose patera* cast on it, and four others at midway each of the semi-diagonals.” Mr. Brent, on the other hand, sees no evidence why the coffins might not have been Roman; he remarks that one, at least, was found lying north and south; and that there was a considerable quantity of lime in and about one of them. It appears that the body had been placed upon a bed of two and a-half inches of lime, and then packed round with clay. The coffin had been thickly coated with lime, and lay six feet deep; of this measurement three feet had accumulated since the deposit—an important *item* in judging the date; and were it not Roman, as Mr. Brent suggests, it certainly deserved at least a respite from destruction; and its interest is not much, if at all, lessened, supposing it early mediæval. Mr. Brent deserves the thanks of all true antiquaries for his watchfulness under discouraging circumstances. The fine Roman leaden coffin lately discovered at Milton, will, by the liberality of Mr. Alfred Jordan, find a place in the Charles Museum at Maidstone.

A large amphora filled with calcined human bones was dug up some days since, at Vaux, on the road from Canterbury to Sturry; and a smaller earthen vessel was found near it. The site is well known as that of one of the cemeteries adjoining Durovernum.

Northumberland.—At a recent meeting of the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Dr. Bruce read a paper on the Roman inscribed slab found in lowering the stable-yard at Halton Castle, immediately to the south of the Roman station of Hunnum. The inscription, as it now stands, reads :—

. . .
HARDALIO
NIS
COLLEGIVM
CONSER
B . M . P . ;

and the fragment is about 19 inches by 17; but Dr. Bruce, who has closely examined it, thinks that only one line is wanting; and that the missing letters are D. M. the well-known sepulchral formula for *Diis Manibus*. The genitive case is somewhat an objection to this reading, which in other respects is quite satisfactory. At the same time it is not safe to divide the word Hardalionis, as it does not appear to have any marks of division, tempting as another solution then would be. As Dr. Bruce has had an opportunity of examining the stone itself, he is best able to judge how much is wanting; and upon this depends the sense in which we should read *Hardalionis*. Dr. Bruce writes thus:—

“Comparatively few inscriptions have been found in this fort, consequently every addition to their number is peculiarly acceptable. There can be no doubt that the record is of the monumental kind, and is a memorial some departed soldier. It was customary to bury by the wayside, and as there can be little doubt that a road proceeded from the south gateway of Hunnum to join the Watling Street, this stone was probably originally deposited not far from the spot where it has just been found. The letters of the inscription are fortunately quite distinct, though some of them are slightly peculiar in their form, and probably belong to a somewhat advanced period of the Roman occupation of Britain. Supplying the letters D. M., with which there can be no doubt the inscription commenced, the whole reads—‘*Diis Manibus Hardalionis. Collegium conseruo bene merenti posuit,*’ and may be thus translated—‘To the divine manes of Hardalio. The guild have erected this to their colleague, well deserving.’ The inscription differs from any hitherto found upon the wall, and is not without its difficulties. The word *Hardalionis* has a barbarous sound, and it was not until I had failed in the attempt to resolve it into one or more words of more classic aspect that I felt obliged to accept it as the genitive case of the name of the deceased. There is a leaf, serving the purpose of a full stop, at the close of this word, thus cutting it off from the remainder of the inscription. The word *collegium* occurs in some British and in many foreign inscriptions. In the famous Chichester inscription we have the phrase *collegium fabrorum*, ‘the fraternity of artificers,’ and in one found at Bath, we have a corresponding expression, *ex collegio fabricæ*. An altar

found at High Rochester, and now in the museum at Alnwick Castle, is dedicated to Minerva and the Genius of the College by Cæcilius Optatus; but we are not told what was the nature of the college or lodge. The word *collegium* is left in a similar indefinite way in the inscription before us, and may refer to a club of smiths or carpenters, or to an association of men banded together for the purpose of performing some mystic religious rites. The latter is the opinion which Mr. Hodgson formed of the word on the Rochester altar. The word *conservo* is the only one remaining to be considered. *Conservus* usually signifies a fellow-slave. An inscription found at Rome, and given in Orelli, No. 2873, contains the word *conservo*, and altogether throws considerable light upon the Halton slab; it is—*Dis Manibus. Benigno librario Quinti [Domini] nostri Diadumenus et Euhodus conservo bene merenti.* Here, Benignus, to whom his fellow-servants erect the tablet, occupied the honourable position of librarian or secretary in the household of his master. The word *conservus* therefore does not necessarily involve a menial condition." As observed, it is the beginning of the fragmentary inscription which raises a doubt; and that cited for comparison gives, as is usual, the *Diis Manibus* as complete in itself; and *Benigno* is in the dative; while in the Halton Castle slab the original word or words in the dative seem to be wanting.

Dr. Charlton communicated an inscription in runes on a large copper ring, in the possession of Mr. Fergusson. It is considered by the Rev. D. H. Haigh, who has published the inscription and a translation in his "Conquest of Britain by the Anglo-Saxons," as one of the earliest examples of runic writing in this country.

Lord Ravensworth, the President, has promised a paper on some very remarkable facts connected with the great military roads through the ancient kingdom of the Incas in Peru; and in which the works effected by that people and their priest kings—as the Incas of Peru and of Mexico were styled—paralleled very much, and bore very remarkable analogies to, the positions and stations upon the Roman Wall; so that he could not but be struck with the singularity of two nations, so widely different as the Romans in the East and the Peruvians in the West—the latter in the hitherto undiscovered continent of South America—being so analogous in the matter to which he referred. And he could not help thinking that, by further prosecution of the subject, further instances of similar analogies might be detected in the history of corresponding works.

ROME.

The British Archæological Society of Rome, we learn from the *Correspondance de Rome*, is actively engaged in researches of much interest, under the countenance of the Pope, who has sent the silver medal to its president, Mr. Parker. The Chevalier De Rossi, author of the "Inscriptiones Romanæ" and "Roma Sotteranea," and holding official position in connection with the antiquities of the Eternal City, has been elected honorary member, in testimony of the grateful feelings of the English antiquaries for the liberal manner in which he has allowed them access to the catacombs, and permission to take photographs of the monuments there.

At a recent meeting of the Society, Mr. Parker gave a brief account of the main features of his discoveries of early Christian ecclesiastical architecture, the result of a close examination of the ancient churches. Mr. Shakspeare Wood, the secretary, read a paper on some fragments of a plan of ancient Rome, of the third century, engraved on marble, which had been discovered in the garden of the church of SS. Cosmas and Damian in making excavations at the foot of a large wall of tiles, of the same epoch, on which portions of the plastering yet remain, and the bronze hooks by which the slabs of marble were fastened. Mr. Wood considered that this wall formed part of the temple of *Urbs Roma*. The fragments give the plan of a vast portico, or colonnade, with these words, *Porticus Liviæ*. This plan agrees in measurements with the platform upon which stand the church of St. Frances-la-Romana, and the ruins commonly called the temple of Venus and Rome.

Mr. Hemans differed in opinion from Mr. Wood, and cited, in support of his views, many passages in ancient writers. Mr. Parker, notwithstanding, was inclined to give weight to Mr. Wood's views. He is of opinion that the third *Regio* of the Rome of Augustus, instead of terminating at the *Meta Sudens*, according to modern writers, extended to the other extremity of the *Porticus Liviæ*; and that the *Castra Misernatium* are now represented by the small triangular hill, between the basilica of Maxentius and of Constantine le Colysée, to the east of the *Porticus Liviæ*.

Scientific Notes of the Month.

Physical Science.—Dr. Schmidt, of the Athens Observatory, puts forth a catalogue of luminous meteors, containing the hitherto unpublished records of about 600, of which 275 were observed by himself, and the rest collected from various sources. It comprises all available details relating to each bolide, and is arranged on a plan similar to that of the lists compiled by the British Association. He promises shortly a general catalogue of over 2000 of these bodies observed in the quarter of a century that has elapsed since 1842. In this collection he has noted that 634 meteors left trains, and that 193 were accompanied by detonations: there were also 79 instances of showers of stones, and five of falls of meteoric iron. He does not think that friction in the atmosphere is the cause of luminosity in meteors, for he has found that the brightest meteors are the highest.—Soon after telegraphs came into general use, those whose business it was to use them frequently recognised spontaneous galvanic currents traversing the lines of wire, and it was subsequently found that the currents manifested themselves on certain days always coinciding with those on which disturbances of the magnetic needles were observed. The Astronomer Royal therefore caused apparatus to be erected at the Greenwich Observatory for perpetually recording the currents traversing two lines of telegraph wire especially set up for the purpose between Greenwich and Croydon, and Greenwich and Dartford. The galvanometer needles upon which the currents acted were made to register their movements automatically by the aid of photography, in the same manner that the magnets record their movements at the same

establishment. A comparison of the two registers on certain days of magnetic disturbance revealed the significant fact that the curves marked out by the galvanometers are similar to those traced by the magnets. The Astronomer Royal communicated the details of these comparisons to the Royal Society on Feb. 6, and he then expressed his undoubting belief that the irregularities of magnetic force are caused by galvanic currents.—A comparison of the records of rainfall with those of periodical phenomena of magnetism, instituted by Mr. Glaisher to determine whether any connection could be traced between those elements, has led to a negative result: no connection could be made out between the daily movements of the declination magnet and the daily fall of rain. Some other facts, however, come out of the examination. It appears from a tabulation of six years' observations that rain is more frequent between noon and midnight than between midnight and noon; and there seems to be some connection between the daily rainfall and the position of the sun, for the smallest falls take place in the morning hours while the sun is going up, and the largest during the afternoon when the sun is declining.—Dr. Buys Ballot publishes the description of an instrument supplied to the Dutch ports for indicating differences of barometric pressure. The direction and force of the wind depend less upon the actual height of the barometer at a station, than upon the difference of heights of barometers at places some distance apart: therefore, differences of pressure are telegraphed to the ports aforesaid, and posted up for the benefit of all concerned in weather forecasts.—The second volume of the works of the illustrious physicist, Fresnel, is announced to appear at once: the first appeared a year ago. It is devoted principally to the undulatory theory and the phenomena of double refractions. The third volume, which is in the press, relates chiefly to lighthouses and their illumination.—The Astronomical Society has this year awarded its gold medal to M. Le Verrier, for his general researches in physical astronomy, and especially for his tables of the sun and planets.

Geology.—M. Elie du Beaumont has considered that it would be highly interesting to study the annual movements of the bed of ice that spreads over the polar regions of the globe. At certain epochs of the year the northern ice-cap extends slowly towards the south: it reaches an extreme limit, about which it varies during a certain time, and then retreats towards the north. These movements are rendered sensible by various phenomena: icebergs leave their home for the seas of lower latitudes; persistent northerly winds cover the soil with snow and frost; and mountain glaciers descend into the valleys. The director of the Paris Observatory, instigated by M. du Beaumont's suggestion, has issued a circular to meteorologists and physical observers, announcing his intention of collecting at the Observatory all possible data concerning the phenomena attendant upon the appearance and departure of the cold season in all parts of the northern hemisphere, and of collating these and publishing them in a digested form from year to year. He invites co-operation from all quarters towards the perfection of his good work.—According to M. Claire Deville, an old student of volcanic phenomena, there exists a constant and certain relationship between the degree of intensity of an eruption and the nature of the gaseous elements ejected

from the volcanic apertures : he states that in an eruption of maximum intensity the predominant volatile product is chloride of sodium, accompanied by other compounds of soda and potassium ; in eruptions of a second degree, hydrochloric acid and chloride of iron predominate ; in a third class, hydro-sulphuric acid and the salts of ammonia prevail ; while in the last class nothing is ejected but steam, carbonic acid, and combustible gases.—Mr. David Forbes, in a late communication to the *Popular Science Review*, disproves the adage that “ mountains should not be looked at through microscopes,” by showing that those instruments may lend the geologist valuable aid in his analyses of rocks and sedimentary deposits.—Some geologists have expressed their belief that naphtha would be found in the Caucasus : this belief has been realised, for a boring, 276 feet deep, at Kuaaco, has struck a source of this liquid, which for a time yielded 1500 barrels daily ; more recently a second source has been discovered, from which the naphtha jets to a height of 40 feet above the ground, and flows at the rate of 6000 barrels a day.—The President of the Geological Society, Mr. W. Warrington Smyth, gave a *soirée* on the evening of the 15th ult. at Willis's Rooms, at which a large collection of geological pictures, photographs, models, and antiquities, was brought together. The “ exhibits ” included some very nice gems, some remarkable tufa casts of medallions and other objects deposited by the hot springs of Claremont, in Auvergne, and a fine series of silver ores from Nevada. The very remarkable series of pre-historic flint implements, illustrated by natural forms, which have been collected together by Mr. Hughes, of the Geological Survey, was publicly exhibited for the first time. The main object sought to be illustrated in this admirable collection is an indication of the probability of the earliest individuals of primitive races having found naturally-shaped flints of various forms useful for different purposes, and their having been thus led to chip or flake masses of flint into forms similarly suitable.

Geography, &c.—At the Geographical Society, on Feb. 10, Captain Sherard Osborn again urged the desirability, in a national point of view, of keeping open that school of adventure and research which Arctic and Antarctic voyages have ever offered to British seamen in times of peace. His remarks had special reference to the exploration of the North Polar region. There are three routes by which the polar area can be reached, viz., by Spitzbergen, by Behring's Straits, and by Baffin's Bay. He preferred the Baffin's Bay and Smith Sound route, because the land extends farther north in that direction. Dr. Peterman, of Gotha, had communicated to him the news that a German expedition, *viâ* the Spitzbergen route, was determined on for 1869 : two screw-steamers, one of 450 tons, the other somewhat smaller, having been offered for the service by M. Rosenthal, of Bremerhaven. The French are bent on trying to reach the Pole by the Behring's Straits route early next year ; and Captain Osborne now asked only that the shores of Smith Sound should be explored upon the plan explained in his communication to the Society three years ago.—Captain Cadell, commanding the South Australian Exploring expedition, writes from Coepang, as follows :—“ I last wrote from Burke-town . . . I have since made some rather important discoveries, the principal of which is the dis-

covery of the mouth of the Roper, in lat. 14°45' S. It is a noble river, fully up to Leichardt's description, and good pastoral country will be found on its banks, the best indeed I know of in the northern territory. Proceeding northwards, a moderate-sized river flows into the gulf, in lat. 14°27' S., while a smaller was met in lat. 14°5' S. A fine haven, with an area of some 50 square miles, and several rivulets, also one moderate-sized river, flowing into it, was entered in lat. 12°33' S. and long. 136°55' E." To the northward of Probable Island, Capt. Cadell found a deep bay, 20 miles by 10, communicating with three large rivers; and between Points Guion and Turner a fine river, easy of entrance, which he proposes to name after Sir Roderick Murchison. His examination of the coasts of the northern territory led him to the opinion that the estuary of the Liverpool offers by far the best site for a capital, and he recommends it accordingly.—A new Geographical Society has been formed at Turin, by the exertions of Prof. Peroglio; at present it numbers 150 members, and the Prince of Carignan is President. A suggestion has been made that the society should be united with a similar one lately founded at Florence.—Mr. Robert Brown is preparing to publish the results of his three scientific journeys to the north in a work on the "Physical Geography" of Greenland. He will be assisted in the task by Drs. Hooker, Lindsay, and Lutken, Profs. Oliver and Dickie, and Herr Morch, of Copenhagen.—Zoology is to be represented in the Abyssinian expedition, by Mr. W. Jesse, who has been elected by the Zoological Society and appointed by the Government to join the invading army.—The Darwinian theory of natural selection lately came on for discussion at the Ethnological Society, Mr. Crawford, the President, detailing the objections which obliged him to refuse his belief to it. One of his arguments was that authentic history affords no trace of evidence of the "profitable variations" in plants and animals; the mummies of the ibis and the kestrel hawk in the Egyptian catacombs not differing in the smallest particular from those birds of Egypt in the present day, and drawings of the ox, ass, dog, and goose, as they existed in ancient Egypt representing these animals as they exist now. "Nature," he said, "no doubt supplies us with wonderful mutations of form and character, but they bear no analogy to those ascribed to the Darwinian theory, which are more extravagant than the metamorphoses of Ovid. The tadpole turned into a frog, the caterpillar into a butterfly, and a maggot into a bee, are wonderful mutations, but nothing in comparison with those which suppose eight or ten nameless atoms to have peopled the land and the waters with all their varied forms of life. To bear any resemblance to the transformations of the Darwinian theory, the frog ought at least to be transformed into a crocodile, the butterfly into a dove, and the bee into a falcon or eagle." He admitted that under man's direction variations are frequent in plants and animals, but only to a limited degree, and with some doubt as to the identity of the wild with the cultivated species; even supposing this identity established, the variation is no improvement, for domesticated animals are but feeble competitors with their wild congeners, and ought not to be quoted as profitable mutations. For the present, the transmigrations have had their climax in man; but if the theory were true, it ought, after the lapse of a period of time equal in length with that which has transpired

since a monad became a man, to produce a being twice as highly gifted as the existing race of mortals. The theory, however, is supposed to terminate in absolute perfection ; but why, if the principle of development be well founded, it should ever end at all, is not explained. Then Mr. Crawfurd proceeded to refute the notion that the origin and development of languages is a corroboration of the theory, arguing that the framing of a language is a factitious operation ; and this brought him to the ethnological part of his subject, which he treated at considerable length. The physical and intellectual disparities between the races of man and the family of apes were strikingly set forth, and the impossibility of bridging over the gap separating man from the troglodytes was insisted upon. In conclusion, he said that the Darwinian theory " makes a man out of a monkey, and of something as yet unknown, leaving mankind an indiscriminate hodge-podge, and, except in so far as it provokes inquiry, is of no value to ethnology or the natural history of man." Professor Busk and Sir John Lubbock opposed Mr. Crawfurd, and supported Dr. Darwin ; Sir Roderick Murchison did the reverse, and urged that in his opinion there was geological evidence alone sufficient to controvert the Darwinian hypothesis.

Electricity.—In the *Bibliothèque Universelle*, M. Du Saussure relates some curious facts concerning the discharge of electricity from the tops of mountains, observed, in 1865, on the Piz Surley (Saint Moritz), and, in 1856, on the Nevado de Toluca, in Mexico. On the first-mentioned occasion, he was startled by sharp pricking pains in his back, which he thought to arise from pins in his clothing : at the same time, a dull humming sound was heard to come from the alpenstocks of his party, which had been laid aside against a rock. He soon discovered that both these phenomena originated in a strong flow of electricity passing from the summit of the mountain. Some improvised experiments produced no sparks from the sticks, nor any light that could be seen in the day ; but they vibrated strongly in the hand, whether held vertically or horizontally. Strong currents were felt flowing from the extremities of the body, and the hair and beards of the party stood out straight. Falling sleet formed vortices around the points of the rocks, and several claps of distant thunder were heard, though no flash was seen. The experiences on the Nevada were perfectly analogous to those on the Piz Surley. These discharges have been witnessed by other mountain climbers, and are not uncommon, though not very frequent, at high altitudes. They manifest a flow of electricity towards the clouds through the most salient terrestrial conductors.—An extraordinary phenomenon—that may possibly have some analogy to the discharges alluded to in the last paragraph, or that may be an instance of powerful manifestation of the terrestrial galvanic currents mentioned above in Section, " Physical Science"—is described in the American papers as having been witnessed in Rochester, U.S., on the Atlantic and Pacific line. One of the telegraph wires was down between Rochester and Syracuse, the broken ends resting on the ground. Neither section of the line would work, but a continuous stream of electricity was observed to be passing over the wire through the several instruments, and this while the batteries were disconnected. The current presented rainbow colours, and flowed in

waves or undulations, and it was of sufficient strength to shock an operator holding the wires or instruments in his hands. One could wish for information a little more precise.—A new form of battery, very powerful in proportion to its size, was exhibited at the Chemical Society, on Feb. 6, by Mr. De la Rue and Dr. Muller. The negative element was chloride of silver, fused around a central silver wire, which served as a conductor. The positive element was a rod of zinc, not necessarily amalgamated, and the exciting liquid salt water. Ten of these little couples, three inches in height, formed a battery of such tension that when applied to decompose water a cubic inch of the mixed gases was given off in about twenty minutes.—Another battery, called an “electric buoy,” the invention of M. Duchemin, has been experimented upon in Cherbourg harbour. It consists of a cylinder of carbon and a plate of zinc attached to a piece of wood which floats on the sea, the salt water forming the exciting fluid. The uses to which such a battery may be applied are manifold, says the inventor: it will furnish light for signalling, a current for telegraphing about the ship, for cleansing the bottoms of metal-sheathed vessels, or for any other purpose to which a battery is usually devoted.

Chemistry.—Mr. Lippencott, of Bournemouth, reports that he has used moistened silver leaf as a test for ozone; the surface of the silver becoming oxidised with a rapidity and to an extent varying with the amount of ozone in the atmosphere to which the leaf is exposed.—Professor Denza, of Moncalieri, has been studying the relation between this element and cholera. It has usually been considered that when the disease is prevalent, ozone is absent; but during the autumn of last year, when cholera was felt severely at Turin, Sig. Denza found a considerable amount of ozone in the atmosphere of Moncalieri, not far distant. Atmospheric electricity, however, did not show itself during the time.—At a meeting of the French Academy, on Jan. 27, M. Reiset brought forward some chemical researches on the respiration of farm cattle. He had submitted the exhalations of calves, sheep, &c., to examination, and had found a considerable quantity of proto-carburetted hydrogen in the gaseous mixture. Some calves fed only upon milk gave forth vapour more nearly allied to that exhaled by the carnivori. M. Reiset considers the formation of carburetted hydrogen in the stomachs of ruminants, when upon their natural food, to be a phenomenon of incomplete combustion. Generally he concludes that the respiratory products depend much more upon the nature of the food than upon the species of the animal.—An acid has been extracted from the trunks of old trees, by M. Lefort, who has named the product *zylic acid*: it presents itself in the form of a vitreous hard black substance, and is probably the basis of all the compounds studied up to the present time under the names of *ulmic* and *humic acids*.—A Neapolitan Professor, Sig. de Luca, has been investigating some important extractions from the olive and the Australian myrtle. When the leaves of the former are kept in strong alcohol they lose water, and silky needle-shaped crystals appear upon their surfaces. These crystals have a faint sweet taste, and in physical qualities resemble mannite. The fruit of the Australian myrtle yields, by simple pressure, a fine violet

red-coloured juice, slightly acid, and very agreeable to the taste: it contains glucose, cream of tartar, and free tartaric acid, and it ferments at the ordinary temperature, disengaging carbonic acid and producing alcohol. There are many analogies between this juice and that of the grape: in time it acquires an agreeable bouquet and vinous qualities.—Some specimens of silk dyed by the blue colouring matter of certain dead woods, were presented to, and examined by, the French Academy lately; they were sent by M. Romier with a memoir on the dye.—Herr Schrötter has laid before the Vienna Academy the results of some carefully conducted experiments upon gas made from the residue of the manufacture of petroleum; it would seem that this gas gives off less heat and less carbonic acid than ordinary coal gas, while its illuminating power is greater in the proportion of 3 to 1; its chemical constituents are 58·3 per cent. of marsh gas, 24·3 of hydrogen, and 17·4 of ethylene.—Some simple methods of exhibiting the phenomena of diffusion are given by Herr Merz in the *Journal für Praktische Chemie*. A portion of the shell of an egg is removed by hydrochloric acid, so as to expose the membrane. The egg is suspended in water from the arm of a balance, the opposite arm being duly counterweighted. In half an hour the weight of the egg will have increased from the passage of water through the membrane. If now the egg be hung in alcohol and re-balanced, it will become lighter from diffusion of the water into the spirit. The diffusion of vapour may be exhibited by tying a diaphragm of india-rubber—say a portion of a toy-balloon—over the mouth of a funnel, whereof the small end is in communication, by means of an elastic tube, with a vessel of water. The funnel being held, diaphragm downwards, over a dish containing ether, without touching the fluid, the vapour will pass rapidly through the septum, driving the air in bubbles through the water. If the ether be then removed the vapour will return through the diaphragm into the atmosphere, producing a partial vacuum in the funnel, which will be manifested by the rising of the water in the tube. These instructive experiments are within the reach of everyone.—A chemical enigma, the production of oxalic from carbonic acid, has at length been solved by Dr. Dreschel. A mixture of pure sodium and dry sand was heated in a flask, and a rapid stream of carbonic acid passed over it. After a few hours the silvery aspect of the metal changed to a red, and subsequently to a black mass. Upon being cooled and oxidised by exposure to the air, and then exhausted with water, a solution was furnished containing oxalate of sodium. From ten parts of sodium one part of calcic oxalate was obtained.

Miscellaneous.—We have inspected an improved rocket apparatus for saving the crews of stranded vessels, the invention of Messrs. Kayess and Harrison. Ordinarily the rocket is fired from the shore to the distressed ship, at great risk of failure, from the smallness of the mark for aim that a distant vessel offers. In the improved plan matters are reversed; the ship carries the projectile and apparatus, and fires it on to the shore, so that there is no fear of mis-aim, and a means of saving life is thus afforded in situations remote from places furnished with rocket apparatus. No assistance from shore is needed; the missile carries a grapnel, which takes firm hold in the beach or among the rocks, and a

line running over a pulley, by which a man equipped with a life belt is towed ashore, together with such ropes and tackle as are necessary to establish connections for the rescue of the rest of the lives in the usual way. The invention has been tested off Beachey Head with perfect success: let us hope that it will receive the adoption that it merits.—The city authorities of Philadelphia have resolved to ask the State to grant a space of ground for a building in which to concentrate the leading scientific institutions. If the request be complied with, the American Philosophical Society, the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, the Franklin Institute, the Philadelphia and Loganian Libraries, and the School of Design, will be gathered under one roof.—Messrs. Lenz and Herold, the bronze founders of Nuremberg, have nearly completed a monument to Kepler, which is to be erected at Weil, the Suabian town, near to which the great astronomer was born.—The Secretary of the United States Navy reports against the employment of petroleum for fuel in steamships: convenience, comfort, health, and safety are jeopardised for a little reduction in bulk and weight only.—A new photographic journal has appeared, with art articles and illustrations as leading features. The great expense of woodcuts has been obviated by adoption of the graphotype block producing process. The *Notes*, for many years edited by Mr. Thomas Sutton, merge into the new undertaking. The numbers of the journal which we have seen evince merit and spirit, qualities which should make the *Illustrated Photographer* (such is its name) a success.

J. CARPENTER.



NUGÆ LATINÆ.—No. XXV.

THE ORANGE TREE.

O, THAT I were an orange tree,
That busy plant,
Then should I ever laden be,
And never want
Some fruit for Him that dresseth me.

But we are still too young or old :
The man is gone
Before we do our wares unfold :
So we freeze on,
Until the grave increase our cold.

GEO. HERBERT.

MALUS MEDICA.

SILVÆ filia Medicæ,
O si flore micans, stirps operosior,
Semper, non tamen aureo,
Quem ramos steriles expetit amputans,
Fructu destituam Deum.

Flores præproperos, poma morantia
Secum vita tulit, prius
Quam merces merito vendere possumus :
Sic dudum gelidos nive
Funestâ cohibet bruma potentior.

HERBERTUS KYNASTON.

MONTHLY GAZETTE, OBITUARY, &c.

MONTHLY CALENDAR.

Jan. 28.—Land-slip on the side of Mount Vesuvius, opposite the gate of Castello Nuovo. Several houses and shops destroyed, and great loss of life.

Jan. 29.—Sir R. Napier arrives at Senafé, in Abyssinia, and commences his march towards Magdala.

Jan. 31, Feb. 1.—The metropolis and country generally was visited by a fearful gale, by which considerable damage was done to property, &c.

Feb. 10.—Accouchement of the Crown Princess of Prussia (Princess Royal of England), and birth of a prince.

Feb. 11.—Destruction of the Oxford Music-hall, Oxford-street, by fire.

Feb. 12.—Delivery of the "Golden Rose" sent by the Pope to the Queen of Spain.

Feb. 13.—Re-assembling of Parliament after the Christmas recess.

Feb. 17.—Introduction of the Scotch Reform Bill into the House of Commons.

Feb. 25.—Resignation of Premiership by the Earl of Derby, and the Right Hon. B. Disraeli invited by the Queen to form an administration.

APPOINTMENTS, PREFERMENTS, AND PROMOTIONS.

From the London Gazette.

CIVIL, NAVAL, AND MILITARY.

Jan. 24. Capt. Lord F. H. Kerr, R.N., to be one of the Grooms in Waiting in Ordinary to her Majesty, in the room of Rear-Admiral Sir W. Hoste, bart., resigned.

Jan. 28. Lord Egerton of Tatton, to be Lord Lieut. of Cheshire.

Jan. 31. 1st Dragoon Guards.—Gen. Sir J. Jackson, G.C.B., to be Col., *vice* Gen. Sir T. W. Brotherton, G.C.B., deceased.

6th Dragoon Guards.—Major-Gen. Sir J. R. Smyth, K.C.B., to be Col., *vice* Gen. Sir J. Jackson, G.C.B., transferred.

Feb. 4. Charles Wheatstone, esq., F.R.S., knighted.

Feb. 7. Marcus Octavius Flowers, esq., to be Consul at Neegata; Richard Eusden, esq., Consul at Hakodadi; and John Markham, esq., to be Consul at Tangchow (Chee-foo).

7th Dragoon Guards.—Major-Gen. Lord G. A. F. Paget, C.B., to be colonel, *vice* Lieut.-Gen. Sir M. White, K.C.B., dec.

108th Foot.—Major-Gen. A. C. Pole to be Col., *vice* Lieut.-Gen. Sir G. C. Whitlock, K.C.B., deceased.

Feb. 11. Sir Charles Jasper Selwyn, knt., to be a Judge of the Court of Appeal in Chancery, in the room of the Right Hon. Sir J. Rolt, knt., resigned.

Feb. 18. John Gardiner Austin, esq., to be Colonial Secretary of Hongkong.

Feb. 21. W. H. Simpson, esq., to be Collector of Customs for the Gold Coast settlement; and Capt. H. T. M. Cooper, R.M., to be Collector of Customs for Lagos, Western Africa.

Oliver Nugent and T. Jarvis, esqs., to be members of the Executive Council of Antigua; and J. H. Phillips, esq., to be a member of the Executive Council of British Honduras.

W. Wyllys Mackeson, esq., M. A. Shee, esq., J. Clerk, esq., J. A. Russell, esq., E. V. Richards, esq., E. V. Kenealy, esq., W. H. Higgin, esq., H. W. West, esq., H. Matthews, esq., A. S. Hill, esq., H. Lloyd, esq.; J. F. Stephen, esq., J. Holker, esq., C. Tudway Swanson, esq., and R. Stuart, esq., to be Q.C.'s.

Feb. 25. Wm. Jenner, esq., M.D., created a Baronet.

MEMBERS RETURNED TO PARLIAMENT.

January.

Kirkcudbrightshire.—W. H. Maxwell, esq., *vice* J. Mackie, esq., deceased.

February.

Helston.—William Baliol Brett, esq., her Majesty's Solicitor-General.

HIGH SHERIFFS FOR 1868.

ENGLAND.

- Bedfordshire.* — Sir J. M. Burgoyne, bart.
Berkshire. — Alexander William Cobham, of Leighton-park, Reading, esq.
Bucks. — James Carson, of Spinfield, Great Marlow, esq.
Cambridgeshire and Huntingdonshire. — George Ebenezer Foster, of Brooklands, Cambridge, esq.
Cheshire. — John Coutts Antrobus, of Eaton-hall, Congleton, esq.
Cornwall. — Edward Coode, of St. Austell, esq.
Cumberland. — Sir Robert Brisco, bart.
Derbyshire. — Francis Westby Bagshawe, of The Oaks, Sheffield, esq.
Devonshire. — Sir A. P. B. Chichester, bart.
Dorsetshire. — Charles Joseph Parke, of Henbury, esq.
Durham. — Anthony Wilkinson, of Hulam, esq.
Essex. — William Charles Smith, of Shortgrove, Saffron Walden, esq.
Gloucestershire. — Hattil Foll, of Beckford-hall, Tewkesbury, esq.
Herefordshire. — Tomkyns Dew, of Whitney-court, Hereford, esq.
Hertfordshire. — Robert Pryor, of High Elms, Watford, esq.
Kent. — Stephen Musgrave Hilton, of Bramling-house, Ickham, esq.
Lancashire. — Le Gendre Nicholas Star-
 kie, of Huntroyde, esq.
Leicestershire. — Ambrose Lisle March
 Phillipps de Lisle, of Garendon-park,
 Loughborough, esq.
Lincolnshire. — John Wilson Fox, of
 Girsby-house, Market Rasen, esq.
Monmouthshire. — Frank Johnstone
 Mitchell, of Llanfrechfa-grange, Newport,
 esq.
Norfolk. — The Right Hon. Thomas
 Heron, Viscount Ranelagh.
Northamptonshire. — Henry De Stafford
 O'Brien, of Blatherwycke, esq.
Northumberland. — John Blenkinsopp
 Coulson, of Blenkinsopp Castle, esq.
Nottinghamshire. — John Bagshaw Taylor,
 of Radcliffe-upon-Trent, esq.
Oxfordshire. — William Earle Biscoe, of
 Holton-park, esq.
Rutland. — Robert Heathcote, of North
 Luffenham, esq.
Shropshire. — Charles Spencer Lloyd, of
 Leaton Knolls, esq.
Somersetshire. — Inigo William Jones, of
 Kelston-park, esq.
County of Southampton. — Sir Edward
 Hulse, bart.
Staffordshire. — James Timmins Chance,
 of Handsworth, esq.
Suffolk. — Sir Charles James Fox Bun-
 bury, bart.
Surrey. — Robert Carter, of The Grove,
 Epsom, esq.
Sussex. — Henry Peter Crofts, of the
 Abbots, Sompting, esq.
Warwickshire. — James Dugdale, of
 Wroxhall Abbey, esq.
Westmoreland. — Thomas Taylour (com-
 monly called Lord Kenlis), of Underley-
 hall, Kirkby Lonsdale, esq.
Wiltshire. — Charles John Thomas
 Conolly, of Cottles House, Melksham,
 esq.
Worcestershire. — Charles Michael Be-
 rington, of Little Malvern-court, esq.
Yorkshire. — Sir John William Rams-
 den, bart.

WALES.

- Anglesey.* — Henry Lambert, of Tan-y-
 Graig, esq.
Breconshire. — John Evan Thomas, of
 Penishapentre, esq.
Cardiganshire. — Alban Thomas Davies,
 of Tyglyn Aeron, esq.
Carmarthenshire. — Charles William Ne-
 vill, of Westfa, Llanelly, esq.
Carnarvonshire. — Robert Sorton Parry,
 of Tan-y-Graig, esq.
Denbighshire. — Sir Robert Alfred Cun-
 liffe, bart.
Flintshire. — Richard Pelham Warren,
 of Hope Owen, esq.
Glamorganshire. — George Thos. Clark,
 of Talygarn, esq.
Merionethshire. — Richard John Lloyd
 Price, of Rhiwlas, esq.
Montgomeryshire. — William Fisher, of
 Maesron, esq.
Pembrokeshire. — George Richards Gra-
 ham Rees, of Penllwyn, esq.
Radnorshire. — Walter Thomas Mynors
 Baskerville, of Clyro, esq.

BIRTHS.

Feb. 10. At Berlin, H.R.H. the Crown Princess of Prussia (Princess Royal of England), of a prince.

Jan. 1. At Toronto, the wife of Capt. Balfour, R.A., a son.

Jan. 2. At Broekville, Canada West, the wife of Lieut.-Col. F. T. Acherley, a son.

At Meerut, E.I., the wife of Lieut.-Col. Gardiner, a son.

Jan. 5. At Poona, Bombay, Lady Staveley, a son.

At Cannanore, the wife of Capt. G. E. H. Beauchamp, a dau.

At Gothenburg, Sweden, the wife of the Rev. J. A. Nicholson, British Chaplain, a son.

Jan. 7. At Dorney Court, Windsor, the wife of Sir Charles J. Palmer, bart., a dau.

At Caleutta, the wife of Capt. H. A. Mallock, R.A., a dau.

Jan. 8. At Basildon, the wife of the Rev. E. J. Sykes, a dau.

Jan. 10. At Bradstone, Devon, the wife of the Rev. G. W. Procter, a dau.

Jan. 11. In Baneroft-road, Mile-end-road, the wife of the Rev. A. G. Brown, a son.

Jan. 12. At Nottingham, the wife of the Rev. F. Morse, a dau.

Jan. 13. At Ovington, Norfolk, the wife of the Rev. C. J. Evans, a dau.

At Stratford-on-Avon, the wife of Major A. R. E. Hutcheson, B.S.C., a son.

At Bicknoller, Taunton, the wife of the Rev. W. M. Hunnyrun, a son.

At Dresden, the wife of Capt. W. G. Murray, B.S.C., a dau.

At Northampton, the wife of the Rev. W. H. F. Robson, a dau.

Jan. 14. At Belton, Uppingham, the wife of the Rev. J. C. Gardner, a dau.

At Tixall Hall, Staffordshire, the wife of H. S. Stewart, esq., a son.

At Bearstead, Kent, the wife of Capt. Tyler, 80th Regt., a dau.

Jan. 15. At Bowhill, Selkirk, N.B., the Countess of Dalkeith, a son.

At Tulse-hill, the wife of the Rev. J. M. Clark, a dau.

At Mount Carmel, Quebec, the wife of Major Macpherson, 30th Regt., a son.

At Hallow, Worcester, the wife of the Rev. H. G. Pepys, a dau.

At Harrogate, the wife of the Rev. P. M. Shipton, a son.

In Brunswiek-gardens, Kensington, W., the wife of the Rev. T. T. Shore, a son.

Jan. 16. At Nottingham, the wife of Lieut. F. G. Dundas, R.N., a son.

At Hartlip, Sittingbourne, the wife of the Rev. C. I. Wimberley, a son.

Jan. 17. At Boxley Abbey, the wife of R. J. Balston, esq., a dau.

At Leamington, the wife of Capt. A. Mitchell Molyneux, 23d R.W. Fusiliers, a dau.

At Clifton College, the wife of the Rev. R. B. Poole, M.A., a son.

At Witley, Surrey, the wife of the Rev. T. Prater, a dau.

Jan. 18. At Torworth, Bawtry, the Hon. Mrs. Legh Clowes, a son.

At Berry Pomeroy, Devon, the wife of the Rev. A. J. Everett, a son.

At Malta, the wife of the Rev. E. Hillman, a son.

Jan. 19. Lady St. Paul, a dau.

At Lincoln, the wife of the Rev. W. Abbott, a dau.

At Horsley, Gloucestershire, the wife of the Rev. V. S. Fox, a dau.

At Bebington Hall, Cheshire, the wife of the Rev. H. Harvey, a son.

At Clifton, Bristol, the wife of Lieut.-Col. T. Maunsell, a dau.

At East Bradenham, Norfolk, the wife of the Rev. G. R. Winter, a son.

At Wimbleton, the wife of the Rev. C. J. Wynne, a dau.

At Manfield, Darlington, the wife of the Rev. C. B. Yeoman, a dau.

Jan. 20. The Lady Victoria Lambton, a son.

At Wath-upon-Deerne, Yorkshire, the Hon. Mrs. Francis S. Wortley, a son.

At Thornton Hall, Neston, the wife of W. Briscoe, esq., a son.

At Richmond, the wife of the Rev. F. C. Blythe, M.A., twins—a girl and boy.

At Old Court, Waterford, the wife of J. T. Medlycott, esq., a son and heir.

At South Creake, Norfolk, the wife of the Rev. G. J. Ridsdale, a dau.

Jan. 21. At Morden College, Blackheath, the wife of the Hon. and Rev. J. Harbord, a dau.

At Battersea, the wife of the Rev. B. Cassin, a dau.

At Wrentham, the wife of the Rev. E. M. Clissold, a dau.

At Clifton, the wife of W. S. Cooper Cooper, esq., of Toddington Park, Beds, a dau.

At Speldhurst, Tunbridge Wells, the wife of the Rev. F. H. Hiehens, a son.

In St. James's-place, the wife of R. Jardine, esq., M.P., a son.

In Westbourne-crescent, Hyde-park, the wife of Major Leahy, R.E., a son.

At The Craig, Ayrshire, the wife of Capt. C. Somerville McAlester, a son.

The wife of the Rev. H. J. White, curate of Steyning, Sussex, a son.

At Kidbrooke, Blackheath, the wife of the Rev. W. H. Woodman, a son.

Jan. 22. At Little Cressingham, the wife of the Rev. E. Bolling, a son.

At Cormiston, Lanarkshire, the wife of W. D. Collyer, esq., a dau.

At Newtimber, Sussex, the wife of the Rev. A. Gordon, a dau.

At London, Ontario, Canada, the wife of Lieut.-Col. Harenc, 53rd Regt., a son.

At Southsea, the wife of Capt. Hill, 34th Regt., a dau.

At Brighton, the wife of Lieut.-Col. Moubray, R.A., a son.

At Abbot's Hay, Cheadle, Staffordshire, the wife of C. J. Blagg, esq., a son.

Jan. 23. In Onslow-square, H.H. the Maharanee Duleep Singh, a son.

At Edinburgh, the wife of Capt. C. W. Maynard, R.A., a dau.

At Totterton Hall, Salop, the wife of J. Macdonald Parry, esq., a dau.

At Finedon, Northamptonshire, the wife of Capt. G. Skipwith, R.N., a son.

At Sandford, Dublin, the wife of the Rev. W. P. Walsh, A.M., a son.

Jan. 24. In Grosvenor-crescent, the Hon. Mrs. Allen Bathurst, a son.

At Ottawa, Canada, the Hon. Mrs. R. Monck, a dau.

At Restoration House, Rochester, the wife of the Rev. G. Chambers, a dau.

At Elkesley, Notts, the wife of the Rev. J. Chapman, a dau.

At Clifton, the wife of Col. Forbes, C.B., of Inverernan, a son.

At Edinburgh, the wife of D. B. Hope, esq., a dau.

The wife of T. H. James, esq., barrister-at-law, Crosby, Liverpool, a son.

Jan. 25. At Harpenden, the wife of the Rev. G. H. Butt, of Demerara, a son.

At Maidenhead, the wife of the Rev. W. B. Hole, a dau.

At Taunton, Somerset, the wife of the Rev. T. Peters, B.A., a dau.

At Grove House, Surrey-square, the wife of the Rev. A. W. Snape, M.A., a son.

Jan. 26. In Montague-square, the Hon. Mrs. Henry Petre, a dau.

At Aberdeen, the wife of the Rev. H. H. Childs, a son.

In Montague-place, Russell-square, the wife of the Rev. T. T. Falkner, vicar of Kelsterne, a son.

At Southsea, the wife of the Rev. J. J. Harrison, a son.

At the Hendre, Monmouth, the wife of T. W. Chester Master, jun., esq., a dau.

At Ardee, Ireland, the wife of William Ruxton, esq., a dau.

At Winchester, the wife of Capt. F. S. Terry, 25th Regt., a dau.

Jan. 27. In Eaton-square, Lady Macpherson Grant, a son.

At Gee-cross, Manchester, the wife of the Rev. H. E. Dowson, a dau.

At Eton College, the wife of the Rev. E. Hale, a dau.

At Tenby, South Wales, the wife of Lieut. H. C. Onslow, R.N., a dau.

Jan. 28. In Clarges-street, Lady Brown, a son.

At Rawmarsh, Rotherham, the wife of the Rev. W. H. R. Longhurst, a son.

At Walton-on-Thames, the wife of E. C. Nepean, esq., a dau.

At Berkeley Lodge, Alpha-road, N.W., the wife of Comm. J. Sedley, R.N., a dau.

Jan. 29. At Abbey House, Abbey-road, N.W., the wife of the Rev. E. A. Abbott, a son.

At Clyffe Pypard, Wilts, the wife of the Rev. C. W. Bradford, a dau.

At Deane, Hants, the wife of the Rev. W. H. Castleman, a dau.

At Woolwich, the wife of J. T. Greenfield, esq., R.A., a dau.

At Clayhanger, Tiverton, the wife of the Rev. W. Harpley, a son.

At North Otterington, Yorkshire, the wife of the Rev. F. P. Seale, a dau.

Jan. 30. At Melford Hall, Suffolk, the wife of Sir W. Parker, bart., a son.

At Hursley House, Bournemouth, the wife of the Rev. A. S. Bennett, a dau.

At Beckley, Sussex, the wife of the Rev. W. Hedley, a dau.

At Motcombe, Shaftesbury, the wife of the Rev. G. B. Oldfield, a dau.

At Downend, Mangotsfield, the wife of the Rev. A. Peache, a son.

In Albemarle-street, the wife of Capt. Throckmorton, a son.

Jan. 31. At Northam, Southampton, the wife of the Rev. G. S. Barrow, M.A., a son.

At Norton, Sheffield, the wife of the Rev. J. J. Daniels, a son.

In Portland-place, the wife of Capt. M. FitzGerald, 16th Lancers, a son.

At Doncaster, the wife of Capt. P. H. F. Harris, B.S.C., a dau.

In Cleveland-square, Hyde-park, the wife of the Rev. H. R. Smith, incumbent of Grange-over-Sands, a son.

Feb. 1. At Nettleton, the wife of the Rev. C. Compton Domville, a dau.

At Runham, Norwich, the wife of the Rev. A. W. Pearson, a dau.

At Lewisham, the wife of D. Stewart, esq., barrister-at-law, a dau.

Feb. 2. At Galway, the Lady Anne Trench, a son.

At Sunningdale, Berks, the wife of the Rev. T. Slade Jones, a dau.

At Combe, Hants, the wife of the Rev. G. Pearson, a dau.

In Buckingham-gate, the Lady Augusta Vivian, a son.

Feb. 3. At Wareside, the wife of the Rev. R. Higgins, a dau.

The wife of J. Murray, esq., of Mur-raythwaite, Comm. R.N., a son.

At Bath, the wife of the Rev. P. E. Phelps, a son.

At Exeter, the wife of J. N. Pyke-Nott, esq., of Bydown, Devon, a son.

At Claypole, Newark, the wife of the Rev. C. P. Plumtre, a son.

Feb. 4. In Cumberland-terrace, the Lady John Manners, a son.

In Buckingham-gate, Mrs. Gore Booth, a dau.

At Wishford Magna, Wilts, the wife of the Rev. T. B. Buchanan, a dau.

In Princes-square, the wife of J. W. Gray, esq., barrister-at-law, a dau.

At Rathgar, Dublin, the wife of the Rev. W. Fleming Stevenson, a son.

Feb. 5. At Brighton, the wife of the Rev. W. Bentley, a dau.

In New-street, Spring-gardens, Mrs. Selater-Booth, a dau.

The wife of V. Cary Elwes, esq., of Great Billing, Northamptonshire, a son.

At the Royal Victoria Patriotic Asylum, Wandsworth-common, the wife of the Rev. W. Kirkby, chaplain, a dau.

At Curzon Park, Chester, the wife of J. Turner, esq., a son.

Feb. 6. The wife of the Rev. G. W. Oliver, a dau.

At Bury St. Edmund's, the wife of Major A. H. Paterson, B.S.C., a dau.

At Somerby Hall, Brigg, the wife of W. H. Underwood, esq., a son.

Feb. 7. At Bath, the wife of Capt. H. A. Brett, 43rd Regt., a son.

At Cordangan Manor, Tipperary, Mrs. Leopold Cust, a dau.

At Cheltenham, the wife of Lieut.-Col. F. Loch, a dau.

At Littlehampton, Sussex, the wife of Capt. B. Hugh Matthew, R.E., a dau.

At Forest-hill, the wife of the Rev. H. L. Nicholson, a son.

The wife of the Rev. J. Samuel, rector of Heythrop, a dau.

Feb. 8. At Glen Barrahan, Castle Townsend, the Hon. Lady Coghill, a dau.

At Hinton, Hants, the wife of the Rev. S. Etheridge, a son.

At Boughton, Chester, the wife of R. W. Hamilton, esq., a dau.

In Buckingham-gate, S.W., the wife of N. M. de Rothschild, esq., M. P., a son.

At Eton College, the wife of the Rev. F. Furse Vidal, a dau.

At Prittlewell, Essex, the wife of the Rev. S. Wigram, a dau.

At Winchester, the wife of Col. F. A. Willis, C.B., a son.

Feb. 9. In Inverness-terrace, the Hon. Mrs. Henry Noel, a dau.

At Faversham, the wife of the Rev. J. P. Alcock, jun., a dau.

In Beaufort-gardens, the wife of Duncan Darroch, esq., of Gourloch, a son.

At Shrivenham, Berks, the wife of the Rev. G. W. Murray, a son and heir.

Feb. 10. At Dublin, the Hon. Mrs. Handcock, a dau.

At West-Humble, the wife of the Rev. W. H. Harke, a son.

The wife of the Rev. W. V. Kitching, vicar of Great Finborough, a son.

At Edinburgh, the wife of John Ogilvy, esq., yr., of Inshewan, a dau.

In Queen's-gate-terrace, the wife of the Rev. H. Thornton Pearse, a dau.

At Milton, Wilts, the wife of the Rev. F. A. Radcliffe, a son.

At Dolgelly, N. Wales, the wife of the Rev. T. Warren Trevor, a dau.

Feb. 11. At Dieppe, France, the wife of the Rev. R. Collyns Allen, a dau.

At Woodcote House, Windlesham, the wife of the Rev. C. B. Fendall, a son.

Feb. 12. At Ambleside, the wife of the Rev. T. W. H. France, a son.

At Portobello, Edingburgh, the wife of Lieut.-Col. R. W. Fraser, a dau.

Feb. 13. At Sudbury Hall, Lady Vernon, a dau.

At Moffatts, Herts, the Hon. Mrs. Gathorne Wood, a son.

At Whorlton Grange, Barnard Castle, the wife of M. Headlam, esq., a son.

At Eaglescliffe, Yarm, the wife of the Rev. T. E. Hodgson, a dau.

At Crossrig Hall, Penrith, the wife of Lieut.-Col. H. Rigg, a son.

In Burlington-road, St. Stephen's-square, W., the wife of Lieut.-Col. E. W. Sargent, a son.

Feb. 14. In Great Cumberland-place, Hyde-park, the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Crichton, a dau.

At Holmwood, Wimborne, the wife of A. Gilliat, esq., a dau.

At Rugby, the wife of the Rev. C. J. E. Smith, a son.

Feb. 15. At Harewood House, Leeds, the Countess of Harewood, a son.

At Hadlow Park, Kent, Lady Yardley, a son.

Feb. 17. At Deal, the wife of the Rev. H. N. Bernard, a son.

MARRIAGES.

Feb. 4. At Botzen, Vienna, the Archduke Henry of Austria, to Mdle. Hoffmann.

Dec. 11, 1867. At Fort William, Calcutta, Lieut. F. W. Nicolay, B.S.C., only son of the late Lieut.-Col. F. L. Nicolay, H.E.I.C.S., to Florence Amelia, youngest dau. of the late A. Greenslade, esq., of Foot's Cray, Kent.

Dec. 17. At Calcutta, Donald Darroch, esq., Lieut. B.S.C., to Louisa Denman, fifth dau. of the late R. S. Homfray, esq., and granddau. of Sir Jeremiah Homfray, of Llandaff House, Glamorganshire.

Dec. 18. At Fort William, Calcutta, Lieut. J. G. Hall, R.E., to Agnes, second dau. of J. Robertson, esq., of Edinburgh.

Dec. 19. At Umballa, Bengal, Major Duncan Macpherson, 42nd Royal Highlanders, to Emily Ellen, younger dau. of Major-Gen. Philip Harris, B.S.C.

Dec. 20. At Umballa, Arthur Henry Harington, B.C.S., youngest son of the late Rev. J. Harington, M.A., rector of Little Hinton, Wilts, to Alice Caroline, second dau. of Col. H. Nicoll.

Jan. 2, 1868. At Montreal, Canada, William Rose, esq., eldest son of the Hon. John Rose, of Montreal, to Katherine Elisabeth, dau. of A. Macalister, esq., of Torresdale Castle, N.B.

At Rawul Pindee, Punjab, Col. John Ross, Rifle Brigade, to Mary Macleod, dau. of the late A. Macleod Hay, esq.

Jan. 6. At Allahabad, R. H. Davies, esq., B.C.S., to Mary Frances, dau. of the Rev. J. Cautley, of Thorney, Cambridgeshire.

Jan. 9. At Donegore, Harry Adair Tracey, Capt. R.A., to Elizabeth Anne, youngest dau. of John Owens, esq., of Holestone, co. Antrim.

Jan. 11. At the British Legation, at the Hague, J. R. Yorke, esq., M.P., only son of J. Yorke, esq., of Forthampton Court, to Sophie Mathilde, second dau. of the late Baron Vincent de Tuyll de Se-rooskerken.

Jan. 12. At the British Consulate, Patras, F. V. G. Bird, esq., R.M.L.I., second son of the Rev. G. Bird, rector of Great Wigborough, Essex, to Anne Narcisse Elise, eldest dau. of T. Wood, esq.

Jan. 14. At Cherton, Wilts, Frederick William Gore, late Lt.-Col. the Buffs, to Millicent, third dau. of Major Robert Miller Munday, R.A.

Jan. 15. At Coventry, the Rev. W. R. Blackett, M.A., youngest son of J. Blackett, esq., of Ballyne House, Piltown, Ireland,

to Caroline, eighth dau. of the late W. Bishop, esq., of Shelton Hall, Stafford.

At Fulford, York, the Rev. Thomas Bromley, Head Master of Lewisham Grammar School, to Elisabeth, youngest dau. of the late W. Clayton, esq., of Settle.

At Hitchin, C. W. Talbot-Ponsonby, esq., of Imokilly, co. Cork, eldest son of Admiral Sir Charles Talbot, K.C.B., to Constance Louisa, youngest dau. of F. P. Delme Radcliffe, esq., of Hitchin Priory, Herts.

At St. John's, Notting-hill, Capt. George Swinton, R.E., son of the late Col. W. Swinton, Bengal Infantry, to Annie MacNaughton, fourth dau. of Lieut.-Genl. Sir G. St. Patrick Lawrence, K.C.S.I.

Jan. 16. At St. James's, Piccadilly, William Duckett, esq., of Duckett's-grove, co. Carlow, to Anna, third dau. of the late T. H. Morony, esq., of Milltown House, co. Clare.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, the Rev. H. B. Harvey, vicar of Newbald, Yorkshire, to Anne Acherley, eldest dau. of the late Rev. J. Ashley, vicar of Teversham, Cambs.

At Christ Church, St. Pancras, Capt. Harvey, R.N., second son of the late Vice-Admiral Sir T. Harvey, K.C.B., to Eliza, second dau. of the late J. S. Andrews, esq.

At Bowdon, Cheshire, the Rev. C. A. Hulbert, M.A., incumbent of Slaithwaite, Huddersfield, to Louisa, dau. of the late Rev. B. Powell, incumbent of St. George's, Wigan.

At Sydenham, E. Garmondsway Waldy, esq., eldest son of T. W. Waldy, esq., of Eggescliffe, co. Durham, to Cecily Jane, elder dau. of the late Rev. John Garvey, vicar of Hough-on-the-Hill, Lincolnshire.

At Cheltenham, A. G. Walker, Lieut. R.A., to Catharine Frances, only dau. of Major-Gen. C. B. Young, R.E.

At Frome, the Rev. J. Wilson, R.N., to Laura, dau. of W. H. Florio Hutchison, esq.

Jan. 18. At St. George's Catholic Cathedral, Southwark, T. Hibbert Ware, esq., barrister, to Mary Clementina, youngest dau. of the late D. Stewart, esq.

Jan. 20. At Southsea, W. S. Brown, Capt. R.N., to Flora, widow of Commander J. O. Bathurst, R.N.

Jan. 21. At Stoneaston, Somerset, E. Broderip, esq., 57th Regt., eldest son of E. G. Broderip, esq., of Cossington, Somerset, to Emma, eldest dau. of the late

W. Basfield, esq., of Cottingley, Yorkshire.

At Southampton, D. A. Campbell, esq., son of the late J. Campbell, esq., of Glenmore, Argyleshire, to Jane, elder dau. of the late Lieut.-Gen. A. B. Dyce.

At Coventry, the Rev. T. Partington, to Jessie, dau. of the Rev. T. Sheepshanks, rector of S. John's, Coventry.

At Barham, Kew, Ashton Cromwell Warner, Brevet-Major 20th Hussars, to Anna Geraldine, only dau. of M. R. Jeffreys, esq., Broome Park, Kew.

Jan. 22. At Dublin, Lieut.-Col. Hampden Acton, M.S.C., to Lucy Ussher, relict of H. Davis, esq., of Ballymacloade, co. Waterford, and dau. of the late W. J. Greer, esq.

At Edinburgh, Lieut.-Col. John Patrick Briggs, second son of the late Col. J. F. Briggs, of Starthearly, to Louisa, youngest dau. of Capt. D. Briggs, R.N.

At Finchley, Major Higginson, M.S.C., to Mary Ann, widow of Major Spier Hughes, 84th Regt.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, William Hotham, esq., of Fulford Park, York, to Matilda, widow of Lieut.-Col. Augustus Hotham.

At Edgeley, Cheshire, Henry, eldest son of John Platt, esq., M.P., to Eleanor, second dau. of R. Sykes, esq., of Edgeley.

At Urswick, the Rev. Henry Whitmore, M.A., to Rebecca, youngest dau. of the late D. Brade, esq., of Liverpool.

At the British Consulate, and at Pau, Basses Pyrénées, the Rev. F. Wilkinson, M.A., to Fanny Oldman, eldest dau. of J. E. Bradshaw, esq., of Faircock Park, Hants.

Jan. 23. At Birch, the Rev. F. G. Hodgson, M.A. to Fanny Latterfield, only dau. of J. Bellhouse, esq.

At Chessington, Robert Henry Nesbitt, B.A., of Liverpool, to Emma, elder dau. of G. Chancellor, esq., of Chessington Hall, Surrey.

At Frittenden, Kent, the Rev. Sidney Phillips, eldest son of S. J. Phillips, esq., of Llanelly, to Alice Margaret, dau. of the Rev. E. Moore.

At East Teignmouth, Devon, the Rev. J. C. Pigot, to Mary Jane, relict of the Rev. Cecil Smith, of Lydiard House, Somerset.

Jan. 27. At Sun Vale, Kilmallock, W. J. Scarlett, esq., Capt. 5th Dragoons, to Henrietta Katherine, only dau. of John Low, esq., of Sun Vale.

Jan. 28. At Felton, Northumberland, the Rev. J. C. B. Chichester, curate of Bothal, to Charlotte Sanderson, fifth dau. of the Rev. T. Ilderton, of Ilderton.

At Cranbrook, Kent, Marmaduke Coghill, second son of the late M. C. Cramer-

Roberts, esq., of Sallymont, Kildare, to Eliza Jane, second dau. of the late R. Tooth, esq., of Swift's Park, Cranbrook.

At Dublin, W. C. Forbes, Lieut. 92nd Highlanders, to Rhoda Kathleen, younger dau. of W. McKay, esq., of Dublin.

At Hanley, William, the Rev. J. E. Grasett, to Maria Louisa, youngest dau. of R. Bent, esq., of Hanley Court, Worcester.

At Hove, the Rev. S. Greatheed, to Emily, dau. of T. Wyatt, esq., of Willenhall, Warwick, and widow of Marsham Elwin, esq.

At Radipole, Weymouth, the Rev. G. James, M.A., minor canon of Gloucester Cathedral, to Rosa, third dau. of the late Rev. E. Bankes, of Soughton Hall, Flintshire.

At Framingham Pigot, Norwich, the Rev. H. Salwey, M.A., vicar of Kildwick, Yorkshire, to Lucy Brenda, younger dau. of G. H. Christie, esq., of Framingham House.

At Bathwick, Bath, the Rev. W. Wiggins, rector of Oddington, Gloucestershire, to Caroline Susan, second dau. of the late Lieut.-Gen. Sir H. M. Vavasour, bart., and relict of W. T. Vavasour, esq.

Jan. 29. At Dagenham, F. W. Adams, esq., of Gilstead Hall, Essex, to Louisa, eldest dau. of G. Haslehurst, esq., of Furze House, Essex.

At Ipswich, the Rev. J. L. Le Pelley, M.A., curate of Thorpe, Norwich, to Emmeretta Louisa, younger dau. of the late C. Hatten, esq., of Ipswich.

At Pettigo, J. M. Sinclair, esq., of Bonnygen, eldest son of William Sinclair, esq., of Holyhill and Drumbeg, co. Donegal, to Mary Everina, younger dau. of Lieut.-Col. Barton, of The Waterfoot, co. Fermanagh.

Jan. 30. At Reading, the Rev. H. Herbert, rector of Hemingford Abbots, Hunts, to Mary, eldest dau. of the late Rev. E. G. Ruddock.

At Pulborough, Sussex, the Rev. Jas. Knight, vicar of Wressel, Yorkshire, to Mary Anne, eldest surviving dau. of the late R. Byham, esq.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Robt. Lambert, esq., second son of the late Gen. Sir J. Lambert, G.C.B., to Alice Elizabeth, eldest dau. of Col. Smith.

Feb. 4. At Tottenham, the Rev. A. C. Abdy, M.A., to Dora, second dau. of S. B. Merriman, esq., of Tottenham.

At Florence, William Walter Bagot, esq., of Pye Hayes, Warwick, to Lucy Matilda, dau. of the Rev. R. L. Tottenham, M.A., and granddau. of the late Lord Robert Tottenham, Bishop of Clogher.

At Eltham, the Rev. C. G. Barr, of

Towcester, Northampton, to Emily, younger dau. of the late H. N. Palmer, esq., of New Buckenham, Norfolk.

At Windlesham, Surrey, Henry Burton, esq., 40th Regt., to Sarah Streuben Beulah, only child of the late W. Hobson, esq., of Auckland, N.Z.

At Hertford, W. H. Jollands, esq., son of the late Rev. Charles Jollands, of Little Munden Rectory, Herts, to Maria Ann, dau. of Dr. Evans, of Hertford.

At Paddington, E. N. M. Kindersley, esq., Capt. 19th Regt., to Ada Good, youngest dau. of J. Murray, esq., of Whitehall-place.

At Middleton, Tamworth, Capt. T. W. Sanders, B.S.C., to Susie C., third dau. of the Rev. H. V. Hodge, M.A.

At Leamington, the Rev. J. W. Valentine, to Jane Helen, dau. of the late Archibald Brown, esq., and widow of Decimus Jenkins, esq.

At St. Stephen's, Bayswater, Henry Osborne, third son of James White, esq., M.P., to Emily Euphemia, youngest dau. of the late Sir B. Smith.

Feb. 5. At Thornton Watlass, co. York, Major Sir J. C. Cowell, K.C.B., R.E., to Georgina Elizabeth, only child of J. Pulleine, esq., of Clifton Castle.

At Lenton, Samuel, eldest son of Thomas Adams, esq., of Lenton Firs, to Louisa Lowe, dau. of the late T. Coulson, esq., of Barrow-on-Soar, Leicestershire.

At Glasgow, W. Graham Crum, esq., second son of the late Walter Crum, esq., of Thornlie-bank, Renfrewshire, to Jean Mary, younger dau. of the Rev. J. McLeod Campbell.

At Bibury, the Rev. J. Tillard, to Jane, eldest dau. of the Rev. H. Snow, vicar of Bibury, Gloucestershire.

Feb. 6. At St. Andrew's, Well-street, R. Acklom Fell, esq., of Sheepey, Leicestershire, to Sophia Louisa, eldest dau. of H. Brydges Clarke, esq., and grand-dau. of the late Rev. Sir G. Stracey, bart.

At St. Stephen's-by-Saltash, W. Dunn Gainsford, elder son of R. J. Gainsford, esq., of Darnall Hall, Sheffield, to Bessie, dau. of Vice-Admiral J. J. Tucker, of Trematon Castle, Cornwall.

At Portslade, John, eldest son of Richard Sanders, esq., of Leamington, to Frederica Caroline, third dau. of the late G. E. Donkin, esq., of Wyfold Court, and granddau. of the late Lieut.-Gen. Sir R. S. Donkin, K.C.B.

Feb. 8. Capt. the Hon. Armar Lowry Corry, R.N., to Geraldine, fifth dau. of J. King King, esq., M.P.

At Woodhouse, Loughborough, the Rev. Robert Hayes, son of the Rev. T. Hayes, vicar of Bracewell, Skipton, to

Mary, widow of the Rev. J. S. Hiley, and second dau. of the late Rev. Dr. Arnold.

Feb. 10. At Paddington, the Rev. G. H. P. Barrow, M.A., curate of Sydenham, to Helen, dau. of Edgar Barker, esq.

Feb. 11. At St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington, St. George F. R. Caulfeild, eldest son of St. George Caulfeild, esq., of Donamore Castle, co. Roscommon, to Louisa Ann, only dau. of T. R. Crampton, esq., of Kensington.

At Milton, Gravesend, Reuben, second son of Major Espinasse, of Dundrum, co. Dublin, to Madeline Josephine Ellen, only dau. of the late J. T. Gillmer, M.D., of Philadelphia, U.S.

At Holy Trinity Church, Clapham-common, William Millwood, esq., barrister-at-law, to Sarah Elizabeth, second dau. of C. E. Amos, esq., C.E.

Feb. 12. At Wath-upon-Deerne, Yorkshire, W. J. Smelter Cadman, esq., barrister-at-law, to Alice, younger dau. of G. P. Nicholson, esq.

At Houghton, Cumberland, the Rev. John Phelps, M.A., to Sarah Maria, eldest dau. of P. J. Dixon, esq., of Knells.

Feb. 13. At St. George's, Hanover-square, the Rev. C. W. Carlyon, rector of St. Just-in-Roseland, Cornwall, to Cornelia, widow of J. G. Cregoe, esq., of Trewithian, Cornwall, and dau. of the late Major Gully, of Trevenen.

At St. James's, Paddington, Capt S. L. Crofton, R.N., to Agnes, only child of the late Sir J. Reid, bart.

At Steventon, the Rev. W. H. Parker, LL.D., to Frances Louisa, youngest surviving dau. of the Rev. W. Knight, rector of Steventon, Hants.

At Plymouth, the Rev. A. A. Welby, rector of Tollerton, Nottinghamshire, to Bertha Sobraona, dau. of the late E. Edlin, esq., M.D.

At Brecon, the Rev. T. Woodhouse, rector of Otterhampton, Somerset, to Elizabeth Anne, fourth dau. of D. Thomas, esq., of Watton House, Brecon.

Feb. 14. At Plymouth, the Rev. T. Bennett, M.A., to Caroline Ann, second dau. of the late W. H. Hawker, esq., and widow of Dr. W. F. Soltau, of Plymouth.

Feb. 15. At All Saints', Paddington, the Right Hon. George Edward Tickness-Touchet, Lord Audley, to Margaret Anne, widow of J. W. Smith, esq.

Feb. 17. At Streatham, the Rev. R. D. Cocking, B.A., to Sibylla Elizabeth, elder dau. of Capt. J. E. Lane, R.N.

Feb. 18. At St. George's, Hanover-square, the Right Hon. Frederick, 6th Earl Beauchamp, to Lady Mary Catherine Stanhope, only dau. of Philip Henry, 5th Earl Stanhope.

Obituary Memoirs.

Emori nolo ; sed me mortuum esse nihil æstimo.—*Epicharmus.*

[Relatives or Friends supplying Memoirs are requested to append their Addresses, in order to facilitate correspondence.]



LORD VENTRY.

Jan. 18. At Burnham House, co. Kerry, aged 83, the Right Hon. Thomas Townsend Aremberg De-Moleyns, Lord Ventry, of Ventry, co. Kerry, in the Peerage of Ireland, and a Baronet.

His lordship was the only son of the late Hon. Townsend Mullins (second son of Thomas, 1st Lord), by Christabella, eldest daughter of Solomon Dayrolles, Esq., of Henly Park, Surrey. He was born in 1786, and succeeded to the title on the death of his uncle, in 1827.

The deceased nobleman, as Capt. of the 7th Fusiliers, served with distinction in the Peninsular War. He was desperately wounded at the battle of Albuera, having been left for dead on the field. He was wounded in the thigh, and the surgeons having failed to extract the ball, it always remained imbedded in the bone. Though he did not take an active part in political matters, the late Lord Ventry supported the Conservative cause in his neighbourhood. In 1841 his lordship resumed the ancient surname of the family, "De Moleyns," in lieu of his patronymic Mullins. He married, in 1821, Elizabeth Theodora, eldest dau. of Sir John Blake Blake, Bart., by whom he has left a family of four sons and four daughters. He is succeeded in the family honours

and estates by his son, the Hon. Dayrolles Bakeney de Moleyns, who was born in 1828, and married, in 1860, Harriet Elizabeth Frances, eldest dau. of Andrew Wauchope, Esq., of Niddrie Marischal, Midlothian.

SIR J. C. READE, BART.



Jan. 14. At Ship-ton Court, Oxon, aged 83, Sir John Chandos Reade, Bart.

The deceased was the elder son of the late Sir John Reade, Bart., by Jane, only daughter of the late Sir Chandos Hoskyns, Bart., and was born in 1785, and succeeded as 6th baronet on the death of his father in 1789. He was educated at Harrow and at Christ Church, Oxford, and was a deputy-lieutenant for Oxon. The family is mentioned in the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum, as being seventeenth in direct descent from King Edward III. Sir Robert Reade, Bart., Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in the time of Henry VIII., was the founder of the Reade Lecture at Cambridge. From him was descended Sir Robert Reade, of Barton Court, a staunch royalist and faithful follower of Charles I. The late baronet married, in 1814, Louisa, daughter of the late Hon. David Murray, and by her (who died in 1821) had issue one son, Compton, who died in 1851, and three daughters, only one of whom survives. He is succeeded in the title by his nephew George (son of the late George Compton Reade, Esq., who died in 1866, by Maria Jane, daughter of the late Sir Hungerford Hoskyns, Bart.), who was born in 1812.

SIR E. W. HEAD, BART., D.C.L., F.R.S.



Jan. 28. In Eaton Square, S. W., suddenly, aged 62, the Right Hon. Sir Edmund Walker Head, Bart., K.C.B.

The deceased was the only son of the Rev. Sir John Head, Bart., M. A., perpetual curate of Egerton, Kent, and rector of Rayleigh, Essex, by Jane, only child and heir of Thomas Walker, Esq., of London. He was born in 1805, and was educated at Winchester and at Oriel College, Oxford, where he graduated B. A. in 1827, obtaining a first-class in classics. Subsequently he became a Fellow of Merton at the same university, and graduated M. A. in 1830, and in 1834, was appointed University Examiner. He held the civil appointment of one of the Poor Law Commissioners, having previously qualified himself for that office by service as Assistant Commissioner. In October, 1847, he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor for New Brunswick, which office he held until September, 1854, and in that year he was appointed Governor-General of Canada. He retired from that colonial post in 1861. In 1862, on his return home, he was appointed a Civil Service Commissioner. The lamented baronet was a most accomplished scholar, both in the classical and modern languages, and had received the honorary degree of D.C.L., at Oxon, and LL.D., Cambridge. In literature he was chiefly known by his "Handbook of Spanish Painters;" "but," says a writer in *Notes and Queries*, "whether as a classic scholar and first-class man at Oxford, whether as a writer on art, or as an adept in languages, grammar, etymology, &c., he was indeed most rarely gifted, and truly a 'full man.' The utmost industry, zeal, and employment in study was in him united to intense and close application."

He succeeded his father as eighth baronet, Jan. 4, 1838, and in Nov. of that year he married Anna Maria, daughter of the late Rev. John Yorke, by whom he has left surviving issue, two daughters; his only son, John, who was born in 1840, was accidentally drowned in Canada, in 1859. The title now becomes extinct.

SIR N. J. KNATCHBULL, BART.



Feb. 2. In Chesham-place, S. W., aged 59, Sir Norton Joseph Knatchbull, Bart., of Merstham Hatch, Kent.

The deceased was the eldest son of the late Right Hon. Sir Edward Knatchbull, Bart. (who was Paymaster of the Forces, and many years M.P. for East Kent), by his first wife, Annabella Christiana, daughter of Sir John Honeywood, Bart., and was born July 10, 1808. He was educated at Winchester and at Christ Church, Oxford, and was a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant for the county of Kent. He succeeded to the title as 10th baronet on the death of his father in May, 1849. In 1862 he was an unsuccessful candidate for East Kent, having been defeated by Sir Edward C. Dering. At the last general election in 1865 he again unsuccessfully contested the Eastern Division of Kent.

The family have been seated at Merstham Hatch since the reign of Henry II. The first baronet, Sir Norton Knatchbull, who represented Kent in Parliament in the time of Charles I., was created a baronet in August, 1641.

The late baronet married, in 1831, Mary, daughter of Jesse Watts Russell, Esq., of Ilam Hall, Staffordshire, by whom he has had issue two sons and five daughters. He is succeeded in the baronetcy by his elder son, Hugessen Edward, a captain in the East Kent Militia, who was born in 1838.

SIR C. LEMON, BART.



Feb. 12. At Carclew, Cornwall, after a few days' illness, aged 83, Sir Charles Lemon, Bart., of Carclew.

The deceased, who was descended from an old Cornish family, was the younger, but only surviving, son of the late Sir William Lemon, Bart., (so created in 1774; who was elected M.P. for Penrhyn in 1769, and was afterwards many years M.P. for Cornwall,

and who, in his day, was the "father" of the House of Commons), by Jane, eldest daughter of the late James Buller, Esq., of Morval, Cornwall, and granddaughter of the celebrated Allen Lord Bathurst, the friend of Pope. He was born in 1784, and succeeded to the title as 2nd baronet on the death of his father in 1824. The late baronet, who was educated at Harrow (?), was a fellow and a very active member of the Royal and several other learned societies; he had for more than thirty years held a seat in the House of Commons, having sat in that assembly for Penrhyn in 1807-12 and 1830-1, for the county of Cornwall in 1831-2, and almost continuously from 1832 to April, 1857, for West Cornwall. He was also a deputy-lieutenant of Cornwall, and in 1852 was appointed a special deputy-warden of the Stannaries. He was a thorough Whig of the old school of politics; he was consistent in attachment to those principles throughout his long life, and was ever mindful of local interests as well as the general good. He was elected president of the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society at its commencement in 1833, and continued to fill that honorary post until his decease. Sir Charles was a zealous Freemason, and was Provincial Grand Master of Cornwall for many years. He received the honorary degree of M.A., from the University of Cambridge in 1833.

The grandfather of the first baronet, William Lemon, Esq., of Carclew, if not the founder of the family, is said, at least, to have brought considerable wealth into it. He engaged in several profitable speculations in mines; and to his knowledge in mining, and spirited exertions, the working of the Cornish mines may, in a great measure, be attributed. For many years the late baronet had cultivated a collection of exotic trees and shrubs on his estate of Carclew, and his gardens are richly stored with rare and curious plants; and, from the nature of the climate, the results of his experiments, which testify to the devotedness of his passion for scientific pursuits, are said to be highly interesting.

Sir Charles married, in 1810, Charlotte, fourth daughter of Henry Thomas, 2nd Earl of Ilchester, and by her, who died in 1826, had issue an only child, Charles William, who was unfortunately drowned while bathing at Harrow in the April of

the same year, aged 12 years. By the death of the late baronet, without surviving issue, the title becomes extinct; but his estates, it is said, pass to his nephew, Col. John Tremayne, of Heligan, Cornwall, the eldest son of his sister, Caroline Matilda, by the late John Hearle Tremayne, Esq., M.P.; he was born in 1825, and married, in 1860, the Hon. Mary Charlotte Martha, eldest daughter of Charles, 2nd Lord Vivian.

THE RIGHT REV. J. H. HOPKINS, D.C.L.

Jan. 9. At Rock Point, Vermont, U.S., aged 76, the Right Rev. John Henry Hopkins, Bishop of Vermont.

The deceased was born in Dublin, in 1792, of English parents, who emigrated to the United States when he was but eight years old, and he was mostly educated by his mother. He was intended for the law, but after receiving a classical education, he passed a year in a counting-room in Philadelphia, and for a short time assisted Wilson, the ornithologist, in the preparation of the plates for his work. In his nineteenth year he embarked in the manufacture of iron in Western Pennsylvania, but this business was much prostrated by the peace of 1815, and two years afterwards he failed, and betook himself to the study of the law. After six months' study he was admitted to the Pittsburgh bar, where he practised until 1823, when he quitted the bar for the ministry. Immediately upon his ordination, in 1824, Mr. Hopkins became rector of Trinity Church, Pittsburgh, where he remained until 1831, when he went to Trinity Church, Boston, as assistant minister on the Green foundation. In 1827 and 1829 he was clerical deputy in the General Conventions of the Church, and in both he took a prominent part in the debates. He was afterwards a candidate for the assistant bishopric of Pennsylvania, but being a tie with his opponent, Dr. Onderdonk, he decided the contest in favour of his competitor by casting his own vote in favour of the other. In the same year that Mr. Hopkins removed to Boston, he became Professor of Divinity in the new Theological Seminary of Massachusetts, and the next year—1832—he was elected first Bishop of Vermont, an office he filled until his death. He accepted at the same time the rectorship of St. Paul's, Burlington, which he re-

tained until 1856. One of his first acts in his new diocese was the foundation of a school for boys, which gave employment to a number of candidates for orders, and poor clergymen; but the buildings necessary for the accommodation of the school entailed upon him a debt from which he was not able to free himself for many years. He subsequently superintended the building of the "Vermont Episcopal Institute," and was occupied besides with controversial and other works. Among these was "A Refutation of Milner's End of Controversy in a Series of Letters," 2 vols., published in 1854. His first work was published in 1833, and his last in the last year of his life. In the early part of the rebellion he published a work in defence of slavery, which was much spoken of at the time, because of the source from which it emanated. One of his latest works was a "Church History in Verse," published last year, but this effort did not reach the dignity of poetry. Bishop Hopkins was present at the Pan-Anglican Synod at Lambeth, in which he took a prominent part, and had but recently returned to America. While abroad the degree of D.C.L. was conferred upon him by the University of Oxford. In the dissension dividing the Episcopal Church, Bishop Hopkins was a decided champion of the High Church party, and refused to sign the famous protest of the bishops last year against High Church practices.

The bishop married, in 1822, a daughter of Caspar Otto Müller, a retired merchant of Baltimore, but previously of Hamburg.

THE REV. J. DORNFORD, M.A.

Jan. 18. At Plymtree, Devon, aged 74, the Rev. Joseph Dornford, M.A., Rector of Plymtree, and Prebendary of Exeter.

The deceased was the only son of the late Josiah Dornford, Esq., of Deptford, Kent, by his second wife, a widow lady named Thomason. His only sister (who has been dead some years) married the Rev. Hastings Robinson, D.D., Master of the Temple and Canon of Rochester, formerly Archdeacon of Madras; and his half-brother (through his mother) was the Rev. T. Thomason, well known as a chaplain in India, and afterwards as the biographer of the Rev. Charles Simeon, of Cambridge. The late Mr. Dornford was born at Deptford, Jan. 9, 1794, and

was admitted a commoner of Wadham College, Oxford, in Dec., 1813.

As a youth, Mr. Dornford left Oxford to join, as a Volunteer, the Peninsular Army; and it is traditionally stated that he served as a private in the Rifles at Talavera. This boyish campaign, however, did not last beyond a few months; after which experiment Mr. Dornford returned to academic life, being elected a scholar at Wadham College, where he took his B.A. degree in 1816, obtaining a first class in classics and a second in mathematics. In 1817 he was elected to a Michel Fellowship at Queen's College, and in 1819 to a fellowship at Oriel College, where he graduated M.A. in the following year; in due course he became Tutor and Dean. He was Classical Examiner in the schools in 1826, 1827, and 1828, and served as Proctor in 1830. "This," says one who knew him well, "must perhaps be considered his climacteric point. Mr. Dornford was not at any time prominent in the University as a leader in any department; nor did he use his pen as an author, if we except some sermons published in a serial of the day. In fact he was a man of *action* from the beginning, rather than of study or of theory. Yet had he decided views and thought out conclusions for himself; meeting on free and equal terms those men of intellectual power amongst whom he moved—as Whately, Copleston, the present Provost, Newman, Froude, and others beyond the limits of his own college. Whilst acting as Proctor, Mr. Dornford bore the nickname of the "University Corporal;" and during one of the long vacations he showed his love of daring enterprise by making the ascent of Mont Blanc, an ascent sadly memorable from the loss of three of the party in a crevasse, Mr. Dornford himself most narrowly escaping the same fate."

Like most men of strong will, he was apt to be vehement in debate; at times, indeed, even too fierce for university circles. Doubtless, while in the full vigour of his days, he lost friends through this defect of temper; but towards the late period of life it was remarked with pleasure how much this heat had abated, and the whole man become mellowed. He was in every stage of life a person of very generous impulses, and a sincere admirer of all things gracious and of good

report. His love of the beautiful, especially in the way of art, was great; and this he indulged by collecting no inconsiderable number of choice engravings. These went with him to his rectory of Plymtree, Devon, to which living he was presented by the Provost and Fellows of Oriol College in 1832, and in 1844 he was collated by Bishop Phillpotts to an honorary canonry in Exeter Cathedral. These appointments he held up to the time of his decease.

The reverend gentleman married, in 1855, Emma Louisa, youngest daughter of the late Josiah Dornford, Lieut. R.N., by whom he has left issue five children.

C. J. KEAN, Esq., F.S.A., F.R.G.S.

Jan. 22. In Queensborough Terrace, Chelsea, aged 57, Charles John Kean, Esq., F.S.A., F.R.G.S.

The deceased was the second but only surviving son of the celebrated tragedian, Edmund Kean, and was born in 1811, at Waterford, where his father was then performing. His mother, whose maiden name was Chambers, came of a reputable Irish family, long settled in Munster. His education was first acquired in preparatory schools, but in his 14th year he was sent to Eton, then under Dr. Keate as head master; his tutor was the Rev. J. Chapman. During his residence at Eton he is said to have made satisfactory progress in his studies, and to have acquired considerable reputation as a Latin scholar. He also excelled in fencing, an accomplishment which he found highly serviceable in after life, during his theatrical career. Among his contemporaries and associates at Eton were the late Duke of Newcastle, the late Marquis of Waterford, Lords Eglinton, Sandwich, Selkirk, Boscawen, Canning, Walpole, Adare, and Alford; and the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. In the spring of 1827 he was summoned to London by his mother, who was in great distress consequent on the dissipated habits of her husband. Having declined an East India appointment offered to him by the late Mr. Calcraft, M.P., unless he could see an adequate maintenance secured to his mother, whom he found in broken health and separated from her husband, Charles Kean sought an interview with his father to bring matters to a final understanding; but, failing in this, he left Eton in the following July, and accepted an engagement for

three years, under Mr. Price, at Drury Lane Theatre, the manager rightly expecting that his name would prove no mean attraction. He made his first appearance on the boards on 1st October, 1827, as *Young Norval*, in Home's tragedy of "Douglas," but his success by no means equalled the expectations awakened by the name of the son of Edmund Kean. Other juvenile parts, as they are called, followed this performance; but, though Mr. C. Kean's early success was promising, he left London in the spring of 1828 with the intention of acquiring experience in the provinces. Mr. Edmund Kean's moral aberrations and neglect of his family had for some time estranged him from his son; but a meeting at Glasgow, in the course of the young tragedian's first provincial tour, led to a reconciliation; and in October, 1828, they appeared together as *Brutus* and *Titus*, in Howard Payne's tragedy of "Brutus."

In 1830 Mr. Charles Kean for the first time visited America, where he was warmly received; but his success in 1833, when, having recrossed the Atlantic, he appeared as *Sir Edward Mortimer* at Covent Garden, was not sufficient to induce him to remain long in London. It was, however, during this engagement that he acted together with his father for the first and last time in the British capital, being the *Iago* to Edmund's *Othello*, at Covent Garden. It was during this performance that Edmund Kean's acting came to an end. Completely broken in health and spirits, his head sank upon his son's shoulder, and he was carried off the stage to the dressing-room. Rallying a little, he was afterwards conveyed to his residence at Richmond, where, in less than a month—namely, on the 15th of May, 1833—he breathed his last. He was buried in Richmond churchyard.

Another provincial tour was followed by the appearance of Mr. Charles Kean at Drury Lane, as *Hamlet*, on the 8th of January, 1838. Practically this may be regarded as his *debüt*, for it was in 1838 that by his *Hamlet*, his *Sir Giles Overreach*, and his *Richard*, he fairly took his position as a tragedian of the highest rank. The record now becomes that of one uninterrupted triumph. Mr. Charles Kean again "stars" in the provinces, returns to London to act at the Haymarket, again visits America, and, returning to London, engages himself at the Hay-

market for three successive seasons. It was during this part of his career, on the 29th of February, 1842, that he married the amiable and accomplished actress, Miss Ellen Tree.

Soon after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean visited America together; and, returning to England in 1847, they reappeared at the Haymarket on the 17th of January, 1848, in Mr. Lovell's play of the "Wife's Secret," which was their exclusive property. From this performance, which commenced an engagement more successful than any that had preceded it, dates that second period in Mr. Charles Kean's career which more immediately associates him with the playgoers of the present generation. Shortly afterwards a series of dramatic representations were given at Windsor Castle for the amusement of Royalty, under the sole direction of Mr. Charles Kean.

It was in 1850 that, in conjunction with Mr. Keeley, he undertook the management of the Princess's Theatre; but it was not till after the dissolution of that partnership that Mr. Kean commenced that gorgeous series of Shakspearean "revivals" which make an epoch in the history of the stage, and which for several years rendered the theatre in Oxford-street, previously obscure, as fashionable as an Italian Opera-house. "Those productions," says the *Times*, "exposed him to much small satire, and it was boldly stated that he rendered Shakspeare attractive by means, not of poetry and acting, but of scenery and pageant." His marvellous performance of *Louis XI.* in Mr. Dion Boucicault's version of M. Delavigne's play, went far towards silencing his detractors, for it proved that he could draw crowds by the force of unassisted acting. Judicious critics, too, began to reflect that his most sumptuous displays of stage-decoration were not mere empty show, but real practical lessons in archæology not to be found elsewhere.

A banquet, over which the Duke of Newcastle presided, and at which Mr. Gladstone spoke, in presenting a splendid testimonial from his old Etonian friends, signalled Mr. Kean's retirement from the management of the Princess's in 1859. In the autumn of that year, Mr. and Mrs. Kean left London to fulfil a long round of provincial engagements, but returned again in 1861, and shortly afterwards appeared at Drury Lane, their

last appearance at that theatre being on the 22nd of May, 1862. In 1863 they commenced their professional tour with a visit to Australia, which was followed by a series of performances through the United States. They came back to London in 1866, and again appeared at the Princess's Theatre. This performance was followed by another provincial engagement, and Mr. Charles Kean's last appearance upon any stage was on the evening of the 28th of May last, at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Liverpool, in his celebrated character of *Louis XI.* On the following day he was seized with a lingering illness, which unhappily terminated in his death.

"Mr. Charles Kean," says the *Morning Post*, "evinced extraordinary capabilities for his profession, and won his way to the foremost rank of art. His Shakspearean revivals proved that he possessed a high idea of the importance of the drama, and an ardent desire to place it, like a fine jewel, in an appropriate setting. His efforts in this direction were greeted with well-merited applause, and his loss will be deplored by the lovers of the drama in every climate of the globe. To professional eminence Charles Kean added private worth, which alone can entitle a man to love and respect. In him a wife has lost a devoted husband; an only daughter a fond father." His name appears as the author of several annotated editions of plays, and of a series of selections from Shakspeare.

Mrs. C. Kean, too, merits much praise. She is said to have "looked after" her young actresses, and to have been a kind friend to them, as her husband was to his players and their families, in sickness or in sorrow. She has received from the Queen a letter which expresses in the most gracious terms the sympathy awakened in her Majesty's mind by the terrible loss Mrs. Kean has sustained.

The funeral of Mr. Kean, which was of a strictly private character, took place on the 30th of January, at Catherington Church, near Horndean, Hants.

J. D. MACBRIDE, D.C.L., F.S.A.

Jan. 24. At Oxford, after a long illness, aged 89, John David Macbride, D.C.L., F.S.A., Principal of Magdalen Hall.

The deceased was the only son of the late Admiral John Macbride, by Ursula,

eldest dau. of the late William Folkes, Esq., of Hillington Hall, Norfolk, and was born in 1778. He entered the University in the year 1795, at the age of eighteen, and took the B.A. degree in 1799, before the system of "honours" was invented. Soon afterwards he was elected a Fellow of Exeter College. He became M.A. in 1802, and D.C.L. in 1812, when he succeeded the son of Judge Blackstone as Assessor of the Chancellor's Court. In 1813 he was appointed by Lord Grenville, at that time Chancellor of the University, to the Principalship of Magdalen, and in the same year he was nominated by the Lord Almoner of the time to the Readership in Arabic. These two offices he held till his death. He was most successful in raising the hall of which he was head, to a position surpassing that of many colleges. Dr. Macbride, though a layman, was a learned theologian, and had considerable reputation as a writer, having published a "Diatessaron on Harmony of the Gospels," which was at one time largely used as a text-book in the University, and also a work on Mahomedanism. In 1853 he published his "Lectures on the Articles of the United Church of England and Ireland," and, in 1858, his "Lectures on the Epistles." In religious opinion he belonged to the Evangelical School, while in politics he was a moderate Conservative. In private life he was universally respected, while to those who knew him well he was greatly endeared by his kindness, his sincerity, and his warmth of heart. The poor of Oxford lose in him a most liberal Almoner, his hall a judicious and successful head, and the University one of the few links which still connected it with the manners, the scholarship, and the tone of thought that characterised the last century.

Dr. Macbride married Mary, daughter of the late Sir Joseph Radcliffe, bart., and widow of Joseph Starkie, esq., of Redvales, and by her, who died in 1862, had issue an only daughter.

The deceased was buried in the Holywell Cemetery, Oxford, the funeral being attended by the Vice-Chancellor, and a large proportion of the heads of houses, professors, and senior members of the University. All the resident and many non-resident members of Magdalen-hall, including the Bishop of Chester (formerly vice-principal), and the Bishops of Labuan and Victoria, were present on the occasion.

J. ANDERTON, Esq.

Jan. 23. At Cypress Lodge, Dulwich, aged 83, James Anderton, Esq., solicitor.

The deceased, who was formerly one of the representatives of the Court of Common Council of the Ward of Farringdon Without, was born, we believe, in the neighbourhood of Lincoln in the year 1782; he was educated at Peterborough, and coming to London was admitted as an attorney in Hilary Term, 1811. He practised for some time in chambers in the Inner Temple, but afterwards removed to 20, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars, the office of the West of England Fire and Life Assurance Society, of which he was for many years managing director, and to which he held the office of legal adviser and secretary. He also took an active part, as a director, in the management of the Australian Mining Company, and other sound commercial schemes, and was one of the original promoters of the Otlands Park Hotel Company, and of the Solicitors' Benevolent Association, of which he was chairman.

Mr. Anderton was a member of the civic body of the City of London for a period of thirty years, having been returned in 1836 to the Court of Common Council, from which he retired in 1866; he was also several times under-sheriff, and he was also elected to fill the post of chairman of the General Purposes and other committees, deputy-governor of the Irish Society, and a governor of Bridewell Hospital. During his civic career Mr. Anderton was a constant and welcome guest at the Mansion House.

Besides being, perhaps, the oldest solicitor at the present time, the deceased gentleman was also the oldest volunteer. "Notwithstanding his great age," says the *City Press*, "Mr. Anderton joined the 3rd London Rifles a few years before his death, having also been, as he was fond of recalling, a volunteer at Peterborough in 1803; and at a period of life when most men would have been loth to leave the easy chair, he used to attend parades and marches out, and take part generally in what in the volunteers may be termed active service. Among his comrades in the rifles his kind, genial disposition and his outspoken soldier-like address rendered him a general favourite." We may add that in his 80th year Mr. Anderton shouldered his rifle, and was present at a

volunteer review at Brighton. Mr. Anderson was well acquainted with the history of London in the olden times, and a great repository of information on such subjects, and an indefatigable collector of books, pamphlets, prints, &c., which related to the history of the City, its companies and guilds.

The deceased gentleman, who was a warm and good friend to the poor, was twice married; his second wife was a widow lady, and his death is lamented by a large circle of friends in the City and elsewhere.

He was buried in the catacombs in Highgate Cemetery.

S. R. FYDELL, Esq.

Feb. 1. At Morcott Hall, Rutland, aged 96, Samuel Richard Fydell, Esq., of Morcott, and of Boston, Lincolnshire.

The deceased was the elder but only surviving son of the late Thomas Fydell, Esq., of Boston (who was

three times mayor of, and many years M.P. for, that borough, and who died in 1812), by Elizabeth, second daughter of S. Preston, Esq., and grandson of Richard Fydell, Esq., who was also three times mayor of Boston, and represented that town in Parliament in the reign of George II. Both of Mr. Fydell's grandfathers died in 1780, and his grandmothers in 1783. The deceased gentleman was born at Hardwicke Hall, near Chepstow, Monmouthshire, in 1771, and was educated at Thorsby Vicarage, Lincolnshire, and at Dr. Parr's school at Norwich. On leaving school, in 1785, Mr. Fydell returned home, and devoted his whole energies to assisting his father in the business of receiver-general for Lincolnshire, of which the average annual sum forwarded to Government was 35,000*l.* In 1794 his father resigned the receiver-generalship, and he was appointed to that

office, which he held for forty years, till it was abolished in 1834, when he declined the pension belonging to it. In 1796 he was made a deputy-lieutenant for Lincolnshire, and seventy years afterwards he was made a deputy-lieutenant for the county of Rutland: he was also a magistrate for both counties, and served as high sheriff of Rutland in 1840. He was chairman of the board of guardians at Uppingham, and a governor of Uppingham School, a scholastic institution which promises ere long to rank with the highest seminaries in the country. He was also formerly Lieut.-Col. of the South Lincoln Local Militia, and was well known in his neighbourhood from his extensive benefactions, and his purse was always open in promoting the welfare of the poor on his estates. Mr. Fydell, it may be added, retained his faculties to the last, and acted as auditor at a public meeting when upwards of 92 years of age.

The deceased gentleman was the last of the line of Fydells in Cheshire and Lincolnshire, his only brother, Thos. Fydell, Esq., M.P. for Boston, having died in 1814. One of his family was at the battle of Agincourt in 1415. During the exciting times of Pitt and Fox, the Fydells were amongst Mr. Pitt's staunchest supporters.

Mr. Fydell married first, in 1797, Elizabeth, eldest daughter and co-heir of Thomas Carleton, Esq., of Carleton, Cumberland (who died in 1816); and secondly, in 1818, Elizabeth, daughter of Edward Brown, Esq., of Stamford and Horbling; she died in 1862. A sister of Mr. Fydell married, in 1790, the Hon. and Rev. Charles Lindsay, D.D. (fifth son of the Earl of Balcarres), Vicar of Wisbeach from 1787 to 1795, and afterwards Bishop of Kildare, whose great-grandson, George Fydell (only son of George Dawson Rowley, Esq., of Brighton, by Caroline Frances, daughter of the late Venerable Archdeacon Lindsay), now at Eton, born in 1851, succeeds to the bulk of the deceased's property.

The remains of the deceased were interred in the family vault at St. Botolph's Church, Boston.



DEATHS.

ARRANGED IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER.

Nov. 27, 1867. At Hull, very suddenly, aged 63, Benjamin Boulter, esq. He was born at Hull, Jan. 26, 1805, and after passing several years with an eminent surgeon of that town, he went in 1825 to the University of Glasgow, where he obtained the Walton bursary, and took his degree in 1828. He left Glasgow in 1830, and from that time to 1861 practised as a surgeon in Drypool, a large but poor suburb of Hull, where for his skill and kindness he was universally beloved and esteemed. In 1845 he was by that parish elected a member of the Hull Town Council, of which he was a member during fifteen years, and on the 1st of Nov. last he was again returned by another ward. He was a strenuous advocate for sanitary reform, and aided in many local improvements. The benefit of the poor was one of his great objects, and being a guardian of the poor for Drypool, and overseer of Sculcoates, he was enabled to do much for them. He also took a most active part in promoting window-gardening for the working classes, and other similar projects. He always engaged prominently in the Liberal politics of the town. He has left a widow and four children.

Dec. 16. On board H.M.S. *Wolverine*, off St. Thomas, West Indies, William Rennie, esq., Navigating Midshipman, R.N., only surviving son of the late J. Rennie, esq., of Auchinloch, co. Lanark.

Dec. 17. At Sukhur, Upper Scinde, aged 37, Major Granville F. J. Lewin, a Deputy-Commissioner of the Punjab, eldest son of the late Sir G. A. Lewin.

Dec. 19. At Rangoon, Mary Jane, wife of Capt. A. Wynch, R.A., and the second dau. of Col. Balmain, R.A.

Dec. 23. On board the hospital ship, *Golden Fleece*, Annesley Bay, Abyssinia, aged 39, Capt. J. C. Smythe, 33rd Regt., late of the 53rd Regt.

Dec. 29. At Brighton, Jane Geary, relict of the Rev. W. Geary, Army Chaplain.

Killed in action with the Wagheers, in Kattiwar, aged 32, Capt. Charles B. La Touche, B.S.C., second son of the late Major P. La Touche, of the Bengal Army.

Drowned on the voyage from Bombay to Abyssinia, aged 29, Wallace William Benson, Capt. R.A.

Jan. 1, 1868. At Madras, aged 44, Lieut.-Col. Alexander Simpson, R.A.

Jan. 3. At Calcutta, aged 47, Major A.

S. Haig, B.S.C., youngest son of the late Capt. J. Haig, of Bedford.

At The Manor House, Meare, Glastonbury, aged 77, Ann, wife of J. Shuckluyk Howe, esq., and youngest dau. of the late Major Nestill, 63rd Regt.

At St. John, New Brunswick, aged 67, Henry Bowyer Smith, esq., many years Collector H.M.'s Customs at that port, fourth son of the late C. D. Smith, esq., and nephew of the late Admiral Sir W. Sidney Smith, G.C.B.

Jan. 4. At Mazagone Castle, Bombay, aged 21, Heerabae, the second dau. of Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, bart.

At Brighton, aged 69, John Sinclair, esq., late member of the Legislative Council of Tasmania.

Jan. 7. At Nottingham, Mr. William Wright, surgeon. The deceased gentleman was the oldest medical practitioner in the town, and was for many years one of the honorary surgeons to the General Hospital. For several years past he has ceased to pursue ordinary practice, but his opinion as a consulting surgeon was highly and deservedly valued throughout the midland counties.—*Nottingham Journal*.

Jan. 9. At Rock Point, Vermont, U.S., aged 76, the Right Rev. J. H. Hopkins, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Vermont. See OBITUARY.

Jan. 12. At Government House, St. Lucia, West Indies, Virginia, wife of His Honour James Meyer Grant, Administrator of the Government.

At Teignmouth, South Devon, aged 71, Mr. Charles Redfern, antiquary, of Warwick.

Jan. 13. At Portsmouth, aged 63, the Rev. John Poulett McGhie, vicar. He was educated at Queen's Coll., Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1827, and proceeded M.A. in 1830; he was appointed vicar of Portsmouth in 1839.

At Kingstown, Dublin, Geoffrey Martyn, esq., J.P., of Curraghmore, co. Mayo.

Jan. 14. At Clifton, Bristol, Jno. Hen. Armstrong, esq., late Capt. 98th Regt.

At Hinxton Hall, Cambridgeshire, aged 67, E. H. G. de Freville, esq. He was the eldest son of the late Edward De Freville, esq., of Hinxton (who died in 1804), by Harriet, dau. of Ambrose Humphreys, esq., of Thetford, and was born in 1800. He was educated at Eton and Emanuel Coll., Cambridge; was a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant for Cam-

bridgeshire, and served as high sheriff of that county in 1843; he was also a Major in the Cambridgeshire Militia. He married, in 1846, Julia, dau. of F. Forester, esq., of Somerby, Leicestershire.

Jan. 15. At Newport Pagnell, accidentally drowned, Alfred, second son of the Rev. A. O. Wellsted, incumbent of St. Thomas', Hackney-road.

Jan. 16. At Melton Ross, aged 43, the Rev. Thomas Aubertin.

At Brighton, Angelica, widow of the Rev. E. D. Clarke, L.L.D., and dau. of the late Sir W. Beaumaris Rush.

At Broughton, Northamptonshire, aged 76, Maria, relict of T. W. Richards, esq., of Barford Lodge.

At Staplefield place, Sussex, aged 54, William Foster Smithe, esq. He was the youngest son of the late Edmund Smith, esq., of Kilmiston House, Hants, and Horsham Park, Sussex, by Mary, eldest dau. of the late Peter Du Cane, esq., M.P., of Braxted Park, Essex, and niece of Charlotte, Lady Tring, of Ockham. He was born in 1813, was educated at Shrewsbury and at Magdalen Coll., Cambridge, and was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1844; he was a magistrate for Sussex, and married, in 1848, Lilla Rosalie, only child of the late Anthony S. Greene, esq., of Malling Deanery, Lewes, Sussex.—*Law Times*.

At Banstead, aged 72, the Rev. George Tufnell, rector of Thornton Watlass, Yorkshire. He was educated at Emanuel Coll., Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1824; and was appointed rector of Thornton Watlass in 1852.

Jan. 17. At Kew-green, W., aged 74, Isabella, widow of Lieut. John Caldwell, 21st Regt.

At Upper Norwood, aged 75, Jane Maria, wife of the Rev. A. Cooper, rector of Billingford, Norfolk.

At Leycroft, Taunton, aged 64, Rear-Admiral William Newton Fowell. He was the third son of the late Rev. John Digby Fowell, rector of Torbrian, Devon, by Sarah, second dau. of Peter Knowling, esq., of Harburton, Devon, and was born in 1804. He entered the Navy in 1819, and served as midshipman on board the *Lion*, schooner, in action with pirates in the West Indies in 1822-23; was mate of the *Pickle* in a severe action with and capture of the *Bolodora*, a large armed piratical slaver, in 1829. He served on the *Gambia* during the Barra war, in 1831-32; and as lieutenant in command of the *Experiment*, steam-vessel, was actively employed at Prescott, on the St. Lawrence, in 1837, during the Canadian rebellion. He was the senior officer of

the Lake squadron from 1843 to 1848. He became a Rear-Admiral in 1867; he married, in 1841, Theana, dau. of John Holland, esq., of Clapham, Surrey.

At Eastbourne, aged 82, Sophia, relict of the late Jasper Parrott, esq., of Dundryge, Devon.

At Roecliffe, Yorkshire, aged 37, the Rev. Robert Wilson, incumbent.

At Millbank Penitentiary, Edward Duffy, an Irish Fenian convict. The deceased was formerly a draper in Dublin. He was tried before the Special Commission in that city on the 17th of May, 1867, was convicted of treason-felony, and sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude. He was transferred from Ireland to the House of Correction at Pentonville, and thence to the prison at Millbank, for medical treatment.

Jan. 18. Aged 47, Margaret Cecilia Maria, wife of W. Bush Cooper, esq., of Headstone House, Harrow, barrister-at-law, and second dau. of the late D. H. James, esq., of Llwyndwfr, Carmarthen-shire.

At Ashby-de-la-Zouch, aged 41, Mr. Charles Saunders Dewes, solicitor and registrar of the County Court.

At Plymtree, Devon, aged 74, the Rev. Joseph Dornford, M.A. See OBITUARY.

At Torquay, Jessie, relict of the late Dr. Gilchrist, R.N., and mother of the late Dr. William Gilchrist, of Torquay.

At Blyton, co. Lincoln, aged 79, Ed. Farr, esq.

At Beckenham Lodge, Kent, Henrietta, widow of the Rev. F. Wathen, M.A., Church Missionary at Umritsur, and dau. of the late H. Desborough, esq.

At Stratton, Cornwall, of paralysis, aged 76, Capt. Edward Knapman, R.N. He was born in 1792, and entered the Navy in 1803, as first-class volunteer on board the *Magnanime*. In the following year, after having assisted at the bombardment of Havre de Grace, he joined the *Spartiate*, on board which vessel he served at Trafalgar. He subsequently served on the Baltic station and in the West Indies, and afterwards in the Mediterranean and at Plymouth. He married, in 1822, the second dau. of R. Burgoyne Watts, esq., of Treburifoot, Cornwall, by whom he has left issue several children.

Jan. 19. At Elm House, Clapham-common, aged 62, Ambrose Boyson, esq., J.P.

At Ford's Grove, Winchmore-hill, aged 62, Edward Thomas Busk, esq. He was the eldest son of the late Edward Busk, esq., by Sarah Thomasina, dau. and co-heir of Thomas Teshmaker, esq., of Ford's-grove, and cousin of the late Hans Busk,

esq., of Glenalder, co. Radnor, and was born in 1805. He was educated at St. John's Coll., Cambridge, and was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1832. The deceased, who was a magistrate for Middlesex and Herts, married, in 1851, Susan, dau. of Thomas Benson Pease, esq., by whom he has left issue. According to Mr. Walford's "County Families," the deceased was descended from a family of Norman extraction, and, in an unbroken line for more than five centuries, from Richard du Busc, who was born in 1315, and whose lineal descendant, Hans Busk, was naturalised by Act of Parliament in England in 1721.—*Law Times.*

At Chelsea Hospital, aged 75, Capt. Robert Grier, of Auchgrea, co. Longford, formerly Lieut. 44th Regt. He entered the army in 1810, as ensign in the 44th Regt., and shortly after went on service to the Peninsula. He was present at the defence of Cadiz, lines of Torres Vedras, pursuit of Massena, siege of Burgos, and retreat therefrom; actions at Pombal, Redhina, Condeixa, Ponte de Murillo, Guarda, and Sabugal; battle of Fuentes d'Onor, siege of Badajoz, battle of Salamanca, capture of Madrid, and the Retiro. He served in the campaign in Holland in 1814, and in the campaign of 1815 was wounded in the ankle at Quatre Bras. He was placed on half pay in March, 1817, as lieutenant; and was appointed a captain of invalids in September last.

At St. Hellier's, Jersey, Jane, wife of Major-Gen. George Hicks, C.B.

At London, Ontario, aged 27, James Anthony Hussey, Lieut. 53rd Regt., eldest son of James Hussey, esq., of The Close, Salisbury.

At Glenthams manor, co. Lincoln, aged 30, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Bland. She was the eldest surviving dau. of William Sowerby, esq., of Messingham Hall, and wife of John Bland, esq., of Glenthams.

At Ludlow, Mary, relict of the late Col. Ponsonby Watts, late of the 2nd Regt.

Jan. 20. At his son's house, near Esher, aged 83, General Sir Thomas William Brotherton, G.C.B. He was born in 1785, and entered the army in 1800; he served in Egypt under Sir R. Abercromby in 1801, in Germany in 1805, and was present during the Peninsular War, 1808-14. He particularly distinguished himself during the Peninsular war, and was present at nearly all the cavalry affairs and skirmishes with his regiment, the 14th Light Dragoons; was also engaged in the action on the Cos, and was several times wounded. He had received the war medal with seven clasps for the battles of Busaco, Fuentes d'Onor, Sala-

manca (where he was severely wounded), Vittoria, Pyrenees, Nivelle, and Nive, in which last battle he was wounded and taken prisoner. For several years he commanded the 16th Lancers, vacating that post on his promotion to major-general in 1841. He was in 1830, appointed one of the aides-de-camp to King William IV.; and subsequently held the appointment of inspecting-general of cavalry at head-quarters. For his distinguished services in the Peninsula he was nominated a companion of the Order of the Bath. He became Colonel of the 15th Hussars in 1849, Colonel of the 1st Dragoon Guards in 1859, and a General in the army 1860, and was created a G.C.B. in 1861. He was twice married: first, in 1819, to Louisa Ann, dau. of J. Stratton, esq.; and secondly, in 1865, to Thomasina, dau. of the late Rev. Walter Hare.

At Canons Park, Edgeware, aged 55, David Begg, esq., J.P.

At Bootle, aged 53, Percival Benjamin Roberts, Staff Commander, Royal Navy.

Aged 58, John Sparrow, esq., J.P., of Blackburn, Lancashire.

Jan. 21. At Dulwich, aged 83, James Anderton, esq. See OBITUARY.

At Newcastle-on-Tyne, aged 67, James William Armstrong, esq., Capt. R.N.

In Chester-terrace, Regent's-park, aged 87, Titus Berry, esq. He was the last surviving son of the late Edward Berry, esq., merchant, of London, by Elizabeth, dau. of the Rev. Thomas Forster, of Barbadoes, F.R.S., rector of Holton, Suffolk, and youngest brother of the late Admiral Sir Edward Berry, bart., whose title became extinct in 1831. He was born in 1780, and was formerly a surgeon in the army, of some reputation, and enjoyed at one time a considerable practice amongst the higher classes. He was nearly the senior fellow of the College of Surgeons, having become a member in March, 1801, and was elected a fellow in 1843. His services extended through the whole of the Peninsular war, and he retired from the service soon after the battle of Waterloo. At the time of Napoleon's escape from Elba he was at the Congress of Vienna with Lord Cathcart, and employed to convey the news to the British Government. In order to accomplish this, he travelled continuously for ten days and nights, hardly quitting his travelling carriage for a moment, and was rewarded by a present of 500*l.* His brother Edward was a distinguished naval commander from 1779, when he made his first voyage to the East Indies, in the *Burford*. Till 1806, he was engaged in continual active service; he was the associate of the

gallant Nelson, at the Nile, and in other great achievements. He received the honour of knighthood in 1793, and in 1806 was elevated to the rank of baronet, the title, however, becoming extinct at his death on the 13th of February, 1831. The deceased gentleman married in 1832, Sarah Isabella, eldest dau. of the late Robert Hurst, esq., of Stamford.

At Olands, Milverton, Somerset, aged 70, Mrs. Elizabeth Broadmead. She was the dau. of Thomas Palfrey, esq., of Milverton and Oake, Somerset, and married, in 1819, Philip Broadmead, esq., of Olands, who died in 1866.

At Pledwick, Wakefield, aged 61, Mary, wife of Benjamin Dixon, esq., solicitor, of Pledwick, and of Wakefield, Yorkshire.

At Northampton, aged 86, Jane, relict of the Rev. T. Lockton, B.D., formerly rector of Church Brampton, Northamptonshire.

At Arbury, Nuneaton, Warwick, Maria, widow of Charles Newdegate, esq., of Harefield Place, Middlesex, and dau. of the late Ayscough Boucherett, esq., of Willingham, Market Rasen, co. Lincoln.

At Bournemouth, aged 68, James Sutton, esq., of Shardlow Hall, Derbyshire. He was the eldest son of the late James Sutton, esq., of Shardlow Hall (who died in 1830), by Mary, his wife, and was born in 1799; he was a magistrate for co. Leicester, and a deputy-lieut. for co. Derby, and served as high sheriff of that county in 1842. He married in 1835, Sophia, dau. of the late Abraham Hoskins, esq., of Newton Park, Derby, by whom he has left issue.

Jan. 22. At St. Petersburg, Viscount de Moira, Portuguese Minister Plenipotentiary. He was many years Secretary of the Portuguese Embassy at the Court of St. James's; his talents and bearing had gained for him in this country and in Russia a large number of friends, who deeply regret his loss.

At Plymouth, Robert Beith, esq., M.D., Deputy-Inspector-General of Hospitals and Fleets.

In Charles-street, Berkeley-square, aged 28, Ernest Augustus, youngest son of Charles Prideaux Brune, esq.

At Cheltenham, aged 76, the Rev. Francis Evans, of The Byletts, Herefordshire. He was the eldest son of the late John Evans, esq., of The Byletts (who died in 1824), by Mary, dau. of Francis Campbell, esq., and was born in 1792. He was educated at St. John's Coll., Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1815, and proceeded M.A. in 1818, and was a magistrate for co. Hereford. He married, in 1832, Anna Maria, dau. of

the Rev. John Bowle, of Salisbury, by whom he has left, with other issue, a son and heir, John Bowle, who was born in 1836, and married, in 1863, Isabella Sophia, only dau. of Charles Lloyd Harwood, esq., of Evesham House, Cheltenham.

At Berlin, aged 64, Herr Moritz Ganz, Concertmeister and solo violoncellist to his Majesty the King of Prussia.

At Lipwood House, Northumberland, aged 82, John Grey, esq., formerly of Dilston. See OBITUARY.

At Brinkley Hall, Cambridgeshire, aged 74, Robert William King, esq.

At Kippen House, Perthshire, Col. Watkin, late of the Bombay Army.

At Edinburgh, Margaret, wife of the Rev. O. Robert Wright, D.D., minister of Dalkeith, and fourth dau. of the late J. Young, esq., of Rowmore.

Jan. 23. At Kiplin, Yorkshire, suddenly, aged 68, Sarah, Countess of Tyrconnel. Her ladyship was the only child and heiress of Robert Crowe, esq., of Kiplin, was married in October, 1817, to John Delaval Carpenter, fourth Earl of Tyrconnel, by whom she had issue one child, who died in infancy. The Earl of Tyrconnel died in 1853, when the title became extinct. It is understood that the Kiplin estate passes by the will of the Earl of Tyrconnel to the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot.

In Manchester-square, aged 42, Louisa Lettson Gronow, eldest dau. of the Rev. T. Gronow, formerly of Court Herbert.

Jan. 24. At The Glennan, Helensburgh, Dumbartonshire, Mary, wife of John Fleming Buchanan, esq., and only sister of the late James Russell, Q.C.

At Lesketh How, Ambleside, aged 77, John Davy, esq., M.D., F.R.S. He was the second son of the late Mr. Robert Davy, of Varfel Ludgvan, by Grace, dau. of Mr. Millett of St. Just, and brother of the late Sir Humphry Davy, bart., P.R.S. He was born at Penzance, in 1790. He studied medicine in Edinburgh, and took his M.D. degree in that university in 1814. He entered the army as a surgeon, and at the time of his decease held the rank of inspector-general of army hospitals. The deceased has been a most copious writer, having written several volumes on general subjects, besides a large number of papers ranging over the whole field of natural science. His physiological researches have been principally published in the "Philosophical Transactions," the "Transactions" of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and the Royal Medico-Chirurgical Society. Dr. Davy displayed an intimate acquaintance with, and also

wrote largely on, the sciences of meteorology, geology, and chemistry. One of his most recent works consists of a series of "Lectures on Chemistry," in which this science is regarded in its relations to the atmosphere, the earth, the ocean, and the art of agriculture. The deceased was a fellow of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh, author of "Life of Sir Humphry Davy," and editor of his collected works in nine vols., &c. Mr. Davy married, in 1830, Margaret, dau. of the late Archibald Fletcher, esq., of Edinburgh, by whom he has left issue.

At Lawton Hall, Cheshire, Robert Lawton, esq.

Jan. 25. At Boston, aged 41, Henry James Conington, esq., barrister-at-law, of South-square, Gray's-inn. The deceased, who was a son of the Rev. R. Conington, of Boston, and brother of Professor Conington, took his B.A. degree at Corpus Coll., Oxford, in 1851; was called to the bar at Lincoln's-inn in 1855.

At Sunninghill-park, Berks, aged 89, George Henry Crutchley, esq. The deceased who was formerly High Sheriff of Berks, and a colonel in the Guards, assumed the name of Crutchley by royal licence, in lieu of his patronymic Duffield. He married, in 1806, Juliana, elder dau. of the late Sir William Burrell, bart., by whom he has left issue.

At Little Cheverel, Wilts, the Rev. John Roles Fishlake, M.A. He was educated at Wadham College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1810, and proceeded M.A. in 1814, and was appointed rector of Little Cheverel in 1823. He was well-known as the author of a translation of the learned Dr. Buttman's "Lexilogus and Irregular Greek Verbs."

At Barton-on-Humber, co. Lincoln, aged 88, Mrs. Holt. The deceased was the widow of the Rev. John Holt, vicar of Wrawby, who died in the year 1837.

At Ellington, Torquay, Frances, relict of the Rev. C. T. C. Luxmoore, of Witherdon, Devon, late vicar of Guilsfield, Montgomeryshire.

At Chelsea, aged 77, Montague M. Mahoney, esq., M.D., Inspector-General of Hospitals.

At Forton, Gosport, Mary, wife of Capt. Anthony Malone, R.M.L.I.

In Upper Phillimore-gardens, aged 29, Alexina, youngest dau. of D. Napier, esq., of Glenshellish, Argyleshire, N.B.

At Parracombe, Devon, aged 69, the Rev. John Pyke. He was the only son of the late John Pyke, esq., of Barnstaple (who died in 1844), by Anne Hogg, dau. of Thomas Salmon, esq., of Appledore, and was born in 1798. He was educated at Exeter

Coll., Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1821, and proceeded M.A. in 1824; he was appointed, in 1826, to the rectory of Parracombe. Mr. Pyke, who was a magistrate for Devon, and chairman of the Board of Guardians of Barnstaple Union, married, first in 1832, Ellen Isabella, dau. of Thomas Burnard, esq. (she died in 1834), and secondly, in 1838, Elizabeth, dau. of the late John Nott, esq., of Bydown House, Devon, by whom he has left issue.

At Edinburgh, Lieut.-Col. James Macdonald Robertson, formerly of the 25th Regt.

At Richmond, Surrey, aged 68, Henry Smith, esq., solicitor.

At Park Wern, Swansea, aged 35, Caroline Elizabeth, wife of Henry Hussey Vivian, esq., M.P., and only dau. of Sir Montague J. Cholmeley, bart., M.P.

Jan. 26. At 40, Bedford-place, Russell-square, aged 60, John Abel, of the Middle Temple, esq.

At Romsey, aged 29, Emily, eldest dau. of the Rev. E. L. Berthon.

At Evesham, aged 82, John New, esq., J.P.

At Egham, Surrey, aged 84, Hannah widow of T. Maunsell Wilson, esq., of Cahirconlish House, co. Limerick, and last surviving dau. of the late Col. Monseil, of Tervoe.

Jan. 27. In Pembridge-crescent, Bayswater, aged 76, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Michael White, K.C.B., Col. 7th Dragoon Guards. He was the son of Major Robert White, late of the 27th Dragoons, by Anne, sister of the late Sir John H. Aubyn, bart., of Clowance, Cornwall. He was born at St. Michael's Mount, in 1791, and was educated at Westminster School. He entered the army in 1804, and was in the field in active service in 1809, on the banks of the Sutlej. He was at the capture of Hatras in 1817, and during the Mahratta campaign of 1817-18; and was present at the siege and capture of Bhurt-pore in 1825-6. He commanded the cavalry throughout the campaign of 1842 in Afghanistan, and was present at the forcing of the Khyber Pass with the army under General Sir George Pollock, storming the heights of Jugdulluck; action of Tezeen and Huft Kotul, and occupation of Cabool. He served with the army of the Sutlej in 1845-6; commanded the whole of the cavalry at the battle of Mood-kee (charger wounded); a brigade at the battle of Ferozeshah (wounded, charger killed by a round shot); and the 3rd Light Dragoons at the battle of Sobraon (charger wounded). The gallant general served in the Punjaub campaign of 1848-9,

in command of the 1st brigade of cavalry, and was present at the affair of Ramnuggur, the action of Sadoolapore, and the battles of Chillianwallah and Goojerat. He was nominated a Companion of the Order of the Bath for his distinguished services in Afghanistan; and for his bravery at Sobraon was appointed an aide-de-camp to the Queen. In 1862 he was made a Knight Commander of the Bath. The deceased married, in 1816, a dau. of the late Major Mylne, of the 24th Dragoons—

At St. Andrew's College, Bradfield, Reading, aged 40, the Head Master, the Rev. Stephen Poyntz Denning. He was educated at Durham University, where he graduated B.A. in 1848, and proceeded M.A. in 1851. He was formerly Head Master of Worcester Cathedral School.

At Bayfield Hall, Norfolk, aged 54, in consequence of an accident while shooting, Edward Jodrell, esq. He was the eldest son of the late Edward Jodrell, esq., of Bayfield Hall (who died in 1852), by Mary, youngest dau. of the late Wm. Lowndes-Stone, esq., of Brightwell Park, Oxon, and was born in 1814. He was educated at Eton, and was a magistrate for Essex, late Capt. 18th Royal Irish. He served in 18th Regt. through the whole of the operations in China, and was wounded at Chapoo. In 1854, he was appointed Major West Essex Militia. He married in 1843, Adela Monckton, dau. of Sir E. Bowyer Smijth, bart., by whom he has left issue four children. He is succeeded in his estates by his eldest son Edward, a lieutenant, 37th foot, who was born in 1845.

At Melton Wood, co. Lincoln, aged 37, Harriott, the wife of J. U. Stapyhton Smith, esq., and eldest dau. of Frederick Burton, esq., of Lincoln.

At Winfrith, Dorset, the Rev. George Waddington. He was educated at Emmanuel Coll., Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1848; he was formerly curate of West Tytherley, Hants.

Jan. 28. In Eaton-square, aged 62, the Right Hon. Sir E. W. Head, bart. See OBITUARY.

At Shalton, Teignmouth, Martha Maria, wife of Comm. C. T. Compton, R.N.

At Wootton Hall, co. Lincoln, aged 16, Emily, dau. of John Ferriby, esq.

Aged 27, Henry Scott Gresley, esq., barrister-at-law. He was the only surviving son of the Rev. W. Gresley, incumbent of All Saints', Boyne-hill, Maidenhead. He was married so lately as November last to Jane Charlotte, dau. of the late Rev. A. Drummond, rector of Charlton, Kent.

At Peckham, Jane, wife of the Rev. Philip Kent.

In the Strand, aged 53, J. H. Tully,

musical director of the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane. The deceased gentleman had been connected with the orchestras of the principal London theatres for more than a quarter of a century. As a ready arranger of lively theatrical music—the music of burlesques, pantomimes, and melo-dramas—Mr. Tully occupied a foremost position, and his sound musical ability was often of immense service in putting more ambitious operatic productions on the stage. In private life he was much esteemed for his rare humour.

Jan. 29. At Kilburn, aged 71, Anne, widow of Robert Edgar, esq., of Camberwell-grove, fifth dau. of the late David Steel, esq., barrister-at-law, and sister of the late Lieut.-Gen. Sir Scudamore W. Steel, K.C.B.

At Maquetra, Boulogne-sur-Mer, aged 79, Capt. H. Ellis, late of the 88th Regt.

At Clewer, Windsor, aged 37, Capt. William Henry Mangles, of the 1st R.E. Middlesex Militia, late Capt. 50th Regt. He was the only son of the late Robert Mangles, esq., of Sunningdale, Berkshire.

At Southport, aged 74, Lieut.-Gen. William Henry Marshall, late of H.M.L.A.

Aged 30, Alexander Stephen Dunbar, esq. He was the eldest son of the Rev. Sir William Dunbar, bart., rector of Walwyn's Castle, Pembrokeshire, by Anne, eldest dau. of George Stephen, esq. He was born in 1837, and married, in 1863, Marian, dau. of J. D. Rigby, esq.

At Holloway, aged 86, Sophia, widow of Lieut.-Col. Taylor White, of Hadley, Middlesex, and St. Ives, Hunts.

Jan. 30. At Exmouth, aged 69, Lieut.-Gen. Sir George Cornish Whitlock, K.C.B. He was the son of George Whitlock, esq., of Ottery St. Mary, Devon, and was born in 1799. He entered the military service of the East India Company in 1818, and was attached to the Madras Presidency, in which army he served with great distinction. In 1845 he was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the 3rd Madras European Regiment. In 1858 he greatly distinguished himself with the force under his command in Central India, and captured Banda from the rebels in April, that year, the force under his command acting in conjunction with the victorious troops commanded by Gen. Sir Hugh Rose (Lord Strathnairn). He had previously, in 1855, as brigadier-general of the second-class, commanded at Bangalore. For his eminent services in Central India he was, in 1859, made an extra knight commander of the Order of the Bath, and in further recognition of his distinguished services was appointed, in Sept., 1862, colonel of the 108th Regt., when the several regi-

ments of the Indian army were amalgamated with the Queen's army. Sir George was married, and has left issue.

Jan. 30. At St. Germain's, Charlotte, dau. of the late Sir James Nasmyth, of Posso, bart., and wife of David Anderson, esq., of St. Germain's.

At Petersfield, Hants. aged 32, Charles Duncan Butler, esq., solicitor.

Florence Caroline, wife of John T. Medlycott, esq., of Old Court, Waterford, Ireland. She was the fourth dau. of Sir William C. Medlycott, bart., of Ven House, Somerset and was married to Mr. Medlycott in 1867.

At Whitchurch, Shropshire, aged 62, Mary, widow of Wilson Overend, esq., of Sbarrow Head, Sheffield.

At Greenbank, Monkstown, co. Dublin, Susan, wife of Jonathan Pim, esq., M.P. She was the dau. of John Todhunter, esq., of Dublin, and was married in 1828.

Jan. 31. At Chelsea Hospital, aged 78, Capt. Wm. Chadwick. The deceased, prior to his entering the army, served as a midshipman on board H.M.'s sloop *Moselle* in 1806 and 1807, in which he saw a great deal of active service, and accompanied Sir Richard Strachan's flying squadron sent in pursuit of Jerome Bonaparte's fleet. He entered the army in Jan., 1810, as ensign in the 3rd Ceylon Regt., was promoted lieutenant in Aug., 1812, and exchanged to the 66th Regt. in Oct., 1813: he was placed on half-pay of the 34th Regt. in 1814, and was subsequently in a veteran battalion, and appointed a captain of invalids in 1847.

At Thorpe Morieux, aged 70, the Rev. T. T. Harrison, rector.

Aged 76, Commander George Farquhar Morice, R.N.

At Weston-under-Penyard, Herefordshire. Capt. Frederick Johnson Stubbs, late of the B.S.C., and youngest surviving son of William Stubbs, esq., late of the Civil Service of India.

At Bath, aged 49, the Rev. Edwyn Henry Vaughan, M.A. He was the third son of the late Rev. Edward Thomas Vaughan, vicar of St. Martin's, Leicester, by Agnes, third dau. of John Pares, esq., of Newarke, Leicester, and of Hopwell Hall, Derbyshire, and a younger brother of Dr. Vaughan, vicar of Doncaster, and formerly head-master of Harrow School. He was born at Leicester in 1818, educated at Rugby under Dr. Arnold, and at Christ Coll., Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1842 in mathematical and classical honours, and gained the members' prize for Latin essays, and proceeded M.A. in 1845. He was called to the bar at Lincoln's-inn in 1846, but soon afterwards

relinquished the profession of the law. He was appointed in 1849 assistant-master of Harrow School. In 1866 he was ordained deacon by the Bishop of London, and shortly afterwards gave up his mastership at Harrow, and went to live at Bath, giving his assistance as a voluntary curate to his friend the rector of Walcot. Mr. Vaughan married, in 1849, Henrietta Caroline, third dau. of the late Marcus M'Cansland, esq., of Drenagh, co. Londonderry, by whom he has left one dau.

Feb. 1. At Totnes, aged 65, Francis Bernard Beamish, esq. He was the sixth son of the late William Beamish, esq., of Cork, by Anne Jane Margaret, dau. of Robert De-la-Cour, esq., of Short Castle, and was born in 1802. He was educated at Rugby; was a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant for co. Cork, and served as high sheriff in 1852. He was mayor of Cork in 1843, and represented that city in Parliament from 1837 to 1841, and again from 1853 to 1865. In politics he was an earnest though moderate Liberal. His gentleness of manner and honesty of purpose are not likely soon to be forgotten by those who had the privilege of knowing him both in and out of the House of Commons. He seldom spoke, but on committees his industry and patience were well known. At the time of his death he was the chairman of the Reform Club. Mr. Beamish married, 1827, the Hon. Catherine, dau. of the late Capt. the Hon. Michael De Courcy, R.N., and sister of John, 28th Lord Kingsale, by whom he has left issue.

At Adbaston Parsonage, Newport, Salop, aged 53, Katherine Charlotte, wife of the Rev. J. H. Bright, incumbent.

At Stoke-by-Nayland, Colchester, aged 87, Gen. Thos. John Forbes, R.A.

Aged 96, Samuel Richard Fydell, esq., of Morcott Hall. See OBITUARY.

At Plymouth, aged 79, Ann, wife of the Rev. John Hatchard.

At Dublin, Josephine, wife of Hewitt Poole Jellet, Q.C., esq., and dau. of the late Sir Matthew Barrington, bart.

At Peckham, S.E., aged 64, Esther, widow of the Rev. John Pain, of Horn-castle, Lincolnshire.

At Greenbank, Liverpool, aged 81, William Rathbone, esq. The deceased, who had for more than half a century been intimately associated with the commercial and political history of Liverpool, was one of the genuine "merchant princes" of Liverpool, and in politics he was for upwards of 50 years one of the most energetic members of the Liberal party. He was Mayor in 1836, and for many years he took a prominent position

in the government of the town, and he was also a magistrate for co. Lancaster. He was descended from a Quaker family, but in early life he joined the Unitarian body. Mr. Rathbone was married, and has left three sons.

At Bishop Middleham, co. Durham, Maria, wife of the Rev. T. H. Yorke, vicar of Bishop Middleham, and last surviving dau. of the late Major-General the Hon. Mark Napier, fifth son of Francis, 5th Lord Napier.

At Brussels, aged 69, the Dowager Duchess d'Areberg, *née* Princess de Lobkowitz.

Feb. 2. In Chesham place, S.W., aged 59, Sir Norton Joseph Knatchbull, bart. See OBITUARY.

At Stockgrove, aged 80, Col. Henry Hanmer, K.H. He was the fifth son of the late Sir Thomas Hanmer, bart., of Hanmer, co. Flint, by Margaret, dau. of George Kenyon, esq., of Peel Hall, co. Lancaster, and was born in 1789. He was educated at Rugby and St. Peter's Coll., Cambridge; he was a magistrate for Beds, Bucks, and Berks, and served as high sheriff of Bucks in 1854; he sat as M.P. for Aylesbury, 1832-36, and was formerly Lieut.-Col. Royal Horse Guards, and served in the Peninsula. He married, in 1815, Sarah Serra, only dau. of the late Sir Morris Ximenes, of Bear-place, Berks, which lady died in 1847.

At Folkestone, aged 71, the Rev. John Alexander Ross, M.A. He was educated at Trinity Coll., Cambridge, where he graduated B.A., in 1820, and proceeded M.A. in 1823; he was for 17 years curate of Westwell, Kent, and was appointed vicar of that parish in 1839.

At Nottingham, aged 78, the Rev. Robert Langley Sykes.

Very suddenly, aged 73, the Rev. Herbert White, B.D., perpetual curate of Warborough, and formerly fellow of C. C. C., Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1816, M.A. in 1819, and B.D. in 1829.

Feb. 3. At Cheddleton, Staffordshire, Ann, wife of the Rev. A. F. Boucher.

At Charlton Kings, near Cheltenham, Louisa Jane, wife of the Rev. F. D. Gilby. At Whitewell, Herts, aged 75, Capt. Benjamin Hore.

At Rome, aged 77, the Rev. Henry Morrall, M.A. He was the son of the late Charles Morrall, esq., of Plas Yolyn, co. Salop, and was born in 1791; he was educated at B.N.C., Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1811, and M.A. in 1814.

In Osnaburgh-street, Regent's park, aged 74, Dr. Charles Searle, F.R.C.S.E., late of the Madras Service.

Feb. 4. At Albury, Oxfordshire, aged

74, the Hon. and Rev. Frederick Bertie, rector. He was the youngest son of Willoughby, 4th Earl of Abingdon, by Charlotte, dau. of Admiral Sir Peter Warren, and was born in Feb., 1793. He was educated at Westminster School and at Jesus Coll., Cambridge, where he graduated M.A. in 1816; he had been rector of Wytham, Berks, since 1818; rector of Albury, Oxon, and incumbent of South Hinkley, Oxon, since 1820. The rev. gentleman married Lady Georgiana, second dau. of Lord Mark Kerr and the Countess of Antrim, by whom he has left issue.

At Clifton, Anne Montgomery, widow of Major Birch, of the 65th Regt.

At Adlington Vicarage, Cumberland, aged 58, the Rev. Edward Brown, vicar.

At Rutland-gate, aged 71, Henrietta Fox, last surviving dau. of the late Col. and Lady Anne Fox, and granddau. of Barry, Earl of Farnham.

At Eritford, Salisbury, the Rev. Richard Humphry Hill, vicar. He was educated at Magdalen Coll., Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1846, and proceeded M.A., in 1849, B.C.L. 1852, and D.C.L. 1854; he was for some years head master of Beaumaris Grammar School, and was appointed vicar of Britford in 1849.

At the convent of New Hall, Chelmsford, aged 30, Paulina Mary Jerningham. She was the eldest dau. of Rear-Admiral Jerningham, and was a professed nun of the order of the Holy Sepulchre.

At Folkestone, aged 33, the Rev. Henry Walter, B.A., of University Coll., Durham, youngest son of William Walter, esq., of Surbiton-hill, Surrey.

Feb. 5. At Cheltenham, Dr. Frederick Corbyn, H.M.'s Bengal Service, late Civil Surgeon of Bareilly.

At Blechingdon, aged 57, the Rev. Thomas Dand, M.A., rector. He was educated at Queen's Coll., Oxford, where he graduated B.A., in 1832, and proceeded M.A. in 1836. He was appointed rector of Blechingdon in 1846, and was formerly Fellow of his college.

At Frogmore Park, Blackwater, Hants, aged 49, Elizabeth Georgiana FitzRoy, second dau. of the late Admiral Lord William FitzRoy, K.C.B.

At Hornsey, Middlesex, aged 82, Isabella, last surviving dau. of John Nichols, esq., F.S.A., the historian of Leicestershire, and formerly editor of THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE. Miss Nichols was distinguished by good sense, a very retentive memory, and by a disposition of great geniality and benevolence. Though herself unmarried, she had for many years acted a mother's part towards a large circle of nephews and nieces. At Horn-

sey, where she had resided for a quarter of a century, she was universally esteemed and beloved. The family vault in Islington churchyard having been closed by public authority, her body was interred in the Highgate Cemetery.

At Arnside, Westmoreland, aged 60, John Summerscales, esq., solicitor, of Higher-field, Werneth, Oldham, Lancashire. He was admitted an attorney and solicitor in Trinity Term, 1828, so that he has been in practice forty years, and, with one exception, was the senior practitioner in Oldham. He was mainly instrumental in obtaining the passing of the act to establish the Court of Requests for Oldham, of which he was appointed clerk by the magistrates of the county assembled in quarter sessions, at Salford, in the year 1839. He continued to act as the clerk of the Court of Requests until the passing of the County Courts Acts 1847, and he was then appointed the Registrar of the Courts of Oldham and Saddleworth. He retained the office until a short time ago, when he resigned it in December 1867. In politics Mr. Summerscales was a thorough Conservative, and for a long series of years he conducted the county registration of the Oldham polling district gratuitously.—*Law Times*.

Feb. 6. At Rahinston, co. Meath, aged 70, Robert Fowler, esq. He was the eldest son of the Rt. Rev. Robert Fowler, D.D., Bishop of Ossory, by the Hon. Louisa Gardiner, eldest dau. of the late Viscount Mountjoy, and sister of Charles John, late Earl of Blessington. He was born in 1797, and was educated at Westminster and at Christ Church, Oxford; he was a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant of co. Meath, and was formerly vice-lieutenant of that county. He married, first, in 1820, Jane, eldest dau. of John Crichton, and sister of John, 3rd Earl of Erne (she died in 1828); and secondly, in 1831, Lady Harriet Eleanor, eldest dau. of James, 2nd Earl of Ormonde.

At Bristol, aged 72, Mr. Wm. Herapath, the well-known toxicologist. The deceased was the son of a maltster, and for some little time followed the occupation of his father. He had, however, a strong inclination for scientific pursuits, and he devoted himself to the study of chemistry. Nearly forty years ago he gained a reputation by his analysis in a case in which a woman named Burdock was convicted at Bristol upon circumstantial evidence of poisoning. In the more celebrated case of Palmer, of Rugeley, Mr. Herapath was a witness, and he had also been concerned in many other important criminal and civil trials. Mr. Herapath was also a decided

politician. In the period of the Reform agitation of 1831, when the disastrous riots took place at Bristol, he was the president of the body then known as the "Political Union," and he exerted such power as he possessed to stop the tumultuous proceedings which then took place. On the passing of the Municipal Reform Act, Mr. Herapath became a member of the Town Council; but with advancing years he ceased to be a Radical, and was at last expelled from the ward which he had long represented. Mr. Herapath was the senior magistrate for Bristol.

At Roden House, Hornsey-lane, N., aged 60, John Peachey, esq., solicitor, of Frederick's-place, Old Jewry.

Feb. 7. At Shipbourne Lodge, Tunbridge, aged 81, Frances Harriet Dowager Viscountess Torrington. Her ladyship, who was the second dau. of the late Admiral Sir Robert Barlow, G.C.B., and married, in October, 1811, George, 6th Viscount Torrington, by whom (who died in June, 1831), she had issue six children.

At Neville Lodge, Grove-end-road, St. John's-wood, aged 67, Mr. Wm. Batty, proprietor, and formerly manager, of Astley's Amphitheatre.

At Cheltenham, aged 51, Alfred Horworth Cheke, esq., late Inspector-Gen. of Hospitals H.M.'s Indian Army.

In Harcourt-street, aged 77, Admiral Theobald Jones. He was the second son of the late Rev. James Jones, rector of Urney, co. Tyrone, by Lydia, dau. of Theobald Wolfe, esq., and was born in 1790. He entered the navy in 1803, and in the following year was twice engaged as midshipman in the bombardment of Havre. He afterwards served at the passage of the Dardanelles, and was made lieutenant in 1809, and in that capacity was employed in the North Sea and Channel, and also in the Mediterranean, where, in 1810, he shared in a very gallant skirmish with the Toulon fleet. He was promoted to commander in 1814, and commanded the *Cherokee*, on the Leith station, from 1819 until 1822; and from May, 1827, until posted, in Aug., 1828, he was second captain in the *Prince Regent*, at the Nore. He became an admiral on the retired list in 1865. In politics the deceased admiral was a Conservative, and represented co. Londonderry in Parliament from 1830 to 1857.

At Corsham, Wiltshire, Arthur Wm. Lamprey, esq., eldest son of the late Rev. G. W. Lamprey, rector of Ballintemple, co. Wicklow.

At Doddin Green, Westmoreland, of paralysis, aged 83, the Rev. Robert Harth, elder brother of the late Right Rev.

Dr. Wm. Hogarth, Roman Catholic Bishop of Hexham. He was the son of a Westmoreland yeoman, and was born in the same house where he died, Jan. 15, 1785; he received his early education at the College of Douay; and we believe he was the last survivor of the alumni of that college before it was scattered by the outburst of the French Revolution. He completed his education at Crook Hall, and at Ushaw College, near Durham, where he was ordained priest in 1809. At Ushaw he was the pupil of the historian Lingard, and the tutor of Cardinal Wiseman. In 1810 he accepted the mission of Carlton, Yorkshire, whence, some twelve years later, he was removed to Burton Constable. In 1861 he was transferred to the pastoral charge of Doddin Green, where he remained until the close of his life. He said his last mass on the 31st of January, and was seized next day with his last illness. He was buried on the 12th, at Doddin Green, the last offices of his church being performed by the Rev. Dr. Chadwick, the present Roman Catholic Bishop of Hexham. R.I.P.

The Lady Louisa Lees, wife of the Rev. John Lees, rector of Annaghdown, co. Galway, and sister to the Earl of Huntington.

At Treeton, Yorkshire, aged 41, Isabella, wife of the Rev. B. E. Watkins.

Feb. 8. At Ulcombe, Kent, aged 42, the Rev. Pierce Butler. He was the only surviving son of the late Hon. Lieut.-Gen. Henry Edward Butler, by his first wife, Jane, dau. of the late Clotworthy Gowan, esq., and was born in 1826. He was formerly military chaplain in the Crimea, and married, in 1861, Catherine Twisden, second dau. of the late Rev. Sir W. M. Smith-Marriott, bart.

At Hoyland Swaine, Penistone, aged 73, Frances, widow of John Barwis, esq., of Langrigg Hall, Cumberland.

At Alesford Hall, Colchester, aged 51, William Warwick Hawkins, esq. He was the eldest son of the late William Hawkins, esq., of Colchester, by Mary Anne, dau. of the late John Warwick, esq., of Cumrue, Cumberland, and was born in 1816. He was a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant for Essex, and a director of the Great Eastern Railway. Mr. Hawkins was for many years an active politician on the Conservative side; and took a leading part in election matters both in the borough and in North Essex. He represented Colchester in Parliament from 1852 to 1857. He married in 1842, Jane Harriet, dau. of the late Francis Smythies, esq., of The Turrets, Colchester, but has left no issue.

At Vienna, aged 55, Laura Maria, widow of Major-Gen. R. Henderson, C.B., Madras Engineers.

At Coventry, aged 69, Thos. Soden, esq.

Feb. 9. In Cornwall-road, Westbourne-park, Margaret Mary, wife of Major-Gen. J. Read Brown, Madras Cavalry.

At Northfield, Annan, N.B., aged 57, William Maxwell Dirom, esq., son of the late Lieut.-General Dirom, of Mount Annan, Dumfriesshire, and late of the Bengal Civil Service.

At Ryde, aged 30, the Rev. Charles Harington, rector of Stoke Lacy, Herefordshire, second son of the late Rev. R. Harington, D.D., formerly Principal of Brasenose Coll., Oxford.

At Axminster, Devon, Frances M. D., wife of Major F. Mould, R.E., and dau. of Col. Sillery, of Axminster.

At Spaynes Hall, Essex, aged 76, John Way, esq. He was the second son of the late Gregory Lewis Way, esq., of Spencer Farm, Essex, by Ann Frances, only dau. of the Rev. Wm. Paxton, rector of Taplow, Bucks, and was born in 1791. He was educated at Eton, and was a magistrate for Essex. The deceased gentleman, who was unmarried, is succeeded in his estates by his brother, the Rev. Charles John Way, M.A., of Trinity Coll., Cambridge, vicar of Boreham, Essex.

Feb. 10. At Allerly, Melrose, aged 87, Sir David Brewster, K.H., D.C.L. See OBITUARY.

At Medbourne, Leicestershire, aged 38, the Rev. William John Baker, M.A. He was the second son of John Law Baker, esq., and was educated at St. John's Coll., Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1853, and proceeded M.A. in 1856.

At Edinburgh, Capt. Thomas Chrystie, R.N. The deceased, who was one of the ancient family of Balchrystie, in the parish of Newburn, co. Fife, entered the navy in 1800, and on board the *Ajax*, attended the expeditions to Belleisle, Ferrol, Cadiz, and Egypt. After serving in the *Unicorn* and *Ethalion* frigates, he joined the *Defiance*, and shared in the battle of Trafalgar. Afterwards, until 1808, he served in the *Eurydice*, *Snapper*, *Royal Sovereign*, and *Valorous*. Proceeding then to the West Indies in the *Gloire*, he joined the *Neptune*, bearing the flag of his old captain, Sir Alexander Cochrane, and in that ship served on shore at the reduction of Martinique in 1809. Serving subsequently in the *Wolverine* and the *Félicité*, he joined the *César*, and in 1810 was sent with a party of seamen to assist in the defence of the lines at Torres Vedras. In 1811 he was appointed to the *Sceptre*, and in the following year he cap-

tured while in command of the boats of that ship, a fort of eight guns in Quiberon Bay, where he further destroyed several vessels that had taken shelter under its walls, and defeated two bodies of militia, armed with two field-pieces, one of which was taken and thrown into the sea. Afterwards, actively employed in the *Chesapeake*, he accompanied in 1814 and 1815, as first lieutenant of the *Alceste*, troopship, the force sent against New Orleans. Since that date Captain Chrystie had not been officially employed.

At East Farndon, Northamptonshire, aged 55, the Rev. Henry Heming, M.A. He was educated at St. John's Coll., Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1834, and proceeded M.A. in 1838; he was appointed rector of Farndon in 1855, and was formerly incumbent of Northmoor, Oxon, and Fellow of his College.

At Cannes, South of France, aged 54, Julia Frances Laura, wife of the Hon. Francis Scott, of Sendhurst Grange, Surrey. She was the dau. of the late Rev. Charles Boulton, by Laura Wyndham, sister to the late Earl of Egremont, and was married to the Hon. Mr. Scott in 1835.

At Birkenhead, aged 70, Walter Horrocks Whitehead, esq., late Commander H.E.C.S. The deceased was one of the descendants of a family which has attained an historical eminence in the annals of Lancashire industry. He was, if we err not, the last surviving captain of the old East India Company's traders. He entered the company's service when a boy, but his merits were so conspicuous as to secure him a captaincy at an unusually early age. He was a brave officer, singularly insensible to fear. His Indian voyages introduced him to merchants and officers of the Crown (many of them have since achieved high positions in the State), who, upon his retirement from the company's service, and establishing with Mr. Whitaker the firm of Messrs. Whitaker, Whitehead & Co., colonial brokers, rallied around him in his new vocation. His father was a partner in the firm of Horrockses, Whitehead, and Miller, of Preston, and his mother was a dau. of John Horrocks, the founder of cotton manufactures in that town, and sister to John and Samuel Horrocks, both of whom represented Preston in Parliament.—*Liverpool Daily Post*.

Feb. 11. At Torquay, aged 88, Charles Delves Broughton, esq. He was the fourth son of the late Rev. Sir Thomas Delves Broughton, bart., of Broughton Hall, Staffordshire, and Doddington Park, Cheshire (who died in 1813), by his first wife Mary, dau. of John Wicker, esq., of Horsham,

Sussex, and was born in 1788; he married, first, Mary Anne, dau. of M. Atkinson, esq., of Maple-Hayes, co. Stafford (she died in 1822), and secondly, in 1825, Caroline, dau. of Col. William Greene, Auditor-General in Bengal.

The Rev. R. L. Brown, rector of Kelsale-cum-Carlton, Suffolk. He was educated at St. John's Coll., Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1808, and M.A. in 1819. He was appointed rector of Saxmundham and Kelsale in 1826.

At Ballynure, Catherine, wife of Henry Carroll, esq., of Ballynure, co. Wicklow. She was the dau. of David Mitchell, esq., of St. Anne's, Jamaica, and was married to Mr. Carroll in 1822.

Aged 30, George William Fairbrother Drought, esq. He was the eldest son of the Rev. J. W. F. Drought, of Glencarrig House, co. Wicklow, by Anna Maria, dau. of the late Richard Reynell, esq., of Killynnyon, co. Westmeath, and was born in 1838; he was a magistrate for co. Wicklow, and captain King's Co. Royal Rifles.

Aged 61, Francis Godfray, esq., of Jersey, barrister-at-law, of Gray's-inn, Senior Advocate at the Jersey bar, and for upwards of thirty years an active member of the Legislative Assembly of the said island.

At Church-Langton, Leicestershire, aged 82, the Rev. William Hanbury, M.A. He was educated at Ch. Ch., Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1806, and proceeded M.A. in 1809; he was appointed rector of Harborough-Magna in 1809, rector of St. Ebbe's, Oxford, in 1816.

In Park-street, Grosvenor-square, Henrietta Frances St. John, widow of the Rev. G. F. St. John, of Manston, Blandford.

At Brighton, aged 76, Michael Walker, esq., late assistant hydrographer, Admiralty, Whitehall.

At Hull, aged 66, Mr. G. J. Skelton, organist. The deceased was the son of the late Mr. George Skelton, organist at Lincoln Cathedral, and was a pupil under the late Sir H. Bishop; he was introduced to Hull about the year 1830, and elected as leader (on the violin) of the old Choral Society, which was established in 1824; he was for some years organist of George-street Baptist Chapel, and after that of the Waltham-street Chapel. In 1838 he succeeded Mr. Lambert as organist at Holy Trinity Church, which office he retained to his death. He was one of the founders of the Hull Vocal Society, of which he was chosen conductor, and continued to retain that position to his last.

Feb. 12. At Carelew, aged 83, Sir Charles Lemon, bart. See OBITUARY.

At Cambridge, suddenly, by the acci-

dental discharge of his gun, aged 22, the Hon. James Henry Gordon. He was the second son of George John, 5th Earl of Aberdeen, by Mary, second dau. of the late George Baillie, esq., of Jerviswood, N.B., and was born in 1845. The deceased, who was heir-presumptive to the Earldom of Aberdeen, was an undergraduate of Trinity Coll., Cambridge; he was a member of the University rifle corps, of which he was a crack shot; he also rowed in the last match between the two Universities.

At Clifton, aged 17, Evelyn, only dau. of E. G. Broderip, esq., of Cossington Manor, Somerset.

In Nottingham - place, Regent's - park, aged 78, Lieut.-Col. Morgan Charles Chase, late of the 1st Madras Light Cavalry.

At Portobello, Edinburgh, Caroline, wife of Lieut.-Col. R. W. Fraser.

At Stockport, aged 83, Mr. James Lomax, proprietor and editor of the *Stockport Advertiser*.

At St. Leonard's-on-Sea, aged 68, Cecil, third dau. of the late William Thomas St. Quintin, esq., of Scampston Hall, Malton, Yorkshire.

At Stirling, Cecilia Bythessea, widow of the Rev. E. Weigall, M.A., incumbent of Buxton, Derbyshire.

At Llangibby Rectory, aged 37, the Rev. Edward Addams Williams, rector of Llangibby, Monmouthshire. He was educated at Jesus Coll., Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1852; he was for some time curate of Llangibby, and was appointed rector in 1862.

Feb. 13. At Lewes, Sussex, Col. James B. Barnett, late of the Madras Army, grandson of the late Hon. S. W. Barnett, of the Island of Jamaica.

At Cheltenham, aged 79, Admiral Francis Erskine Loch. He was the youngest son of the late George Loch, esq., of Drylaw, co. Edinburgh, by Mary, dau. of John Adam, esq., of Blair, N.B., and was born in 1783. He entered the Navy in 1799, and served at the blockade of Genoa; he was also present at the capture of Monte Video, and in the unsuccessful attack on Buenos Ayres. He was afterwards employed on the coast of Spain. In 1841 he was appointed superintendent of quarantine at Standgate Creek, in the Medway, and he became a naval aide-de-camp to the Queen in 1847, and an admiral on the reserved half-pay list in 1862. He married, in 1822, Jesse, dau. of Major Robertson, by whom he has left issue several children.

At Stuttgart, Würtemberg, aged 67, Major-General Baron F. W. Pergler von Perglas, father of Baron W. Pergler von Perglas, son-in-law of the late Sir Henry

Dryden, Bart., of Canons Ashby, Northamptonshire.

At Tenby, Letitia, widow of the Rev. Evan Morgan, vicar of Llantrisant, Glamorganshire.

At Ilfracombe, North Devon, aged 29, William Garnett Thomas, youngest son of Sir John Thomas, knt.

At Bournemouth, aged 51, Jane, wife of the Rev. R. Payne, vicar of Downton.

At Dane Court, Thanet, aged 74, Elizabeth Anne, wife of R. S. Tomlin, esq.

At Plymouth, aged 59, Capt. Trannack.

Feb. 14. In Warwick-square, S.W., aged 69, the Lady Henry Spencer Churchill, widow of William Whateley, esq., Q.C. She was the eldest dau. of the Rev. Edward Nares, D.D., and Lady Charlotte Spencer, and after the death of her first husband, Lord Henry Spencer Churchill, in May, 1828, she married, in Aug., 1834, Mr. Whateley.

At Preston, Hugh Henshall Broughton, esq., M.D., J.P. for Lancashire and the W. Riding of Yorkshire.

At Lamport Hall, aged 6 years, Isabel Vere, youngest dau. of Sir C. Isham, bart.

In Mildmay-park, aged 38, Marianne Augusta King, youngest dau. of the late Admiral the Hon. J. W. King.

At Clapham, aged 77, Capt. J. R. Woodriff, R.N.

Feb. 15. In Upper Brook-street, aged 60, Laura, the wife of Lord Cranworth. Her ladyship was the youngest dau. of the late Thomas William Carr, esq., of Frogna, Hampstead, and was married in 1845.

At Sydenham, aged 65, Anne Frances, eldest dau. of the late Rev. T. W. Barlow, canon of Bristol.

At Cheltenham, suddenly, of disease of the heart, aged 58, Edward Mathew Curre, esq., of Itton Court, Monmouthshire. He was the only surviving son of the late Wm. Curre, esq., of Itton Court (who died in 1855), by Mary, dau. of John Bushby, esq., of Tinwald Downs, co. Dumfries, and was born in 1809. He was a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant for Monmouthshire, and served as High Sheriff of that county in 1859. He married, in 1854, Annie, second dau. of Thomas King, esq., of Chepstow, by whom he has left issue. His eldest son and heir, William Edward Curre, was born in 1855.

At Plymouth, aged 83, Parry Mitchell, esq., a retired major in the army.

At Nenthorn House, Berwickshire, aged 67, Frederick Lewis Roy, esq., of Nenthorn. He was the second son of the late Wm. Roy, esq., of Nenthorn (who died in 1825), by Isabella, youngest dau. of the late Hon. Frederick Lewis Maitland, and

was born in 1800. He was educated at Edinburgh University, was a magistrate for co. Berwick, and married his cousin, Margaret Louisa, second dau. of the late Charles Maitland Makgill, esq., of Rankelour, co. Fife.

At Bishop Middleham, aged 83, the Rev. Thomas Henry Yorke, vicar. He was the second son of the late Thomas Yorke, esq., of Halton Place, Yorkshire, and was born in 1785. He was educated at University College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1807, and proceeded M.A. in 1810; he was appointed vicar of Bishop Middleham in 1813, and was rector of St. Cuthbert's, York, from 1818 to 1859.

Feb. 17. At Lee, of heart disease, aged 42, Arthur Knox, M.A., youngest son of the late Rev. Thomas Knox, D.D., of Tunbridge.

At Bishopwearmouth, aged 65, the Rev. Richard Skipsey, vicar. He was educated at Queen's Coll, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1828; he was appointed vicar of St. Thomas', Bishopwearmouth, in 1844.

Feb. 18. At Norwich, Mr. Arthur Dalrymple, clerk of the peace for that city, and secretary of the Norwich Waterworks Company.

Feb. 19. In Sussex Place, Hyde-park-gardens, after a few days' illness, aged 64, Sir Wm. Shee, knt. one of the Justices of the Court of Queen's Bench. The deceased was the eldest son of the late Joseph Shee, esq., of Thomastown, co. Kilkenny, by Teresa, dau. of John Darell, esq., of Scotney Castle, Kent. He was born in 1804, educated at Ushaw Roman Catholic College and at Edinburgh University, and was called to the Bar, at Lincoln's Inn, in 1828, and went the Home Circuit, of which he ultimately became the leader. He was created Serjeant-at-law in 1840, and became Queen's Serjeant in 1845. In 1864 he was appointed a Judge of the Court of Queen's Bench, on which occasion he was knighted. At the general election, in 1847, he was an unsuccessful candidate for Marylebone. In 1852 he was returned to the House of Commons for Kilkenny, which he represented till 1857, and unsuccessfully contested Kilkenny at the general election that year. The learned Judge married, in 1837, Mary, dau. of the late Sir James Gordon,

Bar., of Gordonstown, N.B., and by her, who died in 1861, has left issue two sons and two daughters.

Aged 71, Julia, Dowager Countess of Glasgow. Her ladyship was third dau. of the Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair, 1st bart., of Ulster, by his second wife, the Hon. Diana Macdonald, dau. of Alexander Lord Macdonald. She was born June 16, 1796, and was married (as his second wife) to George, 4th Earl of Glasgow, in Nov., 1824, and had issue the Hon. George F. Boyle, who is married to the Hon. Montagu Abercromby, only dau. of George Ralph, 3rd Lord Abercromby; and Lady Diana, wife of Mr. John Slaney-Pakington, eldest son of the Right Hon. Sir John Pakington, bart. George, 4th Earl of Glasgow, died in 1843, and was succeeded by James, his son by a previous marriage with Augusta, dau. of James, 13th Earl of Erroll.

Lately. At Washington, Bernard Marigny, the last representative of the once-famous Creole aristocracy of New Orleans. He was the descendant of an ancient Norman family; and was born in New Orleans in 1784. While Louis Philippe resided in the United States, he found a home with the family of M. Marigny, by whom he was entertained in a manner befitting his position. M. Marigny was a man of most extravagant habits, and succeeded in "running through" what was once the most magnificent fortune in the South-west.

At Trinidad, aged 75, Thomas Anderson, esq., M.D. and J.P.

In the Island of Scalpay, Harris, N.B., aged 103, Kenneth MacInnis, an elder in the Free Church of Scotland.

In Moscow, from inflammation of the lungs, the Czarina of Georgia, Anna-Paulowna, wife of the Czarewitch Okropir, daughter-in-law of the last Czar of Georgia, George XIII., born Countess of Koutaissof. The deceased was well known for her great erudition and benevolence. She was acquainted with all the remarkable personages of the 19th century; was a pleasing writer, and so excellent a composer that Meyerbeer, in speaking of her songs, said, "I should like to have produced them." She had resided for some years before her death in Moscow, where she was much esteemed.

REGISTRAR-GENERAL'S RETURNS.
 Births and Deaths Registered, and METEOROLOGY in the following large Towns.

Boroughs, &c.	Estimated Population in the middle of the year 1868.	Persons to an acre (1868).	Deaths registered during the week.	Deaths registered during the week.	TEMPERATURE OF THE AIR (Fahrenheit).				Rain-fall in inches.	TEMPERATURE OF THE AIR (Fahrenheit).				Deaths registered during the week.	Deaths registered during the week.	Rain-fall in inches.
					Highest during the week.	Lowest during the week.	Weekly mean of the mean daily values.	Highest during the week.		Lowest during the week.	Weekly mean of the mean daily values.					
JANUARY 18.																
Total of 11 large Towns.	5,922,998	47·8	4174	3191	56·2	29·0	44·6	1·2	4420	3027	55·1	22·5	36·8	0·99		
London (Metropolis)	3,126,635	40·1	2202	1596	51·9	33·6	44·9	0·79	2323	1395	47·7	26·3	37·4	2·03		
Bristol (City)	167,487	35·7	107	88	53·9	32·5	46·2	2·95	134	87	47·0	26·0	38·1	1·07		
Birmingham (Borough)	352,296	45·0	235	162	55·2	31·4	44·8	0·75	264	163	47·9	27·5	38·0	1·01		
Liverpool (Borough)	500,676	98·0	389	345	55·9	38·0	46·0	0·31	402	304	45·6	27·7	37·2	0·45		
Manchester (City)	366,835	81·8	237	224	55·0	30·8	43·6	0·79	270	267	46·0	26·0	37·1	0·85		
Salford (Borough)	117,162	22·7	80	67	55·3	30·8	44·3	0·81	79	62	45·4	25·3	36·7	0·86		
Leeds (Borough)	236,746	11·0	241	107	55·0	33·5	44·1	0·39	186	105	50·0	23·5	36·6	0·58		
Hull (Borough)	108,269	30·4	90	55	54·0	29·0	41·7	0·43	105	47	45·0	25·0	35·0	0·32		
Edinburgh (City)	177,939	40·0	133	94	53·7	33·2	43·2	1·30	192	106	43·7	25·0	34·9	1·10		
Glasgow (City)	449,868	88·9	805	273	54·1	34·6	43·5	4·36	336	264	55·1	22·5	34·4	2·14		
Dublin (City & some suburbs)	319,985	32·8	155	158	56·2	34·0	46·8	0·79	219	227	52·0	31·4	40·1	0·50		
FEBRUARY 1.																
Total of 11 large Towns.	5,922,998	47·8	4357	2960	55·9	27·0	43·4	1·22	4498	2842	54·0	24·5	40·8	0·91		
London (Metropolis)	3,126,635	40·1	2264	1894	55·0	29·8	42·7	0·51	2397	1394	50·9	31·1	41·2	0·36		
Bristol (City)	167,487	35·7	118	90	53·3	32·6	44·0	0·46	141	50	51·6	33·0	42·2	0·56		
Birmingham (Borough)	352,296	45·0	228	164	55·0	34·6	43·9	0·44	253	139	49·1	33·0	41·7	0·62		
Liverpool (Borough)	500,676	98·0	409	302	53·1	37·5	44·8	0·46	407	282	48·6	32·4	40·8	0·75		
Manchester (City)	366,835	81·8	271	202	55·0	31·5	43·1	0·91	284	201	49·4	33·0	41·3	0·65		
Salford (Borough)	117,162	22·7	82	74	53·3	32·6	43·6	1·05	91	58	49·3	32·1	41·3	0·60		
Leeds (Borough)	236,746	11·0	171	110	55·0	31·5	44·2	1·73	222	94	53·0	24·5	41·2	0·52		
Hull (Borough)	108,269	30·4	89	50	53·0	27·0	41·3	0·51	81	42	54·0	30·0	39·6	0·70		
Edinburgh (City)	177,939	40·0	112	92	51·7	33·0	42·4	1·00	117	99	48·7	31·0	38·5	1·80		
Glasgow (City)	449,868	88·9	355	276	53·1	30·6	42·5	5·93	325	247	49·5	22·5	41·1	2·99		
Dublin (City & some suburbs)	319,985	32·8	162	206	55·9	33·1	45·6	0·52	180	196	51·4	27·8	41·5	0·41		

METEOROLOGICAL DIARY, BY H. GOULD, late W. CARY, 181, STRAND.
 From January 24, 1868, to February 23, 1868, inclusive.

Day of Month.	Thermometer.			Barom.		Weather.	Day of Month.	Thermometer.			Barom.		Weather.
	8 o'clock Morning.	Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	in.	pts.			8 o'clock Morning.	Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	in.	pts.	
Jan. 24	36	39	37	29.	98	foggy, fair, rn.	9	32	41	40	30.	44	fair
25	40	48	43	29.	50	fair	10	44	51	40	30.	42	do.
26	39	44	38	29.	08	do.	11	43	51	41	30.	40	cloudy, rain
27	35	41	40	29.	58	clo., heavy rn.	12	35	45	42	30.	35	foggy, fair
28	47	50	47	29.	88	do., do., do.	13	40	49	44	30.	24	fair
29	37	46	38	30.	08	do., fair	14	44	49	45	30.	08	do., cloudy
30	38	48	47	30.	12	fair	15	44	46	38	30.	04	clo., rain, clo.
31	49	52	50	29.	83	do., cloudy	16	39	46	38	30.	42	fair
F. 1	52	54	45	29.	27	rain, fair	17	38	49	40	30.	24	do.
2	43	48	48	29.	87	fair, rain	18	44	49	44	29.	94	cloudy, rain
3	44	44	38	30.	03	do.	19	45	48	40	29.	48	rain
4	37	49	48	30.	24	do.	20	38	48	41	29.	94	clo., fair, rain
5	44	48	47	30.	22	do.	21	47	53	44	29.	87	rain, cloudy
6	43	48	46	30.	23	do.	22	44	48	43	29.	71	do.
7	43	48	45	29.	83	rain, fair	23	38	43	44	30.	19	fair
8	44	44	36	29.	87	do., cloudy							

DAILY CLOSING PRICE OF STOCKS.

Jan. and Feb.	3 per Cent. Consols.	3 per Cent. Reduced.	New 3 per Cents.	Bank Stock.	Exch. Bills £1,000.	East India Stock.	India Bonds £1,000.	India 5 per Cent. St.
Jan. 23	92 3/4	93	93	248 45	23 26 pm.	Shut.	35 40 pm.	112 1/2
24	92 3/4	93	93	...	23 27 pm.
25	92 3/4	93	93
27	93 1/4	93 1/4	93 1/4	244 46
28	93 1/4	93 1/4	93 1/4	38 42 pm.	111 3/4 12 1/4
29	93 1/4	93 1/4	93 1/4	246 48	22 26 pm.	...	40 45 pm.	...
30	93 1/4	93 1/4	93 1/4	247 49	40 50 pm.	...
31	93 1/4	93 1/4	93 1/4	246 48	40 45 pm.	...
F. 1	93 1/4	93 1/4	93 1/4	247 49	22 25 pm.
3	93 1/4	93 1/4	93 1/4
4	93 1/4	93 1/4	93 1/4	...	21 25 pm.
5	93 1/4	93 1/4	93 1/4
6	93 1/4	93 1/4	93 1/4	248 50
7	93 1/4	93 1/4	93 1/4
8	93 1/4	93 1/4	93 1/4	...	20 24 pm.
10	93 1/4	93 1/4	93 1/4
11	93 1/4	93 1/4	93 1/4	38 43 pm.	...
12	93 1/4	93 1/4	93 1/4	35 40 pm.	...
13	93 1/4	93 1/4	93 1/4
14	93 1/4	93 1/4	93 1/4	...	18 22 pm.
15	93 1/4	93 1/4	93 1/4
17	92 3/4	93	93	...	15 20 pm.
18	92 3/4	93	93
19	92 3/4	93	93	...	12 17 pm.
20	92 3/4	93	93
21	93	93	93
22	93	93	93	112 1/4

J. B. HEWITT,
 3, Crown Court,
 Threadneedle Street.

THE
Gentleman's Magazine

AND
HISTORICAL REVIEW.

APRIL, 1868.

NEW SERIES. *Aliusque et idem.—Hor.*

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BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENT.

The Editor has reason to hope for a continuance of the useful and valuable aid which his predecessors have received from correspondents in all parts of the country ; and he trusts that they will further the object of the New Series, by extending, as much as possible, the subjects of their communications : remembering that his pages will be always open to well-selected inquiries and replies on matters connected with Genealogy, Heraldry, Topography, History, Biography, Philology, Folk-lore, Art, Science, Books, and General Literature.

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S. U.

The Gentleman's Magazine

AND

HISTORICAL REVIEW.

Auspice Musâ.—*Hor.*

MADEMOISELLE MATHILDE.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE LAST OF ST. MALO.



MATHILDE had not much trouble. She was at old St. Malo, and knew every house in the town; and indeed there were many poor shipwrights' and fishermen's wives, both in that quarter next the Sille, and in St. Servan, who knew her also through her good works. The tenants of her father's houses were a little shy towards her, for there were arrears of rent; and unless history lies, there was a general disinclination through France for those few years to the paying of rent. The first on whom she called began to talk about repairs; and had no room for her, most unfortunately, at that particular time. The second could have taken her in, but had no room for her servants; but learning that Mademoiselle's main object was merely to hire a carriage, grew over-pressingly polite, and reminded her of her father's tenant and friend, Laroche, the post-master, who would doubtless serve her. This gentleman was so exceedingly delighted at her having said nothing about the rent, that he insisted on accompanying her down the street in a scull-cap, dressing-gown, and slippers, to show her a house which she knew perfectly well—quite as well as he did. "Hola, hi! M. Laroche," he cried, when he was opposite to it, "here is an old friend, indeed!" And when Laroche came

out, he kissed his hand to Mademoiselle, and skipped gracefully back again.

Laroche came out, and looked at them,—a square-looking old man, whom Adèle and she had always disliked, because he was very abrupt and cross with them. She said,—

“How do you do, M. Laroche?”

He replied, “Now what the devil brings *you* here?”

“I am only come for a carriage, M. Laroche. I suppose you will let me have one?”

“I suppose I had better. You want an airing; a drive along the Dol road. Yes, I will give you a carriage.”

“I want to go——”

“S——! You are going to Dol, do you hear? You are on your first stage to Paris to your father. Are you mad?”

“Certainly, M. Laroche,” said Mathilde, with tact.

“When do you wish to start?”

“I would gladly start to-night, but I had better start now. We are very tired, and have eaten nothing, and would gladly rest till night. But the Malonins have grown wicked. They have not only arrested my English friend, but they have insulted me. I had nothing to give them but scorn, and I gave them that until it maddened them.”

“Come in to Madame Laroche: rest, and make yourselves at home,” promptly replied Laroche.

Mathilde walked in, head in air, and paid her compliments to Madame Laroche, whom she had known all her life. Madame Laroche never rose to receive her, but took great pains in threading her needle, saying to a beetle-browed young woman who was in the room,—

“These people must eat: they cannot starve. If I undergo suspicion, they cannot starve. What is there in the house for dinner?”

“There is ham and salad, as madame well knows.”

“Can the daughter of the *ci-devant* D’Isigny, the Breton, eat that?” asked Madame Laroche.

Mathilde, seeing Madame’s intention, said, eagerly,—

“No, madame; if madame will allow me to say so. We have been very sea-sick, and are faint from want. Madame, if we could only have a little cold chicken, we would depart at once, and trouble no one.”

Madame took out of her pocket, after long fumbling, an *écu*, and said to the beetle-browed young woman,—

“Go and buy her one, if there be one in this grass-eating town. We owe her father money, and she shall not starve.”

The young woman departed, with a curiously disagreeable look, and as soon as she was gone Madame Laroche, who had been looking steadily at William, pointed her finger at him, pointed to the door, and then put her hand against her ear, as if listening. William did not understand her, and stared stupidly.

But Mrs. Bone did. She quietly opened the door with her right hand and listened, then she turned and nodded to Madame Laroche. This piece of really fine dexterity on the part of Mrs. Bone confirmed William in his foregone conclusion that she was the cleverest of the lot. To his dying day he used to tell that story, as proving how much cleverer women are than men.

The instant after Mrs. Bone had raised her head, Madame Laroche was on Mathilde's neck.

“My well-beloved,” she said, “what madness is this? Why have you come here? And why, of all houses, did you come to this? Do you know that we are suspected? Do you know that Laroche is a violent Royalist, and that you could not possibly have come to a worse house?”

“I know nothing of these things,” said Mathilde, simply. “I only know that I always believed M. Laroche to be a very good man; but he was always *difficile* with us, and so I disliked to come here. M. Benger brought us.”

I cannot reproduce the strong language which Madame Laroche used with regard to M. Benger.

“He used to receive your father's rents, and claims lien on them now. He would ruin us, as he will. We shall be interrogated to-morrow morning for your being here. We talk republicanism to save ourselves, but they know us, and we are ruined.”

“I will write to my father on this,” said Mathilde.

“That is no use. Our time is short, my well-beloved; she will be back with the chicken in a moment. See here: where are you going with your carriage? Speak low: she may be near.”

“To Montauban.”

“Do not go there. It is surrounded by a cordon of patriots. Go to Paris to your father. Go and live in the ruins of your father's château. Go and live among the wolves at La Garaye. Go anywhere but *there*.”

“But, dear madame, you so kind. I promised my father. I

must go ; and therefore I go. Can you tell me why they have arrested Sir Lionel Somers, my friend ?”

“Hush ! Here she comes,” said Madame Laroche. And the beetle-browed young lady came in with the chicken, accompanied by M. Laroche.

It was not a very pleasant dinner. They all sat down together, and William sat next the young woman, to whom he showed, in his insular way, an extreme repugnance ; for which he accounted, when Mrs. Bone taxed him with it afterwards, by saying “that he see at once that she warn’t no good.” What was wanted at this banquet more than anything else, probably, was reticence of speech, in consequence of the presence of the young woman ; which material Mathilde of course supplied, by a petulant objurgation of the authorities who had arrested Sir Lionel Somers, of the miserable deterioration of the once good St. Malonins, by a burst of extreme anger at hearing of the captivity of the King, and by many other extreme indiscretions, which drove her host and hostess nearly mad with fear. She entirely, in her strange way, counterbalanced these indiscretions by saying that she should write to her friend, M. Marat, to-morrow, for *he* could know nothing of such things.

“You know M. Marat, then, Mademoiselle ?” said Laroche, almost eagerly.

“Oh, yes,” said Mathilde. “He and I are very old friends. He is very fond of me, and I of him, though I have often been scolded for liking him.”

“He is a good patriot, Mademoiselle,” said Laroche.

“Yes. He, like myself, loves the people. He is a good patriot, though strange in his ways. I also am strange in my ways. I think that all those who love the people are.”

“Mademoiselle actually knows the patriot Marat, then ?” growled the beetle-browed young woman.

“Bless you, who better ? Why, I nursed him when he was ill in England, and had not one friend, and no money but what my father gave him.”

“That is indeed true,” said Laroche. And the young woman rose and left the room.

“You are safe enough now,” said Laroche. “They will see you through, these precious patriots, now that they know you are friend of Judas Iscariot. Are you going to Montauban ?”

“Yes ; I am going to see to my sister.”

“Get her away from there, and bring her here to one of your father’s houses. She is in great danger. Among the Malonins, and with your friendship for Marat, you may save her. Mind what I say ; I dare say no more. Now, wait quietly for your carriage, and commit no more indiscretions.”

Late in the evening the carriage was waiting on the quay, and her lighter luggage had been passed and fetched ; so she went out. There was a very curious crowd assembled round it, prominent among which was the very advanced patriot with whom we made acquaintance two years or more ago. He was dirtier than before, but much the same. The respectable man whom we called the Girondist was there also, but was not in any great request.

“Here she comes,” said the advanced patriot. “This is the daughter of D’Isigny the Breton, now at last a patriot, the friend of the amiable Marat. See her, and respect her. She is the nurse of Marat, and the friend of the people. Know her again.”

If her mother could only have heard them !

She was as safe among them as if she had been in the Tower of London ; for by all I can gather, the power of that wonderful wolf, Marat, had travelled even as far westward as this. Another thing made her safe. D’Isigny was a Malonin, and they attended to what he did in Paris. Malonin patriots had brought or sent word that D’Isigny had been seen in communication with Marat on distinctly two occasions, and in most friendly talk with Robespierre on certainly one ; they also knew that he had been grossly insulted in the Conciergerie by the aristocrats. D’Isigny was turning to the people, said the men patriots ; the women would not believe a word of it. Had it not been for these facts, I fear that Mathilde would never have been allowed to go on to Montauban.

When Mrs. Bone had got hoisted in, and William was on the box, M. Laroche said to the postilion,—

“Dol.”

“Not at all,” said Mathilde, very loudly ; “I do not want to go to that dirty old place at all. You and your Dols again. I want to go to Montauban, the seat of my brother-in-law, the Marquis de Valognes. He must go first to Dinan, where he must change horses, and then by Vasansdire and Vaurien southward to Montauban, the only decent house left in the country, as it seems to me. It is one thing for these patriots to have burnt my father’s château, though they might have spared *that*, I think, but it is quite another

for them to have burnt La Garaye ; that has ruined their cause for ever. I am to be driven to Montauban."

Rather too emphatic a young lady to be trusted to her own guidance in France in 1792. But she was quite safe. The advanced patriots rather liked temper and emphasis : and Marat's name would have carried her through anything.

Said one, " She is aristocrat at heart still."

Said another, " She never was aristocrat. I know that her father, before he came to the people, set her penances for talking the merest pure patriotism."

Said the first, " There are to be arrests made at Montauban soon : that pear is ripe."

Said the second, " It is true ; but it is in the circle of Rennes. It is no business of ours."

Said another, " But she is good patriot, though extremely indiscreet. Would it not be as well to send to the Rennes committee, and tell them that this woman is good patriot ?"

Another said, " The Rennes men are but half-hearted dogs ; they are not with the people or with the Revolution."

" But the woman will be arrested," said the first speaker.

" Let her be arrested," said our original advanced patriot, who had cursed André Desilles. " She is safer in arrest, for she is very indiscreet. She is a good woman, but she is better in prison than out of it. If she is arrested by the Rennes or central committee, we can act then. Leave it alone."

And so they did not send any one even to answer for Mathilde's identity.

CHAPTER XLIX.

MA SŒUR.

MRS. BONE went to sleep habitually in positions which would have appeared, to any one not so used to her as Mathilde, to be impossible. On this night's journey she surpassed herself. She seemed to slumber most peacefully when going at full speed over a paved road, while all Mathilde's teeth were chattering in her head, and she was holding on by the seat ; on the other hand, when the carriage entered the turf avenue of Montauban, near the middle of the night, and began to roll nearly in dead silence over the grass, Mrs. Bone woke up and got very lively, waking up Mathilde, who was now

dozing off. At the same time William leant back into the carriage and said :

“ We are near the castle, mademoiselle ; if you stand up you can see it.”

So she stood up and looked at it. Styx and Cocytus ! what an awful place ! She shuddered, and laid her hand on the young man’s shoulder.

They had come up the eastern avenue, and the moon was westering and sinking behind the fantastic pinnacles ; the whole building which rose above their path and barred it, was as black as a hearse ; and crowning the catafalque, rushed up the great dominant slate-roofed tower, between them and such dim light as there was in heaven. Mathilde shuddered and sat down once more.

They were not expected, and the household was in bed. William’s ring at the bell broke the midnight silence, and set a wolf, which was prowling among the gaudy flower-beds in the darkness, howling. He was answered by others in the forest, until night was hideous. Mrs. Bone clutched hold of Mathilde, saying :

“ The dogs are howling, my dear, and there is death in the house.”

Mathilde said, quietly : “ It is only the wolves,” which by no means reassured Mrs. Bone.

At last there appeared lights, travelling from window to window, as if through long corridors ; and, after a long parley, the door was opened by a hastily-dressed footman, and they were received by the old major-domo and another.

“ Tell Madame la Marquise that her sister is come,” said Mathilde ; “ and take us to a room with a fire. Is Father Martin here ? If he is, awake him ; and tell him I am here.”

The old major-domo despatched one young man to arouse the necessary servants, and another to put in motion the extremely elaborate machinery necessary for awakening the Marquise. Meanwhile, he himself attended on our somewhat dazed and scared party, and showed them into a drawing-room, which opened into another drawing-room, and then into a picture-gallery, and then into a banquetting-hall, and then into Lord knows what ; but which had an ort of fire still burning in one of its grates.

The major-domo excused himself while he made up the fire and lighted wax-candles.

“ Mademoiselle had not been expected. He hoped that Made-

moiselle would not complain to La Marquise, or still worse to her mother, for her reception. The necessary women would be with her immediately; the necessary young men would be aroused. He hoped, nay, he felt sure, that Mademoiselle would send in her complaint through Father Martin."

"I have no complaint," she said, in French, somewhat wearily. "Bone," she added in English, "I should go mad in this house."

Mrs. Bone submitted that she had hardly been in it long enough to know her own mind, and that *she* thought it beautiful.

"I daresay you do," said Mathilde; "but then I don't. Satin-seated chairs, wolves in the flower-garden, and the peasantry starving, don't happen to suit me. Well, we are all as God made us. I like fine things as well as another, Bone. Let you and I look at these, for they say that there are none such in the world. Adèle will be cross at my coming, and will not come down to-night. Take that candle, and let us look at these fine things until they give us supper, or show us our beds. William, you stay exactly where you are, and don't move your feet; you should not have come on these Turkey carpets at all with your boots."

William said that he thought so himself; and asked whether he had not better go into the passage, as he called the marble corridor.

"Well," said Mathilde, "you will hurt the carpet by walking over it, but as you can't stand where you are for ever, and must go out some time or another, you had better go out at once." So William went.

Mathilde and Mrs. Bone rambling through a wilderness of luxury greater than Blenheim or Chatsworth, must have been something worth seeing. Mrs. Bone highly approved of it, and said it was "Noble," as indeed it was, in a way, but had remarks to make about the state of the fire-grates, and of the droppings of wax-candles on priceless carpets; during which she alluded to certain imaginary idle sluts and husseys. Mathilde, whose whole heart was waiting for her sister, was querulous and anxious.

"I have no patience with this wicked old uncle of Louis', Bone. He has out-Heroded Herod in his extravagance. Just look at the suite of this ante-room, will you? Just look at this sofa, will you?"

Mrs. Bone did, but did not seem to be any the wiser.

"It is all tent-stitch Gobelin, and he has worked it up into furniture. I never heard of such a thing in my life; and you complain of your revolution!"

Mrs. Bone had not done so, but she thought that the suite of rooms was very beautiful. And so she went on holding a candle before Mathilde from one room to another, in one of the most splendid houses in France or in Europe.

“Beautiful; yes,” said Mathilde. “The devil is handsome. It does not suit me. It is all dark and cold to me.”

Dark and cold no longer: for stupid old Bone, rambling with Mathilde among a wilderness of sofas, satin and other, had said, “here is somebody;” and she had held her light towards that somebody. And who was that somebody? A little creature more beautiful than morn, just roused from her innocent bed, with her bright hair all abroad, dressed in loose, flowing white. And this little creature suddenly cast herself into the arms of Mathilde, and laid the glory of her hair across Mathilde’s broad bosom; and Adèle said only—“*Ma sœur! ma sœur!*”

And Mathilde said—“*Ma bien aimée! ma bien aimée!* how did I ever do without you?”

CHAPTER L.

THE LAST NIGHT.

“I THOUGHT you loved me no longer,” said Mathilde, turning up the beautiful face towards hers, and gazing down upon it.

“You speak false!” replied Adèle, looking up. “You know very well that you never thought anything of the sort, you dear old foolish; and that very foolish old Bone, who traitorously used to carry my love-letters to Louis. For you two to come here in the dead of night, like revolutionists! We believed that it was an arrest. My dearly beloved, come to the light and the warmth, and let me love you.”

The two sisters wandered back through the long rooms towards the one where the fire was burning and the supper was preparing, with their heads close together. What did they say? Very little, or nothing. They were content without speech, those two. And when they came into the lighted room, lo! there was Father Martin, with his back against the mantel-piece, looking at them. Mathilde had the pretty head upon her bosom, and had her left hand twined among the curls which crowned it; but she had a right hand ready to stretch out to Father Martin, and he took the long white fingers in his hand, and put them to his lips.

“I am in my old home now, Father,” said Adèle, quietly. “I am safe here—I want no mother now. She was always my real mother.”

“I am content to die if you will only speak to me like that,” said Mathilde. “Father Martin, how do you do?”

“A great deal better than I deserve, my dear. I have been staying here in idleness and luxury, waiting for your arrival, when I ought to have been at Nantes. My father is dead, and I heard of his death before his illness, or I should have been away before; but he being dead, I, not having been able to see him alive, have left details to my sister. I have delayed on here because mine was the only sound head in this house. I go to-morrow, because, in consequence of your arrival, I can leave another sound head here to manage matters.”

“Don’t be an old disagreeable,” said Adèle, looking up from Mathilde’s bosom.

“I am speaking to your sister, not to you,” said Father Martin. “There are no servants present at this moment, and our good Bone does not understand French; my time to-morrow morning will be short, and so I will speak now. Your mother has made this the most suspicious house in the country, the centre of a reactionary plot, the details of which are in possession of every revolutionist for miles around. The revolutionists are merely waiting until the pear is ripe, and then they will pluck it. The plot has been betrayed four times over; any one but a foolish person would have known it. Your mother has risked all our lives, if she has not lost them. I might have stayed here a little longer, but I go to my sister, and to arrest. I go to-morrow, and leave all this folly in your hands to manage. If you can manage your mother, it is more than I can. What is the matter now?”

Adèle had taken her head from Mathilde’s bosom; Mathilde had straightened herself, and was looking over Father Martin’s shoulder, with terror in her eyes. Mrs. Bone had plunged herself into the lowest depth of inane and imbecile terror; for Madame D’Isigny had slid in and had placed herself behind Father Martin; and all gaunt and grey, listening to every word he said, awful, magnificent, and terrible.

Martin, following the direction of the eyes, turned round and saw her. He burst out laughing.

“Madame,” he said, “you play this trick too often. You do

it well, this *coup de théâtre*, but you do it too often. Can you understand me when I say that you do it too often? Can you understand me when I say that you make yourself ridiculous?"

Madame could understand being ridiculous to *him*; but her object just now was her daughter Mathilde. She stood like a tall, grey pillar, staring straight at her, and took no more notice of Martin's words than if a dog had barked.

He went on explaining the utter hopelessness of the plot of Montauban, and she waited in firm contemptuous silence until he had done. She would not speak, and she beat him by that manœuvre, as he well knew.

"God help them all," he said, as he went away. "I can do nothing more." And so he went to his bed.

Madame, after he was gone, sat down and spoke. "A good man," she said, "a pure, true-hearted, noble man, who gives example to us all; but too cautious. He cannot see that we must risk all, or perish. A good man! My dear Mathilde, come here and kiss your old, cruel, fierce mother, who loves you well, and who is risking her life for king and for church."

Mathilde approached her mother deliberately, and when she stooped over her did a somewhat odd thing—but she *was* odd. She took her mother's face in her two hands and looked into it. Then she stooped and kissed her, and said: "You are not cruel, you have a good face, mother. I will help you in this matter, for I am sworn to my father about it; but we must both try to save Adèle."

Madame D'Isigny immediately rose. "You have looked at me," she said, "let me look at you." Mathilde at once found her mother's powerful hands laid on her two shoulders, and her mother's strange square face, now perfectly quiet, peering down into hers. She looked steadily into that dreaded face, to see if the inspection was satisfactory; but the face showed no sign. She only said, "There is power there, my child. I wish we had known one another sooner. It was your father's fault. We will make acquaintance now."

Alas, no, Madame.

A white-capped nurse came in, and said that M. le Vicomte was awake; and Adèle said, "*Now*, my sweetest Mathilde, you shall see baby."

Mathilde, full of eagerness, curiosity, and tenderness, went and saw the melancholy baby, and *believed* in him: a thing she had scarcely done before, for some things are so passing experience to

some minds, that they are scarcely really believed in until seen. She had got, through the force of her intellect, to understand and believe that Adèle was a marchioness with 30,000*l.* a year, velvet-piled carpets, tent-stitch Gobelins tapestry worked up into furniture, and the De Valognes emeralds; but that Adèle had actually had a live baby had been hitherto unrealised. There he was, though, with his quaint, little, peaked face on his pillow. And so Mathilde and Adèle went to bed together for the last time, with the melancholy baby between them.

“My sister,” said Mathilde once in the night, “I wish to sleep that I may rise to see Father Martin before he starts for Nantes. But I cannot.”

“Let us wake and talk, then,” said Adèle. “It is only the wolves in the forest: you will soon be used to them here. Mathilde, I will try to make you happy here; I think that I am wiser and better than I was. Have you quite forgiven me all my old petulance and *difficulté*?”

“I never had any to forgive, crown and object of my life. Why ask such a question to-night? Hark at the wolves again!”

CHAPTER LI.

À LA LOIRE.

“LET us get up and walk with him a little way,” said Mathilde to Adèle. “I should like to see the last of him.”

“The last of him!” said Adèle; “he returns as soon as he has administered his father’s affairs. He is only going to Nantes to help his sister. But we will see him off.”

So in the early clear morning, they rose to get him his coffee, and see him on his way. He chanted primes for the Breton household in the chapel, and then over his coffee with them he discoursed pleasantly of many things.

“My sweet Adèle, be as cautious as you can, and listen to your old Mathilde. No one loves you better than she; and has she not come to see you, and has thereby got Sir Lionel arrested? Listen to her.”

“I care for no one any longer now that she is here,” replied Adèle, nodding her head very rapidly. “And when Lionel comes we shall be stronger still. They will not detain him long.”

“Oh, no,” said Mathilde; “it is only some informality in his papers, and you will soon be back, you know.”

“Well, my children, I cannot say. I go from this dangerously-marked house, to a still more dangerous town. It is totally impossible for any man to say one word about his movements in these times. The people of Nantes are notoriously enraged, and there is very little doubt that I shall be arrested.”

They both began to weep.

“But my hands are so clean. They can scarcely put the banishment in force together against *me*, one would think. I wish your mother had been more cautious. Keep cheerful hearts, my daughters, watching and praying. Arise and let us walk; I have far to go, and will walk to avoid suspicion.”

They partly dried their tears and went with him. Strange figures to our eyes now, with scanty gowns scarcely big enough in the skirt to let their feet move freely, large hat-bonnets and scarves: figures which would be laughed at now by the mob; and yet inside those clothes were two women much the same as we have all of us known in our own experience, but tuned, by the necessities of the times as it were, to concert pitch.

They went fluttering in these, to us, quaint garments down the long south ride, one on each side of Father Martin; the rabbits, the hares, and the pheasants ran across their path, and Father Martin jocularly reminded Adèle of his first backslidings with regard to the game so many months ago now, and of her perfectly unfounded suspicions of him. But his jocularity fell dead, for Adèle only took his arm, and looked up in his face with an expression slightly more miserable than that of her own baby; and she could look so intensely miserable, poor little thing, that no man except her father ever made her look so twice. They went along under the springy, thymy turf, between the walls of forest and copse, more silently after this; and at last arrived at the little hill from which Father Martin had looked on the Loire with the old forester, and they sat down among the breezy trees and talked awhile, until he arose and said that it was time to start southward.

Before them lay the deeply-wooded country, beyond it the dimly-seen sand-banks of the Loire, and beyond the Loire, creeping steadily up against the fitful summer wind from the north, great alp-like thunder-clouds.

Mathilde broke into one of those, for her rare, fits of emotion;

which though much less loud than those of Adèle, were so much more powerful, nay, even terrible. Her great chest shook with emotion, and her face was tortured, yet she was tearless. Poor Adèle broke into wild wailing, foolishly asking them both to forgive her, all, everything, she knew not what. There was a fluttering in the nerves of Father Martin's face for one instant, and then it was gone. His religion had trained him well. He lightly laid his hand on each of their shoulders, and said :

“What? mean ye to weep and break my heart? for I am ready not to be bound only, but to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus.”

And they had only to say, seeing that he would not be persuaded, “The will of the Lord be done.”

And so he blessed them, and left them aloft among the trees on the breezy knoll, and went south towards the sand-banks of the Loire, and towards the great thunder-pile which was rising from beyond it.

They heard him singing as he went, as he was wont to do as he walked, and singing well. Not a chant, but a kind of tune like some of those very strange single time German waltzes, which are so strangely sad and wild, and of which Strauss was master. I know what he sang, though they did not :—

“Urbs Syon, inclitya turris, et edita littore tuto,
Te peto, te colo, te flagro, colo, canto, saluto :
Nec meritis peto ; nam meritis meto morte perire :
Nec reticens tego, quod meritis ego filius iræ.”

And so singing

“Oh, mea spes, mea, tu Syon Aurea, clarior auro,
Agmine splendida, stans duce florida perpete lauro,”

he disappeared into the wood, and was gone.

Let me borrow some more glorious words, they are so infinitely finer than any which I can give you.

“And they wept sore. Sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more.”

What words kept ringing in Mathilde's ears as she walked beside weeping Adèle up the grass ride! There was the flaming red and purple château towering above the trees, straight before her. Why did she keep thinking of a wild wet day among the dim English downs, with a ringing English hymn, contending with the dull fury of the English weather? What were the place and time which she

was trying to recall? She saw it in a moment: it was the little chapel under the down, on the day when Lionel came to her. And what were the words which were trying to force themselves on her memory? The words came also: they were the words which Evans the dissenter had preached on that very day.

“I will lay my soul bare before you. I find no assurance in the Book that those who have loved here will meet in glory; and what is glory to me without the beloved of my heart?”

So she quoted it from memory. And during what came to her, this was the bitterest thing she had to suffer, the thought that they would not meet after. “I would die for them, but shall we meet again?”

CHAPTER LII.

THE THUNDERBOLT.

FATHER MARTIN was a shrewd man, and knew that the house was suspected and watched; but he little dreamt how near the pear was ripe. The house was a mere mousetrap; the very first attempt at *movement* in it made the revolutionary tribunal act at once. The state of “preternatural suspicion,” as Mr. Carlyle calls it, in which France, particularly at the edge of reactionary Brittany, was then, was quite enough to make his open departure into a *casus belli*. He would have staid on had he known the state of matters outside the forest, but he did not; or at least did not appreciate it fully. He little thought that by his innocent departure he brought down ruin.

The old simile of the little bird flying from the edge of the avalanche, and bringing it crashing down, is somewhat worn, but it must serve yet once more.

The crash might have been *delayed*, of that there is little doubt, but that the bolt was ready to hurl is perfectly indubitable, and that their policy was perfectly prepared was also indubitable. Their plan was not badly conceived. They had no wish to *break up* Montauban, it was far too warm a nest of royalism to be broken up yet. But one thing had been seen by the Central Committee in Paris. Louis de Valognes was safe in their hands; but his wife was still at Montauban, doubtless communicating with her husband by secret means, and her husband had free communication with other Royalists in the prison, who had communication with the frontier in spite of all their efforts. Brittany was most dangerous, and must be watched.

Montauban was the very hot-bed of royalism, presided over by the notoriously infuriated Madame D'Isigny. And so it just happened, if you will think it over, that our poor little Adèle was looked on by them as one of the principal sources of communication between Brittany and Coblenz.

They, therefore, wanted *her*. Montauban, Madame D'Isigny, La Rochejacquelin, Charrette, might *wait*. They wanted this poor little Marquise of ours, whom they suspected of being, quite wrongfully but most naturally, one of the most important of the carrier-pigeons between Brittany and Coblenz,—they wanted her, I say, under lock and key.

The order of the mother society to her daughters ran somewhat like this:—"On the first sign of movement at Montauban, arrest Madame *soi disant* de Valognes. She can bring her child and one attendant. Treat her justly, for she is probably innocent. She goes to the Abbaye, and not to her husband."

Adèle had very little idea of her importance. She went to bed with her baby the night after Father Martin's departure quite comfortably. Mathilde also, sleeping in her own room this night, went up to it, but instead of going to bed, followed an evil old habit of hers, of sitting up in her room, and gossiping with Mrs. Bone about the pigs and the poultry, and the corn and the turnips, across the water there at Sheepsden. Bone to-night added her mite to the entertainments by speculating as to whether or not they had hung Sir Lionel yet, or whether he would be, as she put it, "remunded."

"You stupid old Bone," she said. "He is only detained about his papers: he will be here to-morrow at latest."

William the Silent, after vilipending his bed as being French, got into it, and slept the sleep of the just in three minutes.

The Lady Superior, who had knocked up an impromptu dormitory in a disused gallery, declaring that after so many years she could not sleep without company, was sleeping among her nuns, or rather at one end of them, for she had taken the bed next the door, in the draught, as a sheepdog's duty over nine ugly old women. There had been a few alarms of wolves from Sister Pavida, and Sister Podagra's corns had made her more querulous than usual; but they were all asleep in a row now, snorting like pigs; and the Lady Superior was just beginning to tune up herself.

Who are these two? Who is this terrible inexorable-looking

woman, with her stern face looking *at* her glass, but not into it : with her long grey hair all about her shoulders ? Beautiful and awful ! That is Madame D'Isigny. Who is this beautiful, bright-haired girl who is combing that hair ? That is Madame's innocent little maid : the girl whom the tipsy young Mameluke saw asleep and fled before. Madame liked pretty things about her.

As the hair-dressing went on Madame looked into the glass, to see the beautiful face of her little maid : and she said, suddenly—

“ I was handsomer once than you ever will be ; but he never loved me.”

The French girl said, as a French girl would, not having any idea of whom she spoke,

“ He had no taste, Madame.”

“ I don't know. It is a pity we never agreed, for I think I loved him. I was very beautiful ; but I never had the beauty of Mathilde.”

“ Mademoiselle's figure——” began the girl.

“ Silence, imbecile. If she had been bent double, her beauty would have been as much higher than mine, as mine was than yours, Bambino. There is a beauty of soul, child ; and you have none.”

As this was rather a civil speech, considering who spoke it, the girl left well alone and combed.

Who is this who knocks suddenly at Madame's door, and without waiting for “ *entrée*,” comes in at all hazards ? It is the handsome young Mameluke, pale and terrified, who says—

“ Madame, the revolutionists are coming to make arrest.”

“ What circle ? ” said Madame D'Isigny.

“ The central, acting from Nantes.”

“ How many do they want ? ”

“ Only the Marquise. I have it all from my brother. The others are to be left for the present.”

“ How far are they off ? ”

“ Ten minutes, Madame ; I have run hard.”

“ Here is a diamond for you, boy ; you can live on the sale of it till you are hung. You have done well, boy. Girl, tie up my hair. Quick ! The fools, they do not know one of us from the other. I will beat them yet. Mathilde shall go ; and we will be with La Rochejacquelin before they find out their mistake. Quick, girl ! ”

Mathilde had said: "It is perfectly ridiculous, and totally impossible. I will have no hand in the buying of any more meal at retail prices. Poor folk's pigs pay, while our pork costs ninepence a pound."

And Bone was saying: "Now perhaps, Mademoiselle, you will believe me another time——" when in swiftly stalked grey-headed Medea, with all the fury and wrath of the French Revolution close behind her.

"Mathilde! Mathilde!" she said. "The dogs are coming to arrest Adèle. You have told me that you vowed yourself to your father to assist us. For God sake help us now."

"What is it necessary that I should do, mother?"

"Personate her. They do not know one of us from the other. By the time they find out their mistake, Brittany will have marched on Paris, and La Vendée will be up in a month with real France at its back. They want only *her*. I will get her out of the way. If she had *only* courage, she might go herself and be safe. But she is a coward, and would betray. Her nerve gives way, yours does not. Go for her."

"Of course," said Mathilde. "Keep her out of the way, and leave the rest to me. Bone, go and call William."

The Guards gave good notice of their arrival by arousing the wolves. Short as the time was, they were ready for them. They had only to beat once at the great door, when it was swung open, and the somewhat startled Guards saw a long drawn corridor, dimly lighted and filled with statuary, in front of which stood Mathilde, old Bone, and William, all alone.

"In the name of the King,"^a said the foremost man, "I demand the body of the daughter of D'Isigny the Breton."

"I am she," said Mathilde.

"He has two daughters. Are you the one which was married to the *ci-devant* Marquis de Valognes?"

Gleams, shall we call them, of old tendresses from Louis de Valognes, false but very sweet; a glimpse of an English ford in May time, when she had died one of her many deaths, came swiftly across Mathilde's soul, as she told the great lie from which she never departed.

"I am."

^a I think so; but it must have been nearly the last time it was said.—H. K.

CHAPTER LIII.

THE JOURNEY.

MATHILDE, when she began to reflect on her position, had not the slightest fear or anxiety for herself, and indeed, to tell the truth, but very little for Adèle ; for, as she was personating her, there was very little chance of her being molested, and their mother, so skilled in politics, would doubtless take care of her. There was danger, no doubt ; but if you came to that, there was danger in a common summer thunder-storm. She was arrested. Well ! but that, although uncommon in England, was common enough in France, even in old times : as for now, it was always so now. And so she jingled away in the rattling old carriage, which they had brought for her, pretty well without anxiety. She would do more than this for Adèle : and so she fell quietly asleep, until awakened by the light of the morning.

She looked round her then to see how things were. She saw through the glass windows, first of all, William, asleep on the box beside the driver ; and then two men, evidently mounted foot soldiers, in blue uniforms, with those tall “ bearskins,” or, as they are now irreverently called, “ Busbies,” and those long gaiters, which were very soon afterwards disagreeably known, not only over the Continent of Europe as far as Moscow, but even on one occasion in Ireland, and on one in South Wales. “ These,” she said to herself, “ are your new National Guards.” Putting her head out of window to see how many there were coming behind, she found her face so close to another of them, who rode by the wheel, that she nodded and smiled to him, and said—

“ *Bon jour, Monsieur.* It is a beautiful morning.”

He also raised his hat and bowed, and, riding up to the window, asked if he could do anything for Madame.

“ There was nothing at present,” said Mathilde ; “ but when there was, she would trouble Monsieur.”^b

^b Citoyen and Citoyenne and “ Tu-toyer-ing ” only began in Paris about the middle of August. The old chivalric form of speech was as yet kept up. A connection of mine, a rector, on the borders of Somersetshire but in Devon, once told me that he had to compose a squabble between two Devonshire women. Lady No. 1 had, it appeared, *abused* Lady No. 2. “ What did she say to you ? ” asked the rector. “ She thee’d

So, with a nod to Monsieur, she sat back in the carriage almost delighted to find herself among Frenchmen again.

This pleasure grew greater soon. There was a stoppage, and she asked her new friend, who was before the carriage window, what it was. He said they were resting the horses before pulling the carriage up the hill. Mathilde said, "Ask the gentleman in command whether I may walk up. Tell him that I am lame, and would not run away from such good company if I could. Ask him, for I love the morning."

The sergeant in command was at the window, and had let down the steps in a moment: and behold, not only he, but the whole escort of five were dismounted, leading their horses. Why? Not on account of the hill, by any means: only because the old rules of French politeness forbid a man to sit on horseback while a lady in company was on foot. Our fathers taught us this same rule, but I don't see any evidence that our last batch of young gentlemen ever heard of it.

William also descended from his box and joined Mathilde, walking a little after her, and talking to her. The escort of revolutionists drew away immediately.

"My dear William," said Mathilde, "they will not leave us alone beyond the top of the hill, and I want to impress one thing on you very much. We are in France, and France is different from England."

William nodded and smiled. He quite understood *that*.

"In France we pride ourselves on our politeness; and politeness is only good-humour and kindness reduced to practice. Now you, so good-humoured and so kind, will you not also be polite?"

William the Silent understood her perfectly, but had only time to nod, when it was, "*Montez, s'il vous plait, Madame,*" and on they jingled again.

William remembered his rôle well. He had not for some little time a chance of showing his good will, however.

At last they stopped for breakfast, at a very little inn; and William waited on Mathilde while she took her meal at a table apart from the soldiers. On going out to start, he found the sergeant in command kicking his horse in the stomach. He got Mathilde to ask the reason.

me and thou'd me," said Lady No. 2. The rector had to point out how much better it was for Christian people to live together in unity, and not use injurious epithets such as these on every trifling occasion.

The reply was scarcely a practical one, though delivered with great politeness. The horse, it appeared, was an Austrian Feuillant Emigré, descendant of that Judas Iscariot—Nero-Foulon, Frederique of Prussia, *soi-disant* le Grand; and he had gone lame, as they always did. And, indeed, when they started the horse was certainly too lame to go.

William called out and stopped the cavalcade, and, getting down, went to the sergeant's horse, and taking up his near fore foot, showed them a large stone in it. Taking another stone from the road, he knocked it out, to their wonder and admiration.

They were only mounted foot soldiers, who could just, and no more, sit on their horses. Was it admiration for his dexterity, or for his good faith, which made them trust him? Probably some little of both. But it helped to make their strange, long journey pleasant.

As for Mathilde, she would make any thing pleasant; and now, among her beloved French people, she won their hearts utterly. Her tongue, so long debarred from its natural language, poured out, almost unceasingly, a little crystal rivulet of good-humour and kindness, at which every one drank by the way as she went.

Adèle, who was a giving soul, had thought in the night of what she should give Mathilde in the morning for a present: and she had thought of Lady Somers' missal with the Byzantine fillagree binding, and the piece of the true cross: so that when Mathilde had awakened later, and Adèle had got up, she had found it on her pillow with a note. It made the way to Paris short for her. I never read a missal, and never mean to, so I do not know what is inside one; but there was, I daresay, something in it which pleased Mathilde better than the Ferdinand and Isabella illuminations; and when she had done with that, she looked at the almost unequalled illuminations; and when she had looked at some of them, she closed the book and looked at the splendid exterior with loving admiration. She was well amused.

“Will Madame be pleased to alight?” “Certainly. Madame supposed they were going to change horses?”

The man in command said that the diligence went from here to Falaise. It rested, therefore, with Madame whether she would post or go by diligence; but, if she posted, it would be at her own expense. Mathilde said that certainly she would post; she was well supplied with money; and asked, would her present escort go with her?

The present escort was to go all the way, it appeared, whether by diligence or post. "That is good," said Mathilde; "it would be a pity to part just as we have got to be good friends. What, on earth, are we to do at Falaise? Where are you taking me to, then?"

That was a question for which there was no answer; so Mathilde went up the stairs of the hotel where they stayed, and, while dinner was getting ready, looked out of window.

William was in the room when she left the window, helping, or pretending to help, in laying the cloth. "William," she said, in English, "do you know where they are taking us. Look here."

William came and looked out of window, and saw a broad market-place with a fountain in the centre; beyond, pleached alleys of lime-trees, and on a rocky elevation, among the lime-trees, a splendid ruined keep; beyond which again, a river snarled at the bottom of a deep glen. William looked at it all, and said nothing, seeing that he had nothing to say.

"Do you not see that they have brought us to *Vire*, and that they speak of Falaise. Is it possible that they are going to take us to *Paris*? I know this place; it is the centre of the *bocage*. Why do they keep this route to the north of Maine, when it lay through Alençon? Do they think that Maine will rise with Bretagne? If they only take us to Paris, we shall do well; for my father is there."

And then she laughed at herself for supposing that William could understand her; and when she had eaten her supper, and the man in command had come in and said that it was time to start, she, in a pleasant humorous way, told him of the absurd mistake she had made in discoursing the route with her English servant, who thought that France adjoined China. So humorously did she tell the story of her consulting with William about the Normandy roads, that she quite threw the good patriot off his guard.

She concluded by chattering, "It is well for you on horseback not to care for roads, but it is otherwise to me inside the carriage. From here to Falaise I can sleep; but from Falaise to Bernay the Seven Sleepers would each awake one another. It was the *corvée* of the Marquis d'Evreux, one of you revolutionists. And from Bernay to Evreux is not much better."

The man said that the roads there were not good, but that they would go slowly.

"It *is* to Paris, then," said Mathilde, looking straight at him. And the man looked somewhat like a fool. He got out of his posi-

tion, smiling, like a Frenchman, by saying, "Madame's sagacity has triumphed. It is to Paris."

The conversations she held with these men during the walks up hill were, like herself, odd. No one ever joined in them except the young man, whom she had first made acquaintance with, and the commandant of the little escort.

"Now, what do you propose, you people?" she said. "What is to be the end of your precious Revolution?"

All kinds of things. Mr. Thackeray says, in the "Rose and the Ring," "Here a pretty game may be played by each child saying what it would like best for dinner."

"Those are all very good objects, with the exception of the destruction of religion, in which I cannot sympathise, as a religionist myself. But if you cannot get them without taking a poor innocent soul, like myself, to Paris and to prison, I doubt if you will ever get them at all. What has the King been doing, that he is in prison?"

I do not know what the King had not done. I agree, with many others, that he had done nothing; but they said that he had done all manner of things.

"Don't believe a word of it," said Mathilde, in English, to William. "I do not believe one word of it," she repeated in French. "He says himself that he never meant to cross the frontiers."

"But he evidently meant to do so, Madame," said the commandant.

"The best thing he could do," said Mathilde. "I know I have been stupid in ever crossing them. There, put down the steps, you good man, and let me get into the carriage. Why did you not let him go, you people? Why did you not hang Drouet? I have only half heard of this before. It seems to me that you have all made great fools of yourselves. You will have Europe on you. Are you prepared for a coalesced Europe?"

So vaguely, and, as she thought truly, poor old Mathilde, with more or less light, and more or less correctness; and so they rumbled on to Paris.

At last there came a separation. This very strange company had toiled up many hills, and toiled down many hills, on their very strange journey; but, by the time they had all grown fond of her, and by the time that the first young man, to whom she had spoken, had

got that strange gnawing at the heart for her which men call love ;— by the time they had all got sentimental over her, and one, at least, was head over heels in love with her ;—to the last hill of all, and Paris beyond.

This sentimental young man got a few precious moments alone with her as they walked. “ He said, “ We are about to part, Mademoiselle.”

“ More the pity. I have got so fond of you all ; and you like me, too ! What a pity you should talk such nonsense as you do ! I never, in all my life, saw a kinder lot of men ; and I like you the best of all. Why do you not give up this ultra-revolutionary nonsense ? ”

Words ! words ! They were not spoken in idleness, these words of Mathilde ; but he gave up the Revolution, and lost his head over them, as he had lost his heart to her.

“ If Mademoiselle were to command,” he said, “ I would throw the Revolution to the winds.”

“ Who am I to command ? ” said Mathilde. “ I only wish you to leave off talking nonsense ; moreover, you have called me mademoiselle twice, when you should have called me madame, which is not good manners.”

“ Mademoiselle, I know you,” he said : “ you are the eldest daughter of D’Isigny. You are not the Marquise de Valognes at all. You are Mademoiselle D’Isigny. I have your secret.”

“ Then, if you are a gentleman, as you seem to be, you will keep it,” she replied. And, indeed, that was all that this sentimental, though ill-considered young Republican ever got for his devotion. Poor boy ! let him go away into night. He was not the first moth scorched in the flame of that strange, odd beauty, which had attracted the douce Sir Joshua himself ; nor, indeed, was he the last. Every man who had a chance of seeing her—and they were very few—fell in love with her, save two. Dandy de Valognes and William the servant. To the dandy she was old Mathilde, with one shoulder lower than the other ; to the hind she was simply Mademoiselle, a kind young lady, daughter of the French gentleman whose wages he took, and who had killed the mad dog. *He* had no idea whether she was ugly or pretty ; it never entered into his head to think about it.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE ABBAYE.

THE journey came to an end on a hot July afternoon. The sergeant in command came to the door of the carriage, and said that they were arrived, and Mathilde got out. "What place is this?" she asked.

"I deeply regret to say, Madame, that this is the Abbaye."

"It is all equal," said Mathilde.

"You will acquit us of having done our duty, Madame."

"My dear friends, I am so sorry to part with you. We have had a pleasant journey, all of us: have we not? Please to try and think kindly of me; and do not forget your religion, you; and do not speak so about the King; it is not good."

She looked up at the façade of the building for a moment, and then went on to the wicket, but not alone. One young man of the escort was left to hold some of the horses, and rambling citizens held the others. The whole of her guard crowded round her, and went with her across the crowded *trottoir* to the wicket of the Abbaye.

"You will allow us to see you safely housed, Madame," said the sergeant. "I can manage matters better than you."

"Certainly," said Mathilde; and the sergeant beat upon the door.

It was opened by a rather nice-looking old man, who said, "A prisoner?"

"Yes," said the sergeant. "Now, to the bureau, quickly!"

"Are any more of you coming in?" asked the old man, for the whole escort thronged in.

"Patriots have *entrée* here," replied the sergeant. "Be silent, thou old man; to the bureau."

The bureau was a very nasty little office at the end of a long, dark passage, of which William took stock as he went, with some dim idea of the way *back*. In it sat a pale young man, of feeble aspect, who was boiling haricots over a slow fire, and trying them with a fork.

"Bureau!" shouted the commandant, and the young man upset his pot of haricots on the fire, and put it out.

"Imbecile! here is a prisoner," said the commander; and the young man opened a door, and cried out, also, "Prisoner." Where-

upon, there appeared, quite leisurely, three men in red caps: one only wore breeches, the other two had trousers; but all three wore short jackets. One seated himself at the desk, and took out his pen; the other two amused themselves by watching the party, and spitting.

“Now,” said the man at the desk, “what is it?”

“Madame la Marquise de Valognes.”

“We know of no Marquise,” said the patriot at the desk, “what is the woman’s name?”

“You know, like another fool,” said the sergeant, “with thine argot, thou. Mathilde de Valognes then.”

“We know of no ‘de’s,’” said the man with the pen.

“Mathilde D’Isigny, then, thou difficile imbecile.”

“That is her maiden name. What is the family name of her husband?”

“Then you know, you,” said the irritated sergeant; and the rest of the escort said—“He knows, this one, and he plays the fool with us. These Parisian tinkers and tailors they make fools of us.”

“Ne dites pas d’injures,” said the man with the pen. “You provincial patriots require castigation. Where is your warrant? Give it up.”

“We provincials!—you Parisians!” cried the sergeant, white with fury. “Have we come here to be insulted, coquin?”

“Vous injuriez la nation, vous injuriez les tribunaux,” said the patriot with the pen.

“What does it matter to us, thou brandy-drinking dog, whom we insult, or what tribunals we insult. We are men of action, we. We are for the frontier against coalesced kings. Thou sittest here brandy sodden, to judge better than thyself. My warrant runs, Adèle Carillon, and I give it to thee. Is that correct, Madame la Marquise?”

“It is perfectly correct,” said Mathilde, looking full in the face of the young man, who knew her secret. He bowed his head.

She bade an affectionate farewell to her guard all round, and gave William instructions as to where he should find her father, and tell him in secret the great fact that it was she who was arrested, and not her sister: and then she passed up some broad stone steps, wondering whither.

“I have then given up my two prisoners, and require receipt,” said the sergeant.

“Two prisoners?” said the man; “there is but one.”

“This young man,” said the sergeant, thrusting William forwards, “is another.”

“You have no warrant. We have enough and to spare.”

“I have lost the warrant,” said the sergeant.

“Then he must go free, this young man,” said the man at the desk; adding “coquin to you!”

The escort crowded round William, and the spokesmen were the sergeant and the young man who loved her better than the rest. They urged on William that he should not leave her, that he should follow her. That she was utterly unprotected and alone; that the prisons, some said, were scarcely safe even now. That he had taken her father’s wages for many years. “That surely, in the name of God” (these were the words of the young man whose head had got turned by Mathilde), “there was some manhood left in the nation of Cromwell, and that surely he would never desert one he seemed to love so well.” To all of which passionate appeal William turned a perfectly deaf ear, for the simple reason that it was addressed to him in French, of which, in spite of his opportunities at Sheepsden, he understood not one word.

French gesticulation, however, did what the French language could never have done. William was utterly puzzled. He did not know what he had got to do. The young man with his head turned solved his doubts for him. He came up to him and touched him on the breast; then he pointed along the black passage which led towards the street; and then he pointed to the better lit staircase up which Mathilde had gone. William understood them now. He pointed towards the stairs, and patted the young man on the shoulder.

They crowded round him, and would have kissed him had he allowed it; and so they went back to the Bureau. The sergeant spoke:

“I have lost my warrant for this young man, but I accuse him.”

• I borrow this expression from Mr. Carlyle, as I fear I have many others. How can one help doing so when one finds a man who has crystallised all authorities into sentences of almost unexampled art. “Grandison-Cromwell” has become a by-word. But as another example of art in this man; as an example of *incongruity*, leading after all to *congruity* (which I take it is “wit”); as an example also (as an Oxford coach would say), of taking words into their “second intention,” and yet leaving them if you choose in their first; listen to this. “Of grain riots, *plaintive interior ministers*.” Was there ever such a good pun made yet? Were words ever so dexterously shifted before? Like the elder Mr. Shandy, I hate a pun, but not such puns as these, carrying wisdom with their wit. For the “Minister of the Interior” must always be the “Interior Minister”—must he not?—H. K.

“Of what then?”

“Of conspiring with emigrants; of being friend of André Desilles—the murderer, of Nanci. You knew André Desilles?” he said, turning to William.

“Bon, bon,” said William, not uninstructed.

“You know also M. de Valognes?”

“Bon, bon,” said William.

“That is enough, I suppose,” said the sergeant.

And the man sulkily acquiesced, saying: “If he is a friend of the murderer’s, of Nanci, he will find a friend of his up-stairs,”—as was, curiously enough, the case; for history helps fiction in the strangest manner sometimes, whereas I never heard of fiction helping history.

CHAPTER LV.

WILLIAM’S WATCH.

“ANOTHER prisoner,” said a pleasant voice, as she reached the top of the stairs, and paused for breath. “You are welcome, mademoiselle.

“Madame, if you please,” said Mathilde; “Marquise de Valognes, at your service.”

It was a pleasant-looking abbé who had spoken to her, and she gave him his smile back again.

“Why, then,” he said, “there is here an old friend of your husband’s, and a dear friend and comrade of your cousin’s, André Desilles; the man who was with him at Nanci. M. Journiac de St. Meard, here is the wife of your old friend Louis de Valognes.”

St. Meard knew better, but he held his tongue and welcomed her, and the others drew away, and left them to talk.

“Your secret is safe with me, my dear Mademoiselle D’Isigny. I see at a glance that you are following out the object of your life, and taking care of a sister who is not very well able to take care of herself. Your secret is perfectly safe with me.”

Mathilde looked at him and saw that it was. A kind, frank, honest soldier, and moreover a gentleman.

“There is no one here who is likely to know you, except myself, you have been so long in England; and since your sister has come here she has been buried at Montauban, helping your good mother to dig our graves. Come, tell me what I can do for you?”

“I thank you very much,” said Mathilde ; “there was a little malle——”

But she had no need to go on, for turning, she found William beside her, silent, with the little malle before his feet.

“How did *you* get in ?” she asked, eagerly.

“They light dragoons” (William had a cousin in the 14th, and so considered that all soldiers who rode a-horseback in blue were light dragoons) “got me took up to mind you. Where be I to put this ?”

Mathilde’s face grew flaming crimson for one instant ; but wisely considering that this was not the time either for sentiment or thanks, and that she must keep her wits about her, said, after a pause, to Journiac de St. Meard,—

“This is my father’s groom, and the poor lad has conspired with the National Guards to get himself arrested and attend on me. M. de St. Meard, for the love of old days and old faces, will you help us, for we are very helpless ?”

“With my life,” said Meard. “I speak some English, and will go with him. Go to the ladies ; there they sit at that end of the hall. Tell me one thing more : they have taken your money from you, of course ?”

“No. I have a very large sum on me now.”

“That is very strange. Did they not search you ?”

“No. The escort which brought me from Brittany quarrelled with and frightened the jailors ; and while they quarrelled, I came up stairs.”

“Give me all your money instantly ; when they remember it, they will search you, while they will never search me.”

Mathilde handed him secretly a heavy bag of mixed guineas and louis, with a nod of thanks, and went slowly towards the end of the corridor where the ladies were sitting all alone ; for this was the time of day when the gentlemen were supposed to be on their farms, or at the chace, or riding on horseback, or driving, or promenading ; the time of day when the ladies had always been left to themselves. So, although farms, horses, promenades, and carriages were gone for ever, they kept up the old fiction, and the men kept at one end of the room until the dinner hour ; and having paused a certain time, after their dinner of carrion, they then rejoined the ladies.

“They have learnt nothing, and forgotten nothing,” said some

one of the Bourbons ; which can be said no longer about one of them at least.

This being the hour before dinner, the ladies were in imagination in their drawing-rooms, tittle-tattling ; Mathilde approached them quite unconcerned. With one single exception, they none of them took any notice of her at all. She had never been presented at court, and it was said that her husband's opinions were, to say the least of it, odd. But out of the corners of their eyes they watched to see what the old Duchesse de la Pierre Cassée would do, and abided their time.

The old gray-headed Duchesse rose and went towards her.

“My love,” she said, “we have heard your name, and we welcome you to our drawing-room. The Abbé Secard is confined to his room up-stairs with chagrin about events. I represent him.”

“You are very kind to me, Madame la Duchesse,” said Mathilde ; “but people *are* kind, at least to me. Will these ladies receive me ?”

They would receive her now : there was no appeal from the Duchesse. She was presented to one after another ; they each one, as she was presented, raised herself a little, bowed, smiled, and then sat down again. But Mathilde was presented and accredited at the Court of Death.

A great many of these ladies sat on a long stone bench which ran along the wall ; others sat on chairs and rude benches opposite to them. The Duchesse was one of the latter, and made Mathilde sit beside her. She took up her work, and said to her,—

“How do you like our drawing-room, my love ?”

“It is a very nasty place, indeed,” said Mathilde. “Don't talk to me for a few minutes, for I want to look at these others. Will they be kind to me ?”

“They will be very kind, my love.”

“Then it matters to me nothing at all, the rest,” said Mathilde, and looked principally at the row who sat against the wall, and to her they seemed as if they went in pairs. For one of the highest attributes of man is, that he is *not* truly gregarious, like the beasts, but is capable of rising to the height of selecting one poor mortal, as ignorant and feeble as himself, for whom he will, if needs were, *die*.

The first pair she noticed were possibly the strangest. A big, fat,

cross-looking woman about fifty-five, with ringlets, was sitting beside a lean little nervous woman, who was knitting. The fat and vulgar-looking woman sat with her hands upon her stomach, staring at Mathilde. The lean little woman beside her knitted on, and looked at nothing, but through sheer imbecility dropped stitches. When she did so, she handed her knitting-pins to the fat woman, who patiently took them up, and handed the apparatus to her again. After which, she crossed her hands on her stomach, and stared at Mathilde.

Mathilde managed to ask the Duchesse who was this fat, vulgar woman.

“She is the Comtesse d’Aurillac. Her husband has 200,000 livres a year, and she has been used to all luxuries, yet she is here and does not murmur. The lean lady who sits beside her is her sister, Mademoiselle de Hautent. She has been in the cloister all her life, and would be utterly lost without her sister.”

This pleased Mathilde, seeing these two ugly, stupid, commonplace old women sticking to one another so well. But she had genius, this old Mathilde, and she loved beauty dearly; and so the next pair she looked at pleased her better still. Her heart leaped out towards the next pair which she noticed, for in them she saw Adèle and herself; and as she looked on these two, her purpose got fixed.

Against the whitewashed wall sat a girl with a square, fine face, of great beauty and power, who was sewing; in her lap lay the head of her sister, a golden heap of splendid beauty. The younger sister lay there utterly wearied, utterly idle, and petulant in her idleness; playing at times with the string of her sister’s apron, at times with the hands which sewed so diligently; at times sighing in her *ennui*, at times rolling her restless head into some new position. Mathilde watched this pair with intense eagerness. They suited her. The younger sister was only another Adèle, and she thought how Adèle would have been in the same situation but for her; but then *without* her. She listened to their conversation.

The younger sister said, “This is so triste and dull, that I shall die if I stay here: and I have nothing to amuse me, nothing whatever. I wish that I had brought my squirrel now, but they said we were to go back again directly.”

Mathilde saw the elder sister sew faster, but say nothing whatever. *She* understood her.

“That foolish giddy Contine will forget to feed him, and he is petulant if he is not fed. Sister, do you know what I wish?”

“No, dearest.”

“I wish I had flowers. My garden will be half ruined when we get back, for I took it so entirely in hand myself that none of our gardeners dare meddle with it. And those balsams should be in their largest pots by now; they will not show beside Faustine de la Rivière’s. Thou art weeping now, sister, for thy tears fall on my face. Have *I* made thee weep?”

Mathilde sat as rigid as a stone listening to this, drinking it in, every word. The elder sister, with whom she was deep in friendship that night, told her the bitter truth. Their château was burnt, their estate was ruined; their father and mother in the *Conciergerie*; their servants dispersed or faithless; the wolf in their garden, the hare upon their hearthstone. But she had kept it all to herself, and had flattered her giddy sister with the hope of a speedy return to what was gone for ever.

“How could I tell her, Mathilde? How could I tell her? She was the little singing-bird in our house. Would you have me stop her singing for ever?”

Mathilde did not answer directly, but told the elder sister *her* secret.

“Thou happy woman, if I could have done *that* for her I should have been content.”

Hot times these, by all accounts!

“Where do you sleep?” said the elder sister. “Sleep with us. Marie, thou sleepest already, but must awake, for I am not strong enough to carry thee.”

“I do not know where I sleep,” said Mathilde; “but I have friends here. Journiac de St. Meard and my servant are arranging for me.”

“Your servant?” said the elder sister.

“Yes, my dear, one of our English servants, who has managed to arrange with the National Guard to denounce him and get him arrested, that he may take care of me. He and Meard will provide, I doubt not. Meard is the old friend of my cousin, André Desilles, and knows me well. Why are they all standing up?”

“It is the Abbé Secard,” said the elder sister. And Mathilde,

who knew who he was, stood up also, with her hand on the elder sister's shoulder.

The noble and gentle old man came bowing and smiling about among the ex-courtiers, making straight for Mathilde—

“Madame la Marquise,” he said, “I fear you do not like the Abbaye.”

“Monsieur l'Abbé,” said Mathilde, putting her strong arm over the elder sister's neck, “I love, above all things, to be near God : and I think that I am not far from him while I am near her, and near you.”

“You will be nearer to him soon,” said the old man, and passed on. And lo ! William following her in top boots, and saying—

“Your room is ready, Miss ; you will excuse my showing it to you. It is not fine, but it is private.”

St. Meard had given up his room to her, and William and he had been toiling ever since they came in at getting it ready for her. This she never knew.

She said to the two sisters. “Where do you sleep ?”

“With the others,” they both said.

“Come and sleep with me. I have a room to myself. We shall have privacy, we three.”

“But our bedding !” said the elder sister.

“William will remove it.”

William would remove any amount of bedding ; but, unluckily, could not go among the ladies.

Mathilde dashed at the Duchesse de la Pierre Cassée, who turned up trumps at once ; and French ladies not being as particular as English ladies, William was allowed to fetch away the bedding of the two sisters, and carry it in triumph to Mathilde's room, lately that of Journiac de St. Meard.

“Never saw anything like *this*,” said William to Mathilde, as he brought the things in. “Why all the ladies are going to bed, on the stone floor, in a row. If my opinion was asked about this business, I should say straight out that I didn't think much of it. What have they all been up to ? It don't seem to me that they have been doing anything particular. However, I am no judge. There is one gentleman in the place, at all events ; and I have been used to gentlemen.”

William was perfectly right about there being one gentleman in

the place. There were probably many others, but this gentleman spoke English in a limited manner, and so William understood him and respected him, Frenchman as he was. William's gentleman was Journiac de St. Meard.

Ask William to define a gentleman, and he would have asked you to explain what "define" meant. But he knew one when he saw one, as our people do. William must naturally have been utterly ignorant of pedigrees. A man's father might have been a tinker, for all he knew or cared; and yet he knew a gentleman when he saw one, and respected him, and would follow him. Let me, therefore, writing for THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, define a gentleman, as William and I understand the term.

A gentleman is a man, sufficiently well educated for the duties he has to perform, and who thinks of the interest of others before he thinks of his own. And, moreover, my gentleman must not be lazy, but must try, with such powers as God has given him, to set an example, and show what a very valuable animal a *gentleman* is.

The lower orders in England, in this revolutionary time, believe in their gentlemen, in spite of their faults. That, I think, is not yet changed by horse-racing and Hay-marketing, though our agricultural people are long-suffering. I cannot say how deep the poison has gone. I speak merely of 1792,^d and of William the Silent, who, finding a gentleman in Journiac de St. Meard, followed him like a dog.

From the outside world there could come no word. The past was past, and one had to force one's soul into a perfectly new and strange present; with new petty dull cares, and new anxieties. She was content, she had been born to endure.

No word? Well, only one, and that with the greatest difficulty. One day, a week after she had been there, there was a disturbance

^d For the small country gentry in those days may have been one thing or another; no better, possibly, than they need have been. But the labourer was, at all events, by every testimony, better off. And, again, there was not that extreme contrast between classes which there is now, and which might become dangerous. The extreme ends of the social system are in the agricultural districts diverging further and further every day. What is the reason of it? Easily told. *Luxury*. Fawcett, the last epitomist of political economy, seems to clearly prove the fact (as I understand him), that every hundred pounds spent in luxury represents a sheer loss of thirty per cent. on capital. What, then, will become of the bonnet-makers and wine merchants: of Madame Elize and Gilby, after they have made their fortunes?

at the lodge of the Abbaye, and William, who happened to be near with Journiac de St. Meard, listened to it. It was nearly a disturbance.

From five-and-twenty to thirty National Guards, were demanding to see a prisoner. They had forced their way in, and were thronging the vestibule. The wicket was shut behind them, and they were practically in possession of the place, which fact made the four men at the bureau, if not civil, at least acquiescent. William at once recognised the voice of the sergeant in command who had brought them from Brittany, and of the young man "with his head turned." William told this to St. Meard, and he replied, "Be silent, this means something."

It seemed to mean a furious quarrel. When they came up, the Brittany sergeant had the young guard by the collar, and was confronting the three advanced patriots in the bureau; and the three patriots seemed to be getting the worst of it.

"None of the prisoners can be seen," said the patriot.

"I tell thee that this young man stole this silver watch from the young man of England called William, on our journey from Brittany; and that his conscience having pricked him, he desires to give it back."

"Give it to me then, and I will give it to him."

"Who would trust *thee* with a watch? Who art thou, then?" said the sergeant. At which the guards, "patrollotism," as Mr. Carlyle calls them, laughed in an offensive manner, and made the patriot furious.

"Who art thou, then? A Lafayettest and a murderer."

"He is an aristocrat, this one," said the sergeant, turning to his backers, who laughed again. "He talks of Lafayette. We true patriots only know of *Sieur Molier*. They may well talk of plots in the prisons, which are dangerous to be left behind by real patriots going to the frontier against Brunswick. They may well speak of them. This man has called *Molier* the murderer as Lafayette. He is an aristocrat."

"Messieurs," said the frightened patriot.

"Messieurs, again," said the sergeant. "This man is an aristocrat, and in a post of importance also. Here is a truer patriot than he. Citizen Journiac, thou of the *Château Vieux*, formerly royalist, thou at least art not a sneaking dog; take this watch from us, and give it to the English young man, William. We can trust

thee. Thou dog of a Sansculotte aristocrat, with thy Lafayettes and thy monsieurs, let us out. We are for the frontiers."

Which the advanced patriot did with the greatest pleasure.

"These men," said Journiac to William, in English, "have smuggled in some intelligence to Mademoiselle D'Isigny in this watch. Walk swiftly up the stairs behind me, so as to hide me."

They were not up ten steps before the men in the bureau were after them. Journiac turned at once.

"The watch," said the foremost. "Give it up."

"I will do nothing of the kind," said Journiac. "William, back me up. I will not part with the watch, sire!"

They were half way up the stairs, and the odds were four to two. William, though strong, was not dexterous; and the Frenchmen were both strong and dexterous. William was rapidly overpowered, while Journiac de St. Meard, after a feeble resistance, dropped the watch, and fairly ran away up stairs.

William, as soon as he was released, followed him, a little sulkily, thinking that Sir Lionel Somers, or the Rector, would have made a better fight of it; and when he came to him in the large room, said so.

Said Journiac, "My dear child, the great fault of you English, is stupidity. I knew there was a letter in that watch; and I knew that they knew it also. If I had given up the watch without a struggle, they as Frenchmen would have known that the letter was on my person; that is why I deluded them by struggling. While you covered my retreat, I put the letter in my pocket; Mademoiselle D'Isigny has it now; they will be here to search me for it, the idiots, directly. Here they are."

"We have reason to believe, citizen Journiac, that there was a letter contained in the watch we took from you. We require to search you."

"There is no need, citizens," said Journiac. "I have outwitted you. There is such a letter. It has been handed to and read by the person to whom it was addressed. Do you want to see it?"

The jailors thought so.

"Mademoiselle D'Isigny," said St. Meard, advancing towards her, "these good people wish to see the letter which you received from your father through my hands. I think you had better show it to them."

The puzzled patriots read as follows :—

“I know all. You have done well, and have kept your old promise to me. The blessing of God be on your head for what you have done. Good daughter; good sister; good woman. Madame la Terrible is here with *me*. Keep your secret. There is not the least danger. In case of a trial, I should appeal to your friend Marat. Keep your secret as you promised. I dare say no more.”

They were puzzled, but she was contented. She knew what she had got to do until further orders; and many a puzzled woman goes rambling up and down the earth for direction, from Moravian parson to Romish priest, with the same object to this day. She had got her direction from one who had never failed her, and she followed his directions.

(To be concluded in our next.)

FRENCH FASHIONS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.



THE art of printing was introduced into France in or about the reign of Charles VII.; but, if we may judge from habits, customs, and costumes during that of Louis XI., Frenchmen and Frenchwomen had not as yet derived much intellectual advantage from it; although it is remarkable how, with increased means of international intercourse, old classical toilette traditions again found their way to France. For example, the women of ancient Greece and Rome had dyed their hair and painted their faces; so, likewise, in the reign of Louis XI., did the women, to say nothing of the men, of France.

That the style of dress was hideous in form, as already described, is not to be wondered at, considering how few in France were then the opportunities of artistic observātion, such as for centuries preceding had become familiar to the people of Italy. Not to speak of painting or sculpture, at that date when the art of printing was only just introduced into France, the drama, with the exception of “Mysteries, or Miracle Plays,” had made scarcely any, and, by no means, a steady

and moral, progress since that far-off time glanced at in a previous page, when Clovis, first Christian king of France, had imported a "pantomime." Mimics and *farceurs* had multiplied before the reign of Charles VI.; but these actors, if they can be so called, did but caricature their fellow-citizens, and by doing so make patent any scandalous or ridiculous adventure to the delight of Paris gossips. Charles VI., however, patronised their "joyous institution," and they were called "*Enfans sans Souci*," whilst the chief of them was dignified by the title of "Prince of Fools." Wearing a hood with asses' ears, he made an annual public entry into Paris, followed by all his troop, who generally displayed their talents in the market-places. But, when Francis I. became king, an immense advance was made in all the arts of civilisation; and, with regard to female dress, Anne of Brittany, the beloved consort of Louis XII., predecessor of Francis, had introduced ameliorations most favourable to the growth of good taste in France. The costume of Anne of Brittany closely resembles that of "La Reine Claude;" and, therefore, having once touched upon the reign of the "Great Francis," we here prefer to keep to it in sketching the robes of his first fair consort; for there is something characteristic of her royal husband's court at Fontainebleau in the majestic sweep of her purple velvet train, trimmed with ermine; and the graceful form of her hanging sleeves, of the same costly fur. Her small *coif* (like that made charming by Anne Boleyn), frames the smoothly-banded hair, and sustains a long veil, drooping behind. Well does the rich hue of the open velvet robe harmonise with the lustre of the white satin petticoat visible beneath it, which looks as though sustained, though not "stuck out," by the best form of crinoline ever since invented; and historical is the fact that Queen Claude wears gloves—an article of attire then new to France.

During the later years of the reign of Francis I. (founder of the Royal College of France) he found an able fine art assistant in his daughter-in-law, Catherine de Médicis, who from Italy had imported with her artists and poets. A passion for chivalrous romance then became rife, unequalled in France since the days of the Troubadours; and as Italian artists and sculptors—amongst whom was the celebrated Florentine, Benvenuto Cellini—then found their way to the court of France, together with the first editions of such works as "*Lancelot du Lac*," and various poems, it need scarcely be added that French taste in costume changed for the better with the customs of French society.

It has now—in the 19th century—become a fashion, both in France and England, to “rehabilitate” historical characters; but it is with regard to dress alone that justice need here be done to Catherine de Médicis, for in that (notwithstanding one or two grotesque, but short-lived, fashions contemporary with her), as in architecture and the fine arts generally, she was a great reformer. No longer, in her time, did French women wear horns or sugar-loaves, but Italian turbans, such as may be seen in the old pictures of Italy, especially in the art galleries of Florence; or else they wore *bandeaux* of precious stones, gold, or silver, which confined the hair in classic forms. After the accession of Henri II., husband of Catherine de Médicis, to the throne of France, the elegance of the apparel peculiar to the court over which she presided became exquisite enough to satisfy the tastes of painters and poets, who helped to immortalise it by pen and pencil. Brantôme, the court chronicler of the time, has written volumes describing the majesty and grace of ladies at the Tuileries and the Louvre, when the former palace was first built under the auspices of Catherine de Médicis, and the latter had been enlarged and restored by her to a degree magnificent enough to become the wonder of the world. Alternately, or, sometimes, equally, were Italian and Spanish fashions adopted; and, looking first at the *toque* or velvet head-dress—then called Neapolitan—fastened with an *aigrette* of diamonds, and then at the long veil, falling mantilla-like over Titian-hued robes of velvet or satin, it is difficult to say which style of dress is the more to be admired. Corneille, the painter, instituted at that time a picture-gallery at Lyons; and at a late period of her life Catherine de Médicis, beholding her own portrait painted by him when she was young, is described by her courtier, Brantôme, as standing before it long and wistfully; but, however she may have regretted the changes worked by Time on her handsome countenance, she was not shocked as so many elderly ladies are in this present century by observing that her dress was ugly when she was young; for the Médicis costume, generally, was—from Brantôme’s and other descriptions of it—distinguished by those flowing outlines, and that fine combination of light and shade, or rich colouring, for the best examples of which painters still have need to study the works of her artistic countrymen. Mary, Queen of Scots, daughter-in-law of Catherine de Médicis, who still dressed *à la Française*, after bidding adieu to France, the loved land of her youth, has helped to form the taste of posterity, never weary of admiring the long robes, the veil, and the small pointed cap, in form

like that now honoured by the adoption of Queen Victoria ; and it is necessary, when alluding to fashion of female dress at the Tuileries three hundred years ago, to observe that it was then and there the *panier*, prototype of the modern crinoline, was introduced to sustain the rich skirts which were often heavy with gold embroidery and precious stones. Henceforth, the *panier*, although variously modified, became an essential of court costume, being introduced elsewhere than in France by the daughters and daughter-in-law of Catherine de Médicis. By the portraits of Mary, Queen of Scots, most readers are made familiar with the form of French female attire contemporary with her ; but as that unfortunate queen is generally portrayed in a mourning garb, it may be as well here to observe that it was customary then for ladies to adopt two separate colours in their costume ; and, to exemplify how this was done, a word-sketch may pardonably here be given of a portrait of Marguerite de France (first consort of Henri de Navarre), a copy of which is in the French art collection before alluded to. Crimson and black are the colours she wears, the satin under-skirt being of the former, and the velvet train of the latter, hue ; but this train, worn like a festooned upper-skirt, is looped up as when the fair and gay princess, its wearer, was so charmed with the new fashion of her *panier* rounding off the velvet folds about her hips, that, in presence of, and to the astonishment of the admiring and assembled court at the Louvre, she performed a *pirouette*, and then, bending down low in a stately curtsy, improvised that which by modern English girls is known as a “cheese.” But, seemingly oblivious of any such sudden caprice, altogether stately looks this princess as she stands erect in superb array : albeit, her half-open, pointed bodice, and close, though “curiously puckered” sleeves have anything but a stiff appearance ; and these all—bodice and sleeves—tastefully alternate the black and crimson of the skirts. White gauntlet gloves form pointed cuffs to the sleeves. Bright gold-coloured and luxuriant is the hair raised in slight semi-circles on either side the brow, a form of *coiffure* harmonious with the oval of the lovely face ; and between these right-and-left graceful puffs of hair is placed an ornament shaped like a *fleur-de-lys*, and probably made of pearls, to match the chain necklace of three rows encircling the round and slender throat of this princess, whose French Christian name, being interpreted, represents a pearl.

This costume of Marguerite de France might, in some respects advantageously, be copied by French and even English ladies of

this our own present day, save in one article of apparel not yet named—the ruff. Male ruffs were introduced at the Court of France in or about the reign of Francis I. ; and this feminine neck-frill worn by the French princess, Marguerite, is a marvellously



“Grande Affaire des Paniers.” Temps de Louis XV.

graceful modification of that which backed up Queen Elizabeth of England. It formed, in fact, a white back-ground or high light to the richly-coloured picture of the “Princess of Pearls”; but still it has a stiff and starched appearance, although one not nearly so ugly as that produced by a fashion which made its appearance in the reign of Henri III.,—the fashion of humping up female backs between the shoulder-blades by artificial means, which gave the notion of absolute deformity. By that time Catherine de Médicis, mother of Henri III. and queen-mother of three successive reigns, was an old woman. Is it possible that this hideous humpbacked fashion was introduced to

flatter her? If Catherine de Médicis allowed such an outrage upon beauty and art in favour of her own self-love, it was, indeed, after all, by a deformity of character that costume, which at one time owed so much to her, was for a short time—but only for a short time—made hideous. She had, indeed, lived too long.

In the reign of her son, Henri III., male hats came into fashion; not, by any means, the chimney-pot hat, ugliest head-piece of modern times, but the Spanish hat—afterwards exaggerated, especially in the time of Charles II. of England—which, made of felt or velvet, was adorned with plumes. Jauntily elegant was, also, the loose, but short and richly-trimmed, bright-coloured velvet mantle worn by King Henry III. and his courtiers, although their slashed *justaucorps*, or body garments, and silk-woven *chausses* were of a much closer fit than those in vogue a century later.

In the time of Catherine de Médicis coaches and various sorts of carriages began to be generally used in France; and court theatricals were then instituted at the Louvre, at the splendid banquets of which palace forks were first used in France. At the Louvre, also, then appeared white hair-powder; but whether originally intended to beautify the locks of Catherine de Médicis in old age, or merely for use in court theatrical disguises, cannot here be said. More important may be regarded the fact that the printing-press was not at that time left idle by princes; and, in proof of this fact, it may here be mentioned that a fine edition of the works of Froissart, historian and *romancier*, who died about 1401, was printed at Lyons under the direction of Catherine de Médicis, in 1559, just when her short-lived son, Francis II., first husband of Mary, Queen of Scots, ascended the throne.

Masks were first worn in France during the reign of Francis I., and they were not without their use in aftertimes of civil strife, albeit, like most other things, subject to abuse. The first pair of silk stockings in France was worn by Henri II., consort of Catherine de Médicis, although it was not until a later date that a manufactory for stockings was instituted in the Bois de Boulogne, which locality, as told in a previous page, had long been a favourite resort both of princes and penitents. Before stocking-making became a matter of French trade it was customary for ladies to knit hose; and previous to the time when hosiery was thought of in an elastic form it was customary for people of rank to case their legs with stuffs—more or

less costly—bound on by *bandelettes*, such as those already described as worn by Charlemagne.

Marie de Médicis, queen of Henri IV., did something, though not seemingly much, to develop the dress fashions mainly originated by



Robe Relevée, d'après Boucher, &c.



Dame de Paris, 1815, d'après Horace Vernet.

her predecessor and kinswoman, Catherine ; but Anne of Austria, wife of Marie's son, Louis XIII., and mother of Louis XIV., was not only splendid in her attire, but almost morbidly fastidious in her tastes. By her the celebrated pearl necklace, for generations afterwards considered the property of the Dauphiness, for the time being, was brought into France.

Under the reign of her husband, Louis XIII., the *raffinés* (or "swells" of the time) adorned their hats with lofty plumes ; wore white boots ; spurs ; short, but graceful, mantles of silk or velvet ;

beards, pointed ; and long moustachios, curled up by means of wax on either side. And as she, Anne of Austria, was the natural guardian of her son, Louis XIV., during his long minority, it is not very difficult to guess whence, or from whom, he derived his first taste for the superb costumes which afterwards characterised his court.

Up to, and even for some time after the "Grand Monarque" took the reins of government into his own hands, the only unsightly thing in the head-dress of French court ladies was an ornament of silk or other more costly material, formed like a large open fan, worn in front of the head, high on the brow. That this head-gear was susceptible, as are, indeed, all other fashions, of the modifications of individual taste, is a fact illustrated by a Versailles portrait of the young and short-lived Duchesse d'Orléans, one of the brightest and best of princesses, and also the daughter of Charles I., martyred King of England, and his consort, the French-born Henrietta Maria. With regard to male courtly costume of the time of Louis XIV.—that costume, the most splendid in modern historical dramas, and so generally well known that it is needless here to elaborate the details of it—the chief, if not the only, objection to it, from a picturesque point of view, is the *perruque* ; that monstrous head-tower which, rising high above the head in artificial curls, descends to the waist before and behind. So convinced, in his later life, was Louis XIV. of the majesty appertaining to his own wig, that he would never, it is said, be seen night or day without it.

Muffs were in those days often carried on the hands of gentlemen of quality, who might scarcely have cared to be identified by such a luxury if they could have foretold how, in after times, the word "muff" would become a slang word of contempt for a foolish fellow. In time fans dropped off the heads of ladies ; and their flowing locks, veils, head-draperies, or even the piquant little round cap afterwards worn, harmonised well with the lines, very long and undulating, yet circular, of their rich robes and sleeves.

The *Panier*, first introduced, as beforesaid, at the court of France by Catherine de Médicis, was indispensable in sustaining the long female dresses of the time of Louis XIV. ; and the element of reason or utility in the *Panier* fashion, alone accounts for its long duration. Although subject during the successive reigns of Louis XIV., Louis XV., and Louis XVI., to various modifications and exaggerations, it never abandoned at the court of Versailles,

and a *grande dame* of that court in the time of Louis XV. (see page 451) illustrates its appearance when largest worn.

To the Louis XIV. male wig succeeded powder and pigtails, and that hair powder hath some mysterious charm peculiar to itself, which by concealing one natural beauty enhances others, was practically acknowledged by ladies of the time of Louis XV., for they also then adopted it at the court of Versailles; and by the time Queen Marie Antoinette appeared above the horizon of fashion, "glittering like the morning star, full of splendour, and hope, and joy," it would be difficult to recognize a picture of her *en grande tenue* without it.

Rouge was generally the indispensable adjunct of hair-powder; but this was not in that day used with intention to deceive, any more than were the court plaister black patches contemporary with it; for the Austrian Emperor, Joseph, when a guest at Versailles, openly rallied his sister Queen Marie Antoinette and her ladies for being on one state occasion "painted too high." The intellectual Madame de Genlis also laid a wager at that time with the Duc d'Orléans at the Palais Royal, that on her thirtieth birthday she would leave off rouge; and albeit the lady was known to be strong-minded, it was considered quite impossible that she could do so. She won the wager, however, to the astonishment of the world—or, *her* world—at large; and indeed the winning it turned her pale. But modes change, and some of them, merely here glanced at historically, would not, of course, be tolerated under an improved *ton* of morals.

During the reign of Louis XV., male court coats were costly in material, and worn over embroidered vests, but in the time of Louis XVI. they became less and less fantastic, until at last there was something Quaker-like in their cut; the buttons, however, were of gems, cut steel, or gold or silver, and the button-holes elaborately worked; the dress altogether, in fact, resembling the ordinary court dress worn by an English gentleman in the 19th century. The black silk flat bag, still generally appended to the nape of the neck of a court coat, was formerly of use in containing a courtier's hair, or at least in preventing hair powder from resting on the coat itself; and buckles to male court shoes, as also at the knees, are still the same in shape as during the reign of Louis XVI.; but as the high gold or scarlet heel is no longer worn by gentlemen in this our own present day, we may say that courtiers, generally, stand firmer on their feet. Curious was the Louis XVI. male *coiffure* representing "*ails de pigeon*," formed by stiff and symmetrical curls on either side

the fore part of the head. Watch chains or ribbons dangled one in front of either hip during the *ails de pigeon* period; and meantime court ladies, nay, also some fair *bourgeoises*, had learnt the art of looping up their long trains in the graceful though fantastic style portrayed, previously, by the painter Watteau, and pictured on fans such as those used by Queen Marie Antoinette and her court, both in and out of doors, at the Little Trianon palace, of court pastoral pleasures.

The high-heeled shoe (such as that tiny one of Marie Antoinette, still exhibited beneath a glass-case at the Louvre) was light of foot, much more fairy-like, indeed, to all appearance than the thinnest, flat, paper-soled, sandalled slipper ever worn by ladies of that later date when Republican or Ultra-Liberal *Parisiennes*, walking, displayed not only both feet but one leg, by holding up their scanty garments on one side, in the Lacedæmonian *robe fendue mode* glanced at in a previous page; and such was then the "audacity of head-dresses" that *perruques* of various colours would belong to the same wearer. Time, however, developed that costume, à la "Sairey Gamp," here conspicuous by a bonnet needing a box, which in these days only belongs to that traditional female, "for to carry it." Is it possible that our own grandmothers, or great-grandmothers, as the case may be, ever wore such a bonnet as this, or trotted through the world with such a funny little pair of flat-footed legs as those?

Stumpy as they look, by contrast to the *coiffure*, they walked through the world of fashion; and that too, most wonderful to say, immediately after the graceful Empress Josephine had glided through it like a goddess, and ruled over it, she herself being arrayed in flowing drapery in which even Phidias might have delighted; and such as erst found favour with the most justly celebrated women of ancient Greece and Rome. Who needs here to be reminded of the elegant draperies, of the hair clustering low on the forehead, of the dignified though feminine style of dress, brought into "fashion" by Josephine during the Consulate and the earlier years of the First Empire? It was a style that harmonised well with the supple grace of her own figure, and which assorted with the fine Roman countenance of "*Madame Mère*," mother of Napoleon I.; but it only too soon passed out of view with Josephine herself; and it is scarcely an exaggeration to say, that from her time to that of her not less *gracieuse* successor, the Empress Eugénie, French fashion, subject to many freaks, fell into frightful contortions, if not hopeless confusion. For after that female, above illustrated, with

the big bonnet and short petticoats, came the Restoration ; but, notwithstanding that a privy council was positively held at the Tuileries by Louis XVIII. for the purpose of reviving the costume of the *ancien régime* of Versailles, it was found impossible to do so. The



La Princesse de Lamballe.

Duchesse d'Angoulême, daughter of Marie Antoinette, was then nominally the head of female fashion in France, but the long years of her exile had unfitted her to become its leader, as her mother had been ; and it is scarcely too much to say that no *mode* of the last years before the "great" French Revolution — not even when female *coiffures* for a passing season rose preposterously high—was so ugly, or more unartistically and unbecomingly devoid of all utility, as were most of the shifting costumes worn after the Restoration ; for not only had the pious princess, then presiding at the Tuileries, been too early imprisoned and schooled by adversity, to care in after life for

the pomps and vanities of the court of her pedantic uncle, Louis XVII., but that king himself was too aged and infirm to direct them from an artistic point of view, although he could not but remember his sister-in-law, Marie Antoinette (as portrayed by Lebrun), and that Queen's best adviser, even in matters of costume, the Princesse de Lamballe. But he remembered his own gouty legs better, and cased them in red velvet gaiters; dreading a French sun-stroke, he wore an English chimney-pot hat to protect him from it, and in an elderly blue frock-coat, he buttoned himself up with bright buttons from the cold. Louis XVIII. prided himself in being English even with regard to his chartered constitution. Who, therefore, though with all due respect to our own immediate ancestors, can wonder at uncontrolled French fashion playing wild antics?

So capricious was she for more than twenty years—that is, until after the Revolution which dethroned Charles X.—that at one time she not only cut off her scanty skirts high above her flat-footed shoes and sandalled pink-silk-hosed ankles, but stuffed out her sleeves with big wool bags, wore another huge bag behind for a “bustle,” and stuck a tortoiseshell comb on the top of her hair, so high that her head was almost twice the length of her face. Where, then, were painters and sculptors? Let such Masters of Arts beware in this our time, and guard against the growth of some mongrel and demoralising *modes* which, even though depicted by genius, can never be pointed back to by posterity as types of grace.



THE CHAMPION'S CHALLENGE.



HE “Crown and Glove” is a favourite tavern sign to be seen in many parts of England, and has reference to the well-known ceremonial of the royal champion's appearance and public challenge at coronations—the Royal Champion himself figuring on the signboard of an inn in George Street, Oxford. The last occasion of the champion's performance of the duties of his office was at the coronation of George IV. He was required to appear at the door of Westminster Hall, mounted on a white horse^a and clad in complete armour, “shortly before the serving

^a At the coronation of George II. the Champion is said to have appeared mounted upon the charger which the king had ridden at the battle of Dettingen.

of the second course of the coronation banquet." As at the coronation of King William IV. and Queen Victoria the banquet in Westminster Hall was dispensed with, the royal champion's presence was not considered necessary. The ceremonial observed at the coronation of Queen Anne, and closely followed at the coronation of George IV., was as follows. The mounted champion advanced from the door of the hall, his herald proclaiming at three different stages in his progress the challenge: "If any person, of what degree soever, high or low, shall deny or gainsay our Sovereign Lady Queen Anne of England, Scotland, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c., to be right heir to the imperial crown of Great Britain, or that she ought not to enjoy the same, here is her champion, who saith that he lieth and is a foul traitor, being ready in person to combat with him, and in this quarrel will adventure his life." At the conclusion of each challenge the champion threw down his gauntlet, and paused awhile. Having at length reached the throne, a gold cup full of wine was brought to the sovereign, who, pledging the champion, sent him the cup. The champion drank from the cup, and finally departed with it and its cover as his fee.

The championship is an office of great antiquity, and of an hereditary character. The feudal manor of Scrivelsby, near Horncastle, in Lincolnshire, carries with it the possession of this office. The lands were held by "barony and grand-serjeantry," the terms of the tenure requiring that at the coronation the then lord, or some person in his name if he be not able, shall come "well-armed for war upon a good war-horse into the presence of our lord the king, and shall then and there cause it to be proclaimed that if any one shall say that our lord and king has no right to his crown and kingdom, he will be ready and prepared to defend with his body the right of the king and kingdom against him and all others whatsoever." The manor was anciently vested in the Marmion family, who, it is said, were hereditary champions to the Dukes of Normandy long prior to the Norman Conquest. However this may be, the Conqueror granted the castle and manor of Tamworth in Warwickshire, and the manor of Scrivelsby in Lincolnshire, to Robert de Marmion, to be held subject to the performance of the duties of champion. For four generations the office descended in the male line without interruption; but upon the death of Philip de Marmion, without male issue, in the reign of Edward I., his possessions were divided between his two daughters, the elder receiving the manor of

Tamworth, and the younger the manor of Scrivelsby. At the coronation of Richard II. Lord Neville, the great-grandson of the elder daughter, claimed the championship by reason of his tenure of Tamworth Castle; but it was decided against his claim, and in favour of Sir John Dymoke, the husband of Margaret, the heiress of Philip de Marmion's younger daughter, who held the manor of Scrivelsby. The championship, thus annexed to the Scrivelsby estate, continued to descend in the Dymoke family for sixteen generations, when the manor and championship became vested in the Rev. John Dymoke, rector of Scrivelsby, prebendary of Lincoln Cathedral, who, called upon to officiate at the coronation of George IV., preferred a petition to the Court of Claims that he might, in consideration of his clerical character, be permitted to act by deputy. His petition was granted; and his son, who succeeded him in 1828, was made a baronet in 1841, and died within the last few years, represented his father, rode into Westminster Hall, wore armour, and gave the champion's challenge at the last coronation banquet which has been held in this country.^b

It has long been a popular tradition that on certain occasions the challenge of the champion has been accepted, or that some interruption has taken place in Westminster Hall during the performance of this portion of the coronation ceremony. It has been thought likely, from the popular point of view, that claimants to the crown, either in person or by their adherents, would not fail to take this oppor-

^b We may note, that in an amusing passage of one of Walpole's letters to the Countess of Ossory, reference may be found to a claimant of the honours of the championship in the person of Lord Leicester. "I have been entertained, too, by a visit of Lord Leicester to Penshurst from Tunbridge. As the former had belonged to usurpers of his title, of which he had been wronged from the era of the Conquest, I should not have thought he would have deigned to enter it. Oh! but he did; aye, and fell in love with, and wants to purchase, it. In the mansion he found a helmet, and put it on; but, unfortunately, it had been made for some paladin whose head was not of the exact standard that a genuine Earl of Leicester's should be, and, in doffing it, he almost tore one of his ears off. I am persuaded he tried it with the intention of wearing it at the next coronation; for when he was but two-and-twenty he called on me one morning, and told me he proposed to claim the championry of England, being descended from the eldest daughter of Ralph de Basset, who was champion before the Flood, or before the Conquest, I forget which, whereas the Dymokes come only from the second [daughter]; and he added, 'I *did* put in my claim at the coronation of Queen Elizabeth.' A gentleman who was with me, and who did not understand the heraldic tongue, hearing such a declaration from a very young man, stared, and thought he was gone raving mad; and I, who did understand him, am still not clear that the gentleman was wrong."

tunity of asserting what they held to be their rights, lest judgment should go against them, as it were, by default. A legend to the effect that the champion's gauntlet has been taken up, or another glove flung down beside it, is of old date, though there is much discrepancy in the versions of the story, and it is made applicable to more than one occasion. Miss Strickland, in her "Life of Queen Mary II.," refers to a "gossip's tale" of this nature, and describes it as pertaining to every coronation of the last century which took place while an heir of James II. existed. If any incident of the kind took place, she imagines it must have been at the coronation of William and Mary. "That there was a pause at this part of the ceremony of above two hours; and that when the champion appeared, the gauntlet was heard to be thrown, but nothing that was done could be seen on account of the darkness of the evening; all this rests upon the authority of Lamberty, the historian and diplomatist." Evelyn, who was present in Westminster Hall, says that, "when the king and queen had dined, the ceremony of the champion and other services by tenure were performed;" but he makes no mention of any interruption of the proceedings; nor does he record the darkness of the evening. Lord Macaulay, in his history, says simply, "on the whole the ceremony went off well."

The authors of the History of Signboards refer to a curious anecdote of the coronation of William and Mary and of the episode of the champion's challenge, which appeared in the "Gazetteer" for August 20, 1784, certainly a good many years after the event. "At the coronation of King William and Queen Mary, the champion of England dressed in armour of complete and glittering steel, his horse richly caparisoned, and himself and beaver finely capped with plumes of feathers, entered Westminster Hall while the king and queen were at dinner. And at giving out the usual challenge to any one that disputed their majesties' right to the crown of England (when he has the honour to drink the sovereign's health out of a golden cup, always his fee), after he had flung down his gauntlet on the pavement, an old woman who entered the hall on crutches (which she left behind her), took it up, and made off with great celerity, leaving her own glove with a challenge in it to meet her the next day at an appointed hour in Hyde Park. A person in the same dress appeared the next day at the place appointed, though it was generally supposed to be a good swordsman in that disguise. However the champion of England politely declined

any contest of that nature with the fair sex, and never made his appearance."

This story is circumstantial enough. Another version of the same legend had appeared in print long previously, however, with the difference that the events described had reference to the coronation of George I. The Baron Pöllnitz, whose memoirs were published in London in the year 1738, writes thus: "When the king came to London, he found subjects as much attached to his person as those he had left at Hanover; and not long after his arrival he was, according to custom, crowned at Westminster. There was so great a concourse of people at the ceremony that it seemed as if all the nation had flocked thither to receive their new sovereign. I was told that there was only one person, and that was a woman, who refused to own him for king; and that this happened upon the very day of the coronation, when a champion, armed from head to foot, entering into the banqueting hall, and, according to custom, challenging any person whatsoever who did not acknowledge the Elector of Hanover as lawful King of England, that lady threw down her glove, and with a very ill-timed effrontery, made answer aloud—'That James III. was the only lawful heir of the crown, and that the Elector of Hanover was an usurper.'"

It will be remembered that Sir Walter Scott has made this curious story available in his novel of "Redgauntlet," though he has shifted the scene of it again and applied it to the coronation of George III., apparently unaware that it had been referred to previous coronations. Obedient to the command of her uncle, Redgauntlet, Lilius, the heroine of the novel, upon the third sounding of the champion's challenge, rushes in, a lane being opened for her in the crowd "as though by word of command," picks up "the parader's gage," and leaves another in lieu of it. "I have often heard," says Darsie Latimer, to whom she relates her adventure, "that a female, supposed to be a man in disguise,—and yet, Lilius, you do not look very masculine—had taken up the champion's gauntlet at the present king's coronation, and left in its place a gage of battle with a paper, offering to accept the combat provided a fair field should be allowed for it. I have hitherto considered it as an idle tale. I have little thought how nearly I was interested in the actors of a scene so daring." In an apologetic note Sir Walter quotes tradition, "which many people," he says, "may recollect having heard," as an excuse for what might be considered a violent infraction of

probability in this exploit of Lilius Redgauntlet. He is disposed to regard the legend, however, as one of the numerous fictions which were circulated from time to time to keep up the spirits of a sinking faction. The incident, he maintains, was possible, however, if it could be supposed to be attended by any motive adequate to the risk, and might be imagined to occur to a person of Redgauntlet's enthusiastic character.

We may perhaps be permitted a little surprise that Sir Walter, in adapting this tradition to the purposes of his novel, did not combine with it the legend, certainly of equal authenticity—not that that is saying so very much for it—to the effect that the Pretender—the Young Pretender he should be called, for the old chevalier was still living—was present in person at the coronation of George III. The taking up of the champion's glove by Lilius, in the actual presence of the prince on whose behalf the deed was accomplished, would surely have been a subject worthy of the great romancist's pen.

The question as to the secret visits of the Pretender to London, has often occupied attention. Lord Stanhope says: "He undertook a mysterious journey to England in 1750, and perhaps another in 1752 or 1753," and appears to think that the evidence of other visits arises out of a confused account of the admitted journey of 1750, and the conjectural visit of a few years' later. That Charles Edward came to England in 1750 appears to be beyond dispute. Dr. King, in his "Anecdotes of his own Time" (published in 1818), relates that in September, 1750, he was introduced to the prince at the house of Lady Primrose, in Essex Street; that he remained for five days in London, and that he came one evening to the doctor's lodgings and drank tea. The Right Hon. Charles William Wynn added a note to his sister's diary (published in 1864, as "The Diary of a Lady of Quality"), to the effect that his grandmother had often repeated to him the account which she had herself received from Lady Primrose, of Charles Edward's visit in 1750. "She described her consternation when Mr. Browne (the name under which he was to go) was announced to her in the midst of a card-party among whom were many who she felt might have seen him abroad, and would very probably recognise him. Her cards almost dropped from her hands, but she recovered herself and got him out of the room as quickly as she could. He slept at her house that night only, and afterwards went to that of a merchant in

the City." Further, the fact of this visit is substantiated by the memoranda in the prince's own handwriting discovered among the Stuart Papers, in the royal library, and communicated to the *Times* newspaper by Mr. Woodward, the Queen's librarian, in December, 1864. It is clear that the prince arrived in London on the 16th of September, 1750, and took his departure on the 22nd. Not reckoning the broken days of arrival and departure, this agrees with Dr. King's account that the prince's stay lasted "for five days only."

An earlier visit than this of 1750 is mentioned by Forsyth, in his work on Italy, first published in 1813. The prince is stated to have travelled to London in "a hideous disguise," in the year 1748, under the name of Smith. (It may be noted that the name of "Smith" had been assumed by the prince's great grandfather, Charles I., on the occasion of his secret and romantic visit to Spain in 1623, and it was destined to be the name adopted by King Louis Philippe when he fled disguised from France, at the revolution of 1848, so that, in future, Smith may be regarded as a kind of royal *alias*.) On his arrival in London, the prince is said to have been introduced at midnight into a room full of conspirators, with whom he was unacquainted. "Here," said his conductor, "is the person you want," and he left the prince locked up in this mysterious assembly. "Dispose of me, gentlemen, as you please," said Charles Edward; "my life is in your power, and I therefore can stipulate for nothing. Yet give me, I entreat you, one solemn promise, that if your design should succeed the present family shall be sent safely and honourably home." For a week the prince remained in London, and was even recognised in the streets by various persons, but betrayed by none. He was sanguine of the success of the conspiracy, but difficulties arose on the part of the French ambassador, whose court had cooled in the Stuart cause, and he presently returned to Paris, "to encounter cruel indignity, and was there arrested and expelled the kingdom."

Such is the story told by Forsyth, as a rule a writer of remarkable accuracy. Lord Stanhope assumes that Forsyth had been mistaken in the year, and that he had referred to 1748 the events of 1750. The expulsion from France, however, which is stated to have been subsequent to the visit to London, took place in December, 1748. If there is any mistake in the story, it is plain therefore that it is more than one of date merely. Forsyth's story, however, does not appear to be substantiated by any other writer.

In favour of the belief that the prince visited London in 1753 or 1754, evidence of some importance can be adduced. In the "Memoirs of Philip Thicknesse," published in 1790, it is stated that the prince came to London about the year 1754, "contrary to the advice of all his friends around; but he was determined, he said, to see the capital of that kingdom over which he thought himself born to reign. After being a few hours at a lady's house in Essex Street, in the Strand, he was met by one who knew his person, in Hyde Park, and who made an attempt to kneel to him. This circumstance so alarmed the lady at whose house he resided, that a boat was procured the same night, and he returned instantly to France." Thicknesse, however, may have confused the dates, and may be describing over again the visit recorded by Dr. King. The lady in Essex Street is clearly Lady Primrose, while, it may be noted, the statement that the prince came to see the capital of his kingdom, goes to contradict the stories of his having previously visited London. He could hardly say that he came to see the capital if he had already been there on one or two occasions. That Lady Primrose, however, may have had the honour and the danger of receiving the prince at her house in Essex Street, both in 1750 and in 1753, is not improbable. Such a view of the case, moreover, is supported by the important evidence of David Hume, contained in a letter to Sir John Pringle, dated 10th February, 1773: "That the present Pretender was in London in the year 1753, I know with the greatest certainty, because I had it from Lord Marischal, who said it consisted with his certain knowledge. Two or three days after his lordship gave me this information, he told me that the evening before he had learnt several curious particulars from a lady whom I imagine to be Lady Primrose, though my lord refused to name her. The Pretender came to her house in the evening without giving her any preparatory information, and entered the room where she had a pretty large company with her, and was herself playing at cards. He was announced by the servant under another name. She thought the cards would have dropped from her hands on seeing him; but she had presence of mind enough to call him by the name he assumed, to ask him when he came to England, and how long he intended to stay there. After all the company went away, the servants remarked how wonderfully like the strange gentleman was to the prince's picture which hung on the chimney in the very room in which he entered. My lord added (I think on the authority of the same lady)

that he used so little precaution, that he went abroad openly in daylight in his own dress, only laying aside his blue riband and star; walked once through St. James's, and took a turn in the Mall. About five years ago I told this to Lord Holderness, who was Secretary of State in the year 1753, and I added, I supposed this piece of intelligence had escaped his lordship. 'By no means,' said he, 'and who do you think first told it me? It was the King himself (George II.), who subjoined "And what do you think, my lord, I should do with him?"' Lord Holderness owned that he was puzzled how to reply; for if he declared his real sentiments they might savour of indifference to the royal family. The King perceived his embarrassment, and extricated him from it by saying, 'My lord, I shall just do nothing at all, and when he is tired of England he will go abroad again.' I think this story, for the honour of the King, ought to be more generally known."

Lord Stanhope, inclining to believe that the visit of 1750 was the only one, and therefore the subject of Hume's letter, and that the supposed visit of 1753 was due to a confusion of dates, took pains to show that in September, 1750, King George was absent from England in his Hanoverian dominions, and that the conversation alleged to have taken place with Lord Holderness was impossible. The fact that Lord Holderness was not appointed Secretary of State until 1751, is however in favour of the accuracy of Hume's story; at least it holds together. Sir Walter Scott, it may be mentioned in his notes to "Redgauntlet," gives a version of the conversation between the king and his minister; but falls into the error of putting George III. in the place of George II., instancing the anecdotes as a proof of "the goodness of heart and kindness of policy" of the former monarch. The credit arising out of the story is due to George II., if to any one.

The account of his visit to London in 1750, given by the Pretender himself in 1783, Lord Stanhope holds to be "the best entitled to attention," and "in a high degree distinct and precise." "It is to be found," states his lordship, "in a despatch which I have published from Sir Horace Mann, the friend of Walpole, and the British minister at Florence, who was required to report to the Secretary of State all proceedings of the Pretender." Sir Horace describes a conference between Charles Edward and Gustavus, King of Sweden, then upon his travels, and proceeds,—"They then passed to common discourse, in which the Pretender related some circumstances

of his life that had occurred formerly to him, and particularly what follows: That in the month of September, 1750, he came from France in company only with a Colonel Brett; that they examined the exterior parts of the Tower, one gate of which they thought might be beaten down with a petard; from that they went to a lodging in Pall Mall, where about fifty of his friends were assembled, among whom were the Duke of Beaufort and the Earl of Westmoreland, and he said that if they could have assembled only 4000 men, he would publicly have put himself at the head of them. He stayed there a fortnight, and asserts that the government had never the least notice of it." It may of course be argued that the Pretender made no other visit to London than the one here reported, or he would surely have taken the opportunity of mentioning it. The statement that he stayed a fortnight, however, is at variance with his own memoranda and the narrative of Dr. King, both above referred to.

The Pretender's conversation with the King of Sweden at Florence, as related by Sir Horace Mann in his despatch, had been recorded, previous to the publication of that despatch, by a Mr. Louis Dutens,^c who published in 1806 five volumes of "Memoirs of a Traveller now in Retirement." Mr. Dutens appears to have been intimate with Horace Walpole, and his name occurs several times in the last volume of Walpole's letters. Walpole describes him as "a French Protestant clergyman, who had been employed in the embassy at Turin, under Mr. Mackenzie and Lord Mountstuart, and author of several works." Mr. Dutens writes:—"In a conversation which the King of Sweden held with the Pretender at Florence on the 1st of December, 1783, the latter told him that in the month of September, 1750, he was in London with Colonel Brett. The first place where he landed was at the Tower of London. He examined the outside of it, and found it was very easy to break down the door with a petard. He then went to a lodging in Pall Mall, where the same evening more than fifty of his partisans assembled,

^c Of this Mr. Dutens the following curious story is told in "Moore's Diary," " (January 21st, 1825), Lord Lansdowne, at breakfast, mentioned of Dutens, who wrote the 'Mémoires d'un Voyageur qui se Repose,' and was a great antiquarian, that on his describing once his good luck in having found (what he fancied to be) a tooth of Scipio's in Italy, some one asked him what he had done with it; upon which he answered briskly, 'What have I done with it? *La voici!*' pointing to his mouth, where he had made it supplemental to a lost one of his own."

among whom he mentioned the Duke of B——t and Lord W——d ; and he assured the King of Sweden that if he had seen the probability of assembling 4000 men, he would have put himself at their head. The King of Sweden repeated the conversation the same day to Sir Horace Mann, from whom I had it." It will be seen that this account agrees closely with that contained in Sir Horace's despatch, except that there is no mention of the prince's stay in London having lasted a fortnight. Mr. Dutens adds,—“Mr. Holker, an Englishman, told me that he had attended him on that expedition, and that the government was informed of it, but was satisfied with watching his motions.”

Concerning this Mr. Holker, Mr. Dutens in another part of his book gives some curious particulars. He had first met Holker at the establishment of the Duc de Choiseul at Chanteloup. He had been appointed inspector-general of the manufactories of France, and wore the cross of St. Louis, which had been given him by the duke. Born at Manchester, and brought up a Jacobite, he had joined the Pretender on his landing in Scotland, and accompanied him to Carlisle, where, with sixty other officers, he was taken prisoner. Brought to London, he was imprisoned in Newgate, with a friend named Moss. (We may note that the name of “John Holker” appears among the lieutenants in the “List of English Rebel Officers of the Manchester Regiment” taken at Carlisle, contained in the “History of the Rebellion,” by James Ray, of Whitehaven, volunteer under his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, published in 1759.) Every day news came to the prisoners of the execution of their friends, and they were in constant expectation of death. Ropes and files, however, were secretly conveyed to them, with exact information of the plan and environs of the prison. At last they were condemned to die, and the day was fixed for their execution. They determined upon an attempt at escape. They had by degrees filed the irons which were upon their legs, so as to be able to break them in an instant when necessary. They were confined in the highest story of the prison, their room having grated windows which looked upon a gutter. They had filed two bars of the grating of one of the windows. To escape it was necessary for them to go along the gutter until they reached the top of the house of a hosier ; but between the house and the prison was a narrow courtyard of eight feet wide, which they would have to cross ; they would then let themselves down into the hosier's yard by means

of their clothes torn into strips and twisted into ropes, when a wall of only seven or eight feet high would separate them from the street. The main difficulty was to cross the courtyard. It occurred to them to split a table which they had in their room, and to join the three boards together, tying one on to the end of the other, so as to form a bridge of eight feet and a half long and seven or eight inches wide. They tested its strength repeatedly, by placing the two ends of it on two chairs, and they found that though it bent considerably under the weight of a man, it would, however, bear him, if, as they proposed to use it, he crawled along upon his hands and knees. An hour after midnight they began their attempt at escape. The light of the moon favoured them, but it also revealed the danger to which they were exposed in crossing their frail bridge at a frightful height from the ground. The one who remained on the prison side held the plank while his friend passed over, who then made it fast to the house. They made their way through the hosier's premises in safety, in spite of an alarm of "thieves," and the loud barking of a dog. Once over the outside wall and in the street, they parted company. Holker went to the house of a friend in Carnaby Market, but could not obtain admission. At last, in an agony lest daylight should overtake and betray him, he sought the protection of a gentleman whom he had seen but once before, and was received with the greatest humanity. He was conducted to the house of Lady B——, at the corner of Grosvenor Square, where he remained for some days. He was then hidden in the country for six months, when the search after him having subsided, he escaped to France.

"We afterwards," Mr. Dutens proceeds, "asked Mr. Holker several questions relative to the Pretender, and he told us that the unfortunate prince had gone himself to London in 1747 (*sic*) in disguise, and had there seen many of his principal friends, with whom he concerted many measures. Their advice was that he should march directly for London before a force could be collected sufficient to oppose him; and they assured him that his presence would determine a considerable party to declare themselves in his favour. When he returned from Carlisle, however, he was dissuaded from this design." There is evidently a mistake in the date given in this story. If true at all, and it does not seem very probable, the visit to London it relates must have happened in 1745.

We now come to the last of the alleged visits of the Pretender to London, on the occasion of the coronation of George III., in 1761.

The following is Hume's account, to be found in a letter to Sir John Pringle, in "Nichol's Literary Anecdotes :"—"Lord Marischal, a few days after the coronation of the present king, told me he believed the Pretender was at that time in London, or at least had been so very lately, and had come over to see the show of the coronation, and had actually seen it. I asked my lord the reason for this strange fact. 'Why,' says he, 'a gentleman told me he saw him there, and that he even spoke to him, and whispered in his ear these words, "Your Royal Highness is the last of all mortals whom I should expect to see here." "It was curiosity that led me," said the other. "But I assure you," added he, "that the person who is the present object of all this pomp and magnificence is the man I envy least." ' You see this story is so nearly traced from the fountain-head as to wear a good deal of probability. *Query*.—What if the Pretender had taken up Dymock's gauntlet? "

Horace Walpole, in a letter to Miss Berry, in 1791, writes : "Madame d'Albany . . . chose to go to see the king in the House of Lords, with the crown on his head, proroguing the Parliament. What an odd rencontre ! Was it philosophy or insensibility ? *I believe it is certain that her husband was in Westminster Hall at the coronation.*"

The Countess of Albany, by her presence in London at this period, was creating considerable stir. We find Mrs. Hannah More writing :—"The Bishop of London carried me to hear the King make his speech in the House of Lords. As it was quite new to me, I was very well entertained ; but the thing that was most amusing was to see, among the ladies, the Princess of Stolberg, Countess of Albany, wife to the Pretender, sitting just at the foot of that throne which she might once have expected to have mounted ; and what diverted the company when I put them in mind of it was, that it happened to be the 10th of June, the Pretender's birthday. I have the honour to be very much like her, and this opinion was confirmed yesterday when we met again."

As a final note on the subject of the Prince's presence in England in 1761, we may add the mention of the occurrence to be found in the memoirs of Mr. Dutens :—"The Duke de Choiseul assured me," he writes, "that in 1761 the Pretender was present at the coronation of the King of England ; and that the British ministry knew this, but pretended to be ignorant of it."

Altogether, if the evidence bearing upon the question is of rather

a hearsay kind, and not such as would be accepted in a court of justice, it yet appears that the popular tradition has some ground to go upon, and that there is a degree of reason for thinking that the Prince might, had he felt so disposed, have lifted up the champion's glove at the coronation banquet of George III. What consequences would have thereupon ensued—whether the Pretender would have crossed swords with Dymoke, what the result of such a combat in Westminster Hall or elsewhere would have been, and how the Hanoverian dynasty might have been thereby affected—are matters we must leave to the imagination of the reader, and the conjectures of the curious.

DUTTON COOK.

BIRD-LORE.



HERE is the man without his weak points?—We believe there are few, if any, who have not some point or other on which they are more or less influenced by superstitious feelings. We do not care how matter-of-fact a man may be in his daily life and occupations, yet, so long as there is a dark side to the great book of Nature, so long will there ever be a belief that

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

Granted that these oft-quoted lines refer more to the invisible than the visible, yet in all ages of the world's history there has been a tendency in the mind of man to link the seen with the unseen, and hence we have handed down to us, often from a remote antiquity, in the shape of tradition and folk-lore, an immense amount of popular superstitions connected with the visible things of creation.

In the animal kingdom birds have come in for a full share of this legendary lore, and it is very remarkable how, in all ages and nations, certain species, on account of their peculiar habits and character, have always been held to be objects of horror and alarm. Thus the owl has given rise to wide-spread superstitions, and has ever been considered a bird of ill-omen, and its unexpected appearance a portent of death and disaster. Even whole nations have been influ

enced by this belief; Rome twice underwent the ceremony of lustration owing to the appearance in its temples of the dreaded great owl (*Bubo maximus*). On one of these occasions this bird, we are told, penetrated to the very heart of the Capitol. We need not, however, go further than our own land to learn the character of the owl. Shakspeare constantly alludes to the "bird of night" thus :—

" Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud."

Midsummer Night's Dream, Act V., Scene 1.

" Thou ominous and fearful owl of death."

Henry VI., Part I., Act IV., Scene 2.

And in that magnificent scene, when *Lady Macbeth* is awaiting the return of her husband from the murder of *Duncan*, she exclaims :—

" Hark ! Peace !
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night."

Macbeth, Act I., Scene 2.

The owl, which popular belief has invested with supernatural power, is undoubtedly the barn or screech-owl (*Strix flammea*). The nocturnal habits, light ghost-like colour, silent buoyant flight, and occasionally uttered dismal screech, "making night hideous," all combine to strike terror into the heart of the ignorant and superstitious, impressing them with the conviction that some great misfortune is impending. The wild legend of the Banshee, a legend not alone confined to the sister-isle, has probably originated in the cry of the useful and harmless barn-owl. Many are the wild stories connected with the "bird of night." Its presence is linked with the fate of an aristocratic race; tradition says the appearance of two spectral owls of immense size on the battlements of Wardour Castle, Wiltshire, still warns the noble family of Arundell of the approach of the last enemy. It is a curious fact that the same superstition is associated with the cry of the owl in an opposite quarter of the globe. In the forest lands of the far West, the red-skin shrinks with alarm as he listens to the dismal screeching of the horned owl (*Bubo Virginianus*), firmly believing that its wild cries portend some dire calamity. Wilson, the American ornithologist, in describing the cry of these owls, says, "This ghostly watchman

has frequently warned me of the approach of morning, sweeping down and around my fires, uttering a loud and sudden 'Waugh O! Waugh O!' sufficient to have alarmed a whole garrison. He has other nocturnal solos, one of which very strikingly resembles the half-suppressed scream of a person suffocating or throttled." Sir John Richardson narrates the circumstance ^a of a party of Scottish Highlanders who passed a long winter's night of intense fear in the depth of an American pine forest. They had made their bivouac fire from wood taken from an Indian tomb; all night long the shrieks of the Virginian owl rang in their affrighted ears—cries which they at once judged came from the spirit of the old warrior bemoaning his desecrated resting-place.

Next to the owl, the raven has ever been considered a bird of evil omen. By the Romans he was dedicated to Apollo. But it was more particularly amongst the northern nations that the grim raven was invested with supernatural powers. He was the bird of Odin, and bears no insignificant place in northern mythology; *par excellence* the bird of the battle-field, his very likeness has floated over many a scene of slaughter, for the old heathen banner of Denmark was the raven—that mystic banner, which, says the legend, was woven in one night by three weird sisters, and called Reafen or Rumfan, from bearing the figure of the raven.^b

On the Bayeux tapestry, William the Conqueror, who was descended from the old vikings, is represented at the battle of Hastings, as going into the fight with a banner, on which is portrayed the bird of Odin. When, however, in Denmark, "Thor's hammer" fell before "Christ's cross," the old raven banner was superseded by the white cross of the Dannebrog.

Frequent mention is made of the raven by the old English poets. Spenser styles him—

"The hoarse night raven, trompe of doleful dreare;"

^a "Fauna Boreali-Americana."

^b "Wrought by the sisters of the Danish king,
Of furious Ivar in a midnight hour;
While the sick moon, at their enchanted song
Wrapt in pale tempest labour'd through the clouds,
The demons of destruction then, they say,
Were all abroad, and mixing with the woof
Their baleful power: the sisters ever sung,
'Shake, standard, shake this ruin on our foes.'"

Thomson and Mallet's "Alfred."

and Marlowe tells us, that—

“The sad presaging raven tolls
The sick man's passport in her hollow beak,
And, in the shadow of the silent night,
Doth shake contagion from her sable wing.”

Shakespeare repeatedly makes mention of the raven or night crow. Thus, *Othello* is made to say—

“O, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infectious house,
Boding to all.”

Referring to the belief that this bird haunts the neighbourhood of the house where death is impending. As an illustration of the horror inspired by the raven in more modern times, we are told of a woman seeking relief from a board of guardians; on the plea of “grief,” brought on by a croaking raven flying over her cottage, from which she was so frightened and depressed as to be incapable of work.^b

Probably the popular dread of the raven may, in part, be due to remote tradition. Well might our ancestors in the eastern counties dread the advent of the raven banner—

“For there
Was shedding of blood, and rending of hair,
Rape of maiden, and slaughter of priest,
Gathering of ravens and wolves to the feast ;
When they hoisted that standard black,
Before them was battle, behind them wrack.”

There is an old Cornish tradition^c that King Arthur is still living in the form of a raven, changed into that shape by magic, and that some day he will resume his kingly form again.

The magpie is considered either a lucky or unlucky bird, according to the number seen together. Our readers will remember the old lines—

“One for sorrow ;
Two for mirth ;
Three for a wedding ;
Four for death.”

The same augury holds good throughout Great Britain ; occa-

^b See “Notes and Queries,” vol. vii. 496.

^c Ibid. vol. viii., 618.

sionally the last line runs "Four for a birth," but this is not the correct reading. Mr. Brand,^d quoting from "The Glossary to the Complaynt of Scotland," remarks:—"Many an old woman would more willingly see the devil, who bodes no more ill-luck than he brings, than a magpie perching on a neighbouring tree." It is very probable that the superstitious feeling respecting this bird is of Scandinavian origin. In Norway the magpie is considered almost a sacred bird, and it is held extremely unlucky to kill one. The northern magpies appear quite to understand this, and give themselves airs accordingly. Nearly every cottage has a pair in attendance, which, from long immunity, have become singularly tame and fearless—hopping about the door, or perched on the roof, heedless of passers-by, evidently considering themselves part of the establishment. A striking contrast to the shy, wary, gun-fearing bird, we see in England: truly, the Norwegian magpies are fortunate.

Who has not a welcome for the familiar robin, with his bright eye and crimson breast, or listened with more than wonted pleasure, when other songsters are silent, to his sweet, clear notes, poured forth in the pleasant autumn weather, exquisitely in unison with the "calm decay" of nature? There is a belief in some parts of the country that robins will sing near the window where a person is dying, cheering the ear about to close to all earthly sounds with the last pensive notes of earthly music. Another legend is, that the robin attended our Lord on the cross, and was there sprinkled with his blood, the marks of which the little songster still carries on his ruddy breast.

There is also a curious Welsh superstition connected with the redbreast^e—That far away in a land of woe and fire, "day by day does the little bird bear in his bill a drop of water to quench the flame—so near does he fly that his feathers are scorched, and hence he is named *Bron-rhuddyn*" (breast-burnt). From his devotion to the cause of the lost, he feels the biting cold of winter more than any other bird, and has, consequently, a greater claim on our gratitude.

There is a German legend about the cross-bill very similar to the one narrated of the redbreast, which Longfellow has rendered in some well-known lines. For the information of such of our readers

^d "Observations on Popular Antiquities," p. 532.

^e "Notes and Queries," vol. vii. p. 328.

who are not ornithologists, we will here remark that the crossbill is a small bird, six or seven inches in length, the upper and lower part of the beak overlapping each other, giving that organ an appearance of deformity. This is, however, very far from being the case, as it is admirably adapted by nature for splitting open and extracting the seeds from the cones of coniferous trees, on which food it principally subsists. The adult male is a bright crimson colour. The legend relates that when our Lord was on the cross this little bird strove unceasingly to release him, patiently working hour after hour, with damaged beak and blood-stained plumage, to draw out the cruel nails, and in token of such rare devotion, the faithful bird has ever since retained the crossed beak and ruddy plumage.

The legend is thus related in *Once a Week*, vol. iii. p. 722 :—

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>“ There is a little bird, mamma,
Upon our holly-tree,
And with his twinkling great black eye
He looks so shy at me.</p> <p>“ I love that little bird, mamma,
So gentle and so still,
To see him pluck the berries bright,
Between his slender bill.</p> <p>“ That he is God’s ‘ own bird,’ mamma,
You very oft have said :
Why is his little eye so bright,
His little breast so red ? ”</p> <p>“ It is a pretty tale, my child.
Come stand beside my knee,
And I will tell my little Kate
Red Robin’s history.</p> <p>“ When Jesus for my little girl
And all his children died,</p> | <p>By wicked men unto the cross
Nailed fast and crucified ;</p> <p>“ There came a gentle little bird,
Who, with his efforts weak,
Pluck’d one from out the ‘ crown of
thorns,’
Within his tiny beak.</p> <p>“ And as he pull’d, the crimson stream,
The holiest and the best,
Flowing from where the thorn had been,
Stain’d Robin’s downy breast.</p> <p>“ So ever when the snow comes round
To end the wintry year,
Perch’d high upon the holly-bough,
The Redbreast warbles clear.</p> <p>“ No other songster on the spray
At Christmas time is heard ;
But when the Saviour’s birth we keep
We hear ‘ the Saviour’s bird.’ ”</p> |
|--|--|

A curious superstition prevails in some of the southern counties connected with game-birds—that a person cannot die easily on a bed stuffed with game feathers, as, when such is the case, they invariably prolong the death agony—using a provincial phrase, the “ poor soul dies hard ;” and it is not an uncommon occurrence in a lingering illness, and when the presence of game feathers in the bed is suspected, to expedite the departure of the sufferer by changing his bed.

The poetic legend of the death-song of the dying swan is of con-

siderable antiquity. Pliny^f was acquainted with it, but, readily as he listened to any old woman's story, in this case he disbelieved it. Our own poets have done much to familiarise us with the legend. Spenser speaks of—

“The jealous swan, ayent hys deth that singeth ;”

and Tennyson's beautiful lines on the “Dying Swan,” will at once occur to our readers. The whole poem is a wonderful piece of word painting, bringing the scene vividly before us,—the wild, grassy plain, and cold, grey sky—the sluggish river, with its fringe of reeds, and one solitary willow—beyond these

“Some blue peaks in the distance rose,
And white against the cold-white sky,
Shone out their crowning snows.”

We can almost fancy we hear the low musical notes of the dying bird, as it slowly drifts down the river—notes which ring out “full and clear,” and flooding that desolate place “with eddying song.” The legend of the swan's death-dirge originated a cutting epigram by S. T. Coleridge, addressed to bad singers. It is far from complimentary, but we give it as it is :—

“Swans sing before they die : 'twere no bad thing
Should certain persons die before they sing.”

The call-note of the wild swan is extremely wild and trumpet-like. The varied notes proceeding from a flock of these birds when on the wing, blended by distance, and floating downwards on the still air, have a startling resemblance to the music of a pack of hounds in full cry. Some years since, we were fortunate in seeing a flight of forty-two of these noble birds pass over the marshland, and found some difficulty in persuading ourselves that the cries were of aërial origin. The gaggle of a passing flock of wild geese also often strikingly resembles the cry of a distant pack of hounds—so much so, indeed, that we have seen horses prick up their ears and exhibit every sign of excitement, completely deceived by the resemblance to the familiar sound.

During their autumn migrations, these large migratory birds frequently fly by night, and in dull, cloudy weather keep up a continual calling. Familiar as the sound is to dwellers in the country, it has

^f Pliny, Nat. Hist. x. 23.

given rise to a wild and wide-spread superstition. We are told that this mysterious, nocturnal melody, proceeds from a pack of demon dogs, yclept "Gabriel's Hounds," or, as they are sometimes termed, the "Devil's dandy-dogs." Two forms of this wild legend are prevalent—the one common to Wales and the south-west of England—that this yelping pack are evil spirits hounding forward the souls of the lost to their final punishment. The other bears a striking resemblance to the German story of the "Wild Huntsman," the demon knight called Hackelnbärend, and is doubtless of Teutonic origin.⁸ Wordsworth appears to have been acquainted with this form of the superstition—

" He oftentimes will start,
For, overhead, are sweeping Gabriel's Hounds,
Doomed, with their impious lord, the flying hart
To chase for ever through aerial grounds."

Those who have sailed up the Bosphorus may have observed, in the twilight or early morning, flocks of sober-coloured petrel-like birds, skimming backwards and forwards, close to the water, never resting for a moment, but thus unceasingly flitting to and fro through the hours of darkness, ever in perfect silence, with the same swift, untiring flight and restless activity, as if looking for something lost. During the day they betake themselves to some quiet retreat, again issuing forth in the twilight to renew their mysterious wanderings. The Turks believe that these birds are the souls of the damned, thus compelled, by a just retribution, to wander for ever hopelessly and unceasingly over water as restless and unquiet as themselves. These poor birds, however, are only following the dictates of nature, happily and actively engaged in seeking their food on the shifting waters. At some seasons they are not uncommon on our own shores, more particularly in the neighbourhood of the Isle of Man, and are known to ornithologists as the "Shearwater."

With the same untiring activity as the shearwater the little petrel flits over the stormy sea, finding a congenial home on the wide waste of waters, thousands of miles from land, day by day following in the wake of the lonely ship. One would have almost expected the companionship of these small birds in these ocean solitudes would have

⁸ This legend of the Wild Huntsman and Hounds is common, in some form or other, to nearly every country in Europe. For a detailed account of this remarkable superstition we refer our readers to the Rev. S. B. Gould's "Iceland, its Scenes and Sagas."

been welcome to the mariner, reminding him of home, so like are they in their habits to swallows skimming over the green fields of ocean; but sailors are proverbially superstitious, and ever consider the presence of the petrel as the signal of foul weather, and style them "Mother Cary's chickens."

"The mariner curseth the warning bird
Which bringeth him news of the storm unheard."

There is no doubt that petrels carry the news of bad weather, for they naturally fly before the approaching storm, and seek the nearest shelter, and then congregate often in considerable numbers in the vicinity of the only point in the storm-swept sea, the homeward or outward-bound ship. Birds of the sea though they be, they are not able to contend against unusually heavy gales, and numerous instances are on record of their being picked up in an exhausted state, far inland, driven in by stress of weather.

There is a remarkable legend connected with the appearance of a phantom bird, with a white breast, and of an unknown species, which appears at the death of the members of an old Devonshire family of the name of Oxenham. We are told that, when any of this family are on their death-bed, that this strange bird, with the white breast, is seen to flutter for a time about the bed, and then suddenly to vanish. Chambers,^h quoting from "Howell's Familiar Letters," says that Mr. James Howell saw in a lapidary's shop in London, a marble slab to be sent into Devonshire, with an inscription that "John Oxenham, Mary his sister, James his son, and Elizabeth his mother, had each the appearance of such a bird fluttering about their beds as they were dying."

To quote Mrs. Hemans :—

"A pale bird, flitting, calls them home."

Innumerable, indeed, are the wild tales and superstitions connected with bird-lore, not peculiar to our own country, but common to many lands. Unquestionably, many of these legends belong to remote ages, and have been handed down to our day from generation to generation; and will doubtless, in spite of education and advanced scientific research, continue to find a place in the folk-lore of our race to the end of time.

^h See "Book of Days," vol. ii. p. 731.

ENGLISH PARKS.^a

HE park, as an ornamental pleasure-ground, is distinctively English. Its peculiar character does not depend upon its extent. It may include garden, shrubbery, copse, plantation, covert, thicket—anything that can afford shelter and harbour for every sort of game. The charm of the English park lies in the wide expanses of green



Queen Elizabeth's Oak, Huntingfield, Suffolk.

sward which England only can produce ; in the majestic trees, here standing singly, there in scattered groups ; or in long-drawn avenues that tell of centuries of peace, and chronicle the tastes of successive proprietors ;—in the undulating ground, with intersecting water-courses, and streams which in this place rush, torrent-like, through narrow, wooded dells, and in others aided by art, expand into silvery lakes ;—in the belts of fir-trees and the ground beneath them thickly carpeted with the fallen leaves of many a year ; and the banks beside

^a “Some Account of English Deer Parks, with Notes on the Management of Deer.” By Evelyn Philip Shirley, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., &c. London : Murray, 1867.

them, covered according to the varying season, with primrose, violet, hyacinth, wood-anemone, foxglove, and one knows not how many more of these “darlings of nature :”—it is in all this that the charms of the English parks consist.

Besides, the English park is no longer now what it was formerly, “*Sylva cum feris.*” Animals wild by nature certainly do haunt



Chartley Park, Staffordshire.

there. But pheasants, as if conscious of the protection afforded them by law, gaze serenely upon you from the roadside, as you pass ; even “poor Wat” hardly flies from you, excepting in the hunting season ; and the very rabbits are indifferent until you come too near their burrows under the roots of the old beech trees. And nowhere else can be heard in such unrestrained *abandon*, the songs of our native warblers and summer visitants.

Mr. Evelyn Shirley’s book, however, does not deal so much with “vert and venison” as with venison alone ; it is so copious and exhaustive, even, as to deserve more than its modest title—“Some Account of English Deer Parks.” The book is naturally divided into three sections ; the first of which includes the two opening

chapters, and contains "a sketch of the history of deer parks," from the Conquest to the present time. The second consists of eight chapters, which give a full archæological, and very interesting account of all the deer parks in England, which are, or have been since the time of that mighty hunter who "loved the tall deer as if he were their father." The last contains one chapter "On the management of deer and deer parks."

The account of the introduction of the various kinds of cervine game into our English parks will be new to most readers. The species which were preserved in the few enclosed forests before the Conquest, and in the immense tracts of heath and woodland which the Norman conquerors converted into deer parks, consisted of the red-deer and the roe-deer. The other great game of these "chases" were wild swine and wild cattle, the former of which, most happily, have entirely disappeared, along with their congenial companions, the wolves; whilst the latter are kept for dilettante purposes in Chillingham Park only, or nearly so.

Of the more common kinds of deer, we must allow our author to speak for himself. "There are many varieties of the fallow-deer, but for our present purpose it will be sufficient to notice but two of them—the dark and the spotted. The first are generally supposed to have been introduced into England by King James I., from Norway, 'where,' writes Bewick, in his 'History of Quadrupeds,' 'having observed their hardiness in bearing the cold of that severe climate, he brought them into Scotland, and from thence transported them into his chases of Enfield and Epping; since that time they have multiplied exceedingly in many parts of this kingdom, which is now become famous for venison of superior fatness and flavour to that of any other country of the world.' The spotted kind are supposed by Pennant, Bewick, and others, whose accounts are founded on that of Buffon, to have been originally brought from Bengal.

The eastern origin of this species is now generally denied; but there appears to be no doubt that the *Cervus Dama*, or common fallow-deer, is a native of Greece, and is still found there in a wild state, as well as in the forests of Italy. Cuvier writes of the fallow-deer, 'C'est devenue commune dans tous les pays d'Europe, mais elle parait originaire de Barberie;' and in a note states that since he penned the foregoing, he has received a specimen of a wild fallow-buck, killed in forestland to the south of Tunis. Pro-

fessor Owen, in a communication with which we have been favoured on this subject, remarks that while he has derived abundant evidence of red-deer, roe-deer, and sundry extinct kinds indigenous in Britain, he has never met with a fossil specimen, or one from marl, or turbary, or cavern, of the fallow-deer, and considers this negative evidence as supporting the conclusion of the



View from Wharnclyffe Chase.

exotic origin of *Cervus Dama*. ‘Its enjoyment of summer,’ adds Professor Owen, ‘and sufferings in hard winters, show the fallow-deer not yet to have become thoroughly acclimatised ; a rough shed, or some such shelter, and heat-engendering food (beans, maize, &c.), help to keep the herds in good condition, in our most favoured counties as to climate,’ ” (pp. 5, 6).

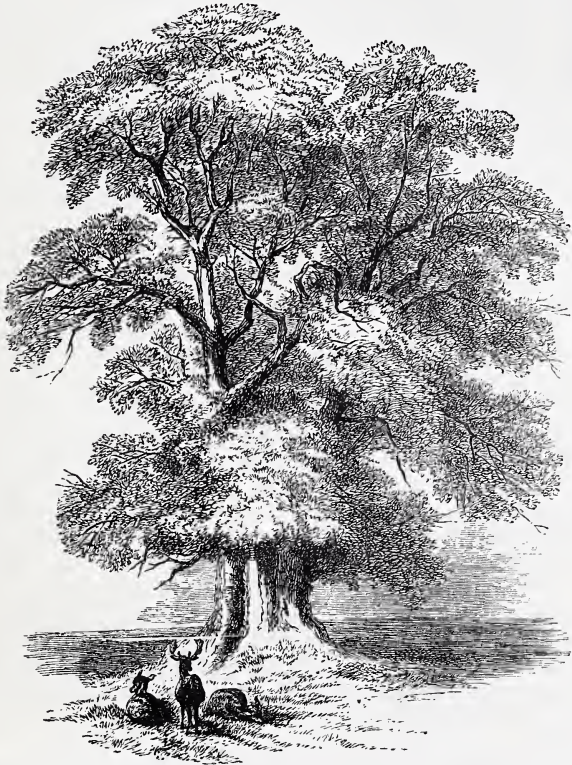
It is almost a pity that, having to go to the East for the animals to stock his parks withal, Mr. Shirley, who has gone back as far as Columella and Pliny and the Gaulish princes in his incidental notice of the archæological history of the deer-park, did not notice the

“Paradisus” of which Xenophon speaks so often, and which the marbles of Nineveh have so abundantly illustrated. It would not have thrown much light upon the English deer-park, it is true; but it would have exhibited most expressively that almost universal passion for the chase, which Mr. Shirley’s book throughout shows to be the one passion which, developed the earliest in man, still survives, and displays itself in full vigour under the highest forms of civilisation.

Of the conscientious care which is shown in the compilation of the topographical portion of the work, the following extract will be in itself sufficient commendation. And with it, we will leave this truly learned and interesting book to the various classes of our readers who care about one aspect or another of its subject.

“Of the royal parks of Windsor, which naturally claim our first attention in the consideration of the parks of Berkshire, so much has been collected in ‘The Annals of Windsor,’ by Messrs. Tighe and Davis, and also by Mr. Menzies in his magnificent work on ‘The Great Park of Windsor,’ that it may be sufficient to observe that the earliest notice of a park here is in the thirty-first of Henry III., when a payment of 30s. 5d. occurs in the accounts of William Fitz-Walter to the park-keepers, and 5s. for the keep of birds in the park. . . . The Great Park at the same period (1607) was stated at 3650 acres, and it was estimated to contain 1800 fallow-deer. The red-deer were all in the forest outside. The extent of the Great Park is now (1864) about 1000 acres less than in 1607; the number of deer the same as in that year, but the land that has been turned to other purposes was the poorest, and much better has been added. In the time of Queen Anne, according to the Duchess of Marlborough’s celebrated ‘Account of her Conduct’ (printed in 1742), in order to answer the Crown warrants for deer in the Windsor Great Park, it was necessary to keep up four or five thousand head of deer in the park, for which the allowance was but 500*l.* a-year. The ranger was also obliged to be at the expense of making, and sometimes of buying, hay for the deer; the keepers’ wages were payable out of this allowance, with several other expenses which (her Grace added) in parks belonging to the Crown are much greater than in others. Stowe, referring to Windsor Castle, speaks of ‘the pleasant pastime arising out of the forest, chase, and fourteen parkes that waite upon it.’ . . . In Morden’s curious survey of the Honor of Windsor, the extent of all these parks, besides that of the

‘Rayles,’ or enclosed parts of the forest, which were not properly ‘Parks,’ is given; the whole drawn upon vellum, and accurately coloured. The ‘Rayles’ included in this account were those of



The Great Elm, Eatington Park, Warwickshire.

Swinley, Bagshot, and Cranbourne. A copy of the general map of this survey is given in the ‘Annals of Windsor.’ A plan of the Great Park, on a larger scale, is given in Mr. Menzies’ volume, as well as a survey of the same at the present period,” (pp. 130, 131).

The wood-cut illustrations are well varied, and really illustrate the text. And the whole work is so daintily got up, that it must be especially welcome to those for whom it is more especially intended. For those cuts which appear in our pages we are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Shirley and his publisher.

RECENT SHAKSPEARIAN LITERATURE.

SECOND NOTICE.



WHEN we consider that with the exception of Wordsworth, in 1815, of Mr. Dyce, in 1864, and of Mrs. Jameson, Mr. Massey^a can point to none who have understood the sonnets in a sense favourable to Shakspeare's character, we cannot but regard his truly spirited effort to vindicate the poet as highly commendable. And though a jury might return a verdict of "not proven," we must own that in our opinion his interpretation carries with it a high degree of probability. And it weighs greatly with us that it had been to some extent anticipated by that accomplished Shakspearian lady-critic, Mrs. Jameson.

While Mr. Hallam has given the weight of his great authority to the opinion that the "begetter" of these sonnets was William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, "a man of noble and gallant character, but always of a licentious life" (an opinion first advanced by Mr. Bright, in 1818, and supported by Ulrici,) Mr. Massey holds to the view broached by Dr. Drake, in 1817, that the friend and patron, who is the subject of the greatest part of these sonnets, is Shakspeare's known patron, the Earl of Southampton, to whom he dedicated his "Lucrece," in language which, if not warranted by most intimate friendship between the parties, must have appeared to the Earl fulsome, not to say out of keeping with the relations between the poet and the patron, the "poor player" and the peer. He begins, as is well known, "The *love* I dedicate to your Lordship is without end, whereof this pamphlet is but a superfluous moiety." All right-thinking men would be glad to think that Dr. Drake's and Mr. Massey's case could be made out. For Mr. Hallam acknowledges that "the Earl of Southampton's virtues might have challenged Shakspeare's homage." A sketch of the Earl's chequered career is given by Mr. Massey (pp. 50—93); and it is necessary to go over its chief events to show how far the sonnets fit into the frame in which he has arranged them.

Born in 1573, about ten years after Shakspeare, Lord Southampton came to his title in childhood, his father and his elder brother having died before he attained the age of twelve years. It seems that shortly after he was sent to St. John's, Cambridge, where he resided for five years, and took the degree of M.A. in his seventeenth year. Mr. Massey tells us (without, however, stating his authority) that he "won the high eulogies of his contemporaries for his uncommon proficiency."

The ward of Lord Burghley, he was almost "brought up under the Queen," his stepfather also, Sir T. Heneage, being one of Elizabeth's oldest and longest-trusted servants. He was, no doubt, early introduced at court; and, at the age of two-and-twenty, he is spoken of as "a careful waiter at court, receiving favours at her Majesty's hands," favours, which the personal beauty celebrated by Shakspeare with such an enthusiasm of admiration in part explains and accounts for. The same notice, quoted from the "Sidney Memoirs," speaks of the Earl of

^a "Shakspeare's Sonnets and his Private Friends." By G. Massey. Longmans, 1866.

Essex at this time as “keeping his bed, his favour continuing only *quandiu se bene gesserit*.” Was the spoiled favourite in dudgeon, *ægrotans animo magis quam corpore*?

But Southampton’s prospects of royal favour and advancement were soon obscured. About the same time, in the same Memoirs, we find that the young Earl, whom Shakspeare in the first seventeen sonnets is affectionately urging to marry, was “courting too familiarly” one of the maids of honour, fair Mistress Vernon, sister of the Earl of Essex. This was an inexpiable offence! Not only was he pursuing with a forbidden suit one of the maids of honour, who were certainly expected to be as cold as the nymphs of Diana, however little Elizabeth may have affected the rôle of Diana herself, but he had presumed to transfer his admiration from the mistress to the maid. The Earl, it seems, had “leave of absence” from Court, and the next year we find him serving as a volunteer in an expedition under Essex to the Spanish coast; and again, in 1597, serving as Vice-Admiral of the first squadron of the fleet sent out to destroy the Spanish fleet, and doing most gallant service with three of the Queen’s ships, and a few small merchantmen, “driving four or five and thirty sail, most of them great warlike galleons, like a fearful herd before him.” In the course of the expedition, after some warm work on shore, he is knighted on the field by Essex “ere he could dry the sweat from his brow.” But the favour of his royal mistress was not to be recovered by any services to the country, however distinguished; and he was met on his return with a frown of displeasure for having sunk an enemy’s ship without direct orders. To this time of enforced absence Mr. Massey assigns sonnet 44, written (so Mr. Massey holds) in the person of Lord Southampton, to be sent to Elizabeth Vernon:

“ If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Injurious distance should not stop my way;
For then, despite of space, I would be brought
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
No matter then, although my foot did stand
Upon the farthest earth removed from thee;
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,
As soon as think the place where he would be.
But ah! thought kills me, that I am not thought,
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that, so much of earth and water wrought,
I must attend time’s leisure with my moan;
Receiving nought by elements so slow,
But heavy tears, badges of either’s woe.”

Next year, however, he is still at Court, and we meet a notice of one of the many outbreaks of that “fiery spirit” which marred his many noble qualities. “Full of discontentments”^b at the continued opposition

^b To this time Mr. Massey assigns Sonnet 29. Southampton is again the speaker, and Elizabeth Vernon the person addressed.

“ When in disgrace with fortune and men’s eyes,
I all alone beweepe my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possess’d,

of Elizabeth to his marriage with Elizabeth Vernon, he is ready to pick quarrels with anybody, and assails one of the officers of the Court in the precincts of the palace, "shaking him and pulling out some of his locks."

And now, again, Feb., 1598, "Mr. Secretary (Cecil) has procured him licence to travel . . . and it is secretly said he shall be married to his fair mistress." Next month he is introduced by Cecil to Henry IV. of France as "one who had come with deliberation to do him service!" Nothing, however, came of this, as peace was made soon after; and about the end of August of the same year the Earl returned home to celebrate his marriage secretly. A week later the queen had "threatened all the parties to the Tower, and commanded the novizia countess the best-appointed lodging in the Fleet!" It seems, too, that these were no empty threats, and that the earl had a long imprisonment to undergo. So deeply rankled in the royal mind the "læsæ injuria formæ."

How long he was a prisoner, or how soon released, we are not told; but the Queen's resentment still pursued him, and made her refuse the Earl of Essex permission to employ him in service in the Irish wars against the *Fenians* of that day, for which his fearless spirit and chivalrous valour so admirably qualified him. Obligated per force to return, he passes the time in London "merely in going to Plays every day." In 1600, the new Irish Deputy, Lord Mountjoy, solicits for him the Governorship of Connaught on the ground of the "aptness and willingness to do the Queen service he knew in the Earl," but still finds Elizabeth unrelenting. Stung to the quick by the Queen's ill-usage, Southampton takes part with his brother-in-law, Essex, in that march on London which cost the latter his head. Southampton had opposed the project, but had felt it a point of honour to accompany his friend and share his perils. In his twenty-eighth year he is tried for high treason, and condemned to die; and it is only after much intercession on the part of Cecil that the sentence is commuted to perpetual imprisonment.

Two long years he must have lingered in the Tower, till the accession of James restored him to liberty, and to the honours and titles forfeited by his attainder. The same month that saw him restored to his honours brought him the happiness of an heir, to whom the king stood sponsor. He had also been appointed Master of the Game to the Queen, and installed knight of the garter.

The subsequent career of Southampton is not illustrated by the sonnets. Mr. Massey shows him to have been a *good patriot*, taking an active part in the colonisation of Virginia, and watching carefully over its interests when the young plantation was attacked in Parliament; and he remarks that "*Southampton Hundred*" and the "*Hampton Roads*" still preserve the memory of his connection with Virginia.

Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
 With what I most enjoy contented least;
 Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
 Haply I think on thee,—and then my state
 (Like to the lark at break of day arising
 From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate;
 For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings,
 That then I scorn to change my state with kings."

Mr. Massey assigns Sonnet 107 to the time of his restoration to liberty.

“ Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.
The mortal Moon hath her eclipse endured,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage ;
Incertainties now crown themselves assured,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,
Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes :
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.”

In 1614, two years before Shakspeare's death, we find him abroad again in the Low Countries at the siege of Rees. In 1617 he is made a privy councillor ; but we are told that he “ never flourished at Court, being not so smooth-shod as to go always at the Court pace.” And it seems that soon after he joined the little band of the patriotic Opposition which thwarted the unconstitutional views of the Court favourite—made in 1621 a successful motion against “ illegal patents,” incurring the resentment of Buckingham—and was actually committed, after the adjournment of the house, to prison—an honour which John Selden, as it seems, shared with the noble confessor of parliamentary Liberty ! In 1624, he is serving on several important committees, and we might think the year to be 1867 instead of 1624, when we read that they are committees “ for considering of the defence of Ireland,” and “ for making of arms more serviceable.” In the same year, his last, he heads as colonel a regiment of 1500 men, sent to join the army of Prince Maurice in the Low Countries, where he dies, on his way home, while bringing back his son, Lord Wriothsley, who had sunk under a burning fever, before he had himself fully recovered from a similar attack. And we are told that it was reported, on the authority of one of King James's physicians, that father and son were poisoned by Buckingham.

We may see in this chequered career enough to account in some degree for the enthusiastic admiration of his poet-friend. “ Not a great man, nor remarkably wise, he was frank, magnanimous, thoroughly honourable, a true lover of his country—a soldier whose personal valour was proverbial, and ‘ a dear cherisher of poets.’ Chapman, the translator of Homer, called him “ the choice of our country's noble spirits.”^c Mr. Massey has omitted in the list of his noble qualities that constancy in love and in friendship, which Shakspeare celebrates where he dwells on the Earl's “ truth.” To this noble friend (who, according to Mr. Massey, must have *sought out* Shakspeare soon after his first entrance into London life with the *offer of his friendship*^d), Shakspeare seems to have dedicated

^c G. Massey, p. 90.

^d Mr. Massey refers Sonnet 25 to this offer of Lord Southampton's friendship.

“ Let those who are in favour with their stars,
Of public honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlook'd-for joy in that I honour most.

not only the first labours of his muse which he gave to the press, but the services of his pen in the prosecution of his suit to Elizabeth Vernon. The first seventeen sonnets, and a vast number of others, are written *to* the earl; but others (if Mr. Massey's view is well founded) were written *for* him and for the eye of his fair mistress; while in others Shakspeare assumes her person,^f and expostulates with Southampton on some temporary estrangement brought about by the influence of the fascinations of her cousin, the Lady Rich, sister of Lord Essex, 'the dark lady of the sonnets,' as our writer calls her; others addressed to Lady Rich herself^g in tones of jealous complaint and hardly repressed indignation.

Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread
 But as the marigold at the sun's eye;
 And in themselves their pride lies buried,
 For at a frown they in their glory die.
 The painful warrior famoused for fight,
 After a thousand victories once foil'd,
 Is from the book of honour razèd quite,
 And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd:
 Then happy I, that love and am beloved
 Where I may not remove, nor be removed."

^e We subjoin one out of about forty Sonnets, addressed (according to Mr. Massey) by the Earl to Elizabeth Vernon. For the convenience of any of our readers who may wish to test Mr. Massey's theory for themselves, we give the numbers of the Sonnets in this group. They are 27—31, 36, 37, 43—45, 48—52, 56, 61, 75, 87—93, 95, 97—99, 109—112, 117—121.

"Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
 And made myself a motley to the view,
 Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
 Made old offences of affections new.
 Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth
 Askance and strangely; but, by all above,
 These blenches gave my heart another youth,
 And worse essays proved thee my best of love.
 Now all is done, have what shall have no end:
 Mine appetite I never more will grind
 On newer proof, to try an older friend,
 A god in love, to whom I am confined.
 Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
 Even to thy pure and most most loving breast." (Sonnets 110.)

^f To this group Mr. Massey assigns five Sonnets, 33—35, 41 and 42. We give the first of the series, No. 33—

"Full many a glorious morning have I seen
 Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
 Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
 Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
 Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
 With ugly rack on his celestial face,
 And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
 Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
 Even so my sun one early morn did shine
 With all-triumphant splendour on my brow;
 But out! alack! he was but one hour mine,
 The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
 Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
 Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun staineth."

^g To this group belong, according to Mr. Massey, Sonnets 133—4 and 40. We insert the last of this series—

To the same Lady Rich, 'the fatal Helen of Elizabeth's days,' Mr. Massey holds that those later sonnets are addressed, which make all who think Shakspeare to be speaking in his own person "wish that the sonnets had never been written." He holds that in these last Shakspeare speaks in the person of Lord Herbert, and not of Southampton. The two noblemen were friends and intimately associated in many ways. The heir of Wilton and the Lord of Tichfield were both, as Mr. Massey shows, patrons of the cockpit, connected also by personal intimacy, and associated in the establishment and support of the plantation of Virginia. And there is great probability in Mr. Massey's theory that Herbert received the earlier series of sonnets from Southampton, and having sufficient influence with Shakspeare to induce him to lend the services of his pen to himself, as he had before done to the "lord of his love," appended these of the later series to the first, and afterwards published them without consulting the poet.

The story of this Lady Rich is a painfully interesting one. Born in 1563, ten years before Southampton, she lost before she was thirteen years of age, her noble father, who left her "commended to the love of Philip Sydney, wishing, if God might so move both their hearts, she might match with him."^h It was, not, however, so to be. Sydney seems not to have known his own mind, and to have let slip the time when she might have become his, out of certain "nice respects," as he calls them, thinking her then too young to marry. She was then but fifteen years of age. Two years after, Lord Burghley, one of her guardians, negotiated for her a fatal alliance with Lord Rich of Lees, in Essex. If we are to believe Lord Mountjoy, whom she was afterwards divorced to marry, she had "protested against this marriage at the very solemnity," and ever after. And it seems, from Sidney's confessions in his "Astrophel and Stella," that his own love soon revived, and became an intense passion, which burned, to say the least, too intensely for his happiness, even after her marriage and his own, which followed within two years.

Sidney himself tells us how, even some time after this marriage, he

"Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
 What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
 No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call;
 All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more.
 Then, if for my love thou my love receivest,
 I cannot blame thee for my love thou usest;
 But yet be blamed, if thou thyself deceivest
 By wilful taste of what thyself refuseth.
 I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
 Although thou steal thee all my poverty;
 And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief
 To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.
 Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
 Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes." (Sonnet 40.)

^g Thus, according to Mr. Massey, the "W. H." of the Dedication is Lord Herbert, and he is spoken of as "the only *begetter*" of the Sonnets, as being the person who got or procured them for publication. The word "beget," as Mr. Massey has shown (p. 421), had not then lost its original meaning,—to acquire or come by a thing;—for this is the proper sense of its Anglo-Saxon form, "begetan." But "W. H." is thus addressed, not by the poet, but by the bookseller, for whom he procured them.

^h G. Massey, p. 383.

sought her love in the most passionate language that ever lover or poet could utter :—

“ Grant, oh grant !—but speech, alas !
Fails me, fearing on to pass.
Grant !—Oh me ! what am I saying ?
But no fault there is in praying.”

He tells us also how he obtained from her the assurance,

“ Not any thought in me
Can taste comfort but of thee :”

but that (not yet fallen, as she fell afterwards) she promised him the monarchy of her heart,

“ But conditionally,
While virtuous course he takes.”

Sidney's death took place six years after this unhappy marriage. Before long she had found consolation in the love of Lord Mountjoy, who, though he did not marry her till 1606, only four months before his death, “ recognised and provided for three out of her five children as his own.” She had established for herself so notorious an ill-name, that on this marriage James I. told the Earl that he “ had purchased a fair woman with a black soul.” This is the person who, according to Mr. Massey, is apostrophised in the words of Shakspeare by Elizabeth Vernon in the striking line,—

“ Lascivious Grace, in whom all ill well shows ;”

whom she speaks of as “ her evil angel, who was seducing her good angel [Southampton] to be a devil,” by withdrawing from her the love he had solemnly plighted. This is the siren whose evil fascination she supposes Southampton to curse in sonnet cxix.¹

This same “ lascivious Grace ” still retaining (strange to say) at forty years of age her powers of fascination, he supposes to have infatuated Lord Herbert in his twentieth year ! Such women there have been. There is a basis of truth, no doubt, in the story of Ninon de l'Enclos. Horace sings of a Barine who was wooed by two successive generations :—

“ pubes tibi crescit omnis,
Servitus crescit nova : nec priores
Impiæ tectum dominæ relinquunt
Sæpe minati.”

It seems, too, that we may certainly apply to her the words of Juvenal :—

“ Unus Iberinæ vir sufficit ? Ocyus illud
Extorquebis ut hæc oculo contenta sit uno.”

¹ “ What potions have I drunk of siren tears,
Distilled from limbecs foul as hell within !
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never !
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,
In the distraction of this madding fever.”

Closely connected by personal intimacy with Essex and Southampton, Herbert, no doubt, saw much of Lady Rich, with whom Lady Southampton appears to have kept up her friendship.^k Mr. Massey also quotes from memoirs of the time direct indications of the intimacy of Herbert with Lady Rich, though nothing argues criminality. The evidence which leads him to connect Lady Rich with the "dark lady" of the sonnets is circumstantial. And his arguments, which are worth close attention, turn in part on passages which dwell on the "*mourning eyes*"¹ ascribed to this "dark lady" in the sonnet, and to the "Stella" of Sidney's poems, who is unquestionably Lady Rich. This is obviously not a common-place expression; and there can be little reasonable doubt that it was suggested to Shakspeare by the sonnet of Sidney, to whose writings Mr. Massey shows Shakspeare to be indebted for some other thoughts in these sonnets. Sidney, speaking of Stella's eyes, says—

" Nature minding love should be
Placed ever there, gave him his *mourning* weed."

The coincidence of this thought with that of Shakspeare's 127th sonnet is certainly striking:—

" My mistress' eyes are raven black,
Her eyes so suited, and they *mourners* seem."

Of course it is impossible for us to find space for all the particulars of circumstantial evidence that, in Mr. Massey's opinion, connect the later sonnets with Lord Herbert and with Lady Rich. There is one other curious passage, to which we will call attention. It is in sonnet 135, where telling the "dark lady" that "his name is *Will*," and punning, as he does in sonnets 57, 136, 143, on the name "*Will*," he reminds her that she is "*Rich* in *Will*;" in this punning also following the footsteps of Sidney, who describes his Stella as one

" Rich in all beauties which man's eye can see,
Rich in those gifts which give the eternal crown,
Who though most rich in these and every part
Which make the patents of true earthly bliss:
Hath no misfortune but that Rich she is."

There is, it must be owned, no evidence sufficient to demonstrate the

^k Nor ought this to be urged as an argument against Mr. Massey's interpretation of sonnet 40, which makes Elizabeth Vernon the speaker, and Lady Rich the subject, for the sonnet ends with the words—

" Kill me with spites ! yet we must not be foes."

¹ With great probability also, as it appears to us, Mr. Massey argues that the Lady Rich sat for the portrait of Rosaline in *Love's Labour's Lost*:—

" Oh ! if in black my lady's brow be decked,
It *mourns* that painting and usurping hair
Should ravish doters with a false aspect."

In a later chapter he gives reasons for thinking that she furnished to Shakspeare some hints for his Cleopatra, and that the estrangement of Demetrius from his Helena by the spells of her cousin Hermia's "blessed and attractive eyes" represents the temporary fascination of Southampton by Lady Rich, after plighting his faith to Elizabeth Vernon.

connection of the later sonnets with Lady Rich. Guilty as Lady Rich appears to have been, licentious as Herbert was, Mr. Massey's industry has not discovered any statement connecting his name with any criminality of hers, or the later Sonnets with Lady Rich. There is no evidence such as would satisfy the Judge Ordinary of the Divorce Court, producible against the co-respondent, Herbert. And yet, looking at the facts and circumstances brought together by Mr. Massey—the fact of the close intimacy between Herbert and Southampton—between Lord and Lady Southampton and her cousin, Lady Rich—the correspondence of the character ascribed to the dark lady of the Sonnets with that of the too notorious “fair woman with a black soul”—the fact that these later Sonnets utter the language of a strange passion for one no longer young or beautiful—and that Clarendon, speaking of Herbert as “immoderately given up to women, sacrificing to them much of his time and fortune,” tells us that “he was not so much transported with beauty and outward allurements, as with an^m extraordinary wit and spirit and knowledge;”—the “mourning eyes” ascribed to this Lady of the Sonnets, which seem to identify her with that Stella, to whose eyes Philip Sidney first applied that so strange epithet—we cannot but feel that the *cumulative* force of all these facts and circumstances is very great. We think, too, that most of the Sonnets group themselves naturally round Southampton and the other persons with whom Mr. Massey connects them. And (without committing ourselves to an unqualified assent to his explanation of the Sonnets) we do not hesitate to say that, to our minds, there is more probability in that interpretation than in such an explanation of them as—in the face of so many speaking facts to the contrary—would rob Shakespeare of his fair fame. Mr. Palgrave—to whose discriminating taste in poetry the “Golden Treasury” bears testimony—remarks: “We hardly have courage to think that our gentle Shakspeare submitted himself to such passions as those described in Sonnets 129, 147, and others.”ⁿ For ourselves we lack such “courage” altogether. We cannot with Mr. Palgrave follow the common interpretation which makes each of these Sonnets “an autobiographical confession.” But we cordially concur with him in the just remark, that “we learn more of the poet's innermost nature from the tone of mind which we trace in *Hamlet* or *Measure for Measure*, and in the *Tempest*, than

^m Mr. Massey has made it abundantly clear that this description corresponds to the account given of Lady Rich by her contemporaries.

ⁿ “When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue;
On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.
But wherefore says she not she is unjust?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love loves not to have years told:
Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.” (Sonnet 138.)

we do from these Sonnets," which we, at all events, cannot accept as "revelations" of the poet's inner self. So long as a different construction of his meaning is possible, we are bound to give the poet the benefit of the doubt. In the few well-attested facts of his life, which show him above all things a good *family man*, yearly revisiting his native place, buying land and building up a house where to settle so soon as he might "amongst his own people"—in the fact that rival dramatists, in all the bitterness of their jealousy, in an age that delighted no less in scandal than all other ages of the world have done, breathe not a whisper against his moral character (the only charge against him being one that points to his frugality); we find reasons for believing that Shakspeare is not speaking in his own name when he describes one who is "frantic-mad with evermore unrest;" as one "past cure: his reason now past care;" the "vassal wretch," of one "as dark as night and black as hell,"^o one in whom "his eyes a thousand errors note;" but that he *is* speaking in his own person when he looks calmly forward to death's coming to close

"His well-contented day."

It is but fair to Mr. Massey to extract a passage which abundantly demonstrates that there is, at all events, nothing at variance with probability in his supposition, that in these Sonnets Shakspeare is for the most part employing his pen in the service of his patron.

"It was by no means uncommon for a poet to write in character on behalf of a patron, and act as a sort of secretary in his love affairs, the letters being put into the shape of Sonnets Thurio, in the 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' goes into the city to seek a gentleman who shall set a sonnet to music for the purpose of wooing Sylvia. Gascoigne, who died in 1577, tells us that he had been engaged to write for others in the same fashion. Marston, in his 'Satyres,' 1598, accuses Roscio (the tragedian, Burbage), of having written verses for Mutio; and he tells us that 'Absolute Castilio had furnished himself in like manner, in order that he might pay court to his mistress.' And, as he is glancing at the Globe Theatre, may he not have had Shakspeare and Southampton in his eye? 'Absolute Castilio' is characteristic of the Earl."—G. Massey, p. 158.

We may add, that the custom of pressing the muse of others into one's service, seems not to be yet extinct. We have seen in Bologna the walls placarded with sonnets, evidently the productions of some *practised professional pen*, celebrating the baccalaureate of a young student, or the first mass of a young priest recently ordained. And elsewhere in Italy we have seen an *affiche*, offering the services of a professional poet to any who required sonnets to be composed for them.

^o "My love is as a fever, longing still
 For that which longer nurseth the disease;
 Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
 The uncertain sickly appetite to please.
 My reason, the physician to my love,
 Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
 Hath left me, and I, desperate now, approve
 Desire is death, which physic did except.
 Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
 And frantic-mad with evermore unrest;
 My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,
 At random from the truth vainly express'd;
 For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
 Who art as black as hell, as dark as night." (Sonnet 147.)

Shakspeare's poetical services to Lord Southampton, however, were not "merchandised." So the poet himself intimates in Sonnet 102.

“ Οὐ φιλοκέρδης . . . ἦν ἂ Μοῖσ' οὐδ' ἔργατις·
Οὐδ' ἐπέρναντο γλυκεῖαι μελιφθόγγου ποτὶ Τερψ. χόρας
Ἀργυραθεΐσαι: πρόσωπα μαλθακόφωνοι αἰοδαί.”

This is what could not have been said by Pindar of his own eulogies, which were written to order and paid for. But Shakspeare, though obliged to write for his own and his children's bread, does not seem to have held, as Dr. Johnson did, that "A man is a fool who writes for any thing but money."

We have not left ourselves space for criticism. To criticise Mr. Massey's book as it deserves would require an amount of research scarcely less than the writer has (greatly to his honour) bestowed on this labour of love. Had space permitted, we should have pointed out what seem to us the weak points of his armour. We have noted many passages to which we could object. We do not always agree with his explanations of particular expressions in the Sonnets; we do not think him happy in his choice of readings. We observe that he accepts as genuine, one at least of the documents discovered among the Ellesmere papers, which were unhesitatingly pronounced to be forgeries by the palæographers of the British Museum. We think that here and there he is fairly chargeable with special pleading.

“Egregio inspersos reprehendas corpore nævos.”

But we cannot take leave of Mr. Massey without thanking him, in the name of all lovers of Shakspeare, who are jealous with an honourable jealousy over his fair name, for a valuable contribution to the history of literature. And we think many of our readers will thank us for calling their attention to a work in itself so full of interest, giving a lively picture of some of the most prominent men of a most interesting time, and marked by an enthusiasm for the great poet's fair fame, which at once does honour to the writer, and imparts spirit and eloquence to his book.

Since we wrote the above, we have received Mr. Keightley's "Shakspeare Expositor."† Though marred by an amount of assumption which is positively amusing, this little volume is well fitted to answer the purpose for which it is professedly designed,—namely, to be "a manual for the use of those who, not being possessed of a voluminous annotated edition, are fain to content themselves with the simple text."

Mr. Keightley speaks of this work as the termination of his literary life. He has not done ill to dedicate his last literary labour to the illustration of Shakspeare. There is much in the first part of the introduction, upon the correction of the text, which is both curious and instructive. The book is appropriately printed in a form that fits it for binding as a companion volume to the "Globe Shakspeare."

† "The Shakspeare Expositor." By Thomas Keightley. Bell & Daldy.

RECENT ANECDOTE BIOGRAPHY.



SOME years after Rousseau's morbid craving for notoriety had displayed itself in his "Confessions," and when the French press was for a brief period declared free of all restrictions, an epidemic *Mémoire* mania began to prevail in France, and Paris, lately intoxicated with blood, was bewildered with books, for in that capital were more than enough people left alive to write their recollections.

Ere liberty of the French press had proclaimed itself as one of the rights of man, and before the Goddess of Reason had been worshipped in France, seditions and scandalous biographies were occasionally smuggled into that country from Amsterdam, London, Berlin, or any other haunt of exiled Frenchmen, who, proscribed for political or polemical offences, manifested revenge by calumniating the highest authorities of the land from which they themselves were banished. When, however, both the altar and the throne of France were overthrown, and such men were free in the midst of their native land to make what revelations they chose against their former oppressors who had lately perished on the scaffold, any thorough-going revolutionist in need of money, or craving for fame, had only to publish his Memories.

But it was not long since the philosophical public of Paris had edified and amused itself by taking a chair near the "holy guillotine," in order to note the various struggles of its victims; and the popular appetite habitually needed potent stimulants. No half-shades of colour, no soupçons of sentiment, no demi-doses of scandal would at that time suffice for the public taste or win the suffrages of sensational society.

"Let us grind enough of the red," was the professional phrase of David, the then popular painter, who had made his art studies from nature by watching her divers contortions and last throes of agony during the prison massacres—"Let us grind enough of the red." And some writers, contemporary with David "of the blood-stained brush," dipped their pens in ink, and forthwith blotted many a fair fame with more than enough of the black. Voluminous and vulgar were the soon-to-become obsolete *Mémoires* that "paid" best in Paris towards the end of the last century. Were such publications then, and afterwards, peculiar to France? Or if England ever cultivated any literature at all resembling the class to which such publications belonged, has she "changed all that?"

It would seem so, could we dare to judge of English current anecdote biography from one favourable specimen of it now before us, entitled "Slight Reminiscences of a Septuagenarian."^a And yet Emma Sophia Countess Brownlow, who has lately given this pleasant volume to the English public, did once herself converse with the painter David, above mentioned, in his later days; but, ere proceeding to get a further glimpse of him through her, it is worthy of notice how Lady Brownlow's work, though abounding with anecdotes of lively interest to every educated

^a "Slight Reminiscences of a Septuagenarian. From 1802 to 1815." By Emma Sophia Countess Brownlow. Second edition. London: John Murray. 1867.

person knowing aught of the historical events and personages glanced at in it, is prefaced thus by its writer :—

“I am now an old woman, and having lived in stirring times from my youth, and most of my contemporaries having dropped around me, I am also an old chronicle with the memories of bygone days still fresh in my mind. Some of my friends have expressed a wish that I should commit to paper my recollections of public events that I witnessed, and of eminent persons who figured in those events, and with whom circumstances made me acquainted. I will try to do so, and the occupation will, I think, give interest to many a lonely hour.”

The dignified simplicity of this short preface, the condensation of autobiographical reminiscences into less than two hundred pages of clear type, and the declaration at the end of them that it is “with much diffidence” this first and last work of a septuagenarian is submitted to the public, are all matters for rare and respectful observation in these latter days of voluminous egotism and literary self-assertion ; and though there be nothing new in the contents of Lady Brownlow's book, she enables her readers to judge of the greater part of them from an excellent point of view, for it was in company with her friends, Lord and Lady Castlereagh, that she visited Paris in 1814. It was then she saw David, as before mentioned, and of him she says :

“David himself was a sight, as well as his pictures, but not a pleasing one in any way. Unlike the smoothness and high finish and unmeaning faces which characterised his heroes, his face was remarkably coarse, and the expression of the countenance decidedly bad, fully confirming one's belief in the accounts of his conduct during the worst days of the Revolution. When I saw him, his natural ugliness was increased by a diseased upper lip, most disagreeable to look upon, and which I feared must have caused much pain.”

The brevity of Lady Brownlow's style as a biographer can be appreciated only by contrasting her little work with most of the many voluminous Memories which have been published in London during the last ten years. Before and within this decade of English biography,—which most especially addresses itself to the *illiterati*, and panders to the curiosity of the public at large, as to the sayings, doings, and scandals of the “upper ten thousand,”—have successively appeared the Duke of Buckingham's Court, and Cabinet Memoirs of the reigns of George III., George IV., William IV., and Victoria, not omitting the Regency, all “from original family documents ;” but as these Memoirs are, for the most part, political, many a circulating-library subscriber, all the more eager for personal gossip because taking no interest whatever in politics, has doubtless been glad to substitute volumes full of chit-chat for those just named, which, quite unlike the “Queen's Book,” lately presented by her Gracious Majesty to her subjects, afford but few glimpses of the *humanities* of Court life.

As a specimen of the class of biography which, still on the increase, became rife in England after the appearance of the Duke of Buckingham's first “Court and Cabinet” publications, we will here, according to date, give precedence to the three volumes of a literary veteran with whose name at least most of Mr. Mudie's subscribers are familiar. We allude to Mr. Cyrus Redding.^b To these three volumes, heavy with

^b “Fifty Years' Recollections, Literary and Personal ; with Observations on Men and Things.” By Cyrus Redding. 3 Vols. London : Saunders & Otley. 1867.

Mr. Redding's "Recollections," there is a preface, and this preface is specifically, not to say pointedly, addressed in three solemn words, "To the Reader," although to whom or what else the author of a printed work is supposed to address himself, Mr. Cyrus Redding (who in his boyhood seems to have feared ghosts) does not say. It is one of his "tiny secrets." Prefatorially he remarks :—

" 'It was observed by Gray the poet,' says Horace Walpole, 'that if any man were to form a book of what he had seen and heard himself, it must, in whatever hands, prove an useful and entertaining one.' "

But, continues Mr. Redding, on his own account,—“The difficulty is in recalling at will records so voluminous. We can retain but a small portion of what we have seen and heard.” This is a very singular remark for the author of the three thick volumes before us to make, unless indeed he means to imply by it that he expects nothing else than that the reader will soon forget the greater part of their contents; and really no apology is necessary when, further on in his preface—

“The author confesses that in the present volumes he has been unable, except in two or three instances, to have recourse to anything documentary.”

Who would care for dry documents with “Fifty Years’ Recollections, Literary and Personal,” before them? Nobody, surely, could desire to thrust documents into the hand of an artist who “on the west side of Hampstead Hill” can paint “Palatial Windsor . . . rising proudly in the distance. The spire of Harrow, like a burial obelisk, ascending in another direction;”—an artist who feels how this spire “brings before the glass of memory eminent names with which it is associated,” &c.

Yet there is always something to be regretted; and although Cyrus Redding tells us he “was dandled on the knee of Howard the philanthropist, and saw Lord North,” he has “no recollection of either.” But, as though to compensate to us for these two blanks in his memory, he surpasses himself—to say nothing of our own expectations or understandings—by the following exalted “observations,” and even at the same time somewhat alarms us by the dark hint they involve of what he could tell us of himself if he would, did he only dare to be as honest as Rousseau. After remarking that “the green things of early life interlace with the most delicate fibres of being,” but that he “must change a strain which the unreflective call ‘morbid,’ not exactly the vogue,” he thus bursts forth :—

“What egotism is autobiography! Few dare to be as honest as Rousseau, while many may venture to be self-laudatory. The world will often give credit for well-meaning, though the whole truth has not been told. The huge hypocrite bears with the expression of individual self-love if it be amusing, since it has no heart, and therefore need not dread its cremation in the Hall of Eblis.”

In more than one of the passages just quoted Mr. Cyrus Redding is his own best critic, and it is only right that he should be so in the pages of this Magazine; for, speaking of his very early life, he says :—“I do not remember any of the Magazines, except the *Gentleman's* and *Monthly*. Mr. Urban was, of course, no stranger to the world fourscore years before I was born.”

As a matter of course, with all chroniclers of his date, Mr. Cyrus

Redding found himself in Paris "after the Peace," and when "the Dook" was riding about daily in that capital, the native inhabitants of which were striving to learn the art of swearing like Britons, in supposed imitation of the genuine "Godam" Englishman.

"The Duke of Wellington rode out daily along the Boulevards, attended by a boy groom on a chestnut horse."

And Cyrus Redding saw the Duke; although from his words just quoted there seems to be some uncertainty in his own mind as to whether it was the Duke, or the Duke's boy groom, or both together, who rode the chestnut horse; but the fact is, that from his own account of himself, our chronicler had at that time other food for his recollections—royal food. Having inquired of one of the King's (Louis XVIII.) *Garde du Corps* respecting his Majesty's private library, that individual, who on the morrow was to be on guard at the Tuileries, said that he would show the library, and the librarians also, to him. Says Mr. Redding,—

"I was punctual, entered the palace, and we mounted on the leads, walking along the parapet, till we came to a square court. 'There, look down, that is the King's library; he has no better in this building,' said my companion. The remark was a symptom of a radical change in feeling, and that the time of the old respect for a grand Bourbon king could never return. I looked down, and saw five or six cooks in white caps, spitting larks. 'There,' said my companion, 'that is the King's private library. I know of no other.' This [reflected Mr. Redding] would be thought a disrespectful remark by older emigrants, who were evidences that the talent of seeing with their own eyes is not given to everybody."

But whatever Mr. Redding may mean to convey by this last mystical observation, our own conviction is, that from the leads of the Tuileries there really *was* something more than spitted larks for him to see, and which he did not see with his own eyes; that something was a *canard*—we do not mean a duck, but a hoax.

The French guardsman doubtless relished his English *lark*, but unseizable was the French *canard* to the English moralist on the leads of the Tuileries, who elsewhere, when speaking of Louis le Gros (XVIII.) as a glutton, shows a lack of fine appreciation betwixt a *gourmet* and a *gourmand*. The delicate science of gastronomy, for which that monarch was famous, is in fact altogether beyond the author of "Fifty Years' Recollections" when he makes the assertion that "Louis would gladly, like the clown in the play, 'eat his pudding and hold his tongue.'" Louis, as everybody knows, was the last to hold his tongue; but he might have done so from astonishment in presence of an English pudding of Cyrus Redding's fabrication,—anything but "a dainty dish to set before a king."

It is surprising that a literary celebrity like Mr. Redding should not have found better opportunities for studying the habits of the king of French pedants than those afforded to him by a guardsman's larks on the leads of the Tuileries; but, as he himself observes, "What a suit of motley is man's nature!" And, to quote from his own words when speaking of a contemporary of his youth, his mind seems to have been "filled with a strange medley of incomprehensible ideas, unlicked, shapeless;" although in the three volumes full of them now before us, he has done his best to prevent his ideas departing "to the customary limbo of first-rate metaphysical inconclusions." Perhaps, however, his

past experience sometimes suggested such a fate for them ; for, says he, after quoting some lines by Béranger ending—

“ Vingt ans, au plus, bon homme attends encore
L'œuf écloira sous un rayon des cieux ! ”—

“ I can remember,” sighs he, whilst awaiting the hatching of his own egg (the *éclorra* of which need not have been predicted with a double *r*, as above)—

“ I can remember thirty, forty, and more years passed away since similar hopes were born and died into the same conclusion. Who that reflects will not recognise that feeling of deluded expectation which makes life, after all, a huge cheat.”

And so weighed down by this reflection was Mr. Redding that, in the copy of it now before us, he has not even put a note of interrogation at the end of it.

But still he was sublimely resigned ; for in the very next passage, following that reflection about the non-hatching of his egg, he tells us that he smiled. “ In the Italian Boulevard,” says he, “ one morning with a smile on my face, I was passing the Neapolitan coffee-house, where ices were disguised as fruit.” Was there a literary suggestion in that disguise ? “ On a warm day, a gallant sea captain had taken a large solid plum into his capacious mouth without thinking of its effect,” and then, “ thinking on this incident and laughing to himself,” Mr. Cyrus Redding overtook Lord Boringdon. But enough of the large solid iced plum which Cyrus Redding has put into the world's capacious mouth ; and, smile blandly though he may, let him remember that for a prophet to laugh outright to himself at the world is beneath his dignity. And Cyrus Redding was a prophet not less than a philosopher ; for from the moment he caught sight of the fat Bourbon king and the lean Bourbon princes at a review, he foresaw the downfall of royalty in France ; and even though we may seem to know less than we did before of Talma, de Staël, Beckford, Campbell, and a host of other celebrities from his personal “ Recollections ” of them, there are more than enough of his “ observations on men and things ” to edify us still.

So solemn, indeed, are some of his “ thoughts of human destinies even among the highest,” that one day, when some forty years ago he took refuge from the outer water-pipes in the chapel of deserted Versailles, the artillery of heaven itself pealed in response to his reflections. After which, says he,—

“ The storm soon subsided, and in an hour or two the atmosphere was perfectly serene. A faithful picture of the revolution, thought I, as I took leave of Versailles for the last time.”

In what that faithful picture consisted, we fail to perceive ; but who can say, despite all Mr. Redding tells us of his Recollections, and then again of his reflections upon his Recollections, and that for the last fifty years, who can say what revelations were reserved for himself alone ; or who can sufficiently applaud his pluck in publishing (for the good of posterity, of course) the three thick volumes before us ? Surely such an offering of his Recollections and Observations to the human race at large must somehow mysteriously result from his having, when a baby, been “ dandled ” on the knee of “ Howard the philanthropist.” But one

good negative point there is in Cyrus Redding's Anecdote Autobiography, and that point is that it does not feed the *illiterati* with all the vices and misfortunes of every private family; nor does this writer,—as Horace Walpole says, of some scribblers in his latter days,—“call it a *duty* to publish all those calamities which decency to wretched relatives used in compassion to suppress.”

Since the publication of the respectable Cyrus Redding's Recollections, this *duty* has been fearfully well and thrice fulfilled by the Honourable Grantley F. Berkeley.^c

Unlike the “Fifty Years' Recollections” of Cyrus Redding, no mild preface, no meek apologies, pave the reader's way to the first chapter of the Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley's gigantic book; but as that gentleman's portrait is prefixed to the title-page, the two first words of the latter, “My Life,” seem to stand out incarnate; and few dare doubt the physical force of the author, or the muscular strength of his arm and head, when looking at that portrait or at the bold autograph, entwined with curious whip-cord flourishes, beneath it. It is, therefore, with something of agreeable surprise that the reader, thus reminded beforehand of the author's physical force, finds the “first recollections” recorded in the pages before us to be of such a lamb-like character that any household saint, unsuspecting of wolves in sheep's clothing, might be glad to take on trust the Hon. Grantley Berkeley's first volume—almost as big as a Family Bible—for Sunday readings at home.

“My first recollections of a date,” says this muscular Christian chronicler, “points to the year 1806, for it was on a certain day in this year that Mary Oldacre, my nurse, after I had brought to her the keys of the shrubbery-gate at Berkeley Castle, reminded me that it was my birthday, and that I was six years old. It is impossible to express the affection with which, at this age and long subsequently, I regarded this most faithful and attached servant. She was afterwards married to the butler at the castle, who had raised himself to that post from the humble position of nursery boy; and they became a pair of confidential domestics, such as no amount of wages, no prospect of perquisites, could secure in the present day. Mary was quite as devoted to me as I was attached to her—indeed, the relations of foster-mother and foster-child were never more powerfully exhibited than in our case. Both these servants are indissolubly connected with my earliest and pleasant recollections; and in the churchyard, through which they so often led me by the hand, they share the sleep of eternal peace . . . Haydn's ‘Dictionary of Dates’ is, I have no doubt, a reliable authority; but for all the purposes of this work, I prefer referring to honest Mary Oldacre; and with her unquestionable statement, therefore, I commence these Recollections of my career in this great world.”

But why commence these Recollections at all?

“Why did he write? What sin to him unknown
Dipp'd him in ink? His parents' or his own?”

In answer to this question, the Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley opens his second chapter, thus:—

“It is necessary, for the reader's thorough knowledge of my life, that I should

^c “My Life and Recollections,” by the Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley. In 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1865.

“My Life and Recollections,” by the Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley.” Complete in 4 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1866.

“Anecdotes of the Upper Ten Thousand, their Legends and their Lives,” by the Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley. In 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1867.

afford him information respecting certain particulars of family history that exercised a deep and lasting influence over my career."

Now this is really very generous on the part of our author; but we should like to know the name of that inquisitive reader, whose thirst for a thorough knowledge of this honourable gentleman's life has thus cruelly compelled him to reveal "certain particulars of family history;" for, as he himself says, "these are essentially of a private nature;" and then, further on, he adds, with Spartan-like firmness, "Painful to me they may be, but their discussion has become a duty."

A duty to whom? To that nameless reader who, for his impertinent curiosity, deserves to be horsewhipped? By what unexampled tyranny of Fate, under the mask of Duty, is an English gentleman, with the prefix *Honourable* to his ancient name, the godson of a prince, styled the "First Gentleman in Europe," compelled to wash all the foul linen of his family in public; to publish the misdeeds of his own parents; to register the number of his illegitimate brothers; to uncover their moral deformities; to accuse his nearest blood-relatives of perjury; and to lacerate—to mangle—the memory of his own mother? Is English family biography to be judged at home or abroad by this specimen of it?

"L'honneur, où va-t-il se nicher?"

Not even is the sanctuary of this English writer's own home in later life any longer sacred now from scandalous intrusion; for by the same inexorable *Nemesis* of fate, called by him his *duty*, the screen between it and the public has been pulled down by his own hands.

At the end of the fourth big volume of his long *Life and manifold Recollections*, the Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley shows how, in the summer of 1860,—

"A female of doubtful antecedents having got into the extraordinary position of companion, as well as director of all Mrs. Berkeley's actions, and obtained a residence in her house, became, as she asserted, a convert from the Established Church to the Jesuit faith, or rather Jesuit establishment, through the conversations and teachings of Mrs. Berkeley; and this, in Jesuitical 'parlance,' made Mrs. Berkeley her 'god-mother.' This pleased her, Mrs. Berkeley, more than it is possible for any sensible person to imagine. I am not going," (continues Mrs. Berkeley's husband,) "to enter into minute details. Heaven knows I would that these things had never been; but must explain. Having been called to town on business, on Tuesday, 24th of July, leaving everything in its usual comfortable state, I returned on Thursday, the 26th, a day before I was expected, and found my house 'looted' (that is the mildest term I can use for its appearance then): all my most valuable things either packing up, packed up, or gone, and the whole place in disorder and confusion. Pretty state of things this for a man who had resided quietly for nearly thirty years in that pleasant home!"

The female Jesuit was turned out of the house, and Mrs. Berkeley voluntarily accompanied her. "Then followed that extraordinary case as it was laid before the public in the Consistory Court;" and the gentleman most concerned in that case meantime found in a drawer "nearly one hundred letters from the Jesuit and advising priest;" but, says he, still speaking of the Jesuit instigators, "in mercy to their poor dupe, as well as my readers, I abstain from lashing their backs, bare as the nature of their correspondence has exposed them." Fortunately, then, at the last page but one of the four massive volumes of his

Memoirs, Grantley Berkeley begins to perceive that his readers have some right to expect a little mercy from him. Is it in behalf of "the blessed faith of the Established Religion," as he calls it, in the last words of the last of those four huge volumes, that he does violence to himself by thus revealing to the public the matters which alone affect his own private life? "It is in my power," he threatens, "to show up the Jesuitical system of priestcraft still more." But we really hope that he will refrain from doing so as a *duty* to himself, if he cannot achieve his object without an outrage on popular English prejudice with regard to the sanctity of family ties and domestic life, and also without prejudice to the ladies of his family; for even according to Don Juan,

" Petticoat influence is a great reproach
Which even those who obey would fain be thought
To fly from, as from hungry pikes a roach ;
But since beneath it upon earth we are brought
By various joltings of life's hackney-coach,
I for one venerate a petticoat—
A garment of a mystical sublimity,
No matter whether russet, silk, or dimity."

The Hon. Grantley Berkeley himself tells us in the first volume of this amazing work of his, that more than half a century had elapsed since "an authentic account" of some circumstances unpleasantly affecting the early life of his own mother had appeared; and it is indeed a remarkable case when the moral interests of humanity require a son to resuscitate scandals, which, though notorious two generations since, have long ago been laid at rest. Doubtless this sexagenarian has had his grievances; and though a man may be said to be good for nothing without one *raw*, yet too many raws, and the varied experiences of a long life, naturally affect his temper; but the world, like any other old acquaintance, is apt to shirk being button-holed for the express purpose of listening to an unmasked account of private woes.

Perhaps not the least of the Hon. Grantley Berkeley's early family grievances was the fact, that "no sooner did his boyish muse exhibit itself, than it was for the time ridiculed and crushed out of being." This, with regard to posterity, was a pity, for speaking of himself when under the influence of poetry, he, the great literary sportsman, says:—

" I then controll'd
My tears; my heart grew calm, and I was meek and bold."

Little, however, did he then foresee what a long run in fields of prose was in store for him, and how he would outrun himself by the time the century with which he was born should have attained the ripe age of sixty-seven. For, nothing daunted by the Jesuits, nor impeded by female petticoats, he—not meek, but bold—says of himself in the introduction to his "Anecdotes of the Upper Ten Thousand":—

"Since the last publication I have thrown myself broadcast—no, not broadcast; for my figure, strange to say, has not yet been dignified into a breadth of waistcoat, nor into that projection likened by some irreverent reviewers unto the representation of a bay window."

A portrait from a photograph, it will be remembered, was prefixed to

the Life and Recollections of this gentleman who thus throws himself broadcast ; and he is determined now, from this pen and ink sketch of himself, to make us feel that he is here again ; for, he continues :—

“I am not thin, though : so let it suffice that I have simply sought for brain, bone, and muscle, a relaxation by occasionally lying down in the woods among my pets, to delight myself in their single-purposed love and fidelity.”

And then, with gratitude to heaven, he goes on to tell us that he has an innate desire for research into the customs and manners, habits and propensities, of the smallest insect up to the elephant ; also, that he is a “true historian,” and that “the only time that time is slow is the period of a lady’s promised approach.” Likewise that he has refreshed himself, and (after making a savage dart at a critical sage, “well known now by the name of Pecksniff,” who had previously pretended to hold communion with the spirit of L. E. L.) that if there is one thing more than another that he (Mr. Grantley F. Berkeley) piques himself on, it is that he “never, by any chance, writes anything for publication that any girl might not read,” and that therefore in the course of the big two-volume new work to which all these announcements form a preface, he is about to publish a tale in it which some time ago was returned to him by the editor of a periodical (weekly) as “unfit for publication.”

Far be it from us to wade through the miscalled “Upper Ten Thousand” pages. From their first natural history chapter on the “Bimaculated Duck,” and the distinction which is especially to be observed between the mule and the hybrid, the discursive contents of these most extraordinary volumes are quite beyond the pale of criticism. Would that their author, ere poetry within him had been “ridiculed and crushed out of being,” could have said with anything like prophetic truth :—

“Well, on the whole, plain prose must be my fate,
Wisdom } or prudence } will come soon or late.”
 } curse on it !

But where will “Recent Anecdote Biography” and its egregious egotism end? The various titles ascribed to it by its several writers so closely resemble one another, that with all these “Recollections and Reminiscences,” the memories of Mr. Mudie’s subscribers become confused. But here let us recall to mind “Fifty Years’ Biographical Reminiscences,” by Lord William Pitt Lennox.^d At the commencement of the two cumbrous volumes now before us, Lord William Lennox says :—

“The year 1799 was remarkable for many memorable events, foreign and domestic,” and “it was made known to the public among the births that were announced in the daily newspapers, in the closing month of that year, in the following form :—‘Lady Charlotte Lennox, of a son.’”

This “important event,” as the noble recorder of it is pleased to observe, was certainly of vital importance to himself ; but posterity must lament that he finds it necessary to precede the one-line chron-

^d “Fifty Years’ Biographical Reminiscences.” By Lord William Pitt Lennox. In Two Volumes. London : Hurst & Blackett. 1863.

icle of it, by two pages and a half of universal chronology, including the fact that at the date of his birth the Unredeemed National Debt of Great Britain amounted to 392,612,323*l.*, "what was then considered an alarming sum," but which, says Lord William Lennox, speaking of his own times as a man, "has since reached three times this amount."

Morality was also at a low ebb during the earlier years of his lordship's minority; duelling was "conspicuous among the social characteristics of the upper ranks in England Popular reading was limited in extent, and rarely of first-class excellence; and any event of remarkable enormity was sure of a long sensational career in every town-house or country-house in the kingdom." As to the length of that sensational career no reader of the two thick volumes now before us can doubt when, notwithstanding all that their author has done to extend the limits of popular reading, he himself imparts a fresh zest to old "news of a criminal character" by a *réchauffé* of the "abduction of Mrs. Lee," "affairs of gallantry," the "Princess of Wales," and the much more scandalous inquiry, which took place in the year 1809, into the conduct of the Duke of York, &c. &c.

In the Hon. Grantley Berkeley's "Life and Recollections," above glanced at, we have some broad views of the Pavilion and of Brighton generally in the swearing and six-bottle days of the Prince Regent and Mrs. Fitzherbert; and as upon those and other similar subjects, venerable for their antiquity, one racy biographer seems to write "*pour encourager les autres,*" it need scarcely be said that Mrs. Fitzherbert and his royal highness, whose "sinister handlings are not easily to be computed," again make their appearance in the first volume of the work now before us, although only at a time antecedent to Lord William Lennox's "early education," concerning which, says he, "I have a decided impression that it was neither systematic nor strict. The rudimentary process was not so carefully attended to in the nursery as it ought to have been, and," continues he, "at our transplantation to Goodwood, I am afraid that the favourite preceptor of myself and brothers was to be found in the stable rather than in the schoolroom Our proficiency, however, in riding across country did not quite satisfy our natural guardian, and we were sent to attain more essential accomplishments at one of the most famous of English public schools." Lord William Lennox dates his intense passion for the drama from his first year at Westminster; and it was during his holidays at the Phoenix Park, Dublin, that he first attracted the notice of Sir Arthur Wellesley by the success of his performance as "clown and harlequin in one;" but here let the author speak for himself:—

"Sir Arthur, who was next my mother, called us both up, complimented us on our success, and playfully said to the duchess, 'You had better send them to Covent Garden or Sadler's Wells, especially William.'

"I hope better things for him," responded my mother. 'He desires a commission in the army; don't you?'

"Of course I said 'I did.'

"Well, we'll see what can be done. How old is he?'

"Just eight.'

"Plenty of time before him,' responded Sir Arthur."

Few, if any, experienced readers of recent Anecdote Biography, of the class which now lies on our table before us, can need the prelimi-

nary announcement just quoted to prepare them for the inevitable chapter on "The Duke of Wellington" and the "Journey to Paris," in, or not long after, the year 1814. Trite, and all of them bearing a wishy-washy resemblance to each other, are the Anglo-Gallic tales of that time in Paris; but, with regard to that capital, it must, nevertheless, be confessed that Lord William Lennox's "Fifty Years' Reminiscences" are preferable to Cyrus Redding's "Fifty Years' Recollections;" for the former rode "the Duke's" horses, and drove about, laughing and talking by the side of his Grace; whilst the latter (Mr. Redding), when his day came, was content, as stated in a previous page, to gaze on the Duke when his Grace, with one very doubtful chestnut horse, "rode out daily along the Boulevards, attended by a boy groom."

Again, somewhat better placed for observation than Mr. Redding—looking (as already stated) on the king's spitted larks from the leads of the Tuileries—was Lord William Lennox when he "had the good fortune to accompany Wellington to the Tuileries," as "nothing could exceed the magnificence of the entertainment, nor the excellence of the cooking; for the royal Bourbon, who was himself a *bon vivant*" (called by Mr. Redding a *gourmand!*) "of the first quality, had given especial instructions to his *chef de cuisine* to produce upon this occasion a feast worthy of his epicurean reign; and the dinner served was one that would have gratified the heart of the great Vatel."

Now, let Mr. Cyrus Redding moodily meditate on the leads as he may, the "royal Bourbon," when giving especial instructions to his *chef de cuisine*, was a philosopher who, having read men as well as books, had an eye to his own posthumous fame, and who knew that on the digestions of future biographers and historians monarchs are dependent. Humanly speaking, it is the first duty of a biographer to himself and his neighbour, king or cobbler, to look after his own liver, for

"The liver is the lazaret of life,
But very rarely executes its function,
For the first passion stays there such a while,
That all the rest creep in and form a junction.
Rage, fear, hate, jealousy, revenge, compunction;
So that all mischiefs spring up from this entrail,
Like earthquakes from the hidden fire call'd 'central.'"

But, since the days of Adam, let a man do his duty ever so well by his own liver, he cannot always save himself from a fall: and to the world at large it was a great *coup manqué* when Lord William Lennox was thrown from a Cossack horse just before the battle of Waterloo. He consoles himself, however, with this reflection:—

"Though, at the eleventh hour, shut out from the actual fighting, I was not excluded from the society of the actual fighters; and, therefore, partly from being on or near the scene of the battle, during the momentous conflict, partly from associating with many witnesses of the struggle immediately afterwards and hearing their reports, I consider myself in a more favourable position for writing about Waterloo than MM. Thiers and Hugo."

Let us hope from this—his self-consciousness of a favourable position—that Lord William Lennox's great work has yet to appear. Meantime, since the publication of his "Reminiscences," he has confessedly

renewed commercial relations betwixt himself and the British public by Drafts on his Memory,^e saying—

“I trust it will be found that in describing men I have known, things I have seen, and places I have visited, I have done my best, ‘errors excepted,’ to trade fairly and honourably, and that these drafts on my memory will not be dishonoured, but will be endorsed by public favour to the advantage of the credit account of both drawer and drawee.”

What is there so ungentile in the trust just expressed as to remind one of “old clothes?” And this, too, after such Christian reflections as the following on the part of Lord William Lennox:—

“A man who has lived a life worth telling must necessarily meet with much that cannot, strictly speaking, be told in his life. A man’s friends are not his alone, and their adventures, though they come under his knowledge, may be so far removed from his sphere that he cannot get an excuse for telling them as parts of his own history. How tantalising it is to a conscientious narrator to bind himself down rigidly to what is fit and relevant, may be seen by the way in which others less scrupulous fasten on the least peg for an anecdote.”

“O tempora! O mores!” But why should a man who has lived a life worth telling—whatever that may be—persist in the attempt to tell it twice over, when, as he himself says, there is much that cannot, strictly speaking, be told at all in his life? Why should a “conscientious narrator” snap at his less scrupulous neighbour because he himself is tantalised by binding himself down to what is fit and relevant? Is this the result, in art, of what Mr. Swinburne, or some other writer, calls the “Moral Heresy?” But, tantalised by conscience though he be, Lord William Lennox, turning again to Drafts on his Memory, thus continues:—

“Perhaps I have not much right to complain, as regards the present work, for I have chosen a large field, and it would be more easy to curtail than to exceed its limits.”

We rather think it would, especially as he himself afterwards says, “Some men have such curious memories that there is nothing novel to them.” It is impossible, however, not to admire the humility of Lord William Lennox in expecting that the British public, when receiving the Drafts on his Memory in 1866, should have forgotten his “Fifty Years’ Biographical Reminiscences” accepted by it in 1863. With regard to these literary performances, was there not something prophetic in the fact of Lord William Lennox, when a little boy, in the pantomime at the Phoenix Park, Dublin, being clown and harlequin “all in one,” with dummies to match?

But, better in some respects, a *réchauffé* of Lord William Lennox’s “Reminiscences,” with all their faults, or, (barring outrage on the fifth commandment,) even of the Hon. Grantley Berkeley’s “Recollections,” than “The Life and Correspondence of Thomas Slingsby Duncombe, late M.P. for Finsbury, edited by his Son, Thomas H. Duncombe.”^f

^e “Drafts on My Memory: being Men I have Known, Things I have Seen, Places I have Visited.” By Lord William Pitt Lennox. In two volumes. London: Chapman & Hall. 1866.

^f “The Life and Correspondence of Thomas Slingsby Duncombe, late M.P. for Finsbury.” Edited by his Son, Thomas H. Duncombe. In Two Volumes. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1868.

In the opening paragraph of his first chapter, this new biographer astounds us grammatically and genealogically by this announcement :—

“The Duncombes have contributed several of its members to the landed gentry of England, who were descended from the family originally settled at Ivinghoe, Buckinghamshire.”

Here, then, at last, is something like novel information. The landed gentry of England descended from the family originally settled at Ivinghoe, Bucks! Was Duncombe the name of that original parent stock? But upon this point the present author of that name is vague, merely saying that “the Duncombes have contributed several of *its* members to the landed gentry of England who *were*,” &c. It is, however, some satisfaction to find by the passage immediately following the above announcement, that “One” (whether a Duncombe or one of the general landed gentry, this Duncombe saith not) “received the now extinct distinction of baronet and was seated in Surrey;” (no wonder that so many new Knights have lately been created since the distinction of baronet is extinct!) and that, amongst others, “there was a Duncombe of Drayton . . . whose eldest son was knighted, became Lord Mayor of London in 1708, and died in 1715.” But not having in these columns given the pedigree of either the Berkeleys or the Lennoxes, it is scarcely worth while here to pursue that of the Duncombes, save to remind the reader that Thomas Slingsby Duncombe, born in 1796, was the son of Lord Feversham’s brother Thomas, of Copgrove, and of his wife, eldest daughter of Dr. Hinchcliffe, Bishop of Peterborough. But why “a list of the school” (Harrow), drawn up by this painstaking young Duncombe in 1811, is published in the heavy green volume now before us, we cannot say; and in what the peculiar interest consists of seventeen large-sized pages of small print, entitled “*Diary of Ensign Duncombe*” (1813), we leave for patient posterity to discover; for even the filial biographer, to whose printers we stand indebted for this sample of “copy,” confesses, in an after page, that “the march from Holland to Belgium had not been remarkable for results.” And further on, he adds, in something of the same sort of grammar that characterises his genealogy,—

“The company to which Ensign Duncombe belonged appears to have returned to England; at any rate *they* had no share in the glory obtained by their comrades for their gallant defence of Hugoumont that contributed materially to the grand victory of Waterloo.”

In the next chapter, headed “The Beau Monde,” comes the scum of “Recent Anecdote Biography,”—the Scand. Magn. of the sort with which the Hon. Grantley Berkeley (apart from his own family), Lord William Lennox, and other leaders of this style of literature, have done their best to nauseate the present generation. Still, however, there is something quite original in the simplicity of the following portrait of the celebrated Princess de Lieven, who, for more than a quarter of a century was not only a ruler of the world of fashion, but whose power over an eminent French statesman and man of letters to boot is said, by one of our own best informed English contemporaries, to have amounted to a fascination and a spell. Mr. Thomas Duncombe (*fls*) declares—

“Baron Lieven, afterwards Prince, was ambassador from the court of St. Petersburg, and extremely popular in English society during his stay in England. The

Baroness appeared to be anxious to share the diplomatic fame of her lord. She had a distinguished appearance, and was unusually accomplished, particularly in music. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and many of the higher nobility cultivated her acquaintance. She was one of the early patronesses of Almack's, where she exercised her authority with a degree of harshness that was much complained of. She also played the part of an intrigante in politics, but not to favour the Whigs."

In an equally off-hand way are other portraits of various celebrities painted; but we are not made to understand that "Madame Catalani was an accomplished musician, and extremely fashionable for many seasons," until, after trailing through a mass of trite facts and stale anecdotes of the times when Mr. Thomas Slingsby Duncombe was M.P. for Hertford, and patronised the turf, and when "among the requirements of a man of fashion, was a partiality for dramatic performances," we come upon "The Green Room" (cap. ix., p. 172), and are there introduced to that which this filial biographer repeatedly calls, by a strange perversion of French gender, "*Le Jambe de Vestris*." In the omnibus box of the King's Theatre, in those days when "highly respectable grandfathers established themselves as patrons of the *prima donna*, while grave and reverend seigniors competed with beardless ensigns for the smiles of the *coryphées*," Mr. Duncombe rented a seat for many successive seasons; and, as his son still further informs us, the inmates of the omnibus box had opportunities afforded them of studying the individual merits of the most eminent *artistes*. "We must, however," continues he, with remarkable power of self-criticism, "be content here with the merest reference to the subject; Mr. Duncombe's papers affording no evidence that either before or behind the scenes at 'the King's Theatre' he was more than a spectator."

And, yet in the course of this same chapter on "The Green Room," it is thought necessary by the discreet Mr. Duncombe's biographer to thrust upon the public copies of private letters—subjects nearly forty years old—of theatrical and social scandal, and which can be of no possible interest to the present generation. And not only letters, but memoranda of "Madame Vestris's Gains," and "Madame's Debts;" to say nothing of notes beginning in that worse than anonymous fashion—"My dear ——," or "My dear H——," or "Dear Master Devil." As to the political interest of these two volumes of Mr. Duncombe's "Life and Correspondence," it is anything but elevated by their publication of a common hand-bill, which, at the close of the poll in 1834, declared his election for Finsbury. Mr. Duncombe's "Canadian Journal," which occupies an after chapter of the work before us, contains some scattered fragments, of interest chiefly to those who were personally acquainted with the writer; but the general reader may well be surprised when, at the commencement of the second volume, he comes upon the birth, parentage, education, and imprisonment (at Ham) of the present Emperor of the French. This episode, however, serves but to introduce the fact that Mr. Duncombe had too great a regard for Prince Louis Napoleon and the name he bore to remain indifferent to his fate.

"In the first place, he secured the co-operation of the wealthy Duke of B——, who wanted a Bonaparte to assist him to maintain important claims; and then, having obtained the sanction of the prisoner to the conditions on which his freedom might be obtained, sent his own secretary to Ham to negotiate the treaty."

But as the conditions of this "Treaty" between "F. A. G. D. of Bk." and "Prince Louis Napoleon" have been already ventilated by some organs of the London press, and as "the Duke of Brunswick's Will" (1846), and the "Schedule of the Duke of Brunswick's Valuables" are published amongst the miscellaneous contents of the work before us, no comment is here required on how "for Mr. Duncombe the brilliant bubble burst."

It is true that, during more than half a century of arduous public service, the life of "Honest Tom Duncombe" was on the whole devoted, as his son says, to all who wanted an advocate or a friend, without respect to creed or nationality, without the slightest reference to social prejudices and partialities; and it is, therefore, to be the more regretted that the record of that life, as it stands before us, should be almost lost amidst worn-out anecdotes of no pleasing character, and "Correspondence" upon subjects which are either too trivial for publication, or which, as a general rule, have long since ceased to be of interest to the public at large. The same remark applies, more or less, to all such works, and their name is legion, which, in England, have been published during the last ten years.

Specimens enough of this prurient style of book-making have been given, but we are again reminded of Emma Sophia Countess Brownlow's work, alluded to in an early paragraph of this paper as affording a pleasant exception to the sort of biographies of which it treats, by the still more recent publication of another little book not dissimilar to it: we allude to the Hon. Amelia Murray's "Recollections."^g

"It was known by several persons that the publication of this little book was intended before Lady Brownlow's 'Reminiscences' were published," says the writer in her preface, and she expresses a hope of evincing to her readers "that the two 'Septuagenarians,' without consultation, or even mutual acquaintance, are in accordance, and not in collision."

Less than a hundred small pages of clear print suffice to contain these "Recollections" now offered to the public by the granddaughter of "the Dowager Duchess of Athole of about a hundred and fifty years since," and the daughter of Lady George Murray, who in her widowhood was held in high esteem by Queen Charlotte. Some letters from that Queen to her "dearest Lady George" are published in the volume now before us, and agreeably illustrate the homely kindness of heart which endeared George III. and his consort to many of those of their court who were also their personal friends. Such letters are appropriately interleaved with the "Recollections" of one who, as a child, sat at the feet of her unostentatious Majesty, and whose remarks on things and people of the long since past are, though by no means brilliant, or attractive from their novelty, singularly inoffensive. Critics are not likely to prove hostile to the Hon. Amelia Murray's unpretending book, and the less so because it, like that of her sister Septuagenarian, is short; for though brevity be not always the soul of wit, it is a rare and most estimable virtue in these days of voluminous Recent Anecdote Biography.

^g "Recollections from 1803 to 1837. With a Conclusion in 1868." By the Hon. Amelia Murray. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1868.

HISTORICAL CHARACTERS.^a

SECOND NOTICE.



EXT to Talleyrand, in Sir H. Bulwer's recently published work, comes Sir James Mackintosh, "The Man of Promise," and certainly it is impossible to imagine a greater contrast than he presents to the arch-diplomatist of France, "The Politic Man" above named, of whose life a sketch was given in the preceding number of this Magazine. Unlike that of Talleyrand, the name of Sir James Mackintosh is now entirely forgotten by many English readers, and even in his own day there were some who wondered what he had done "that people should think him so superior." A French lady once asked Mackintosh to satisfy her curiosity upon this point, and, with quaint modesty, he afterwards declared that, in reply, he was obliged to refer to his projects. By Campbell, however, it was said that "had Mackintosh published nothing else than his 'Discourse on the Law of Nature and Nations,' he would have left a perfect monument of his strength and symmetry;" and by Madame de Staël, the translator of his speech on the defence of the trial of Peltier, Mackintosh was considered "the first man in England." As a reviewer of the "Regicide Peace" he was welcomed by Burke to Beaconsfield, and in France not less than in England was he celebrated for his "Vindiciæ Gallicæ;" although when, in 1803, complimented by Frenchmen on that production, he quietly protested, with the same sort of quaint wit just referred to, "Messieurs, vous m'avez si bien réfuté." But though Fox lauded Mackintosh in Parliament, and Lord Erskine affirmed that his speech on the trial of Peltier was "one of the most splendid monuments of genius, learning, and eloquence," his present biographer, with reason, observes with regard to this lawyer, author, and member of Parliament:—

"Mackintosh never arrived at an eminence in law, in letters, or in politics, that satisfied the expectations of those who, living in his society, were impressed by his intellect and astonished at his acquirements. If I," continues Sir H. Bulwer, "were to sum up in a few words the characteristics of the persons who thus promise more than they ever perform, I should say that their powers of comprehension are greater than their powers either of creation or exposition; and that their energy, though capable of being roused occasionally to great exertions, can rarely be relied on for any continued effort."

To give anything like a graphic sketch of a life so comparatively uneventful as that of Mackintosh, requires a refined insight into character on the part of a biographer, and it is for this reason that the portraiture of "The Man of Promise" in the volume now before us is even perhaps more highly to be prized than that of Cobbett, "The Contentious Man," in its succeeding pages.

Mackintosh, the son of a Scotch country gentleman, who, in the first flush of his well-earned fame at the bar, "accepted the Recordership of Bombay from Mr. Addington, and retired with satisfaction, to the well-paid and knighted indolence of India," only to return thence in 1810,

^a "Historical Characters: Talleyrand, Cobbett, Mackintosh, Canning." By Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, G.C.B. In two volumes. London: Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street. 1868.

was born in 1785, and died in 1832, his name "graven on the monument which commemorates more Christian manners and more mild legislation."

William Cobbett, the son of a small farmer, was, as Sir H. Bulwer ably demonstrates, in character just the reverse of Mackintosh, the "man of great powers of reasoning, of accomplished learning, but of little or no sustained energy." With the main facts of Cobbett's life most English readers are familiar. His boyhood in the fields, his flight to London, and gardening at Kew; his enlistment as a soldier; his sojourn in America; his marriage; his second return to England (carrying, or said to carry, Tom Paine's bones with him); his butcher's shop at Kensington; his self-taught learning; his parliamentary proceedings, when at last he was returned for Oldham; together with the main purport of his written thoughts, are generally well known. Born in 1766, and living until 1835, Cobbett, "The Contentious Man," was "a remarkable illustration of his times."

Not less so, in a different way, was Canning, "The Brilliant Man," who, though far from least, is the last of the historical characters portrayed in the work lately presented to the English public by Sir H. Bulwer, who seems to rejoice in showing how—

"Mr. Canning, indeed, was always young. The head of the sixth form at Eton—squibbing 'the doctor,' as Mr. Addington was called; fighting with Lord Castlereagh; cutting jokes on Lord Nugent; flatly contradicting Lord Brougham; swaggering over the Holy Alliance; he was in perpetual personal quarrels—one of the reasons which created for him so much personal interest during the whole of his parliamentary career. Yet out of those quarrels he nearly always came glorious and victorious—defying his enemies, cheered by his friends—never sinking into an ordinary man, though not a perfect one. . . . His nature, in short, exhibited more of the genial fancy and the quick irritability of the poet and the speaker, than of the inflexible will of the dictator who puts his foot on a nation's neck, or the fiery passions of the tribune who rouses a people against its oppressors."

The volume before us helps to give a fresh zest to the study of Canning's character; and, as its author truly says, the latter passages of that fascinating, though not faultless, statesman's life, are worthy of profound study. Indeed, with regard to Canning, there are few English readers who can fail to feel "affection for his memory, and a sympathetic admiration for his genius." Not the least popular, therefore, is he, "The Brilliant Man," likely to remain of Sir H. Bulwer's four "Historical Characters."



LAST AUTUMN IN ROME.^a



THIS is extraordinary, considering the excitement which prevailed in England last autumn during Garibaldi's abortive effort against Rome, that so few authors have endeavoured to turn the occasion to account, and to supplement, by well-considered digests of facts drawn from authentic sources, the necessarily brief and crude statements which proceeded from the pens of newspaper correspondents at the time.

The author of "From Rome to Mentana" is a lady, and she writes

^a "From Rome to Mentana." Saunders & Otley. 1868.

with all a lady's wit and liveliness ; but she has given us in her little volume something more than ladies generally manage to produce, and that is a truthful, reliable, and impartial narrative of events more pregnant with interest to Italy and to Europe than any which have occurred since the eventful year of the Revolution of 1848. Indeed, the work before us might easily pass even for the work of the practised pen of a "ready writer," well versed in politics and conversant with the world of European affairs ; and it abounds besides with graphic description and sparkling anecdote. The writer gives us an account of her journey from London to Florence, and thence to Rome ; and the story of the night spent by her and her fellow-travellers—three other "unprotected females"—at the miserable station at Orbitello, in the midst of wounded Garibaldian soldiers, is admirably told. So is her interview with the Roman *gendarmerie*, who intruded on her in her drawing-room in the Rue d'Espagne. She writes :—

"I headed part of the sergeant's front-door party into the dining-room, where the first thing they perceived was the Union Jack standing in a corner ready for use. Now it so happened, that it was so folded that nothing but the red was visible, and these heroes made a rush at it : it was evidently a Garibaldian flag. I must own that I was delighted when, on shaking it out ferociously, the dear old union in the corner became visible to all beholders, and they put it down, saying in a disappointed tone, 'It is nothing but an English flag.' 'You will find it something, if you meddle with it,' I growled. At this instant the back-door party entered by the opposite door, with the elegant Colonel at their head, attended by my friend, who was half frightened and half amused—and pointed out the Union Jack as a proof that we were really English, on which he most gracefully took off his hat to it ; an act for which I forgave him his unceremonious *entrée*, and merely gratified my spite by asking in the politest of tones, 'How many more dragoons, Colonel, to look after seven women ?'"

Among the best parts of the book are the accounts of the writer's visit to the battle-fields of Mentana and Monte Rotondo, before the blood was dry or the corpses all buried ; the entry of the poor Garibaldian prisoners into Rome ; and the chapters on the Roman hospitals and the heroic Bishop of Albano.

With respect to Garibaldi's enterprise, it is the writer's opinion that immediately after the battle of Monte Rotondo, Garibaldi lost the best possible chance of taking Rome. She says :—

"It was my wonder then, and it is still, that Garibaldi did not push on that day. He might have had Rome cheap ; there was not eight hundred fighting men in the place to oppose him, for at that time the Papal troops had not been recalled from Frosinone, Velletri, and the other towns they were garrisoning, and the troops in Rome were worn out, dispirited, and broken."

The honesty of Garibaldi and his followers has been seriously impeached ; but the following statements seem to contradict such insinuations :—"We heard the same account of the conduct of the Garibaldians here as elsewhere ; they paid for everything they had except, as usual, forage and labour at the barricades, for which notes signed 'G. Garibaldi' were given. They behaved with perfect order and propriety, and seemed to

have left a good impression behind them The Garibaldini paid for everything they had, except forage for the horses, which they took, and gave promissory notes for the amount, signed 'G. Garibaldi.' No doubt, had he succeeded, they would have been cashed—at present, of course, they are worth nothing ; but they are being carefully preserved, under the idea that, assuredly, some day or other, they will be worth as much as the Scudo notes of the Bank of Rome."

And again:—"There can be little doubt that had the attempt of Garibaldi and his friends succeeded, their utmost influence would have been used to preserve their native city with all its treasures of art as untouched as possible—regarding it as they did and do, as the future capital of Italy, to be adorned and beautified rather than ravaged and destroyed. Nor did I ever hear of any one, save the ecclesiastics themselves, who expressed any fears for the safety of life and property, even had the fully expected entrance of Garibaldi into the city taken place. There was more danger from within than from without."

But while the writer thus expresses her sympathies in favour of Garibaldi, she has room to say many a good word of the supreme Pontiff:—"Personally the Pope is beloved and esteemed ; of stainless character, courteous manners, and much natural kindness of heart, he ought, indeed, to be so. He has spent most munificently the money he has received, not in personal aggrandisements, or that of his family, but in adorning and beautifying Rome, and the towns in his territory, and the splendid viaduct which bridges the defile between Larsicia and Albano is a worthy monument of his generosity. Unlike most pontiffs, he has scrupulously avoided enriching his relations—his only sister lives in obscurity, almost poverty, near Ancona, and when his brother's daughter was married, a few years ago, he gave her a dowry from his private fortune. It is even said that the Peter's pence subscribed for him during his exile at Gaëta was expended in the beautifying of his city on his return All during the times of trouble, I never knew Pius IX. blamed or evil spoken of ; his charity and kindness, his innate liberality of heart, were always mentioned as his own ; those acts which irritated the people almost beyond endurance, were always put down to the account of 'evil advisers around him.'"

The truly liberal and large-hearted views which make themselves visible throughout the book are such as will commend "From Rome to Mentana" to all but bigots of extreme opinions on either side ; and we feel that we cannot do better than close this brief notice with the writer's concluding remark, which will give a clue to the general scope and tendency of her work:—"I earnestly wish that the question of *Roma per Italia* were settled, and the nation at peace ; but this seems far off : darkness and uncertainty veil the future fate of the Eternal City. Whatever it may be, I would express a hope that the closing years of Pius IX., at all events, may be passed in peace. They can be but few ; and then his successor in the chair of St. Peter will take his place upon it fully prepared for what, sooner or later, I believe to be inevitable—the fall of the Temporal Power, which Pio Nono is pledged to retain intact ; and Italy then may have struggled through her financial difficulties, and be in a better position to make Rome her capital. Till then all must be unsettled."

Correspondence of Sylvanus Urban.

Sin scire labores,
Quære, age : quærenti pagina nostra patet.

[Correspondents are requested to append their Addresses, not, unless it is agreeable, for publication, but in order to facilitate Correspondence.]

MACDUFF'S CASTLE.

1. MR. URBAN,—I send you the following for THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE :—

"This old castle, which has long been in a dilapidated state, is now fast going to decay. The castle is supposed to have been Macduff's principal stronghold, and is believed to be nearly 1000 years old. It is situated at the eastern extremity of the village of ———, on the brow of the hill, facing the sea, and close to the beach ; and what remains of it consists of two separate square buildings, with a tower, and traces of a spiral stair in each. Underneath the western building is a large cave, in which there is a well, and it is supposed that there had been a subterranean passage from the cave to the castle in former times. In the eastern buildings

there are the remains of what has been a dark chamber with arched roof, accessible by a secret spiral stair. The northern and eastern walls of this part of the ruins, together with the arched roof, fell a few weeks ago—a result probably due to the severe gales which occurred at the time. Although the action of the weather has honey-combed the stones to the depth of from four to eight inches, the masonry of the western building is still in a very strong condition."—*Dundee Advertiser*.

I am sure you will place this notice in THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, connected as it is with the immortal pages of Shakespeare.—I am, &c.,

W. H. CLARKE.

York, March, 1868.

HERNE'S OAK.

2. MR. URBAN,—Will you spare me a small space in your pages, for a few words in rejoinder to Mr. Perry's entertaining letter? I ought also to thank him for the thoroughly kind spirit in which he has replied to my criticism. The question before Mr. Perry was this : Was the tree which was cut down in 1796, or the tree which fell in 1863, "Herne's Oak?" The answer is simply that *both had borne that name*. Collier's map, in 1742, is clearly on the side of the '96 tree. And I venture to quote from the "Beauties of England and Wales," vol. i. p. 265, a passage which has this singular analogy to Mr. Perry's argument for the tree of '63—that it was published four years after its lamented death :

"This quarter of the park was formerly ornamented with a venerable tree, immortalised by the reed of the divine Shakespeare, and since known by the appellation of Herne's Oak. In "The Merry Wives of

Windsor," Mrs. Page recounts the traditional story of Herne in these lines :—

"There is an old tale goes, that Herne
the hunter,
Some time a keeper here in Windsor
forest,
Doth all the winter time, at still of mid-
night,
Walk round about an oak, with ragged
horns ;
And there he blasts the tree, and takes
the cattle,
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and
shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner.

"Herne is said to have been keeper of the forest in the time of Elizabeth, and having been guilty of some offence, for which he expected to be disgraced, hung himself upon this oak. The credulity of the ignorant peasantry induced them to suppose that his spirit haunted the spot ; and the bard, from this circumstance, has chosen it as a fit scene of action to expose

the cowardice of the lascivious Falstaff, who had here appointed to meet the 'Merry Wives' in the character of Herne's ghost. The view of the oak in the last page was executed by Anderson, from a drawing taken but a few days previous to its being cut down; and we are assured by a gentleman of Windsor, who was present at the making of the sketch, that it is an exact delineation of the tree as it then stood. Various tea-caddies and other small articles, made from the remains of the oak, are preserved by some of the inhabitants of Windsor."

But the question between Mr. Perry and me is very different. I have suggested, and I hold to the suggestion, that *neither* of these trees was Shakspeare's "Herne's Oak." I will not repeat the grounds of this; but I would add, by way of corroboration, that Shakspeare's description of scenery, and the like, was never limited by the boundaries of his stage—witness the famous passages in "King Lear" and "Macbeth." I may also add, that the other day I walked through the Home Park for the very purpose of seeing if the distance between the Castle Ditch and the two trees near Queen Elizabeth's walk could be fitted to Mr. Perry's explanation. It is a very good half-mile, and at night no "couching" in ditches at such a distance would be required for concealment. Mr. Perry has given me another corroborative fact. "The oak is not mentioned in the first edition of the 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' published 1602, but first is spoken of in the folio of 1623." And this seems to me, *incidentally*, to show that he had most carefully observed the locality, and that the indications he himself affords of it, may be received implicitly as accurate,—I am, &c.,

B. B. WOODWARD.

Windsor Castle, 10 March, 1868.

3. MR. URBAN,—While the above subject is before your readers, I venture to forward for insertion in your pages, some information very nearly connected with it, which has never been made public.

The fairies' dell, chalk-pit, or pit, whichever it may be called, in Windsor Park, has been spoken of by some, and is still regarded by others, as merely a depressed piece of ground. The picture, showing the old pollard, in Ireland's book of "The Thames," conveys that idea; other drawings made since corroborate

Ireland's view; all of which, its subsequent appearance (until lately) justifies.

Within the last few years, however, considerable alterations have been made there; and by the late Prince Consort's orders, under the superintendence of Mr. Ingram, Curator of the Little Park, &c., the dell has been excavated; and to this gentleman I am indebted for the following information:—

"On the top of the pit lay a quantity of chalk and rubbish, brought from the castle in the reign of George IV. Underneath this was a bed of gravel, where brought from it is not known, apparently deposited there for the purpose of making a bowling-green, or place for some kind of amusement. Beneath this lay a quantity of farm litter, before coming down to the solid chalk rock. It therefore appears probable, that the place was, at a former period, used as a deer-pen, or something of that kind."

In addition to this there exists a remarkable fact proving the antiquity of the pit. On the north-west side stands an old pollard oak, fourteen feet in girth; not "on the very edge of the pit," as the '96 tree stood, but *on the side* of it, standing considerably below the surface of the ground.

This tree is, apparently, a scion of a much older one, which probably stood near the spot, in days lang syne, and it appears as if an acorn had dropped into the pit, lodging and taking root on the sloping side, and growing up to maturity in that position; its roots, doubtless, making their way down to the very bottom. This is a complete answer to the question, whether the pit is an ancient one or not.

Mr. Woodward in his paper referred to the Old Castle ditch. With respect to this there is an interesting point of evidence in existence, in its relation to the play of the "Merry Wives of Windsor," viz.: At a distance of about 180 yards from the nearest point to where that existed, stands an arcaria, near the slope at the bottom of the lawn; a few yards south of this tree, is a depression in the ground, marking the site of an old ditch, passage, or roadway; which has long since been filled up. It leads in the direction of the Castle, and appears as if it started from the old ditch; and after running down the distance before-mentioned to near the edge of the slope, it then turned off to the

right, and proceeded in the direction of the dell, from which the depressed spot alluded to is about 500 yards distant.

Since writing the above, I have been informed by Mr. Geo. Ingram, that in the reign of George IV., when alterations were made at the Castle, and the East

Terrace formed, a subterranean passage was discovered, which was traced for some distance, and found to lead in the direction of the spot above alluded to.—I am, &c.,

WILLIAM PERRY.

5, North Audley Street, W.^b

KNIGHTHOOD AND BARONETS' ELDEST SONS.

4. MR. URBAN,—King James, by a decree,^a touching the place and precedence of baronets, to amplify his favour—this dignity being of his Majesty's own creation—did grant that the baronets and their eldest sons, being of full age, might claim from the king the honour of knight-hood.

Although this claim appears to have mainly fallen into desuetude, yet I have

always understood that it was exercised in the case of Sir John Kingston-James, eldest son of Sir John Kingston-James, of Dublin, Bart., and formerly an officer in the Inniskilling Dragoons, who availed himself of the privilege, and accordingly, in February, 1854, received the honour of knight-hood.—I am, &c.,

H. M. VANE.

74, Eaton-place, S.W.

ANOTHER PLEA ON BEHALF OF THE BIRDS.

“Take not away the life you cannot give,
For all things have an equal right to live.”—*Dryden.*

5. MR. URBAN,—At this season of the year, when ignorant and unfeeling men and boys make a practice of shooting and trapping *small* birds, I beg leave, through the medium of your columns, to state a few facts respecting birds, with the view of inducing both men and boys to abstain from practices which are alike cruel in themselves, and contrary to the interests of the community. For there is reason to believe that birds were intended by their Creator to destroy insects, and to assist man in the cultivation of the earth; experience having proved that where the birds are destroyed, the leaves on the trees, and the crops on the ground, are devoured by caterpillars, slugs, snails, wireworms, and grubs of various descriptions, of which there have been three remarkable instances. The first occurred many years ago, in Germany, where nearly all the sparrows had been destroyed; in consequence there were such swarms of insects the year following that they had actually to import sparrows to destroy them. A similar occurrence took place in America; and also in France, where a few years ago the wheat crop failed through the grub of the cockchafer destroying the wheat plants in winter. In a sparrow's nest that had reared a brood of young ones were found no less than

seven hundred wings of this destructive insect. In Cobbett's “Book on Gardening” it is stated “that were it not for the sparrows and other birds it would be next to impossible to cultivate gardens in England on account of the slugs and snails which do so much mischief to the crops in summer.” As to the fruit they take in summer, it is not worth mentioning, for their song is worth something; and, besides, slugs and snails do a deal more mischief than blackbirds and thrushes, starlings, robins, hedge-sparrows, wrens, swallows, martins, and several other birds which should never be destroyed, as they do no harm whatever, living entirely on snails, worms, and insects. What with the boys taking the birds' nests in spring, and ignorant and unfeeling men shooting them in winter, several species of our birds are becoming quite scarce. In the numerous gardens around some of our larger cities there is scarcely a blackbird or a thrush to be seen. The consequence is, that our gardens are overrun with slugs and snails. I myself caught no less than 140 snails under a hedge, near Nottingham, only twenty-seven yards in length, during the last summer; and as to slugs they have been quite a pest to the neighbourhood. Therefore, I would suggest, that the occupiers of both fields and

^a Pat. 10 Jacobi, part. x. n. 8. Selden, Titles of Honour.

^b The controversy must end here.—S. U.

gardens, and the agents of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, should prosecute for trespass any one that may be found taking birds' nests; or destroying birds, that not only do no harm, but a deal of good, by destroying those insects which otherwise would destroy the various products of the earth. There is reason to believe there is a grub for every plant, and a bird for every grub;

so that we are not justified in wantonly destroying the birds for mere sport, as it is called; which, to say the least of it, shows a cruel and puerile disposition, as well as being contrary to the interests of mankind in general, experience having proved that where the birds are destroyed, vegetation is devoured by insects.—I am, &c.,

LIVE AND LET LIVE.

Nottingham.

FAMILY OF GODDARD.

6. MR. URBAN,—I wish to correct an error in my last letter (*THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE* for last February, p. 216). The executor named by Captain Goddard was not the Hon. Baron *Ventry*, but *Mountry*,—Richard Mountry, created Baron of the

Irish Exchequer, July 30, 1741. Lord *Ventry's* title is of a later date than Captain Goddard's will.—I am, &c.,

JAMES FRANKLIN FULLER.

Killeshandra, Co. Cavan.

THE CLERGY LIST

7. MR. URBAN,—I purchased a copy of "The Clergy List" in January, 1864, and noted in it all the alterations and additions which were announced up to 31st of December last in *THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE*, the *Times*, and the *Guardian* newspapers.

I purchased a copy of the new edition published in January last, and on com-

paring it with my former list, discovered more than 1,100 errors and omissions in the new edition. So defective a book of reference is worse than useless. Perhaps a word from your pen would tend towards the improvement of the next edition.*—I am &c.,

T. B. K.

Old Charlton.

FAMILY OF JESSOP.

8. MR. URBAN,—Will any of your readers be kind enough to favour me with information concerning the *parentage* of the Rev. Constant Jessop, buried in Wimborne Minster, A.D. 1658? And of the *issue* of his son, the Rev. Dr. Constant Jessop, formerly prebend of Durham, and

rector of Brington, Northampton, where he was buried in 1695? Also of the *parentage* of Mr. William Jessop, of Rotherham, c. 1560?

I am, &c.,

C. M. JESSOP.

York.

THE LATE COUNTESS OF HARRINGTON.

9. MR. URBAN,—The recent death of the Countess of Harrington, once so well known as Miss Foote, which I see is recorded in your obituary for January (p. 124), recalls to my attention the number of actresses and singers who have been ennobled by marriage. Amongst the number I find the following:—Miss Anastasia Robinson, who became Countess of Peterborough in the early part of the last century; Miss Fenton, who died in 1760, was married to the Duke of Bolton; Miss Farren, who quitted the stage in 1797 to marry the Earl of Derby; Miss Mellon married the Duke of St. Alban's in 1827; Miss Brunton retired from the stage in 1808, and became Countess of Craven; Miss Bolton

married Lord Thurlow in 1813; Miss Stephens married the Earl of Essex in 1838; about 1824 Miss Paton became Lady William Lennox; Miss O'Neill became Lady Becher in 1819; Mrs. Nisbet became Lady Boothby in 1844; and Miss Balfe in 1860, became Lady Crampton.

I am, &c.,

CURIOSUS.

* The Editor of "The Clergy List," as we happen to know, uses every possible means to secure accuracy. *The fault lies with the Clergy themselves*, who are too careless to supply correct information. Our correspondent probably is not aware of the extreme difficulty of attaining perfect accuracy in a book of reference, the contents of which are perpetually being changed by the natural operation of time. *Expertus disceat quam gravis iste labor.*—S. U.

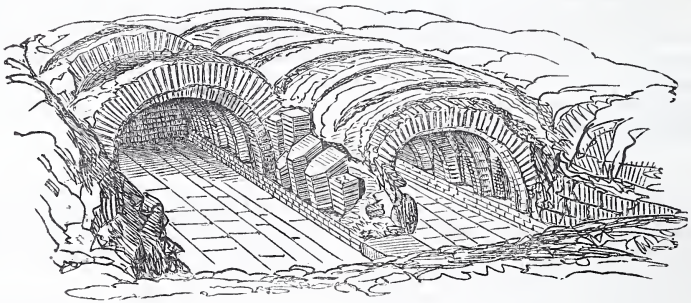
Antiquarian Notes.

By CHARLES ROACH SMITH, F.S.A.

— Quid tandem vetat
Antiqua misceri novis ?

ENGLAND.

Derbyshire.—Towards the close of 1866, the boys of Repton School were amusing themselves in levelling some uneven grass land within the Old Abbey Wall. Presently they came upon lumps or patches of a stiff red clay, foreign to the site; then they found numerous perfect tiles, commonly known as "encaustic tiles," and ultimately some brickwork, so covered and choked up with clay and broken tiles, that it proved no easy task to clear it. The young excavators, however, were excited by the novelty and peculiarity of the structure, and they soon divulged its real character and object. It had been a kiln for the burning of the



tiles, such as they had found so many specimens of. It presented, when stript of its incumbrances, an appearance as shown in the above engraving, for which we are indebted to Mr. Llewellynn Jewitt, who has just used it in illustration of a very lucid and interesting account of this and other tile kilns previously discovered in his quarterly archæological journal and review, *The Reliquary*.

The kiln may be described as composed of two small chambers, each of six arches, rising from the side walls, and spanning the chambers. The arches are of plain and square tiles, the spaces between them being of the same width as the arches themselves. The side walls rise a little above the spring of the arches, which are turned inward on hexagonal tiles, made apparently for the purpose.

By means of coloured plates, Mr. Jewitt shows us what encaustic paving tiles were manufactured at Repton in the 14th century. They are of great variety of pattern, and generally of extreme elegance and beauty; and when grouped together so as to form a complete composition for a room, or portion of a room, produce an effect most striking and pleasing; bearing the same analogy to the rich, classical, Roman

tesselated pavements, as the elaborated and florid mediæval architecture does to the more solid and chaste classical. The beautiful tiles from Bakewell Church, and some at least of the fine pavement found a few years ago at Kegworth, it is now proved were made at Repton. Mr. Jewitt thus describes one of the patterns:—"In the centre compartment is a flower of eight petals, with spandrils in the angles of the squares. In one of the corner compartments is a shield, placed diagonally, bearing the arms of De Warrene; and in the opposite one another shield, similarly placed, bearing the arms of Berkeley; while in the others, are respectively a double *fleur-de-lis* in an engrailed border, a cross lozengy between four pellets, a rabbit, a martlet, and two nondescript animals." A fragment found in the kiln bears the arms of De Spencer in a shield placed diagonally. By the means of tiles from the same mould, found at Thungarton Priory, Nottinghamshire, Mr. Jewitt restores the pattern entire; and from this and similar resemblances, he concludes that the monks of Repton supplied the tiles to the Priory of Thungarton.

Mr. Jewitt renders the Repton discovery of practical utility by his reviews of similar kilns excavated in Worcestershire and in London; and of their products, which, clearly as his descriptions are penned, would be comparatively unintelligible without the engravings, which are so effective as to leave nothing to be desired. Architects and masons now need not be at a loss for examples of the finest kinds for the decoration of churches and other public buildings, and corridors and other parts of private dwellings;^a and as the manufacture of paving tiles is one of the valuable, old industrial arts, which, by the aid of archæology, has been revived to add to the luxury and comfort of modern life—a knowledge of the proprieties and fitnesses of the designs and principles which regulated the processes, and their application in former times, is most desirable. The art evidently was founded upon that of mosaic or tesselated pavements, which was well understood and practised by the ecclesiastics for centuries after it ceased to be generally applied under the Roman empire, as the cathedrals and churches of France and Italy sufficiently prove: that of St. Bertin, at St. Omer, dates at the beginning of the 12th century. The *incised* paving tiles, of which Mr. Jewitt gives a plate of examples, are probably somewhat anterior in date. On the Continent, incised flag-stones are occasionally found; in the cathedral of St. Omer are some fine examples of the 13th century.

Yorkshire.—Mr. H. Ecroyd Smith, who, in addition to his "Reliquæ Isuriæ," or the "Remains of Isurium," now Aldborough, published a series of Roman Tesselated Pavements separately, has just produced an additional example, discovered also, but more recently, at Aldborough. Viewed artistically, it is far inferior to any one of the fine, and, now and then, splendid pavements engraved in the above work; but it is curious and interesting for the subject, rudely treated as it is. This is no less than the legendary nurture of the founders of Rome. In a square com-

^a It is impossible, at the same time, not to refer to the examples of encaustic paving tiles, published some years since by the Messrs. Nichols of Parliament Street.

partment, surrounded by a border enclosing lozenges or diamonds, stands the wolf under the fig-tree (of which Ovid would persuade us some relics were preserved in his time), the branches of which fill the upper part of the picture; and under the animal are Romulus and Remus, face to face, kneeling and joining hands. It would be difficult to point to any ancient mosaic work so inartistically designed as this; it is not at all in keeping with the elegant works of the same kind discovered at Aldborough, or elsewhere, and is probably of a very late period. All who possess Mr. Ecroyd Smith's valuable volume of the Aldborough Roman remains, should add to it the engraving of this quaint composition.

Northumberland.—Mr. Clayton's researches on the site of Cilurnum on the great Roman Wall, continue to add to our knowledge of the construction of the fortresses along this wonderful barrier; and to the history and mythology of the peoples who garrisoned it. The latest discovery has been a small altar, inscribed *DIVVS VETERIBVS*. Three altars, at least, similar in size and in inscriptions, have previously been found at other stations along the line of the wall. Heretofore they have not unfrequently been confounded with another series inscribed *DEO VETERI*, or *DEO VITIRI*, of which examples have also been found in Cumberland and Durham; but it would seem they must be received as entirely distinct. In *Veteris* or *Vitiris* there certainly appears a connection with *Vithris* or *Odin*; and the word seems unknown in inscriptions of the south of Europe. As regards the recently found altar, and others so inscribed, Mr. Clayton, in communicating the discovery to the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, thus observes: "There is abundance of evidence that the Roman garrisons of *Magna*, *Æsica*, and *Cilurnum*, sacrificed to the British gods *Cocidius*, *Belatucader*, and *Viteris*, and to the Persian god *Mithras*; and the suggestion that the Roman soldier, weary of foreign novelties, reverted to the gods of his own country, and addressed them as his 'ancient gods,' may perhaps be accepted as an explanation of the object of these altars."

Sir Walter Blackett has discovered a large Roman altar at Halton Castle, near Matfen. The inscription has not yet been given, further than the first word, *NVMINIBVS*.

Lord Ravensworth, in reference to the memoir he wrote a few years since on the richly-decorated silver-plate found at Corbridge, commonly called the *Corbridge Lanx*, observes that: "He then started a novel point, and he believed he was the first to suggest it—that the female figure which had been represented by different commentators in different guises might be *Latona*, the mother of *Apollo* and *Diana*, the two prominent figures in the *Lanx*. The worship of *Latona* was conjoined with the worship of *Apollo* and *Diana*. One of the symbols in the border of the *Lanx* was a palm-tree; and the palm-tree was dedicated to *Latona*. It so happened that a report had just been put into his hands in reference to this subject, from a gentleman named Mr. Pullen, who had been sent out by the *Dilettanti Society* in London (of which he was a member) to take the measurements, and to produce a report on the temple of *Apollo Smintheus*, in *Asia Minor*. There had been discovered an altar dedicated to *Apollo*, *Artemis*, and *Latona*—*Artemis* being the Greek for *Diana*. He

mentioned this circumstance as in some degree corroborative of the opinion which he had ventured to set forth—that the figure which had never been satisfactorily named before was that of Latona.”

His lordship then read before the society his promised paper on the great military roads constructed in Peru by the Incas, pointing out evidences of design and structure of a parallel character with those of Asiatic and European origins.

SCOTLAND.

The Society of Antiquaries of Scotland has recently received and discussed the following communications:—

I.—On the Early History of the Priory of Restennet (including a letter on the subject by the Bishop of Brechin), by Mr. John Stuart, Secretary.

The most interesting feature is the tower, which the Bishop considers to be of the period of St. Rule's Tower at St. Andrew's, with some features of rudeness identical with those found in the admittedly Saxon tower of St. Michael's at Oxford. In this tower at Restennet, the Bishop noticed, for the first time, a rude arch of a different material from the rest of the fabric, and so massive and rude in its construction, that it must have belonged to an earlier church. It appeared that this doorway had been imbedded in the masonry of the tower from the beginning, and built up so that it never had been used as an actual entrance since the erection of the tower.

Mr. Stuart was inclined to believe that the doorway and arch described by the bishop had also formed part of an early tower, and that it had been built into the enlarged tower of the 11th century, probably under the influence of David I., or his father, Malcolm, by both of whom charters were granted to the priory, and who were both church builders and restorers.

The historical notices showed that the settlement of the Pictish princes had been continued by their successors, several of whose thanages, or demesne lands, were in the neighbourhood. The many grants which they conferred on the priory from these, and some of them of an exceptional character, concur, with other circumstances, in attesting its early importance, as if it inherited an unusual devotional regard.

Taking all the circumstances into account, Mr. Stuart was led to believe that in the rude arch imbedded in the 11th century tower there was preserved a fragment of the 8th century church, built for King Nechtan by the workmen sent from Jarrow, if, indeed, we are not to recognise these workmen in Bonifacius and his companions. In this case, it must be considered the earliest ecclesiastical fragment now left to us; for while in various features it greatly resembles the doorways of many of the round towers and early churches of Ireland described by Dr. Petrie, which might be of an almost contemporary period, and while in the round towers of Brechin and Abernethy the arches of the doorways were cut out of solid stone as at Restennet, yet it was with a skill and finish which marked them as of a later date.

II.—A Notice of Three Dolmens, or Chambered Tombs, called “Les Grottes de Kerozille,” at Carnac, in Brittany, by Sir Henry Dryden.

These three dolmens were all found in one tumulus, and at different heights, so as to render it probable that they were of different age. In one of the dolmens, six of the stones are sculptured with various devices. Plans of the dolmens, made by Sir Henry Dryden and the Rev. W. Lukis, with sketches of the sculptures, accompanied the paper. They differ in some details from the plans published by the French antiquaries.

III.—Captain Courtney, who for some years has been occupied on the Ordnance Survey of the north-east of Scotland, has become acquainted with the details of the Roman camp at Peterculter, on the Dee, and of that at Glenmailen, on the Ythan. The distance between these is about double of the Roman march of one day, but till recently no intervening camp could be found. The various steps of inquiry and probing which Captain Courtney instituted have led to the discovery of such vestiges at Kintore as enabled him to identify certain works there as part of a camp of the same size and character as the other two. At various times heads of spears and a battle-axe have been found within the camp; and on an adjoining moor are groups of hut circles and cairns, in some of which weapons and a necklace of jet have been found:

The excavations made by the Society on the site of the destroyed structure called Arthur's Oon, or Oven—a presumed Roman building—have not as yet led to any very satisfactory result; but they are to be resumed shortly, under the direction of Mr. John Stuart.

SWITZERLAND.

Three *pfahlbau* establishments have been recently discovered in the Lake of Zürich, and close to that town. They were brought to light owing to the removal of what appeared to be a shoal. Unfortunately the steam dredging machine had removed the shoal and cast the *débris* into deep water before Dr. Keller's attention to the circumstance was aroused. Some piles, stone axes, and implements of bone and horn alone remained to testify the pre-existence of a *pfahlbau*, or lake-dwelling. The constructions of two similar works are luckily intact, and will probably furnish a large amount of remains of ancient civilisation.

The Society of Antiquaries of Zürich, with but small means at command, accomplishes, under the energetic direction of Dr. Keller, an amount of useful work which should shame many richer, but, in comparison, indolent societies. At the present moment they are engaged in the publication of a work on the famous windows of the Abbey of Königsfelden, in the canton of Aargau, with richly-coloured illustrations. These windows, besides their historic interest, are admirable specimens of the glass of the 14th century. The abbey was founded by Elizabeth, widow of the Emperor Albert, who was murdered in 1308 by his own nephew, on the banks of the Reuss, close to his family domain, Habsburg. Upon this spot his widow and her daughter Agnes, Queen of Hungary, erected the abbey, in 1311, and it was consecrated in 1320.

At present the whole of the abbatial buildings are in a sad state of dilapidation. The church is used as a warehouse; and the choir, where are the painted windows, alone remains for divine worship. The windows

are nine metres in height, by two in breadth (equal to about 29 feet 3 inches, by 6 feet 6 inches). They represent the histories of the lives of St. Anna, St. Clara, St. Catharine, St. Francis, &c. That of St. Francis is remarkably rich, and the history it conveys is curious. In the first scene we see St. Francis escaping from his father to the Bishop of Assisi. In the second he is before Pope Innocent III., who confirms the rules of the Order. In the third we find him preaching to the birds. His sermon commencing, "Fratres mei volucres," is preserved in the "Acta Sanctorum," 4 Oct., p. 622. He next appears on the mountain, La Vernia, where he has a marvellous vision, and receives the *stigmata*. The last scene represents St. Francis lying dead, attended by monks, his soul ascending to heaven in the middle of a star.

The subject will be found fully detailed in a very interesting communication by Mr. Wylie, in the "Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of London" (New Series), vol. i., p. 278; and vol. ii., p. 86. The work now publishing by the Zürich Society will be most acceptable to the student of glass painting. It will be completed in seven or eight parts, costing five or six francs each.

Scientific Notes of the Month.^a

Physical Science.—The number of the known asteroids is fast approaching a hundred; the 96th member of the group was discovered (on Feb. 17) by M. Coggia, at the Marseilles observatory, a branch, or as it is termed in France a *succursale*, of that at Paris. Some dissatisfaction has been caused by M. Le Verrier's persistence in attributing the discoveries made at this place to the head of the establishment, M. Stéphan, instead of to the assistant actually making them. This planet was first announced as M. Stéphan's; but a member of the Academy demanded that as M. Coggia was the real discoverer, it should be cited as his in the "Comptes Rendus." The 97th planet was discovered also from Marseilles, but at the private observatory of M. Tempel.—The orbit of the remarkable double star 70 Ophiuchi has been made the subject of a thorough investigation by Dr. Schur, a German calculator. It follows from this research that the two stars revolve about each other, or rather about their common centre of gravity, in 94 years, and that the distance between them is thirty times that of the earth from the sun. The mass of the larger star, which is of the 4th magnitude, Herr Schur finds to be rather more than thrice that of the sun: so that for once we have an estimation of the actual size of a star.—It has usually been supposed that the red flames or prominences which make their appearance during eclipses of the sun are only to be seen when the eclipse is total. Dr. Weiss, however, publishes an account of the annular eclipse of March 6, 1867, which was observed in Dalmatia by himself and two officers of the Austrian navy, wherein he states that a remarkable red prominence was seen for an interval of twenty-eight minutes, notwithstand-

^a By a press of matter, our Scientific Notes on "Electricity" and "Chemistry" are unavoidably postponed till next month.

ing the brilliancy of the unobscured crescent of the sun. He suggests that these phenomena be looked for during annular eclipses, and even conjectures that they may be seen during sunrise and sunset, when only a portion of the sun's extreme edge is in view. Attempts have been made to see them by creating an artificial eclipse in a telescope, by hiding the disc so as to permit close scrutiny of the surrounding regions; but these experiments have always failed.—At a meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, held on March 2, Mr. Robertson, the President of the Scottish Society of Arts, gave a detailed account of the high tides which the heavy winds of February produced on the east coast of Britain. The paper does not admit of condensation, but an important suggestion was made to the effect that the Meteorological Department of the Board of Trade should be prevailed upon to give warning of expected high and low tides as well as of wind storms. The wind “bloweth where it listeth,” and its convulsions may come or may not; but the tidal waves ebb and flow without fail.—On the same evening, at the French Academy of Sciences, a letter was read from M. Dubrunfaut, relative to the influence of light on the organisation of living beings. The general conclusion arrived at by the author was, that red light is the active principle in the organic development of vegetables, and blue light that of the like development in animals.

Geology.—Vesuvius continues its eruptions with unabated activity, but with some sort of regular periodicity in the times of greatest violence. Every phase and phenomenon is studiously recorded by Professor Palmieri, of the Vesuvian observatory, and Professor Phillips has gone to study the features of the eruption with special reference to certain views upon volcanic action to which he has been led.—A scientific commission from Milan has been appointed to examine and report upon the geological changes that have been remarked from time to time in the north of Italy. It seems that an hotel built on the shore of Lake Garda, at Densenzano, is sinking at the rate of six inches daily, without any shock or motion perceptible otherwise than by visible alterations of level.—Dr. C. F. Naumann receives the Wollaston gold medal of the Geological Society this year, for his labours, extending over nearly half a century, in the departments of geology, mineralogy, and crystallography, for his “*Lehrbuch der Geognosie*,” and for the admirable surveys of Saxony executed by him and his coadjutors between the years 1836 and 1843.—Mr. Edward Hungerford communicates to *Silliman's Journal*, a paper offering evidences of glacial action on the green mountain summits of Vermont, which have an average altitude of 4,000 feet. Grooves and channels in close proximity to great transported blocks; polished knobs of quartz, and sharply cut striations in masses of rock, are the principal items of evidence of the glacial agency. Mr. Hungerford says of the peaks that he has examined, “that they present in every instance decisive marks of glacial action around their extensive summits. The conclusion follows that these summits have been enveloped by glacial ice, which must have been in each case either the beginning of a glacier descending from the summit, or a part of an extensive ice mass moving over the entire surrounding country.”—A discourse on chemical geology was delivered by Mr. David Forbes to the Chemical Society at a recent

meeting. The lecturer did not give his entire adherence either to the Plutonic or Neptunic theories, but considered that a combination of these rival schools best suited the requirements of modern research; he was satisfied that many of the so-called granites and gneisses are really sedimentary products of the breaking up of true igneous rocks, stratified by aqueous agency, and subsequently re-consolidated. He considered that electricity, light, and mechanical pressure had a share of the work of laying the foundations of the globe. From the general uniformity of composition and character of the volcanic products thrown up in widely distant parts of the world, he argued that there must exist a reservoir or reservoirs of fluid igneous matter in the interior of the earth, and that volcanic eruptions have, through these or otherwise, some intimate connection with each other.

Geography.—Mr. Frederick Whymper, says the *Athenæum*, has returned from Russian America, where he has been connected with a telegraph expedition, and will doubtless soon make public some notes concerning that territory. He made a sledge journey overland from Norton Sound, Bering Sea, to the Youkou River, which he explored in a skin-boat, and found to be an immense and, in summer, very rapid stream, passing mainly through wooded country. It is, however, frozen up for seven or eight months of the year. Its northern point is in about lat. 66°, where a temperature of -58° (90° below freezing) was experienced. The summer, as in Queensland, was intensely warm. Several different native tribes were found along its banks, varying from people resembling Esquimaux on the coast, to others comparable to Indians in the interior.—The earliest fruits of the Abyssinian Expedition were offered to the Geographical Society on Feb. 24, in the shape of two papers from Mr. Clements Markham, the geographer of the expedition. Commencing with a description of the shores of Annesley Bay, Mr. Markham stated that the ancient Greek city of Adulis, the emporium of Greek trade in the time of the Ptolemies, formerly stood close to the shore; but the ruins were now at a distance of four miles. On a few mounds, concealed by salicornia bushes, there have been found broken pieces of fluted columns, capitals, and other fragments. But a great wealth of antiquarian treasures may be concealed under the mounds; and Dr. Lumsdaine, after making a very slight excavation, found the bronze balance and chain of a pair of scales, an appropriate first discovery in the ruins of a great commercial city. At the head of Annesley Bay an extinct volcano was observed, with a double crater 100 feet deep, and 300 feet across; and scoria and pumice were seen scattered over the plain. Beyond Arafali extends a plain, where ostriches and antelopes were met with. Travelling southwards, the river Ragolay was reached, 49 miles distant from the sea; and the northern limit of the great salt plain, east of the Abyssinian highlands, was traced. It was discovered that the eastern drainage of the whole of the Abyssinian plateau from Senafé to Atsbi, which are 70 miles apart, consisted of tributaries of the Ragolay. At the point reached the river was a perennial running stream, in spite of thirsty sand and scorching sun. Afterwards, in flowing towards the sea, it descends into a depression 193 feet below the sea-level, which was probably caused by some volcanic action,

and its waters are finally dissipated by evaporation. The author travelled up the Senafé pass, with Sir Charles Staveley and his staff, between the 20th and 22nd of Dec. The road enters the pass immediately on leaving Komayli, and winds up the dry bed of the Nebhaguddy. In several places the alluvial deposit brought down by the torrent was from 10 to even 20 feet thick. The pass winds much and is narrow, while the gneiss mountains rise up perpendicularly on either side. Near Sonakte the gneiss ceases, and a dark schistose metamorphic rock, with strata thrown up at angles of upwards of 70° , takes its place, apparently overlying it. It was observable that, whenever there was running water, the strata were nearly horizontal, or but slightly tilted, while the waterless tracts were met with where the strata were tilted at great angles. Further on the scenery becomes very fine, the cliffs higher, with peaked mountains towering up behind them, and the vegetation rich and more varied. The second paper comprised descriptions of the natural features of the neighbourhood of Senafé, one of the most remarkable of which was the character of the vegetation on the mountain slopes; the plants and trees forming zones of different character in ascending from the plains to the summits. The temperate *flora* extends over a zone 9,000 to 6,000 feet of altitude, the sub-tropical from 6,000 to 3,000, and the dry tropical coast vegetation from 3,000 feet to the sea. In the course of an animated discussion which followed the reading of these papers, Sir Stafford Northcote disclaimed any agreement with the opinion that had been expressed with regard to the subject of annexation. The Government were resolved to adhere to the policy of withdrawing entirely the British forces as soon as the objects of the expedition were attained.—At a subsequent meeting of this Society, Mr. Waddington communicated the description of a route he had projected from the Pacific across the Rocky Mountains. The road he proposed ran north-eastwardly across the plain, and struck the Upper Frazer, opposite the mouth of the Quesnelle river; the Frazer is here a navigable stream, and affords a route to the Yellow-head Pass of the Rocky Mountains, which leads to the rich level country on the eastern side of the range, extending towards the Red River Settlement. The Yellow-head Pass, according to Dr. Rae, is 3,760 feet above the sea-level, the central plain is 2,500 feet in its southern part, and the Bute Inlet trail runs across it between 51° and 53° N. lat.; the pasture is excellent, and the cereals (including wheat) can be grown. Mr. Waddington stated that the Canadian Government had already begun to construct the eastern end of the overland waggon-road between Lake Superior and Red River, but that no arrangement had yet been entered into with regard to the other sections; and he urged the importance of the undertaking on political and commercial grounds.—Dr. Hyde Clarke read a paper to the Ethnological Society on Feb. 25, on the Varini of Tacitus, in which the chief points sought to be established were, the true place of the Varini in history, the formation by them of the Russian empire, and the nature of the Varangian guard of the Byzantine Emperors.—The brain-weights of various nations and peoples were given to the Royal Society by Dr. Davis at a recent sitting. The result of his measures gave an average among Englishmen of $47\frac{1}{2}$ ounces; a like weight answering for Italians, Lapps, Swedes, Dutch, and Frisians. The French average was $45\frac{1}{2}$

ounces; the German $5\frac{1}{4}$. The general mean for Europeans was 47 ounces; the Asiatic and American races were 2 ounces, the African rather more than 3, and the Australian $5\frac{1}{2}$ ounces less than this.

Photography.—Two or three interesting collections of photographs are now exhibiting in London. First in importance is a valuable series of reproductions of the drawings of old masters preserved in the Louvre, and in the galleries of Vienna, Florence, and other continental cities. These have been copied by Mr. Braun, and printed by Swan's carbon process in absolute fac-simile of the originals; they are on view at Colnaghi's, in Pall Mall, and at Leggatt's, in Cornhill. Then at the German Gallery in Bond Street, Mrs. Cameron shows a very extensive series of her portraits and studies. The portraits are in themselves interesting, apart from the excellence of the pose and boldness of treatment, for Sir John Herschel, Holman Hunt, Henry Taylor, Alfred Tennyson, and others, are the sitters in many cases; the composition studies are, like all of their class, stagey and unsuggestive. The camera has no mind to create pictures; it will not make "Friar Lawrence and Juliet" out of an old gentleman and a young lady; be the models draped and posed ever so artistically they remain draped and posed models still, and it is folly to expect the camera to convert them into anything else. But Mrs. Cameron's photographs are terribly marred by bad manipulation; they are all more or less fogged, dirty, or badly developed, and belong to a past era of photography. Considering the hundreds of pictures she must have produced, it is wonderful how she can be so backward in the merely mechanical part of her art.—*Apropos* of carbon prints, it is stated that the art-treasures of the British Museum are to be multiplied by Mr. Swan's process.—Mr. MacLachlan, of Manchester, has set photographers on the *qui vive* by the announcement that he has discovered the panacea for all photographic ills, and that from the date of publication of his secret the production of collodion pictures will be reduced to a matter of certainty. He has in confidence described his process to Mr. Spiller and Mr. Le Neve Foster, and if they report favourably upon the results and accord to him full credit for the discovery, it will be freely given to the public.—The American Patent Office is about to employ photography for the reproduction and renewal of designs of patented articles, which become speedily soiled and torn by the handling to which they are exposed.—The gold margins of some cardboard mounts have been found by MM. Davanne and Fordos to be a source of deterioration in some prints; the bronze powder contains sulphur, and comes off upon the pictures, decomposing the silver surface.—Mr. Woodbury's photo-relief printing process, for producing pictures in pigments, has been brought into everyday use by the well-known firm of Disderi & Co.

Miscellaneous.—The choice between Exeter and Plymouth as a locality for next year's meeting of the British Association having been referred to three arbitrators, two of them (in the absence of the third) have decided to recommend the former town.—One volume of the great "Catalogue of Scientific Papers," that has been for years preparing by the Royal Society, is at length published, and good progress is being

made with the printing of the second. The first contains titles of papers, under authors' names, extending from *A* to *Chu.*—The presidents of the Royal and Chemical Societies held receptions on the evenings of March 7 and 11 respectively, at Burlington House and Willis's Rooms. At both large collections of scientific curiosities were exhibited, but no striking novelty was shown at either.

J. CARPENTER.

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NUGÆ LATINÆ.—No. XXVI.

THE NEW YEAR AND THE OLD.

I STOOD in a tower in the wet,
And New Year and Old Year met,
And winds were roaring and blowing;
And I said, "O years, that meet in tears,
Have ye aught that is worth the knowing?
Science enough and exploring,
Wanderers coming and going,
Matter enough for deploring,
But aught that is worth the knowing?"
Seas at my feet were flowing,
Waves on the shingle pouring,
Old Year roaring and blowing,
New Year blowing and roaring.

A. TENNYSON.

STABAM in turre nives et inter imbres;
Anni coram aderant senex novellusque,
Et rauci fragor adstrepebat Austri—
"O qui inter lacrimas coïstis," inquam,
"Dignum notiã ecquid attulistis?
Quærendi satis et scientiarum est,
Erronum satis huc et huc euntum,
Causarum satis et super gemendi, at
Dignum notiã ecquid attulistis?"
Hæc circumsiliens pedes loquentis,
Scruposam mare verberabat actam,
Annoque horrisonum novo strepente
Senex horrisonum fremebat annus.

W. G. HENDERSON.

A BISHOP'S REMAINS.—The remains of a bishop have lately been removed from the church of St. Mary Somerset, Thames-street, which is now undergoing destruction under the Bishop of London's Union of City Benefices Act. The Bishop who was interred there was Gilbert Ironside, D.D., Warden of Wadham College, Oxford. He was Vice-Chancellor of the University in 1687, when James II. seized upon the venerable foundation of Magdalen College, and sent his Commissioners to Oxford to expel the Fellows. The Vice-Chancellor, whose replies to the King are still preserved in MS. at Oxford, while preserving towards his Sovereign a perfectly respectful and courteous tone, showed a firm and resolute spirit in the defence of the rights of Oxford. With the Royal Commissioners, however, Dr. Ironside was not disposed to stand on any ceremony. They invited him to dine with them on the day of the Magdalen expulsion. His refusal is graphically described by Lord Macaulay,—“I am not,” he said, “of Colonel Kirke's mind. I cannot eat my meals with appetite under a gallows.” The brave old Warden of Wadham was not left to “eat his meals much longer in his beautiful College Hall.” William III., almost immediately after his accession, made him Bishop of Bristol, whence he was translated to Hereford, and dying in 1701 at the London residence of the Bishops of Hereford, in the parish of St. Mary Somerset, was buried in the church, where a grave-stone, in perfect preservation, marked his resting-place. It was for some time doubtful what should be done with the Bishop's remains, as it was understood that the Warden and Fellows of Wadham College were desirous to have the remains intrusted to them for interment in the College Chapel. They have, however, been interred in the Ladye Chapel of Hereford Cathedral.—*Times.*

MONTHLY GAZETTE, OBITUARY, &c.

MONTHLY CALENDAR.

Feb. 15.—Meeting of Sir Robert Napier with Prince Kassai at Arrannim, Abyssinia.

March 2.—Arrival of Sir Robert Napier with the forces at Antalo, and commencement of the march into the interior of Abyssinia.

Resolution of impeachment of President Johnson passed by the House of Representatives at Washington, for having violated the Tenure of Office Act by his order removing Mr. Stanton from the Secretaryship of War, and appointing Adjutant-General Lorenzo Thomas as his successor, without the consent of the Senate.

Murder of Jane Smith and the Rev. A. J. Plow, at Todmorden, by Miles Wetherhill.

March 3.—Timothy Desmond, William Desmond, Nicholas English, James O'Neill, John O'Keefe, Michael Barrett, and Anne Justice committed to Newgate for trial for the murder of the persons killed by the recent explosion of the House of Detention, Clerkenwell.

March 13.—Creation of nine cardinals by the Pope at Rome.

March 23.—Terms of Mr. Gladstone's motion relative to the Irish Church submitted to the House of Commons.

Mr. Gladstone's Church-rate Abolition Bill read a third time, and passed.

APPOINTMENTS, PREFERMENTS, AND PROMOTIONS.

From the London Gazette.

CIVIL, NAVAL, AND MILITARY.

Feb. 25. H. Hildyard, esq., to be a Second Sec. in H. M.'s Diplomatic Service.

W. Annan, esq., to be a Member of the Legislative Council of Nova Scotia, and D. Harrington, J. Lewis, W. Muirhead, and R. Young, esqrs., to be members of the Legislative Council of New Brunswick.

Major R. G. Ellison, to be one of H. M.'s Hon. Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, *vice* Lieut.-Col. H. F. Saunders, resigned.

Feb. 28. W. F. Segrave, esq., to be H.M.'s Consul in the island of Réunion.

James Hannen, esq., to be a Serjeant-at-Law.

James Hannen, Serjeant-at-Law, to be a Justice of the Queen's Bench.

March 3. The Right Hon. B. Disraeli, the Right Hon. G. W. Hunt, the Hon. G. J. Noel, Sir G. Graham Montgomery, bart.,

and H. Whitmore, esq., to be Lords of the Treasury.

The Right Hon. G. Ward Hunt to be Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The Hon. E. R. Lytton to be Secretary to H. M.'s Legation at Madrid.

March 6. William Baliol Brett, esq., M.P., Solicitor-General, knighted.

Sir W. Page Wood, Knt., to be a Judge of Appeal in Chancery, *vice* Lord Cairns, appointed Lord Chancellor of Great Britain.

March 10. F. A. B. Glover, esq., B.C.S., and D. Mitter, esq., to be Judges of the High Court of Judicature at Fort William, Bengal.

March 13. F. Knollys, esq., to be one of the Gentlemen Ushers Quarterly Waiters in Ordinary to Her Majesty, *vice* Capt. R. T. Bedford, R.N., deceased.

Horace Rumbold, esq., to be Sec. of H. M.'s Embassy at St. Petersburg; and A. B. Mitford, esq., to be a Second Sec. in H. M.'s Diplomatic Service.

William Doria, esq., to be Sec. to H. M.'s Legation at Lisbon; the Hon. F. J. Pakenham, to be Sec. to H. M.'s Legation at Stockholm; and R. T. C. Middleton, esq., to be Sec. to H. M.'s Legation at Berne.

G. Markham Giffard, esq., Q.C., to be a Vice-Chancellor, *vice* Sir W. Page Wood, resigned.

March 17. Major-Gen. Henry Tombs, C.B., V.C., to be a K.C.B. (Military Division).

J. K. Wattle, esq., to be Chief Justice of Tobago, and A. P. Burt, esq., to be Attorney-General of Grenada.

W. H. M. Read, F. S. Brown, T. Scott, and R. Little, esqrs., to be Members of the Legislative Council of the Straits

Settlements; and W. Bagnell, A. J. Harrigan, and H. S. Harrigan, esqrs., to be members of the Legislative Council of the Virgin Islands.

MEMBERS RETURNED TO PARLIAMENT.

February.

Stoke-upon-Trent.—George Melly, esq., *vice* A. J. B. Beresford-Hope, esq., Ch. hds.

Cambridge University.—A. J. B. Beresford-Hope, esq., D.C.L., *vice* Sir C. J. Selwyn, Kt., now a Judge of Appeal in Chancery.

March.

Co. Argyll.—Marquis of Lorne, *vice* A. S. Finlay, esq., Ch. hds.

BIRTHS.

Jan. 17. At Goojerat, the wife of Major J. Beresford Smyly, B.S.C., a dau.

Jan. 27. At Asseergurh, the wife of Major C. Thompson, 9th Regt. N.I., a dau.

Feb. 10. At Thorpe, Chertsey, the wife of the Rev. F. Hall, a dau.

Feb. 11. At Rangoon, the wife of the Hon. Col. Fytche, a son.

Feb. 15. At Abbots Heyes, Chester, the wife of the Rev. J. Graham, a son.

Feb. 16. At Tullamaine Castle, co. Tipperary, the wife of H. Maynard Harding, esq., a son.

At Ballinderry, co. Londonderry, the wife of the Rev. J. J. Jackson, a dau.

At Storre Hall, Lancaster, the wife of F. F. Pearson, esq., a dau.

At Market Overton, Rutland, the wife of the Rev. H. L. Wingfield, a dau.

Feb. 17. In Warwick-square, Lady Maria FitzClarence, a son.

At Ottawa, Canada, the wife of Major Large, Rifle Brigade, a dau.

At Hursley, Hants, the wife of G. A. Oliphant, esq., R.A., a son.

At Chester, the wife of F. H. R. Wilbraham, esq., of Creswellshawe, a dau.

Feb. 18. At Beauport, the wife of T. Brassey, jun., esq., a dau.

At Leamington, the wife of the Rev. C. E. Long, a son.

In Berkeley-street, Piccadilly, the wife of W. Selby Lowndes, jun., esq., a dau.

In Chester-square, the wife of W. J. Tayler, esq., of Rothiemay House, Banffshire, a dau.

Feb. 19. In Portman-square, the Hon. Mrs. Portman, a son.

At Little Coombe, Charlton, the wife of Major A. M. Calvert, R.H.A., a son.

At Uppingham, the wife of the Rev. W. Campbell, a son.

At Frogmore End, Hemel Hempstead, the wife of the Rev. D. Ingles, a son.

Feb. 20. At Haughton Hall, Cheshire, the wife of A. J. Garnet, esq., a dau.

In Chester-terrace, Eaton-square, the Hon. Macdonald, a dau.

At Cottered, Herts, the wife of the Rev. J. J. Manley, a dau.

At Breewood, Stafford, the wife of the Rev. D. K. Morgan, a dau.

At Mansfield Woodhouse, the wife of Capt. Walter Need, R.N., a son.

Feb. 21. At Wyngrow, Pembrokeshire, the wife of T. R. Oliver Powell, esq., a dau.

Feb. 22. At Dunsinane House, Perthshire, the wife of J. B. Brown-Morison, of Finderlie, N.B., a dau.

At Great Malvern, the wife of the Rev. A. C. B. Cave, rector of Stretton-en-le-Field, a son.

At Woolwich, the wife of Major Alured Johnson, R.A., a son.

Feb. 23. At Colchester, the wife of Capt. H. Le Strange Herring, a son.

Feb. 24. At Ashford, Kent, the wife of the Rev. W. Anderson, M.A., a dau.

At Wisburne, the wife of the Rev. J. Hart Davies, a son.

At Ashburne, Derbyshire, the wife of the Rev. J. R. Errington, M.A., a son.

The wife of T. Slaney Eyton, esq., of Walford Hall, Salop, a son.

At Sheffield, the wife of Capt. J. J. Greenwood, 33rd Regt., a son.

At Gravesend, the wife of the Rev. W. Joynes, vicar of Chalk, a dau.

At Blackrock, co. Dublin, the wife of H. A. Little, esq., a son.

In Leinster-square, W., the wife of E. Macrory, esq., barrister-at-law, a dau.

At Paris, the wife of Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, a son.

Feb. 25. At Haredene, Albury, the Hon. Mrs. Newdigate Burne, a dau.

In Beaufort-gardens, the Hon. Mrs. Trotter, a dau.

At Lytchett Matravers, Dorset, the wife of Lieut.-Col. Thring, R.A., a son.

At Penbury, Kent, the wife of the Rev. G. S. Woodgate, a dau.

Feb. 26. At Charente, France, the wife of the Hon. H. Prendergast Vereker, a dau.

At Hastings, the Hon. Mrs. Adolphus Graves, a dau.

At Oxford, the wife of the Rev. O. Ogle, a dau.

The wife of J. P. Lloyd Philipps, esq., of Dale Castle, a dau.

At Dover, the wife of Capt. Bingham Turner, R.A., a son.

Feb. 27. At Bournemouth, the Countess of Mar, a son and heir.

In Eaton-place, the wife of A. W. Peel, esq., M.P., a son.

Feb. 28. In Grosvenor-street, W., the Hon. Mrs. Leveson-Gower, a son.

At Bristol, the wife of the Rev. W. H. Barlow, M.A., a son.

At Chalfont St. Peter, Slough, the wife of the Rev. G. M. Bullock, a dau.

At St. Waleran, Gorey, co. Wexford, the wife of Col. Guise, a son.

Feb. 29. At Berkhamsted, Herts, the wife of the Rev. E. Bartrum, a son.

At Morville, Bridgenorth, the wife of the Rev. R. Burrow, a dau.

At Tunbridge Wells, the wife of the Rev. R. Fowler, a son.

At Weetwood Grove, Leeds, the wife of T. Wolryche Stansfeld, esq., a son.

At Ingress Abbey, Greenhithe, Kent, the wife of S. C. Umfreville, esq., a son.

March 1. At Great Malvern, Lady Lambert, a dau.

At Devonshire House, Piccadilly, Lady Louisa Egerton, a son.

At Bolton Hall, Yorkshire, the Hon. Mrs. A. Cathcart, a dau.

At Edinburgh, the wife of Major W. Butler Gosset, R.E., a son.

At Rill Court, the wife of Major James Lind, a son.

At Woodbridge, Suffolk, the wife of Lieut. C. C. Scott Moncrieff, R.E., a dau.

At Belton House, Market Drayton, the wife of Capt. Uniacke, a dau.

At Reading, the wife of F. Wright-Anderson, esq., a dau.

March 2. In Dover-street, the Viscountess Amberley, twin girls—one stillborn.

At Colebrooke Park, co. Fermanagh, Lady Brooke, a son.

In Cornwall-gardens, Queen's-gate, the Hon. Mrs. Keith-Falconer, a dau.

In Norfolk-crescent, the wife of A. Gilliat, esq., of Fernhill, Berks, a son.

At Barrowby Old Hall, Grantham, the wife of T. Pinder, esq., a son.

At Belgaum, Bombay Presidency, the wife of Major Plomer, a son.

March 3. At Hythe, Kent, the wife of F. C. Annesley, esq., 28th Regt., a son.

At Twyford, Berks, the wife of the Rev. L. B. Beatson, a dau.

At Great Marlow, the wife of J. Mac-konochie, esq., barrister-at-law, a son.

At Oak Wood, Croft-upon-Tees, the wife of Lt.-Col. Williamson, a dau.

March 4. At Newbold Comyn, Leamington, the wife of H. A. Brassey, esq., a son.

In St. Clement Danes, the wife of the Rev. W. J. Savell, M.A., a son.

At Southborough, Tunbridge-Wells, the wife of the Rev. J. Watney, a son.

March 5. In Charles-street, Berkeley-square, the Hon. Mrs. Curzon, a son.

In Bryanston-square, the wife of H. Duckworth, esq., barrister-at-law, a son.

At St. Helier's, the wife of Col. the Hon. E. T. Gage, C.B., a son.

At Gibraltar, the wife of Col. C. E. Parke Gordon, twin sons.

At Trysull, Wolverhampton, the wife of the Rev. W. Hodgson, a son.

At Drinkstone, the wife of the Rev. F. E. Horne, a son.

March 6. At Stanton, Suffolk, the wife of the Rev. G. S. Bidwell, a son.

In Grove-end-place, N.W., the wife of Capt. W. D. Marsh, R.E., a dau.

March 7. At Jersey, the wife of Major J. Lawrance Bolton, R.A., a dau.

At Westbrook House, Faringdon, the wife of the Rev. J. Budd, a son.

At Pembroke Dock, the wife of Capt. T. D. Forde, 46th Regt., a son.

At Aberystwith, the wife of the Rev. E. Owen Phillips, M.A., a son.

At Bourne, Royston, the wife of the Rev. J. D. Ridout, a dau.

March 8. At Guestling Lodge, Hastings, the wife of Major-Gen. Ludlow, a dau.

At Rockferry, Cheshire, the wife of G. De Courcy O'Grady, esq., a son.

At Stoke, Guildford, the wife of the Rev. F. Paynter, a son.

In Hertford-street, Mayfair, the Hon. Mrs. A. Sartoris, a son.

At Uffculme, Devon, the wife of the Rev. W. Trafford, a son.

At Figheldean, Amesbury, the wife of the Rev. W. H. West, a dau.

March 9. At Cheshunt Park, Herts, the wife of F. G. Debenham, esq., a son.

In Queen's-gate-terrace, Mrs. Forbes, of Newe, a dau.

At Carlton House, Aldershot, the wife of Major E. Grantham, 98th Regt., a dau.

At St. Ippolyt's, Herts, the wife of the Rev. F. J. A. Hort, a son.

At Great Malvern, the wife of J. H. Barneby-Lutley, esq., a dau.

At Ickenham, Uxbridge, the wife of the Rev. B. H. St. John Pell, a dau.

March 11. At Oxford, the wife of the Rev. C. E. Ranken, of Sandford-on-Thames, a dau.

March 12. At Sevenoaks, the wife of the Rev. K. B. Sidebottom, a son.

March 13. In Dover-street, W., the wife of A. H. S. Davies, esq., of Pentre, Pembrokehire, a dau.

At The Oaks, Woodmansterne, Epsom, the wife of F. Gilliat Smith, esq., a dau.

The wife of J. J. Tufnell, esq., of Langleys, a son.

March 14. At Sutton Court, Hereford, the wife of Col. Sir E. F. Campbell, bart., a son.

In Dover-street, Lady Falkiner, a dau.

At Dinham Hall, Ludlow, the wife of the Rev. C. Kent, a son.

March 15. At Edinburgh, the wife of W. F. Carruthers, esq., of Dormont, a son.

At Springfield House, Taplow, Mrs. Pascoe Du Pre Grenfell, a dau.

At Riccall Hall, York, the wife of G. Whitehead, esq., a dau.

March 16. At Ness Bank, Inverness, the wife of Lieut.-Col. Ewen Grant, a dau.

March 17. At Blair Athole, the Duchess of Athole, a dau.

In Grosvenor-gardens, Lady Eleanor Heneage, a son.

In Upper Brook-street, the Lady Augusta Sturt, a dau.

In Eaton-square, the wife of Col. Taylor, M.P., a son.

At Hatchlands, Netherbury, Dorset, the wife of the Rev. R. F. Willis, M.A., a son.

At The Deer Park, Cloughjordan, co. Tipperary, the wife of Lieut.-Col. W. A. Riach, M.S.C., a son.

MARRIAGES.

Aug. 24, 1867. At Rangoon, Horace Ralph Spearman, esq., B.S.C., son of Sir A. Y. Spearman, bart., to Isabella, eldest dau. of T. Sutherland, esq.

Dec. 6. At Sapperton, the Rev. Jordanayne, son of the late T. Cave-Brown-Cave, esq., to Charlotte, widow of E. Wright, esq., of Penzance.

Dec. 24. At Newlands, Cape of Good Hope, Andries Stockenstrom, esq., B.A., barrister-at-law, younger son of the late Sir A. Stockenstrom, bart., to Maria Henrietta, eldest dau. of A. J. Hartzenberg, esq., M.L.A.

Jan. 28. At Calcutta, Capt. William Lowndes Randall, to Catherine Letitia, eldest dau. of his Excellency Sir John Lawrence, bart.

Feb. 4. At Tellicherry, Charles Raikes, Major R.A., to Mary Frances, dau. of the late W. Bateman, esq., of Chetwynd, co. Cork.

Feb. 6. At Lantwit Major, Glamorgan-shire, A. Fettiplace Blandy, esq., second son of the late J. Blandy, esq., of Kingston House, Berks, to Elizabeth Mary, eldest dau. of J. W. Nicholl Carne, esq.

Feb. 8. At St. Peter's Port, Guernsey, H. G. Keene, esq., Judge of Jounpore, East Indies, to Emilie, eldest dau. of Col. H. Abbott.

Feb. 18. At Stradbally, the Rev. Wm. Power Cobbe, rector of Clonegam, to Jane Selina, eldest dau. of the late Col. Beresford, R.A., of Woodhouse, co. Waterford.

At Penschurst, Harry Denman Macaulay, elder son of the late H. W. Macaulay, and grandson of the late Lord

Denman, to Selina Maude, younger dau. of the Hon. Mr. Justice Needham, Chief Justice of Vancouver's Island.

At St. John's, Oxford-square, C. J. Malton, esq., to Isabella Maria, widow of Compton Domville, esq., and eldest dau. of the late Lieut.-Gen. the Right Hon. Sir G. Arthur, bart.

At Weeford, the Rev. W. R. Shepherd, to Catherina Emelia, second dau. of the Rev. R. Cowpland, rector of Weeford-cum-Hints, Lichfield.

At Chigwell, Essex, John Newcome Stevenson, esq., of Hayne, co. Devon, to Fanny Lucia, youngest dau. of the late Robert Aylward, esq.

At Richmond, Yorkshire, the Rev. A. J. Van Straubensee, of Stainton in Cleveland, to Elizabeth, second dau. of the late R. S. D. R. Roper, esq., of Richmond.

At Monkstown, co. Dublin, Charles Philip Webber, esq., of Carrowcullen, co. Sligo, to Letitia Marian, eldest dau. of James Johnston, esq., of Magheremena Castle, co. Fermanagh.

At Knightsbridge, S. C. Whitbread, esq., of Southill, Beds, to the Lady Mary Stephenson.

Feb. 19. At Cuxton, Kent, the Rev. Spencer Philip, youngest son of the Rev. T. Harvey, rector of Cowden, Kent, to Margaret Augusta, youngest dau. of the Rev. W. Shaw, rector of Cuxton.

Feb. 20. At Reading, Henry Atherton Adams, eldest son of the Rev. R. L. Adams, rector of Shere, Surrey, to Mary Louisa, eldest dau. of F. A. Bulley, esq.

At Monkstown, William Clare Ball, esq.,

Assistant Commissary-General, to Elizabeth, youngest dau. of the Rev. E. D. H. Knox, rector of Kilflyn, co. Limerick.

At Southsea, Herbert Berners, esq., Captain 43rd Regt., to Flora, dau. of the late J. Macleod, esq.

At Spring-grove, Middlesex, the Rev. Giles Daubeney, rector of Lydiard Tregoz, Wilts, to Elizabeth Sophia, eldest dau. of the late Lieut.-Genl. H. Daubeney, K.H.

At St. James's, Piccadilly, Edmund Haworth, esq., of Churchdale, Derbyshire, to Harriett Dorothea, dau. of the late Admiral Sir R. T. Ricketts, Bart., relict of the late Rev. John Charnock.

At St. James's, Paddington, Hugh Hilton Hornby, esq., of Ribby Hall, Lancashire, to Georgiana, dau. of the Rev. R. Hornby, incumbent of Bayston Hill, Salop.

At Porchester, Hants, the Rev. W. F. Watson, rector of Ickleford, Herts, to Isabel, widow of F. Howes, esq.

Feb. 22. At St. George's, Hanover-square, W. J. N. Angerstein, eldest son of W. Angerstein, esq., of Weeting, Norfolk, to Augusta Frances Anne, only child of Sir H. Hoare, bart.

At Coldharbour, the Rev. A. C. Vaughan Williams, vicar of Down Ampney, Gloucestershire, to Margaret Susan, second dau. of J. Wedgwood, esq.

Feb. 24. At St. Peter's, Eaton-square, Hugh Francis, second son of Sir A. Ramsay, bart., of Balmain, to Jane Maria, dau. of Gen. F. H. Sandys, Bengal Army.

Feb. 25. At Florence, the Duc del Balzo, only son of the Marquis de la Sonora del Balzo, to Lady Dorothy Elizabeth Mary, eldest dau. of the Earl of Orford.

At Dalston, Cumberland, Daniel Colin Campbell, esq., of Haseley Hall, Warwickshire, to Bessie Wilson, only child of the late J. Wilson Kay, esq., of Carlisle.

At Hingham, Norfolk, Reginald Thorsby Gwyn, esq., 2nd Queen's Royals, to Sophia Henrietta, only child of the late I. Jermy Jermy, esq., of Stanfield Hall, Norfolk.

At St. Mary Abbots, Kensington, Henry Annesley Hotchkin, M.A., to Mary, widow of Alexander Young, esq.

At the Bavarian Chapel, Warwick-street, Charles Henry Lapremandaye, esq., to Blanche Maude Margaret, dau. of Lieut. Sir G. Le Marchant, K.C.B., G.C.M.G.

At Clonlara, co. Clare, Dudley O'Grady, esq., of Prospect House, co. Limerick, to Helena Hare, dau. of Berkeley Vincent, esq., of Summer Hill, co. Clare.

At St. Paul's, Onslow-square, Walter

Lacy Rogers, esq., younger surviving son of the late F. J. N. Rogers, esq., Q.C., of Rainscombe, Wilts, to Hermione Lucy, eldest dau. of the late J. J. Edward Hamilton, esq., and sister of the present Sir E. A. Hamilton, bart.

At Highgate, P. H. Rooke, esq., barrister-at-law, to Anne, dau. of the late J. S. Nettlefold, esq., of Highgate.

At St. James's, Piccadilly, Louisa Sydney, only child of G. J. Scott, esq., of Belton-Strange, Salop, to Major W. E. Stuart, 15th Hussars.

March 1. At St. Stephen's, Bayswater, Thomas Mansel, only son of Thomas Mansel Willson, esq., of Darke's Lodge, Herts, to Annie Caroline Bryan, granddau. of the late Philip Palmer, esq., of The Hatch, Windsor.

March 2. At St. Saviour's, Paddington, Charles Henry Stoddart, Lieut. 103rd Bombay Fusiliers, to Sophia Elizabeth, youngest dau. of R. Heffer, esq.

March 3. At Southport, Henry, second son of William Ackerley, esq., of Glanbrogan, Montgomeryshire, to Annie, second dau. of the late J. J. Henderson, esq., of Rylstone House, Skipton-in-Cravan.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Edward Spread Beamish, Capt. R.A., to Diana Spencer, second dau. of F. Mortimer Lewin, esq.

At Glasgow, George Constable Gildart Bell, esq., of Melling Hall, Lancashire, to Eliza Spence, widow of Henry Spence, esq., of London, and dau. of George Hendree, esq., of Glasgow.

At Cheltenham, Capt. George Edwin Borradaile, barrister-at-law, to Maria Martha, only child of Robert Postle, esq., of Cheltenham.

At St. Mary's, Bryanston-square, Charles Cromwell Hockley, esq., of the Middle Temple, to Constance Cecilia Mary, only surviving dau. of the late C. Thorold, esq., of Dacre House, Lee, Kent.

March 5. At Dublin, Frederick Hardy, Comm. R.N., to Mary Elizabeth, eldest dau. of the Rev. J. W. Hallowell.

March 10. At St. James's, Piccadilly, Adelaide Eliza, eldest dau. of Sir G. W. Denys, bart., to James Lamont, esq., of Knockdow, Argyshire, M.P.

At St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, James Sydney Stopford, esq., fifth son of the late Hon. and Rev. R. Bruce Stopford, to Catherine Mary, eldest dau. of Sir T. W. Waller, bart.

At Trinity Church, Marylebone, Lieut.-Gen. Augustus Clarke, H.M.'s Indian Army, to Henrietta Foote, widow of Evan Protheroe, esq., of Lee, Kent.

Obituary Memoirs.

Emori nolo ; sed me mortuum esse nihil æstimo.—*Epicharmus.*

[Relatives or Friends supplying Memoirs are requested to append their Addresses, in order to facilitate correspondence.]



THE EARL OF ROSEBERY, K.T.

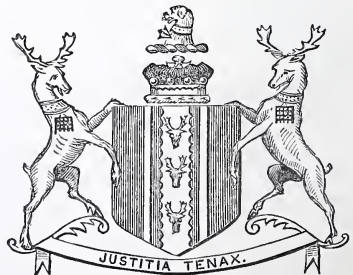
March 4. In Piccadilly, W., aged 84, the Right Hon. Archibald John Primrose, Earl of Rosebery, Viscount Rosebery and Inverkeithing, and Lord Primrose and Dalmeny, in the Peerage of Scotland; Baron Rosebery of Rosebery, co. of Edinburgh, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, and a baronet of Nova Scotia.

His lordship was the elder son of Neil, 3rd Earl of Rosebery, by his second wife, Mary, only daughter of Sir Francis Vincent, Bart., and was born at Dalmeny Castle, Oct. 14, 1783. He was educated at Pembroke College, Cambridge, where he graduated M.A. in 1804, and had the degree of J.L.D. conferred upon him at that university in 1819. He succeeded to the Scotch titles on the death of his father, March 25, 1814, and was for several Parliaments one of the Scotch representative peers elected to the House of Lords up to 1828, when he was created a peer of the United Kingdom. In 1831 he was sworn a member of the Privy Council, and in 1840 was made a knight of the Order of the Thistle. From 1843 to 1863 he was lord lieutenant of Linlithgowshire, and was a deputy-lieutenant of Midlothian: he sat as M.P. for Helston in 1805-6, and for Cashel in 1806-7. The Earl was a fellow of the Royal Society, and of several other learned institutions: also

governor of the British Linen Company in Scotland, and President of the Scottish Widows' Fund. He was active as a magistrate till increasing years compelled him to seek repose. For some years he took considerable interest in politics, and during the agitation for Reform preceding the passing of the bill in 1832, was a zealous member of the Liberal party. Of late he seldom interfered in politics.

The family derived its surname from the lands of Primrose, Fifeshire, and is immediately descended from James Primrose, an eminent lawyer, and clerk of the Privy Council, *temp.* James I.

The late Earl was twice married: first, in 1808, to Harriett, second daughter of the Hon. Bartholomew Bouverie, which marriage was dissolved in 1815; and, secondly, in 1819, to the Hon. Anne Margaret, eldest daughter of Thomas, 1st Viscount Anson. He succeeded in the family honours and large estates in Scotland by his grandson, Archibald Philip, Lord Dalmeny, born in May, 1847 (eldest son of Archibald Lord Dalmeny, who died in 1851, by Lady Wilhelmina Stanhope—now Duchess of Cleveland—only daughter of Philip Henry, 4th Earl Stanhope).



LORD WENSLEYDALE.

Feb. 25. At Amptill Park, Bedfordshire, aged 85, the Right Hon. James Parke, Lord Wensleydale of Wal-

ton, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, and Baron Wensleydale of Walton, in the County Palatine of Lancaster, in the peerage of Great Britain.

His lordship was the youngest son of the late Thomas Parke, Esq., of Highfield, near Liverpool (who died in 1819), by Ann, daughter of the late Mr. William Preston. He was born at Highfield, March 22, 1782, and educated at the grammar school of Macclesfield, whence he proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge, in October, 1799. In the following year he was elected to a scholarship, and three years later took his B.A. degree as Fifth Wrangler and Senior Chancellor's Medallist, having already gained the Craven Scholarship. Mr. Parke now resided at Cambridge, and in 1804 was elected to an open fellowship at Trinity. He was called to the bar at the Inner Temple in Easter term, 1813. Here his ability and steady, persevering industry brought him early into notice, and business flowed in upon him, especially upon the northern circuit. His practice was not so extensive as respectable, and hence, perhaps, it was more lucrative than that of many of his brethren whose services apparently were oftener in request. As a barrister he had nothing showy about him, but he was eminently solid. His speeches were characterised by great clearness and by an accurate knowledge of law. His language was simple, plain, and unadorned. Those who remember him when on circuit say that he was in one respect admirable; for he always appeared as if he had lost sight of himself in the cause which he had to plead. But though not brilliant, Mr. Parke was never dull, and he possessed the faculty of riveting and keeping the attention of both the judge and the jury. He always confined himself to the strict merits of the case, and his advocacy was aided by the advantages of a clear voice and distinct articulation, and a pleasant countenance. He never obtained the distinction of a silk gown, though that honour fell to the share of many of his less deserving brethren; nor did he ever hold or seek a seat in Parliament. He was raised to the Bench from the ranks of junior counsel, succeeding Sir George Holroyd in 1828, as one of the puisne judges of the Court of King's Bench, and was transferred to the Court of Exchequer six years later, on the death of Baron Taunton, being sworn at the

same time a member of the Privy Council. As Baron Parke he gained an experience of twenty years on the judicial bench. Here he gave great satisfaction, and won the respect of the bar and of the public; and it was his sound and sober experience, and familiarity with legal precedents, which, in December, 1855, induced Lord Palmerston to call him to the House of Lords, where it was thought that his *mitis sapientia* might be of use to the "Law Lords" of the time. It was on this occasion that Lord Palmerston was bold enough to try the experiment of conferring on him a "life peerage"—a peerage "for the term of his natural life," to use the technical term; but he found the doors of the House of Lords barred against him by a resolution—carried mainly through Lord Lyndhurst's influence—to the effect that a life peerage did not confer the dignity of a seat in the Upper House of Parliament. It will be remembered that, after the matter had been fully argued both in and out of Parliament, Lord Palmerston found himself obliged to give way, and to order a fresh patent of peerage to be made out in accordance with the established custom in favour of Baron Parke, with remainder to "the issue male of his body lawfully begotten," though he had no "issue male," his only son having died young. Thenceforth, as Lord Wensleydale, Baron Parke took his share in hearing appeal cases in the House of Lords, and also in the business brought before the Privy Council. However difficult and complicated the matter brought before him, he had the happiest art of seizing on every point which bore on the merits of the case, and of discarding all extraneous matter, divesting it of all legal technicalities, and rendering it clear to others. And in delivering his opinion as a "Law Lord" he always showed the same perspicuity and the same good sense, both in style and as to the "law of the case," which had characterised him on the judicial bench. He goes down to the grave with the regard and respect of all who knew him, whether in public, professional, or private life.

Lord Wensleydale married, in 1817, Cecilia, daughter of the late Samuel F. Barlow, Esq., of Middlethorpe, Yorkshire, by whom he had a family of three sons and three daughters. His only surviving child, the Hon. Charlotte Alice, married,

in 1853, William Lowther, Esq., M.P. As he has left no son, the title of Wensleydale becomes extinct.

The deceased was interred in Amptill Church, on the 29th of February.



LORD BYRON.

March 2. In Eton-place, S.W., aged 78, the Rt. Hon. George Anson Byron, Lord Byron of Rochdale, co. Lancaster, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom.

His lordship was the only son of Capt. George Anson Byron, R.N. (second son of Admiral the Hon. John Byron, who was second son of William, 4th Lord Byron), by Henrietta Charlotte, daughter of Robert Dallas, Esq., of Dallas Castle, Jamaica, and was born in 1789. He entered the navy in December, 1800, as a volunteer, and was advanced to the rank of commander in 1812. His last appointment was to the *Blonde* frigate, in which ship he conveyed from this country the King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands. A full account of that interesting mission, entitled, "Voyage of Her Majesty's Ship *Blonde* to the Sandwich Islands in 1824-25," was published by his lordship in 1826. He returned home in December, 1826, and never afterwards went on active service. He was for several years Lord in Waiting to the Queen, and on his resignation in 1860 was appointed an extra Lord in Waiting to Her Majesty. The late lord obtained his commission as captain 7th June, 1814, and rear-admiral (on the reserved half-pay) 24th Dec., 1849; vice-admiral, 19th March, 1857; and admiral, 20th May, 1862.

The late Lord Byron succeeded to the title on the death of his cousin, George Gordon, 6th Lord (the eminent poet), on the 19th April, 1824. He married, 18th March, 1816, Elizabeth Mary, daughter of

the late Sacheverel Chandos-Pole, Esq., of Radbourne, Derbyshire, by whom he had a family of six sons and three daughters. He is succeeded in the family honours by his eldest son, the Hon. George Anson Byron, who was born 30th June, 1818, and married 3rd August, 1843, Lucy Elizabeth Jane, eldest daughter of the late Rev. William Wescomb, rector of Langford, Essex.

SIR H. FLOYD, BART.



March 4. In Gloucester-place, W., aged 74, Major-General Sir Henry Floyd, Bt.

The deceased was the only son of the late General Sir John Floyd, Bart., by Rebecca Juliana, daughter of Charles Darke,

Esq., of Madras; he was born in 1793, and succeeded, as 2nd Bart., on the death of his father, in 1818. He entered the army in 1808, and accompanied Gen. Sir William H. Clinton, as his aide-de-camp, to Sicily in 1811, and to Spain in 1813, and was present at the battles of Biar and Castalla, siege and blockade of Tarragona, in conveying orders to Ordal, and subsequent blockade of Barcelona; he served also in the campaign of 1815, with the 10th Hussars, and was present at the battles of Quatre Bras and Waterloo, and at the capture of Paris. The late Sir Henry, on attaining the rank of Lieut. Col., in May, 1824, retired on half-pay; and in 1851 was promoted to the rank of Major-General. He retired from the army in 1853.

The father of the deceased distinguished himself as second in command at the capture of Seringapatam, and for his services was created a baronet in 1816.

The late Sir H. Floyd married, in 1821, Mary, daughter of William Murray, Esq., of Jamaica, by whom he leaves a numerous family. He is succeeded in the title by his eldest son, John, late Capt. 3rd Regt., who was born in 1823, and married, in 1851, Thomasine Harriet, daughter of the Rt. Honble. Frederick Shaw, of Kimmage House, co. Dublin, who died in 1856.

SIR D. BREWSTER.

Feb. 10. At Allerly, near Melrose, aged 86, Sir David Brewster, knt.

The deceased was the son of parents in the middle rank of life, his father being the esteemed rector of the Grammar School of Jedburgh, in the county of Roxburgh; and there the future philosopher first saw the light on the 11th of December, 1781, in a very humble cottage, of which, only a short time before his death, he sent to the late Mr. Claudet a small photograph, with an inscription authenticating it as his birthplace. Zealously attached to the Established Church of Scotland, Mr. Brewster intended his four sons for the ministry; and three out of the four rose high in the profession for which their father had destined them. The second son, David, in consequence either of delicacy of health, or of the consciousness of talents and a vocation which lay in another direction, chose the fair fields of natural science and philosophy, instead of what may be called his hereditary profession. In 1800 the University of Edinburgh conferred on him the honorary degree of M.A.; and here he had the advantage of intercourse with Robison, Playfair, and Dugald Stewart, who were then professors. Here also he commenced those investigations on the inflection of light which have since made his name so deservedly famous. In 1807 he received the degree of LL.D. from the University of Aberdeen, and in the following year he was elected a fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh; in that year, also, Sir David projected and began that most laborious work, the "Edinburgh Encyclopædia," of which he continued editor until its completion, in 1830. In 1813 he published some results of his optical studies, in the "Treatise on New Philosophical Instruments," in which, after describing various optical apparatus used in the arts and sciences, he detailed some of his important experiments in light and colours. He also contributed a paper to the Royal Society of London, "On some Properties of Light," in which, taking up the then new phenomena of polarisation, showing the influence of a plate of agate on a ray of light, and the double dispersive power of chromate of lead, he multiplied the phenomena, and opened the way subsequently to more valuable discoveries. The Copley Medal was awarded to him by the

society, in 1815, for his paper on the "Polarisation of Light by Reflection," and he was also elected a fellow. It was in 1816 that Sir David made his name popularly known as the inventor of the kaleidoscope. In 1818 the Rumford Medal was given to him by the Royal Society, for further "Discoveries relating to the Polarisation of Light." In 1819, in conjunction with Professor Jamieson, he started the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*, which he afterwards carried on alone, under the title of the *Edinburgh Journal of Science*, of which sixteen volumes were published, containing many scientific papers from his own pen. He was to the date of his death one of the editors of the *London, Edinburgh, and Dublin Philosophical Magazine*. Among other services in this direction, Sir David had the merit of pressing towards realisation, if not of suggesting, the idea of those annual scientific congresses now so well known as the meetings of the "British Association," the first of which took place at York in 1831, and over the twentieth of which, that held in Edinburgh in 1850, he presided. Besides the Copley and Rumford medals of the Royal Society, and the Royal medal, which was awarded in 1830 for his further researches on polarisation and other properties of light, Sir David twice had the honour of receiving the Keith medals from the Royal Society of Edinburgh, of which body he held for many years the office of Vice-President. In 1825 he was elected a corresponding member of the Institute of France, and in 1849 he succeeded the illustrious Berzelius as one of its associates. In 1827 he published his "Account of a New System of Illumination for Lighthouses;" and, although he offered his services to the lighthouse boards of the United Kingdom, nothing appears to have been done until 1833, when experiments were made in Scotland, which showed that "one polygonal lens, with an argand burner of four concentric circles, gave a light equal to nine parabolic reflectors, each carrying a single argand burner." The great improvement that has been made in lighthouse illumination dates from that period. In 1830 William IV. conferred upon Brewster the honour of the Guelphic Order, and he was knighted in the following year. The last thirty-five years of his life, as our readers are aware, he spent as Principal of the United College of St.

Leonard's and St. Salvator at St. Andrew's. In 1859 he was chosen Principal and Vice-Chancellor of Edinburgh University. He was also a magistrate for the county of Roxburgh.

Within the limits of an article, within the limits of a moderately-sized volume, it would be difficult to give even a condensed summary of the intricate inquiries that occupied Sir David's attention. His favourite subject was optics, in its higher and mathematical departments. At an early date, he was studying those phenomena of the dispersion of light which have in late years added so wonderfully to our previous contracted knowledge of the heavenly bodies, and have, by happy union of the researches of the luminologist with those of the chemist, enabled us to analyse the atmosphere of the sun, and judge of the component materials of the stars. It was he who, from his examinations of the solar spectrum, overthrew the traditional assumption that white light is composed of seven colours, and demonstrated that in reality the tints of the rainbow and all the hues of nature are produced by the combinations of only three. Among the many branches of this intricate science which engaged his attention we may specially mention the optics of crystals, upon which he gave science many valuable memoirs, and atmospheric polarisation, a subject upon which he wrote, in the "*Edinburgh Philosophical Transactions*," a few months before his death. The great bulk of such works can only be appreciated by scientific men, but many of Brewster's applications of his science came within range of all eyes and all minds. "Many now living," says his biographer in the "*Imperial Dictionary*," "must recollect the sensation originally produced by the ingenious and beautiful kaleidoscope, and many of these must have joined in the then universal regret that, through defects of our miserable and incongruous law of patents, that benefit was withheld from the discoverer which is due to every one whose genius augments, through material forms, the comforts or pleasures of society. Multitudes of these kaleidoscopes were made and run after in Great Britain and through Europe, but the ingenuity of Sir David Brewster received little or no pecuniary reward. Next in order, we might refer to the lenticular stereoscope. The discovery of the principle of the stereoscope is due to Wheat-

stone, but Sir David has fullest right to the claim, that in his hands—chiefly through the skilful application of semi-lenses—it started into an applicable instrument. Higher than these in pure scientific merit are his improvements of microscopes and telescopes; his initiation of the Bude light; and, highest of all, that early proposal of the use of dioptric lenses and of zones in light-houses. Fresnel subsequently appropriated this discovery without knowing that he did our countryman a wrong, but the verdict of the scientific world has been just."

Of some among Sir David's brilliant discoveries, even in optics, we have said nothing; nor have we been able to notice his services to practical meteorology, or his contributions towards the cosmical theory of the temperature of the globe; and space equally fails us as we touch the literary labours of this once most active spirit. His writings would fill a multitude of volumes. Witness that arduous work, the "*Encyclopædia*," and the dissertations in it that proceeded from his pen. Witness those editorial labours concerned with the Scottish scientific journal—the edition of Ferguson—the treatises on "*New Philosophical Instruments*," on "*Optics*," on the "*Kaleidoscope*," the "*Stereoscope*," &c. Witness the most interesting "*Life of Newton*," the "*Martyrs of Science*," the "*Treatise on Natural Magic*," and his "*More Worlds than One*." The latter work was written to oppose the speculations advanced by the late Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, in his "*Plurality of Worlds*." Dr. Whewell aimed at disproving the existence of animated beings on the other planets of our system. Brewster took wider views, and, unwilling to see a limit to the Divine power, argued for the habitation of other planets, not necessarily by beings like man, but by such as are fitted for the physical conditions pertaining to the position in the solar system which their worlds occupy.

Sir David Brewster retained his wonderful activity of intellect to the end of his long and useful life, and to the last he took the warmest interest in the college over which he presided, and also in the scientific questions of the day. We need scarcely recall how, only a few months ago, he came forward in the columns of the *Athenæum* and of *THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE*, and by some

forcible and well-timed letters exposed the forged correspondence between Sir Isaac Newton and Pascal, which had recently been presented by M. Chasles to the French Academy of Sciences, and published as genuine in successive numbers of the *Comptes-Rendus*. This he did with great dignity and power, being the more anxious to vindicate the honour of our great countryman, as having been many years ago his biographer, and also as being the only person living who has been allowed to examine the letters and other MSS. which are in the possession of the Earl of Portsmouth.

Sir David Brewster was twice married, first in 1810, to Juliet, second daughter of the late James Macpherson, Esq., M.P., of Belleville, the well-known translator of "Ossian;" and, secondly, in 1857, to Jane Kirk, second daughter of the late Thomas Purnell, Esq., of Scarborough. By the former he has left issue David Edward, a lieutenant-colonel in the Indian Army, who was born in 1815, and married, in 1849, Lydia Julia, eldest daughter of the late H. J. Blunt, Esq., of the Bengal Army.

THE REV. C. F. SECRETAN.

Feb. 25. At Longdon, Worcestershire, after a short illness, aged 47, the Rev. Charles Frederick Secretan, M.A.

The deceased was the second son of the late Secretan J. Wodehouse, Esq., of The Brokes, Reigate, by Jane Frances, dau. of Charles Campbell, Esq., and was born Dec. 5, 1820. He was educated at Walthamstow and King's College, London, and afterwards at Wadham College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1842, and proceeded M.A. in 1847, taking a second class in classics, and afterwards gaining successfully the two university scholarships (the Ellicott, and Pusey and Ellerton) for Hebrew. He was ordained by the Bishop of London in 1844, and licensed to the curacy of St. Mary's, Vincent-square, Westminster, where for seven years he worked indefatigably in the courts and lanes of that crowded district. The energetic manner in which he discharged the duties of this curacy induced the Ven. Archdeacon Bentinck to present Mr. Secretan to the living of Holy Trinity, Vauxhall-road, in 1852. The result justified the selection; not only was the church well filled, but every

branch of parochial work, educational and charitable, was effectively organised; and perhaps the best memorial he has left of his zeal and intelligence is the middle-class school which he succeeded in establishing. It was to assist in raising funds for this school that he was induced, in 1859, to publish the volume of "Sermons Preached at Westminster." He also published, in 1860, a "Memoir of the Life and Times of Robert Nelson," and sought relaxation from his parochial duties in the preparation for an edition of the works of Archbishop Leighton; but this task he ultimately resigned into the hands of the Rev. Wm. West, who was contemplating a similar edition, and contented himself with preparing for the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge a brief memoir of Leighton, as a companion volume to his "Life of Nelson." He was favourably known as an earnest and original preacher, and he also found time to contribute a few tracts to the series of "Tracts for the Christian Seasons." But Mr. Secretan's labours in a London parish were beginning to tell upon his naturally delicate constitution, when in the autumn of 1864 the Dean of Westminster offered him the vicarage of Longdon with Castle Morton. He did not, however, retire to his country parish to rest in idleness. Though the field was smaller, he tilled it diligently, exhibiting the same anxiety for the social and spiritual welfare of those entrusted to him as he had shown in London. To use the words of the *Guardian*, "he set himself to work in his new sphere with characteristic ardour. In little more than three years he was suddenly removed, after a few days' illness. Though thus early 'called to peace,' the friends who sorrow for him will take comfort in feeling that the call found him, as he would have wished, watching and working."

On the day of the funeral a special service was held at his old church, Holy Trinity, Westminster, and on the following day the Ven. Archdeacon Wordsworth preached in the same church in support of the schools of which the deceased gentleman was the founder.

Mr. Secretan married, in 1858, Jessie, second daughter of William J. Thoms, Deputy Librarian of the House of Lords, by whom he has left issue three sons and three daughters.

DEATHS.

ARRANGED IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER.

Jan. 1. In Canada, aged 52, A. J. Fergusson-Blair, esq., the well-known Canadian statesman. He was a son of the late Hon. Adam Fergusson, of Woodhill House, co. Perth, by Jemima, dau. and co-heir of Major-Johnstone, of Balthayock, Perthshire. He was born in 1815, and was educated in Edinburgh. He became a barrister-at-law of Upper Canada. He held several civil offices. He was Receiver General, Provincial Secretary, and President of the Privy Council of the Dominion in turn. In 1863 he succeeded to the Balthayock estates, and assumed the name of Blair.

Jan. 18. At the Cape of Good Hope, Thomas Henry Bowles, esq., barrister-at-law. The deceased was educated at Christ Ch., Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1814; he was called to the bar at the Middle Temple in 1822, and was for some time Registrar of the Supreme Court of the Cape of Good Hope.

Jan. 22. At sea, on board the *Lord Warden*, nine days before her arrival at Calcutta, aged 37, the Rev. William Henry Davies. He was the youngest son of the late Sir David Davies, M.D., K.H., and a godson of his late Majesty William IV. He was born in 1830, and educated at the Charterhouse and at Jesus Coll., Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1852, and proceeded M.A. in 1855; he was formerly Chaplain of St. George's Hospital.

Jan. 25. Aged 34, at Senafé, Abyssinia, by the accidental discharge of a gun, Colonel Alexander Roberts Dunn, V.C., commanding H.M.'s 33rd (Duke of Wellington's) Regt. He was the second son of the late Hon. John Henry Dunn, formerly, Receiver-General of Upper Canada,

Feb. 1. At Halifax, Nova Scotia, aged 68, the Rev. John William Dering Gray, D.D., rector of Trinity Church, St. John's, New Brunswick.

Feb. 2. At Penzance, from heart disease, aged 67, Mrs. Ellen Clay. The deceased lady, who was well-known in literary circles, was a sister of Mr. Theodore Lane, an artist of some repute. She was twice married: first, in 1824, to John Carne, esq., author of "Letters from the East," &c., who died in 1844; and secondly, in 1845, Henry H. Clay, esq., of London.

At Folkestone, aged 71, the Rev. John Alexander Ross, M.A. He was educated at Trinity Coll., Cambridge, where his father and great-grandfather (the Rev. John Ross, of Rosskeew, Rosshire) were

also educated, and where he graduated B.A. in 1820, and proceeded M.A. in 1823. He was married in 1824, to his cousin, Amelia Kezia, eldest dau. of Capt. Blackburne, R.N. Mr. Ross was a lineal descendant of the ancient earls of Ross, and was a man of pleasant humour, enlarged sympathies, and distinguished scholarship. He published an algebra for the use of schools and colleges, translated Hirsch's "Integral Tables," and, in early life, contributed occasionally to magazines and reviews. Although he had but a small benefice (the rectorial tithes of the parish going to the Archbishop of Canterbury), and he had to build a vicarage house besides, he managed with the help of his own moderate fortune to do good to thousands, and his active charity to the poor and suffering will long be remembered in his parish and county.

Feb. 10. At Hanover, the Countess d'Alten. The deceased was the mother of her Grace the Duchess of Manchester.

Feb. 11. At Hollybrook, co. Sligo, aged 70, John Ffolliott, esq. He was a son of the late John Ffolliott, esq., of Hollybrook, and was born in 1798; he was a magistrate for co. Sligo, which he represented in Parliament in the Conservative interest, from 1841 to 1850. He married, in 1822, Maria, dau. of the late Herbert R. Stepney, esq., of Durrrow, King's co., by whom he has left issue.

Feb. 13. At Charenton, France, M. Charles Méryon, the famous and unhappy French etcher. Méryon was born in Paris, and there became the pupil of MM. Courdoun, Philippes, and E. Bléry. At the last French Exhibition, "Le numéro 22 de la Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine" was one of the finest and most characteristic of his productions. This, with the "Grand Châtelet, Paris," was at the International Exhibition.

Feb. 15. Aged 59, the Rev. Daniel de Boudry, incumbent of Salesbury, Blackburn. He was educated at Magdalen Hall, Oxford, where he took his B.A. degree in 1832; he was appointed to Salesbury in 1850.

At Hopefield, Haddenham, aged 68, the Rev. W. R. Dawes. See OBITUARY.

At Woodside, Windlesham, Surrey, aged 68, the Rev. John Charles Lucena, M.A. He was educated at Brasenose Coll., Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1822, and proceeded M.A. in 1823; he was for many years vicar of Anslay, co. Warwick.

Feb. 16. At Malton, aged 42, Henry Baines, esq. He was the eldest surviving son of Hewley Mortimer Baines, esq., of Bell Hall, Yorks, by Mary, dau. of William H. Harrison, esq., and was born 1826. He was a capt. in the East Yorkshire Militia, and married, in 1857, Emily Jane, youngest dau. of Joseph Robinson Pease, esq., of Hesslewood, co. York.

At Dawley, Salop, aged 25, E. J. H. Garbett, esq., solicitor, only son of the late Edmund Garbett, esq., of Dawley.

Feb. 18. At Virginia House, near Leeds, aged 48, Wilson Armistead, esq.

At Aberystwith, aged 58, Lewis Pugh, esq., J.P. for co. Cardigan.

Feb. 19. At Bromfield House, Clifton, aged 72, the Rev. Joseph Christopher Bradney, M.A., late rector of Greet, Salop. He was educated at Trinity Coll., Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1817, and proceeded M.A. in 1822; he was appointed to Greet in 1844, and was formerly incumbent of All Saints', Sidmouth.

At Market Bosworth, aged 45, Edward Bird Bramah, esq., solicitor.

At Calne, aged 82, Sophia, wife of Commander Hopewell H. Budd, R.N.

At Chinnor, Oxon, aged 39, Emily Alexandrina, wife of the Rev. F. Buttanshaw, M.A., and dau. of the Rev. F. Cox, M.A., of Watford.

At Jordans, aged 95, Susannah Dowding, widow of Wm. Dowding, esq., of Martley Hall, Worcester.

At Rhagatt, Corwen, North Wales, aged 72, the Hon. Grace Anne, widow of Philip Lake Godsall, esq., of Iscoed Park, Flintshire. She was the eldest dau. of William Draper, 1st Lord Wynford, by Mary Ann, dau. of the late J. Knapp, esq., and was born 1796. She was married, in 1814, to P. L. Godsall, esq., who died in 1858.

Aged 50, Wm. Roberts, esq., J.P., Alderman of Northampton.

At Nice, after a long illness, Mrs. George Combe. She was a dau. of the great Mrs. Siddons, and widow of the author of the "Constitution of Man," who died in 1858. For more than twenty-five years, Mrs. Combe was her husband's inseparable companion in all his journeys, spending three years with him in a tour through America, where he lectured in most of the principal towns, and collected materials for his important work on the United States. To this work Mrs. Combe contributed a description of the shore scenery near Portland, in Main, which was much admired. Mrs. Combe was the last survivor of her family.

At Bournemouth, aged 32, Amelia Harriet, wife of Henry Smith, esq., of Ellingham Hall, Norfolk.

At Hove, Brighton, aged 85, Harriet, widow of Christopher Thomas Tower, esq., of Weald Hall, Essex. She was the second dau. of the late Sir Thomas Beauchamp-Proctor, bart., of Langley, Norfolk, and married, in 1803, C. T. Tower, esq., who died in Feb. 1867 (see *THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE*, N.S., vol. iii. p. 406).

In the board-room of the Anglo-American Telegraph Company, suddenly, Mr. Charles E. Stuart. The deceased had filled the office of secretary to the London and North-Western Railway Company for nearly twenty years, and had been chairman of the Anglo-American Telegraph Company since its formation.

Feb. 20. At Malta, of apoplexy, Dr. B. B. Baker. The deceased was formerly director of the college at Corfu, and professor of English literature in the Ionian University; and, during the administration of Sir Henry Storcks in Malta, rendered much assistance to the cause of education, particularly as one of the examiners in competitive examinations, and as a member of the commission appointed to inquire into and report upon the instruction given in the Lyceum and the Primary Schools of Malta and Gozo.

At Abbotsford, Stockton, Tenbury, aged 62, the Rev. Francis Theophilus Blackburne. He was the eldest son of the Rev. Francis Blackburne, late rector of Weston-super-Mare, and was born in 1806. He was educated at Jesus Coll., Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1830; he was formerly incumbent of Cannock,

At Lantarnam Abbey, Newport, Monmouthshire, aged 70, Edward Francis Blewitt, esq. He was the eldest son of the late Major Edward Blewitt, by Amelia, dau. of the late James Duberly, esq., of Ensham Hall, Oxford, and brother of Reginald J. Blewitt, esq., sometime M.P. for Monmouth; he was born in Jan. 1798.

At Retford, Notts, aged 35, Uriah Perrin Brodribb, M.B., B.A., London, and Inspector of Vaccination under the Medical Department of the Privy Council, son of J. D. Brodribb, esq., of Cotham, Bristol.

At Cheltenham, aged 71, Major Francis Day Chalmer, late 7th Dragoon Guards, of Larbert House, Falkirk, N.B. He was the only son of the late George Chalmer, esq. (who died in 1835), by Elizabeth, dau. of Francis Lantour, esq., and was born in 1796. He was a magistrate for co. Stirling, and a Major 7th Dragoon Guards retired. He married, in 1833, Sarah Mary Emily, dau. of James Robertson, esq., by whom he has left issue.

At Marton, Bridlington, aged 90, Jane, eldest surviving dau. of the late Col. Creyke, of Marton.

At Dover, aged 61, Lieut.-Gen. Wm. Longworth-Dames, Colonel 5th Fusiliers. He was the sixth son of the late Thos. Longworth-Dames, esq., by Jane, youngest dau. of Maunsell Burke, esq., and was born in 1807. He was formerly Col. 37th Regt., and married, Christine, dau. of — Smith, esq., of Toronto, by whom he has left issue.

At Florence, aged 66, Catherine, eldest dau. of the late A. G. Fullerton, esq., of Ballintoy Castle, co. Antrim.

In Philadelphia, U.S., aged 82, the Hon. Joseph R. Ingersoll, formerly American Minister in England. Mr. Ingersoll was of a celebrated Pennsylvania family, his father being the well known Jared Ingersoll, and his brother Charles J. Ingersoll, a prominent American Democrat, from the time of the war with England in 1812 until his death, a few years ago. Joseph R. Ingersoll was in old times a Federalist, and later a Whig, by which party he was selected to represent Philadelphia in five American congresses. He was appointed Minister to England in 1850, by President Fillmore, and while there received for his eminent attainments the honorary Oxford degree of D.C.L.

Feb. 21. At Richmond, Surrey, aged 79, Robert Hannay, esq., advocate, formerly of Blairinnie, Kirkcudbrightshire, N.B. He was educated at Balliol Coll., Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1812.

At Dumfries, Major James Murray Home, of Gurtendarde, Listowel, late of H.M.'s 36th Regt.

At Bristol, aged 71, Mr. William Herapath, the well-known chemist and toxicologist, one of the founders of the London Chemical Society and the Bristol School of Medicine, and Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology at the last-named institution. The deceased gentleman was an ardent Liberal in politics, and at the time of the first Reform Bill was president of the Bristol Political Union.

At Biarritz, Major-Gen. Alexander William Lawrence, Colonel-in-Chief 2nd Cavalry H.M.'s Indian Army, Madras Presidency, eldest brother of the late Sir Henry Lawrence and the present Viceroy of India.

At Quebec, aged 73, the Hon. George Pemberton, formerly a Member of the Legislative Council of Canada and of the Legislative and Executive Councils of Lower Canada.

At Maltby, Yorkshire, aged 76, the Rev. George Rolleston. He was educated at Merton Coll., Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1814, and proceeded M.A. in 1817; he was appointed to Maltby in 1816.

At Blackburn, aged 69, the Rev. John

Rushton, D.D., vicar, and first Archdeacon of Manchester.

At Ripon, aged 83, Louisa Frances Wood, third dau. of Col. Wood, of Hollin Hall, Yorkshire.

Feb. 22. At Eastbourne, aged 83, Capt. James Primrose Blennerhassett, R.N., one of the few surviving officers at the battle of Trafalgar.

At St. Petersburg, suddenly, Viscount de Moira, Minister of the King of Portugal. He was many years Secretary of the Portuguese Embassy at London.

Feb. 23. At Glan-Dyfi Castle, Cardiganshire, aged 78, George Jeffreys, esq. He was the second but eldest surviving son of the late Robert Jeffreys, esq., of Shrewsbury, and was born in 1789. He was magistrate for Cardiganshire, and served as High Sheriff of that county in 1817. He married in 1814, Mary, dau. of — Scott, esq., of Bodalog, co. Merioneth, by whom he has left issue.

At 7, Bryanstone-street, aged 87, Col. Edmund Henry Jodrell. He was the youngest son of the late John Bower Jodrell, esq., of Henbury Hall, Cheshire, by Frances, dau. and co-heir of Francis Jodrell, esq., of Yardsley, in the same county. He was born at Henbury Hall, in 1781, and was educated at Eton and at Brasenose College, Oxford. He was appointed to the Grenadier Guards, and served in Sicily and in the Peninsular, and retired from the army by the sale of his commission in January, 1837.

At Dover, Frances Ellicott, widow of Major-Gen. Portlock, R.E., F.R.S.

In Eaton-square, Hester, wife of Lord Justice Selwyn. She was the fifth dau. of J. G. Ravenshaw, esq., and widow of F. Dowler, esq., M.D.; she was married to Lord Justice Selwyn in 1856.

At Exeter, aged 36, Philip Henry, fourth son of the late Lord Justice Turner.

At Bruges, Belgium, aged 53, John Nash Tyndale, esq., barrister-at-law. He was educated at Wadham Coll., Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1837, and proceeded M.A. in 1839; he was called to the bar at the Middle Temple in 1839.

Feb. 24. At Edinburgh, Adam B. Banatnyne, esq., advocate.

At Lakenham, Norwich, aged 85, Rose, widow of C. Cooper, esq., barrister-at-law.

At Catford-bridge, Lewisham, aged 77, John Herapath, esq., proprietor of Herapath's Railway Journal. The deceased was cousin of Mr. William Herapath, the celebrated chemist of Bristol, whose death is announced above, and in conjunction with whom he was originally a maltster at Bristol, and whilst the latter devoted his

attention to chemistry in connection with the malt trade, the gentleman just deceased pursued his study of mathematics. Mr. Herapath having contributed various papers to the "Philosophical Magazine," about the year 1824, became the prominent subject of a discussion in the Royal Society, the result of which, on what he considered the opposition to himself of the mathematical party, was the resignation of Sir Humphrey Davy. Having retired from the business at Bristol, Mr. Herapath for a time conducted a mathematical academy for the preparation of pupils for the navy. On the formation of the Eastern Counties Railway Company Mr. Herapath became connected with the railway interest, and in 1836 became part proprietor and manager of the "Railway Magazine," then published monthly, but which for upwards of twenty years has been a weekly paper, under the title of "Herapath's Railway Journal," of which he became the sole proprietor. Whilst conducting this paper, Mr. Herapath for several years withdrew himself from the scientific world, and little was heard of his mathematical inquiries. A few years since, however, he resigned the active management of his paper to his son, Mr. Edwin Herapath, once more devoted himself to mathematics, and published two volumes entitled "Mathematical Physics," in which the highest branches of mathematics are applied to the investigation of physical science. Mr. Herapath, at the time of his decease, was engaged in completing his concluding volume for publication.

In St. George's-place, Hyde-park-corner, aged 55, John Minet Laurie, esq., of Maxwellton, Dumfriesshire. He was the eldest son of the late John Minet Fector, esq., of Kearnsey Abbey (who died in 1848), by Anne Wortley Montague, dau. of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Robert Laurie, bart., and was born in 1812. He was educated at Eton and Trinity Coll., Cambridge, and was a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant for Kent. He was M.P. for Dover from 1835 until 1838, in which year he was elected for Maidstone, which he represented till 1841, when he retired from parliament. Soon after succeeding to his patrimonial estate, Mr. Laurie parted with his bank to the National Provincial Bank of England, of which company he was the chairman for many years, and from which post he retired about a year since, in consequence of failing health. He married, in 1841, Isabella, only dau. of Gen. John Murray.

At Bicester House, Oxon, aged 82, Captain Wm. Style, R.N. He was the eldest surviving son of the late Rev. Robert

Style, vicar of Wateringbury, Kent, by Priscilla, dau. of the Rev. John Davis, and grandson of the late Sir Thomas Style, bart. He was born in 1735, and entered the navy in 1800; he was a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant for Oxon, and became a captain on the retired list in 1844. He married, in 1814, Louisa Charlotte, dau. of the Hon. Jacob Marsham, by whom he has left issue.

Feb. 25. At Ampthill Park, Beds, aged 85, the Right Hon. Lord Wensleydale. See OBITUARY.

At Rome, aged 63, Sir James Brown Gibson, K.C.B., M.D., Honorary Physician to the Queen, and late Director-General of the Medical Department of the Army. He served in every grade of the Army Medical Department, from that of hospital assistant, on his entrance in 1826, to that of director-general in 1860, from which post he retired in 1867, having altogether served for upwards of forty years. He was present during the Crimean war at the battles of Alma, &c. In 1855 he was selected by the Duke of Cambridge as his personal medical attendant. Sir James was Honorary Physician to the Queen, and was appointed a K.C.B. in 1865. He was a student and graduate of the University of Edinburgh.

At Ganton, aged 46, the Rev. Disney Legard Alexander. He was educated at St. Mary's Hall, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1847; he was appointed vicar of Ganton in 1852.

At Elm Park, Dublin, aged 79, Elizabeth, wife of Thomas Cookson, esq., of Hermitage, co. Durham.

At Lancaster-gate, Hyde-park, aged 67, Charles Fraser, esq., formerly of the Bengal Civil Service.

Aged 28, Caroline Charlotte, wife of the Rev. T. Miller, and dau. of the late Rev. C. C. Townsend, of Derry, co. Cork.

At Longdon, aged 47, the Rev. Charles F. Secretan. See OBITUARY.

In Norfolk-street, Park-lane, aged 68, the Rev. Chauncy Hare Townsend. He was the eldest son of the late Hare Townsend, esq., of Busbridge Hall, near Godalming, by Charlotte dau. of Sir James Lake, bart., and was born in 1800. He took his B.A. degree at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, in 1821, and in 1828 obtained the University Prize for English Verse, his subject being "Jerusalem." He was the author of "Sermons in Sonnets," "The Three Gates," and other poetical productions; and also of "Mesmerism proved True," and "Facts in Mesmerism." He was also one of the colleagues of Macaulay, Præd, and Moultrie, when they founded C. Knight's brilliant but short-

lived *Quarterly Magazine*. During his lifetime he had collected a number of very interesting prints and drawings, and he has bequeathed many of his works of art to the South Kensington Museum; among these some rare and very fine impressions of Hogarth's prints.

From exhaustion, caused by a surgical operation, Mr. Eyre Evans Crowe. The deceased, who was at one time editor of the *Daily News*, enjoyed a high and deserved reputation as a public writer, especially on continental affairs. From Paris, where he resided much during the last few years, he maintained a correspondence with the most eminent public men of Europe. Mr. Crowe's chief literary work was his "History of France," published by Messrs. Longmans.

At Munich, aged 87, Madame Sophie Schröder, a celebrated German tragic actress. She made her first appearance in 1793, and her last in 1859.

At Malta, aged 24, Daniel Thomas Webber, Lieut. R.A., son of the late Charles and Lady Adelaide Webber.

Feb. 26. At Riddlesworth, Norfolk, aged 73, the Rev. William Darby, M.A., rector. He was educated at St. Peter's Coll., Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1829, and proceeded M.A. in 1832; he was appointed to the united rectories of Riddlesworth, Gasthorpe, and Knettishall, in 1839.

At The Hermitage, Harrow Weald, Katharine Frances, wife of Duncan Davidson, esq., of Tillichetley, and dau. of C. D. Gordon, esq., of Abergeldie.

At Worthing, aged 60, Col. G. W. Hamilton, C.S.I., B.S.C., and Commissioner of Delhi.

At Bicester House, Oxon, aged 69, Frances Lucy, dau. of the late Hon. Jacob Marsham, D.D.

At Brabœuf Manor, Guildford, Jane More, wife of the Rev. Henry Shrubbs, and dau. of the late J. More Molyneux, esq., of Loseley Park.

In York-street, Portman-square, Chas. Wm. Spicer, esq., of Debdon Hall, Essex.

Feb. 27. At Edinburgh, Henry Cheyne, of Tangwick, writer to the Signet.

At Flook House, Taunton, aged 78, William Metford, esq., M.D. He was the eldest son of the late Ellis Button Metford, esq., M.D., of Flook House (who died in 1820), by Anne, dau. of Thomas Nickelson, esq., of Poole, Dorset, and was born in 1789. He was educated at Edinburgh University, where he graduated M.D. in 1812. He was twice married: first, in 1821, to Mary Eliza, dau. of H. P. Anderdon, esq., of Jamaica; and secondly, in 1841, to Fanny Isabella, dau.

of John Bunter Liddon, esq., of Axminster, Devon.

At Middlesborough, aged 53, John Shields Peacock, esq., town clerk.

At Maidstone, aged 106, Mrs. Catherine Robinson.

At Cheltenham, aged 75, Major J. R. Stock, Bengal Army.

Feb. 28. At Norwood, aged 76, Arthur Anderson, esq., F.S.A. He was a son of the late Mr. Robert Anderson, of Lerwick, Shetland, and was born in 1792. He was chairman of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, chairman of the Union Steamship Company, and of the General Association of Steamship Owners, and a director and lately chairman of the Crystal Palace. He was M.P. for Orkney, &c., from 1847 to 1852. Mr. Anderson married, in 1822, Mary Ann, dau. of the late C. Hill, esq., of Scarborough (she died in 1864).

At Bective Abbey, Ireland, Richard Bolton, esq. He was the eldest son of the late Robert Compton Bolton, esq., of Bective, by his second wife Charlotte, dau. of Joseph Neynoe, esq. He was educated at Trinity Coll., Dublin, and was a magistrate and deputy-lieut. for co. Meath. He married Frances, dau. of the late George Bomford, esq., of Rahinstown (she died in 1846).

At Oulton Hall, Yorkshire, aged 74, John Calverley, esq. He was the eldest son of the late John Calverley, esq., of Oulton (who died in 1827), by Mary, dau. of the late Rev. Charles Downes, and was born in 1789. He was educated at Trinity Coll., Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1812, and was called to the bar by the Hon. Society of Lincoln's-inn, in 1815. The deceased gentleman, who was a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant for the West Riding of Yorkshire, married, in 1822, Ellen Watson, dau. of Thomas Molyneux, esq., of Newsham House, co. Lancaster, by whom he had issue two sons and two daus.

At Heathfield, Fareham, aged 61, Cecilia, wife of Lieut.-Gen. Hore, R.E.

At Cheltenham, Alex. Henry Robertson, esq., last surviving son of the late W. Robertson, esq., deputy-keeper of the Records of Scotland.

Feb. 29. At Nice, aged 81, Louis I., ex-King of Bavaria. See OBITUARY.

At Turin, the Princess Cisterna, mother of the Duchess d'Aosta.

At Frenchay Lodge, near Bristol, Susan Harriet, wife of Henry C. Harford, esq.

At Lloydsboro', Tipperary, aged 79, Deborah Ann, widow of John Lloyd, esq.

At Nice, Major Henry O'Brien, R.A., son of the late Capt. L. O'Brien, R.A.

At Dover, aged 53, Col. Ross, R.E.

At South Warnborough Manor, Hants, aged 72, Thomas Moore Wayne, esq.

March 1. At Penzance, aged 56, Robt. Tench Bedford, R.N., one of Her Majesty's Gentlemen Ushers, and Private Secretary to the late Queen Adelaide.

At Harrock Hall, Lancashire, aged 89, Elizabeth, widow of Richd. Boulton, esq.

William Congreve Brackenbury, esq., H.M.'s Consul at Corunna. The deceased was the youngest son of the late Sir John Macpherson Brackenbury; he was educated at the Charter-house, and was for many years Her Majesty's Consul at Cadiz.

At Southampton-street, Bloomsbury-square, aged 52, Lewis Hoffman, esq., of the Inner Temple.

At Glasgow, Alexander Strathern, esq., Sheriff-Substitute of co. Lanark.

March 2. Aged 78, the Right Hon. Lord Byron. See OBITUARY.

Aged 70, his Excellency, the Baron Bentinck, Minister of State, Chamberlain of his Majesty the King of the Netherlands, and his Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of St. James. The deceased was formerly Secretary of Legation at Copenhagen, Stockholm, Berlin, and Vienna, and for seven years Councillor of Legation in London; he afterwards became successively representative of his country in Bavaria, Baden, and Würtemberg, and subsequently in Belgium and Great Britain; he also held the post of Minister for Foreign Affairs at the Hague for a short period in the year 1848, which post he resigned after having taken a distinguished part in the measures which led to the modification of the Constitution of the country. He was a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Netherland Lion, of the Luxemburg Order of the Oaken Crown, and of several foreign Orders. The deceased was a liberal patron of music, and a first-rate amateur performer.

At Clifton, Bristol, aged 66, Sydenham Malthus, esq., of Hadstock, Essex, and of Albury, Surrey. He was the only son of the late Sydenham Malthus, esq., of Hadstock, and was born in 1802; he married, in 1829, Mary Anne, eldest dau. of the late Rev. Samuel White, D.D. of Hampstead, by whom he has left issue.

At Mainsforth Hall, co. Durham, aged 83, Mrs. Anne Surtees. She was the third dau. of the late Ralph Robinson, esq., of Herrington Hall, co. Durham, and was born in 1785. She married, in 1807, Robert Surtees, esq., F.S.A., of Mainsforth, the historian of the county of Durham, and for many years a correspondent of this Magazine, who died in 1834. The

deceased lady, who was of a warm-hearted and generous disposition, was greatly respected in the county of Durham, and was well-known for her liberal hospitality; one of her many acts of generosity was her restoration of the church of Bishop Middleham, including the chancel, at her sole expense. She is succeeded in her mansion and estate by Capt. C. F. Surtees, M.P. The deceased was buried at Bp. Middleham.

March 3. At Thorpe Lee, Surrey, aged 81, the Dowager Lady Bowyer-Smijth. Her ladyship was Letitia Cicely, dau. of John Weyland, esq., of Wood Eaton, Oxon, and married, in 1813, Sir Edward Bowyer-Smijth, who died in 1850.

At South Hayes, Worcester, aged 73, Maria, relict of the Rev. G. Dineley, B.D.

At St. John's-wood, aged 63, Alfred Septimus Dowling, serjeant-at-law.

At Bedford, aged 68, Capt. Hyndman, formerly of the 11th Light Dragoons.

At Malone House, co. Antrim, aged 83, William Wallace-Legge, esq. He was the eldest son of the late Hill Wallace, esq., by Eleanor, eldest dau. of the late Alexr. Legge, esq., of Malone House, and was born in 1789. He was educated at Sydney Coll., Cambridge, where he took the degree of LL.B. in 1812; he was a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant for co. Tyrone, and served as high sheriff of that county in 1823. He married, in 1833, Eleanor Wilkie, dau. of Thomas Forster, esq., of Adderstone, Northumberland, by whom he has left issue.

At Withington, Manchester, aged 37, Thomas Potter, esq., barrister-at-law. He was the eldest son of the late Thomas Potter, esq., of Manchester, by Mary, dau. of Joshua Ashcroft, esq., and was born in 1829. He was educated at Manchester Grammar School, and at St. John's Coll., Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1851, and proceeded M.A. in 1854; he was called to the bar at the Inner Temple in 1851, and had a large practice as a conveyancing counsel at Manchester. The deceased gentleman, who was a Conservative in politics, lived and died unmarried.

March 4. In Piccadilly, The Earl of Rosebery, K.T. See OBITUARY.

In Gloucester-place, Hyde-park, aged 74, Sir H. Floyd, bart. See OBITUARY.

At Edinburgh, aged 87, Mrs. Coats, widow of Thomas Coats, esq., of Lipwood House, Northumberland.

At Little Mongeham, Kent, aged 61, the Rev. William Maundy Harvey, M.A. He was educated at Wadham Coll., Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1827, and proceeded M.A. in 1831. He was appointed rector of Little Mongeham and incumbent of Sutton-by-Dover in 1835.

At Tewkesbury-park, aged 34, Fanny, wife of J. P. Sargeant, esq. She was the dau. of the Rev. Joseph Shapland, and was married to Mr. Sargeant in 1856.

At Kelsey Hall, Lincolnshire, aged 79, William Skipworth, esq.

March 5. At Edinburgh, aged 44, Lord William Kennedy. The deceased was the sixth son of Archibald, Earl of Cassillis, by Eleanor, only dau. of Alexander Allardice, esq., of Dunnotter, co. Kincardine. He was born in 1823, and married, in 1846, Sarah Jane, eldest dau. of the late Wm. M. De Blois, esq., by whom he leaves issue. In 1847 he was raised to the rank of the son of a marquis, the deceased being the brother to the present Marquis of Ailsa, K.T. For a short time he was in the Royal Artillery, but retired from the service in 1852.

At Willburton Manor, aged 81, the Hon. Margaret Letitia Matilda Lady Pell. The deceased lady was the third dau. and co-heir of Henry Beauchamp, 12th Lord St. John, by Emma Maria Elizabeth, second dau. of the late Samuel Whitbread, esq., sen., of Cardington, Beds. Her ladyship was born in 1785, and married, in 1813, Sir Albert Pell, a judge of the Bankruptcy Court, who was knighted by William IV. in 1831, and died in Sept., 1832.

At Madrid, the Duchess-Dowager of Alba.

Aged 60, the Rev. Frederick Evans, rector of Linstead.

In Sussex-place, Hyde-park-gardens, aged 88, Gen. John Alexander Paul Macgregor, of H.M.'s Indian Army. The deceased entered the Bengal Army in 1795, and became colonel in 1829. He served in the campaign of 1799 in Mysore against Tippoo Sultan, and was present at the battle of Malavelly in 1799, and also at the siege and capture of Seringapatam. He next served with a detachment of volunteers under Lieut.-Col. Gardener in the Northern Circars, and was present at the capture of Palavaram, 1800. He was present at the siege of Fort Sossing, and also at the sieges of Agra and Bhurtpore in 1804. He held for some time the appointment of major of brigade, and was for nearly four years aide-de-camp to Gilbert, 1st Earl of Minto, when Governor-General of India, and for many years he held the important office of Military Auditor-General of the Bengal army.

At Boulogne-sur-Mer, Ernest Augustus Slade, esq., fifth son of the late Gen. Sir John Slade, bart., G.C.H.

March 6. In Norfolk-crescent, Hyde-park, aged 47, Lieut.-Colonel Francis A. Brooking, H.M.'s Indian Army, second son of Thomas H. Brooking, esq.

At Cheltenham, aged 64, Mary Ann, relict of John Gott, esq., of Armley House, Leeds.

At Meran, Tyrol, aged 58, John Wyndham Bruce, esq. He was the eldest son of John Bruce Pryce, esq., of Duffryn, Glamorganshire, by his first wife, Sarah, dau. of the Rev. Hugh Williams Austin, of Barbadoes, and was born in 1809; he married, in 1835, Marianne, dau. of Col. Cameron, of Swansea.

March 7. In St. James's-place, aged 21, Margaret Seton, wife of Robert Jardine, esq., M.P. She was the eldest dau. of John Buchanan Hamilton, esq., of Leny and Bardowie, N.B., and was married to Mr. Jardine in 1867.

At Barming House, Maidstone, Harriet, wife of E. Pennefather, esq., Q.C., of Dublin.

Aged 84, Mary, wife of the Rev. G. Poccock, LL.B., incumbent of St. Paul's, Marylebone.

March 8. At Beaulieu, St. Leonard's-on-Sea, aged 67, the Rev. J. A. Griffith Colpoys, rector of Droxford, Hants. He was educated at Exeter Coll., Oxford, where he graduated B.A., 1824, and proceeded M.A., in 1826, and was appointed to Droxford in 1831.

At Gledholt, Huddersfield, aged 52, Thomas Pearson Crosland, esq., M.P. He was a son of the late Mr. George Crosland, of Huddersfield, and was born in 1815. The deceased, who was a merchant and woollen manufacturer, a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant for the West Riding of Yorkshire, and Lieut.-Col. 1st West Riding Volunteers, was elected M.P. for Huddersfield, in the Liberal interest, in 1865. He was thrice married: first, in 1841, to Ann, only dau. of W. Kilner, esq., of Huddersfield; secondly, 1849, Matilda Roche, dau. of W. Cousins, esq., of Bristol; and thirdly, in 1854, to Julia, another dau. of W. Cousins, esq.

At Purbeck House, Swanage, aged 79, John Mowlem, esq., J.P. for Dorset, and senior partner in the firm of John Mowlem and Co., Westminster.

At Dickleburgh, Norfolk, aged 72, the Rev. George Stevenson, rector. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1816, and of which he subsequently became fellow. He was appointed rector of Dickleburgh in 1838, and was an Hon. Canon of Norwich Cathedral.

In Finsbury-square, aged 75, the Rev. Arthur Tidman, D.D. The deceased was born in the west of England, in 1792, and was articled to his uncle, a medical man; but having a desire to enter the ministry, he became a student of Hackney College

in 1811. During his brief course of study, he formed the strongest attachment to his tutor, George Collison, to Matthew Wilks, one of the committee, and to many of his fellow-students, including Dr. Andrew Reed. He settled at Salisbury in 1814, removed to Frome in 1818, and in 1828 became pastor of Barbican Chapel in London. In 1839 Dr. Tidman became Foreign Secretary of the London Missionary Society, for some years with the late Mr. Freeman as his colleague; but since 1850 single-handed.

At Margate, aged 58, Mr. Edward Tucker, a well-known botanist. Mr. Tucker, who acquired a world-wide celebrity by his discovery of the microscopic fungus causing the grape disease, was born at Stodmarsh, in Thanet, of respectable parentage, in 1810. He evinced, while yet very young, a strong desire for knowledge. This pursuit led him to make botany the subject of his study through life.

At Norwich, aged 42, the Rev. Campbell Wodehouse, rector of Alderford. He was the youngest son of the late Edmond Wodehouse, esq., M.P. for Norfolk, and was born in 1826. He was educated at the Charter-house, and at Ch. Ch. Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1847. He was formerly assistant-chaplain to the Hon. E.I.C. on the Bombay Establishment, vicar of Bacton, Norfolk, 1855-7, and was appointed rector of Alderford in 1857.

March 9. At Marlborough, Wilts, aged 76, Admiral James Montagu. He was a son of the late Admiral Sir George Montagu, G.C.B., by Charlotte, dau. and co-heir of G. Wroughton, esq., and was born in 1791; he entered the navy in 1803, and retired in 1846; he became an admiral on the retired list in 1863.

At Langford, Berks, aged 88, Elizabeth Sophia, widow of Major-Gen. Sir Ralph Ouseley.

March 10. In Eccleston-square, aged 74, Sir R. D. Neave, bart. See OBITUARY.

At St. John's, Worcester, aged 85, Col. John Isaiah Meredith, late of the 4th Madras Cavalry. He was one of the last survivors of the battles of Assaye, &c.

At Fareham, aged 65, the Rev. Philip Thresher. He was educated at University Coll., Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1824, and proceeded M.A. in 1827. At the time of his decease he was chaplain to Fareham Union.

Aged 41, Campbell William Shotton Young, Major M.S.C.

March 11. At Leyden, aged 67, Prof. J. Vander Hoeven, Professor of Zoology at the University of Leyden. He was born

at Rotterdam in 1801, and was fellow of many learned societies of his own and other countries, among the rest of the Linnean Society of London.

In Harewood-square, aged 86, Harriet, widow of the Rev. R. Robinson Bailey, formerly chaplain of the Tower of London, and rector of Culpho, Suffolk.

At Brighton, aged 73, the Baron de Tessier. The deceased was the eldest surviving son of the late Lewis de Tessier, esq., of Woodcote Park, Surrey (who died in 1811), by Mary, dau. of Capt. J. Gardner, and was born in 1794. He was educated at St. John's Coll., Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1813, was a magistrate for Surrey, and a deputy-lieutenant for the city of London. The Baron was twice married: first, in 1814, to Henrietta, dau. of H. P. Lane, esq.; secondly, in 1861, to Catherine Margaret, eldest dau. of the late T. Walpole, esq.

At Kensington, aged 74, Capt. John Hills, R.N.

At Bradford Abbas, Dorset, aged 55, Major-Gen. George King, lately commanding 1st Batt. of the 13th Light Infantry. His services in India were particularly distinguished; he served throughout the campaigns in Affghanistan, from 1838 to 1842 inclusive; he was also present in the Crimea from June 30, 1855, and was at the siege and fall of Sebastopol; he served in the Indian campaign, and commanded the left wing of the 13th Light Infantry in the operations in Tirhoot and the Terai, including the actions at Bootwab in 1859. He retired with the rank of major-general in 1864.

Very suddenly, of apoplexy, aged 59, the Rev. Henry Noel-Fearn [formerly Christmas]. See OBITUARY.

At Henlow, Beds, aged 65, the Rev. Hugh Seymour Yates. He was educated at St. John's Coll., Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1825, and was appointed vicar of Henlow in 1843.

March 12. In Manchester-street, Manchester-square, suddenly, aged 59, Dame Henriette Felicite, relict of Sir James Francis Doughty-Tichborne, bart., of Tichborne, Hants. She was the dau. of the late Henry Seymour, esq., of Knoyle, Wilts, and was married, in 1827, to Sir J. F. Doughty-Tichborne, by whom, who died in 1862, she had issue, besides two daus. (both deceased) two sons, the elder of whom, Roger Charles, is supposed to have been lost at sea in 1854; and the younger, Alfred, succeeded to the title as 11th bart. About a twelvemonth ago a person from Australia presented himself in England, claiming to be the lost Sir Roger, but the litigation arising there-

from to establish the claim has yet to be settled in the courts of law. Her ladyship was buried at Tichborne on the 19th, her funeral being attended by Lord Arundell, the Hon. Mr. Dormer, and other relatives; but the ceremony was interrupted by the Australian claimant of the title and estates, the *soi disant* "Sir Roger," who claimed to attend as chief mourner.

At Fulbeck, Lincolnshire, from an accident while hunting, aged 73, General Mildmay Fane. The deceased was the fifth son of the Hon. Henry Fane, second son of Thomas, 8th Earl of Westmoreland, and was consequently brother of the late General Sir Henry Fane, G.C.B. He was born in 1794, and was unmarried. He entered the army in his sixteenth year as ensign; served in the Peninsula from Dec. 1812, to March, 1814, including the battle of Vittoria, assault and capture of San Sebastian, and battles of the Nive. He served also the campaign of 1815, including the battles of Quatre Bras and Waterloo, at the former of which he was severely wounded. For many years he commanded the 54th Regt. In 1855, the gallant officer was appointed colonel of the 96th Regt., from which he was removed in 1860, to the colonelcy of the 54th Regt.

At Court Henry, Carmarthenshire, aged 82, the Rev. George Wade Green, M.A.

At Oban, Argyllshire, Kenneth John, eldest son of the late Thomas Mackenzie, esq., of Applecross.

At Coggs Priory, Witney, the Rev. Aris Henry Nourse.

At Todmorden, from injuries received in a murderous attack on him a few days previously, the Rev. Anthony John Plow, vicar. He was the eldest son of the Rev. H. A. Plow, rector of Bradley, near Winchester, and was educated at Queen's Coll., Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1855; he was formerly curate of Staines, Middlesex, and subsequently of Wickham, near Winchester, Cosham, Hants, and St. James's, Rochdale, whence he was appointed to Todmorden by the vicar in 1864. He has left a widow to lament his loss.

In Florence, Lorenzo Niccolini, Marquis of Camugliano and Ponsacco, Chevalier de l'Ordre Piano.

March 13. At Bath, aged 68, Elizabeth, widow of the Rev. Henry Barry, rector of Draycot Cerne, and of Upton Scudamore.

March 15. At Torquay, the Very Rev. Robert Lee, D.D., Professor of Biblical Criticism in the University of Edinburgh. See OBITUARY.

At Bayswater, the Rev. John Jaques, late Head Master of the Collegiate School, Barbadoes.

At Ipswich, aged 67, the Rev. Charles Paglar, B.D., Chaplain of the East Suffolk Hospital.

At Rowden, Chippenham, Wilts, aged 82, Major James Shute, R.M.

The Very Rev. Canon O'Neal, Vicar-General of the Roman Catholic diocese of Westminster. The deceased, who was of Irish extraction, had been for many years one of the clergy of the Church of Our Lady, Grove-road, St. John's-wood. He was one of the leading men among the Roman Catholic clergy of the metropolis, and was much respected. His death was extremely sudden.

March 16. At Great Ilford, aged 71, Edmund Griffin, esq., solicitor.

At Lansdowne Hall, Torquay, aged 75, the Rev. T. Raven. He was educated at Corpus Christi Coll., Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1822, and proceeded M.A. in 1826, and was formerly incumbent of Trinity Church, Preston.

Lately. Aged 64, the Landgrave Chas. de Hesse Philipsthal. He was born in 1803, and in 1845 married the Duchess Maria of Wurtemberg.

In Paris, the Prince de Carini, formerly Ambassador of the ex-King of Naples at London and Berlin.

In the wilds of Ondoga, near Ovamba Land, bordering on the Portuguese territories, Mr. Charles J. Anderson, the well-known South African traveller. The deceased was the author of "Lake Ngami, or Discoveries in South-west Africa," and also of "The Okavango River: a Narrative of Travel." Some few years since Mr. Anderson, after many years of travel, settled in Damara Land, and became a cattle breeder on an extensive scale; but in an engagement with the Namaquas to recover a very large herd of cattle which had been stolen, he received a gunshot wound, which splintered the thigh bone, and rendered him a cripple for life. Notwithstanding this fact, this most energetic traveller, after staying some time at Cape Town for surgical aid, returned up the country, and, aided by some eminent zoologists in England, proposed to publish "An Illustrated Fauna of South-west Africa."—*Field.*

ERRATUM.—The Rev. R. H. Hill, who died Feb. 4 (see p. 403, *ante*), was educated at St. John's Coll., Cambridge (B.A. 1827), and *not* at Magdalen Coll., Oxford, as there stated; he held no preferment during his lifetime other than the vicarage of Britford, to which he was appointed in 1849. We may add that the Rev. R. H. Hill, D.C.L., with whom we confounded him, is a son of the deceased.

REGISTRAR-GENERAL'S RETURNS.
BIRTHS and DEATHS Registered, and METEOROLOGY in the following large Towns.

BOROUGH, &c.	Estimated Population in the middle of the year 1868.	Persons to an acre (1868).	Births registered during the week.	Deaths registered during the week.	TEMPERATURE OF THE AIR (Fahrenheit).				Rain-fall in inches.	Deaths registered during the week.	TEMPERATURE OF THE AIR (Fahrenheit).				Rain-fall in inches.
					Highest during the week.	Lowest during the week.	Weekly mean of the mean daily values.	Highest during the week.			Lowest during the week.	Weekly mean of the mean daily values.	Highest during the week.	Lowest during the week.	
FEBRUARY 15.															
Total of 11 large Towns.	5,922,998	47.8	4499	2771	52.2	22.0	42.2	0.09	2761	55.2	24.5	41.3	0.53		
London (Metropolis)	3,126,635	40.1	2352	1307	51.9	26.7	40.9	0.04	1336	55.2	29.4	42.4	0.16		
Bristol (City)	167,457	35.7	111	83	52.2	27.6	42.4	0.08	77	51.5	29.8	41.7	0.44		
Birmingham (Borough)	352,296	45.0	259	163	51.8	29.2	42.2	0.19	142	52.0	29.0	40.4	0.66		
Liverpool (Borough)	500,676	98.0	402	294	49.2	35.3	42.9	0.11	408	51.1	33.0	41.7	0.53		
Manchester (City)	366,835	81.8	276	233	50.6	25.8	41.4	0.14	242	53.3	27.0	39.7	0.61		
Salford (Borough)	117,162	22.7	86	49	49.4	25.0	42.1	0.14	102	50.5	27.1	40.3	0.70		
Leeds (Borough)	236,746	11.0	282	97	50.0	30.5	42.8	0.01	128	51.5	24.5	40.7	0.50		
Hull (Borough)	108,269	30.4	86	49	50.0	22.0	40.1	0.04	72	47	34.0	42.1	0.60		
Edinburgh (City)	177,039	40.0	118	89	49.7	31.0	43.1	0.10	142	50.7	33.2	43.5	0.64		
Glasgow (City)	449,868	88.9	370	249	51.7	33.2	44.2	0.06	328	54.8	33.2	43.5	0.64		
Dublin (City & some suburbs)	319,985	32.8	157	168	51.7	33.2	44.2	0.06	168	54.8	33.2	43.5	0.64		
FEBRUARY 20.															
Total of 11 large Towns.	5,922,998	47.8	4516	2814	61.7	32.5	47.2	0.47	2762	58.8	29.7	44.5	1.10		
London (Metropolis)	3,126,635	40.1	2334	1266	61.7	35.7	46.9	0.70	1331	57.6	34.6	45.9	0.13		
Bristol (City)	167,457	35.7	132	83	56.3	38.2	46.9	0.85	133	54.7	34.6	45.6	0.81		
Birmingham (Borough)	352,296	98.0	275	180	59.3	35.0	48.0	0.13	230	56.3	34.7	45.6	1.05		
Liverpool (Borough)	500,676	45.0	408	278	54.1	37.7	47.2	0.35	379	52.4	35.0	44.7	0.91		
Manchester (City)	366,835	81.8	311	223	60.2	33.0	47.2	0.65	293	53.0	33.0	44.5	1.08		
Salford (Borough)	117,162	22.7	80	63	56.5	34.3	47.0	0.70	88	52.5	32.0	43.7	1.75		
Leeds (Borough)	236,746	11.0	268	107	55.0	33.0	47.7	0.18	148	55.0	33.0	44.7	0.86		
Hull (Borough)	108,269	30.4	88	56	57.0	33.0	46.6	0.35	92	55.0	32.0	43.7	1.69		
Edinburgh (City)	177,039	40.0	99	105	54.7	33.0	47.4	0.30	115	52.7	32.0	42.4	0.80		
Glasgow (City)	449,868	88.9	358	283	58.6	33.5	47.0	0.72	366	53.0	29.7	42.9	1.81		
Dublin (City & some suburbs)	319,985	32.8	133	167	58.1	32.5	48.1	0.29	165	58.8	32.0	46.3	0.96		

METEOROLOGICAL DIARY, BY H. GOULD, late W. CARY, 181, STRAND.
From February 24, 1868, to March 23, 1868, inclusive.

Day of Month.	Thermometer.			Barom.	Weather.	Day of Month.	Thermometer.			Barom.	Weather.
	8 o'clock Morning.	Noon.	11 o'clock Night.				8 o'clock Morning.	Noon.	11 o'clock Night.		
Feb.	°	°	°	in. pts.		Mar.	°	°	°	in. pts.	
24	47	57	51	30. 12	rain, fair	10	42	53	41	29. 44	foggy, fr, sho.
25	49	61	49	30. 24	fair	11	45	55	46	29. 25	rn, clo., rn.
26	50	52	49	30. 18	do.	12	42	54	47	29. 61	fair, do., sho.
27	48	51	49	30. 05	cloudy	13	52	56	53	30. 07	rain, fair, clo.
28	46	56	47	29. 73	fair	14	49	53	49	30. 15	s. rn, clo., rn.
29	47	50	43	29. 37	clo., heavy rn.	15	41	53	44	30. 12	foggy, fair
M. 1	39	47	47	29. 88	fair, cloudy	16	46	52	40	29. 94	fair, cloudy
2	49	53	50	29. 95	gloomy	17	46	53	40	29. 87	rn., do., sl. rn.
3	51	53	47	30. 12	rain	18	41	49	43	30. 14	fair
4	51	56	50	30. 02	cloudy	19	43	50	41	29. 82	rain, cloudy
5	51	53	43	30. 96	rain	20	40	49	47	29. 83	cloudy, rain
6	40	43	42	30. 72	fr. clo. hy. sh.	21	49	57	50	29. 93	rain, cloudy
7	40	51	50	30. 55	clo., hvy. rn.	22	48	54	48	29. 83	cloudy, sho.
8	42	46	41	30. 12	rain, hail, fair	23	43	45	39	29. 72	do., rain, hail
9	37	47	43	29. 96	fair						

DAILY CLOSING PRICE OF STOCKS.

Feb. and Mar.	3 per Cent. Consols.	3 per Cent. Reduced.	New 3 per Cents.	Bank Stock.	Exch. Bills £1,000.	East India Stock.	India Bonds £1,000.	India 5 per Cent. St.
Feb.								
23	93 $\frac{1}{8}$	92 $\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{1}{2}$	93 $\frac{3}{8}$ $\frac{1}{2}$	248 250	12 17 pm.	Shut.	35 40 pm.	111 $\frac{3}{4}$ 12 $\frac{1}{4}$
24	92 $\frac{7}{8}$ 93	33 38 pm.	...
25	93 $\frac{1}{8}$	249 251	35 40 pm.	112 12 $\frac{1}{4}$
26	93 $\frac{1}{8}$	93 $\frac{3}{8}$ $\frac{5}{8}$	93 $\frac{1}{8}$ $\frac{5}{8}$	38 pm.	...
27	93 $\frac{1}{8}$	93 $\frac{3}{8}$ $\frac{5}{8}$	93 $\frac{1}{8}$ $\frac{5}{8}$...	11 16 pm.	112 12 $\frac{1}{2}$
28	...	93 $\frac{3}{8}$ $\frac{5}{8}$	93 $\frac{3}{8}$ $\frac{5}{8}$...	11 15 pm.
29	...	91 $\frac{7}{8}$	91 $\frac{7}{8}$ 92
M. 2	...	92 92 $\frac{1}{8}$	92 92 $\frac{1}{8}$
3	10 15 pm.	112 $\frac{1}{4}$ $\frac{3}{4}$
4	93 $\frac{1}{8}$	91 $\frac{7}{8}$ 2	91 $\frac{7}{8}$ 2	33 38 pm.	112 13 $\frac{1}{4}$
5	...	92 92 $\frac{1}{8}$	92 92 $\frac{1}{8}$	30 35 pm.	113 13 $\frac{1}{8}$ $\frac{3}{4}$
6	93 $\frac{1}{8}$	91 $\frac{7}{8}$ 92 $\frac{1}{8}$	91 $\frac{7}{8}$ 92 $\frac{1}{8}$	113 $\frac{1}{4}$ $\frac{3}{4}$
7	93 $\frac{1}{8}$	92	92
9	93 $\frac{1}{8}$	114 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{4}$
10	93 $\frac{1}{8}$	9 14 pm.	114 $\frac{1}{4}$ $\frac{3}{4}$
11	93 $\frac{1}{8}$	11 16 pm.	114 $\frac{1}{2}$ 15
12
13	92 $\frac{3}{4}$ 93	91 $\frac{7}{8}$ 92	91 $\frac{7}{8}$ 92	...	10 15 pm.	114 $\frac{1}{4}$ $\frac{3}{4}$
14	93 $\frac{1}{8}$	249 250
16	249 251
17	11 16 pm.	114 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$
18	93 $\frac{1}{4}$ $\frac{3}{8}$	92 $\frac{1}{8}$ $\frac{1}{4}$	92 $\frac{1}{8}$ $\frac{1}{4}$...	10 15 pm.	...	28 33 pm.	...
19	93 $\frac{1}{8}$ $\frac{1}{4}$	92	92	shut.	11 16 p.m.
20	93 $\frac{1}{8}$ $\frac{1}{4}$	91 $\frac{7}{8}$ 92	91 $\frac{7}{8}$ 92
21	93 $\frac{1}{8}$ $\frac{1}{4}$
23	93 $\frac{1}{8}$

J. B. HEWITT,
3, Crown Court,
Threadneedle Street.

THE
Gentleman's Magazine

AND
HISTORICAL REVIEW.

MAY, 1868.

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BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENT.

The Editor has reason to hope for a continuance of the useful and valuable aid which his predecessors have received from correspondents in all parts of the country ; and he trusts that they will further the object of the New Series, by extending, as much as possible, the subjects of their communications : remembering that his pages will be always open to well-selected inquiries and replies on matters connected with Genealogy, Heraldry, Topography, History, Biography, Philology, Folk-lore, Art, Science, Books, and General Literature.

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Another subscriber wants THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE for 1769. He also requires the title-page for the year 1771, the last leaf of Index of Names for 1766, the latter part of Index to Essays for 1770, the Index of Names for the same volume, and the parts for December, 1833, and January, 1834.

S. U.

The Gentleman's Magazine

AND

HISTORICAL REVIEW.

Auspice Musá.—*Hor.*

MADMOISELLE MATHILDE.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER LVI.

THE PRISON MICE.



WITH the exception of this one letter from her father, the silence was unbroken. No news ever reached her from without. Ill-guarded as the prisons were, it was extremely difficult to get news into them. News did get into the Abbaye, or rather rumour, with regard to which St. Meard told her that he hardly believed one word.

He was her constant friend and companion; he went about for her like a dog; he talked with her about André Desilles, Louis de Valognes, and all the old times, till he really made her happy. She told him the state of affairs between Sir Lionel Somers and herself, and he comforted her about him, laughing her fears to scorn. He had only been arrested for his papers, and would be in Paris immediately. She also was as good as a naturalised British subject, and Sir Lionel would no doubt demand, in case of emergency, her release from the British Ambassador. There was really nothing to trouble oneself about.

It was a pity he fell in love with her. But he did, like the others. Mathilde said that, in case of any disagreement, she should appeal to her old friend, M. Marat; and remained tranquil.

As for her, she made a world—a very little one, certainly—where-

ever she went; and she made a little world now. Her world consisted of the two sisters who lived with her, and who suited her utterly. The elder sister, she said, was herself, but more beautiful and more courageous: the younger sister was Adèle, but even more beautiful and very much more helpless. She told all this to Journiac de St. Meard, who understood her; and also, in her odd way, to William, who understood her also.

The elder sister implored her not to let the younger one know of the ruin which had befallen their house; and Mathilde only said,—

“My love, I must judge for myself—people do not die of ill news.”

But the younger sister got in her fits of *ennui*, from laying her bright head on her sister's lap, to lay it on Mathilde's; and she said once, in the time which passed,—

“I am *ennuyée*, thou crooked old, who hobblest in thy walk, and hast the face of an angel. Tell me a tale. My squirrel is dead in his cage, my bird is dead on his perch, and our father and mother have forgotten us and left us here. Therefore tell me a tale, thou old.”

It was not much in our downright Mathilde's line, but she struck off at once, thinking that she saw her way to good. I doubt that she was darning her own stockings, when she told her first story to the glorious beauty who was lying in her lap.

Mathilde, as a precise religionist, only could tell a “bon Dieu” story. She did not wish to begin in this fashion with the girl, and so she told her the least “bon Dieu” story she knew—a Teutonic story; will you find me its equal? Such English as know it, call it the story of “Dick and Doll.”

“Dick and Doll got on very well until they got married, but after that they quarrelled so dreadfully that they agreed to part for ever; and so Dick went east and Doll went west, and they were to meet never more.

“Dick made a terrible mess of it, but Doll made a worse. Every misfortune which could happen to man, happened to Dick. As for Doll, as the weaker vessel, she was worse off than Dick.

“But the earth being round—if one person walks east and the other west, they will be sure to meet. So Dick, in the midday midnight of the antipodes, heard Doll blundering along among the *Hakeas*, *Grevilleas* and *Eucalyptus dumosa*.

“Is that you, Doll?” he said.

“And she said, ‘Is that you, Dick?’”

“And they both agreed that they had made fools of themselves, and went quietly home together, to part nevermore.”

That was Mathilde’s first story to the golden head in the Abbaye.

“That is a curious story, you quaint woman,” said golden hair. “But I do not believe it. I shall quarrel with him when I am married, but he will never leave me; and if he leaves me, why, instead of going away from him, I should run after him, and kneel at his feet. She was an imbecile, that Doll of yours. Suppose they had missed one another in the dark. Thou hast a lover thyself; wouldst thou not follow him?”

So Mathilde’s first story was utterly unsuccessful in bringing the poor girl to a sense of her position. She merely turned her from thinking about her squirrel and her canary to thinking about her lover. Where he was, what he was doing, whether her father would let them marry as soon as they went home, and so on. She was more hopeless than Adèle, for Adèle had seen the black walls of her father’s château, and had looked on the revolution. This poor child had not.

It is with no object of theatrical sentimentality, that I say here that I dislike writing down what follows, and am sorry that more than fifteen months ago I committed myself to doing so, and began this story. It is merely the plain truth; as the story itself is true. It is not I who have made this story; it was told me one happy holiday at St. Malo.

Mathilde, watching the face of her good friend Journiac de St. Meard, saw it grow more anxious day by day. She asked him at last, “Was there news?”

“There is no news, but only a steadily growing terror among the best informed. There is nothing tangible. Have you really interest with Marat?”

“He would do anything for me,” said Mathilde. “But do you see, representing as I do my sister here, I cannot move in any way. And besides, I have promised my father.”

“But your sister is two hundred miles away.”

“On the discovery of their mistake she would be at once arrested. I shall do nothing without orders from my father.”

"He will be puzzled to get his orders to you. The wicket is swarming with patriots inside. There is frightful mischief abroad of some kind. As for me, I am a dead man."

"What makes you think so?" asked Mathilde.

"Talk in English," he replied; "and, William, you come here and listen. You remember the affair of Nanci, when our André Desilles was shot."

"Could one forget?" said Mathilde.

"Who shot him?"

"Who can say?"

"Moi qui parle—I had it from some of my poor Château Vieux, —Sergeant Barbot. Ha! William, your eyes brighten. You know him, then. *Ten minutes ago that man was in the bureau downstairs.* He has come after me."

"But," said Mathilde, "you behaved so gently there. It is quite as likely that he is come after me, or after William. He hates us both, I know."

William practically suggested that he had come after all three; which was probably the truth.

"But what can he do, sir?"

"Nothing which I am aware of," said Journiac de St. Meard. "But it means mischief. My dear Mademoiselle Mathilde, we know nothing, and fear everything. For my part, from all I can gather, I fear the very worst."

Mathilde pondered with herself after this, as to how she was to renew her effort to make the pretty child—the younger sister—understand her situation. She thought she would try another story; and this one was, as was generally the case with her efforts, a worse attempt than the first. She was not the first one who tried her hand at symbolic fiction and failed. Yet she did her best. The next time the poor innocent thing laid her head in Mathilde's lap, and asked for a story, she was ready.

"Whenever the Bon Dieu walks out in his garden, which is Paradise, you know, he gathers flowers, in the cool of the day; and he always gathers the newest; for there are hundreds of new flowers blooming in his garden, every day, for all eternity.

"And once, I do not say whether in the past or the future, as the Bon Dieu walked in the garden with Mary, lo! there were two new

lilies blowing. One was a golden martagan, and the other was pure and white, as are the lilies of the blessed Saint Joseph.

“And Mary speaking, said: ‘Here is one of his true lilies, and I will gather it and put it in my bosom.’

“And the Bon Dieu said: ‘And I will take this golden-headed martagan.’

“And Mary said to the white lily: ‘My child, thou art paler than Joseph’s palest lilies; why is it, then?’

“And the lily said: ‘Because my sister, the golden martagan, is angry with me here in Paradise, that I kept things from her.’

“And the Bon Dieu said to the golden-headed martagan: ‘My child, thou art redder than the passionate rose, and thy petals are curled back as if in anger. Why is this, my beautiful lily? Here there is only to be peace, calm, and love for evermore.’

“And the golden martagan answered the Bon Dieu, and she said: ‘I am angry with my sister that she kept things from me. The people down there have burnt our castle, have killed my squirrel, have ruined my flowers, have put in prison my father and mother, and she kept it all from me, through her love for me and her anxiety to spare me pain, until we came here, where mourning is forbidden for ever, and tears washed from all eyes. So I am angry with my sister that she did not let me mourn for my mother.’

“Then Mary beckoned to them, and they came to a rose tree, on which was a white rose and a red. And the white lily and the golden lily knew the roses, and laughed with joy, for they were their father and mother. And the Bon Dieu and Mary gathered them and tied them with the two lilies, and carried them, smiling, up and up——”

“Whither?” said the beautiful girl on Mathilde’s lap.

“Whither?” said Mathilde, after a pause. And then after a longer pause, she broke out suddenly, quickly, and almost incoherently, as she sometimes, though very seldom, did:—

“Martin! Lionel! Father! Adèle! is it to be never more? Why do you leave me here alone?”

You see that the foolish girl had worked herself into a state bordering on the hysterical, in pondering over the chances of seeing those she loved very deeply, again, and in telling this foolish story. As her father often told her, she had a very ill-regulated mind. I think, myself, that she is to be pitied more than blamed.

She had, however, done what she intended to do, as was usual with her ; but also, as usual, in a somewhat too emphatic way. The poor beauty's head lay on her lap, very silent, and very pale.

"What do you think of that story, my love ?" said Mathilde.

"I understand it," was all the girl said.

The fat and vulgar Comtesse D'Aurillac had her eye on these two. She left her thin sister of the cloister, and sailed towards them.

"Is mademoiselle ill ?" she asked.

"No," said the girl, quietly. "I have only heard news."

"From whence, then ? And you, Madame La Marquise," to Mathilde, "you made a sudden exclamation just now, and invoked names. Is there anything imminent ? For I have neglected my religion,—I,—and would be glad to be ready."

"The news I have told is old news, Madame D'Aurillac," said Mathilde. And the Comtesse D'Aurillac waddled back to her sister, and having seen to her knitting, sat down again, with her hands on her fat stomach, and vilipended the community.

But the girl said not one word. Henceforth she was nearly dumb, but perfectly obedient.

The elder sister stopped Mathilde as they were going to bed, and said, "Have you told her ?"

"Yes, in a way."

"How does she stand it ?"

"I do not know ; she will not speak."

When they were all in bed, and the light put out, the voice of the younger sister was heard.

"Mathilde, thou knowest. Are our father and mother dead ?"

"I think not," said Mathilde.

"But about me, the poor, red martagan," whined the girl. "Mary may surely pluck me as a white lily, and not as a red. For I have no anger towards my sister because she in her love kept from me the ruin of our house, which thou hast told."

Enough of this, you say, and I say "enough" also. Yet you must please to remember that I am doing a task to the best of my ability. And I think that if you will, in imagination, surround yourself with an *entourage* of pious and half-pious Roman Catholic women, in a time of Revolution, you will arrive very much at the above results. These results may be good, bad, or indifferent, according to the reader's opinion ; but I think that they would be very much like these.

Until the end, the poor girl remained silent. She took Mathilde's foolish allegory for the truth ; and until the time when Journiac de St. Meard went on an errand of inquiry down the stairs and found that she and her sister were gone, she spoke no more. Once or twice she talked about her squirrel, and regretted his neglect ; but of coherent talk there was none to be got from her. The wave of the Revolution had burst over her and stunned her. It was well for Mathilde and her sister that it was so. They had something weaker than themselves to protect.

William the Silent, with his rat-catching cunning, caught a little mouse, which in its hunger he tamed, and gave to the bright-headed beauty. And it pleased her, and she lay on the stone bench, with her head now on her sister's lap, now on Mathilde's, playing with her little mouse, until Paris was in white hot wrath, and Brunswick over the frontiers.

CHAPTER LVII.

“ BUT DANTON HE HAS SLEPT.”

THE weather was as white, and hot, and fierce, as were the Parisians, and the smell which Mr. Dickens, in his “Tale of Two Cities,” calls “the smell of imprisoned sleep,” was hot and heavy. Yet there came no change. The elder sister sewed, and the younger sister played with her mouse. The Comtesse D'Aurillac sat and glowered with her hands on her stomach, from time to time patiently taking up the stitches in her sister's knitting. The men of the imprisoned party were as polite, and the main part of the women as frivolous as ever ; but there was no sign of a change.

Prisoners behind narrow-barred windows in a street, have little opportunity for seeing the thunderstorm which is to crash into their prison, and burst their bonds, thrust up its cumulus above the horizon.

These poor people in the Abbaye did not really *believe* that anything violent or sudden would happen. They certainly said all day that their lives were in danger, and that they would lay them down at any moment ; but few of them actually believed it. I should fancy (who can know?) that the only man in the Abbaye who knew the danger was Journiac de St. Meard, who had looked on the Revolution and had wept in his French way over the stark body of André Desilles.

Then came a day as all days come—a day which makes itself a day for a whole life. The boat goes down the river, and a dripping, frightened man comes back and tells of the disaster. The horse goes out, and there comes back a terrified groom. The carriage goes out, and the footman comes back white with horror. These supreme days come in the midst of the most carefully tended luxuriousness, in accidents, in paralytic strokes, and such matters. Death marches in, triumphant, over Luxury at all times.

If in times of perfect luxury and perfect peace such days come on us suddenly and swiftly, ruining or altering the current of lives, it is not to be thought violent or extraordinary that such a day should come upon our three watchers in prison in a time of Revolution.

There are, I think, few of our readers who have not seen such a day: a day when death or extreme danger comes to the door, and when it is necessary not only to think but to act. The supreme day came to Journiac de St. Meard, to Mathilde, and to William, in this manner.

At twelve o'clock Mathilde was sitting in the little room which she possessed with the two sisters, when Journiac de St. Meard, with William the Silent, came to the door and called her out. When she went out to them they motioned to her to shut the door behind her. When she looked on their faces she saw danger, if not disaster. She was used to men, and she knew the look which comes on the face of brave men when there is danger abroad. They were both, Frenchman and Englishman, perfectly calm, but very pale. St. Meard had his hand on the shoulder of the English groom, and was the spokesman.

“Mademoiselle Mathilde, there is serious trouble.”

“I read that in your faces. Can you trust me with the extent of it?”

“Can you trust yourself to our guidance?”

“Most heartily,” said Mathilde. “I always want guidance, you know.”

“Then come with us,” said St. Meard. And Mathilde went quietly and willingly.

They took her up a corridor to a bench at the end; and they all three sat down in a row.

“Well,” said Mathilde, “I am going to be perfectly obedient, and perfectly submissive, for I know you two, and you are good. How much are you going to tell me?”

“Not much. This much, however. There is being made a partition of prisoners, and there should be no confusion.”

“You mean, I see, that the two sisters are to be removed; and that you think that I had better not take leave of them.”

“That is the case exactly,” said St. Meard. “Do not trouble yourself to take leave of them. They are going to liberty. Do not take leave of them.”

“Why?” said Mathilde.

Of all the whys ever uttered, this must have been one of the most difficult to answer. St. Meard only said,—

“You will meet them again; and your seeing them now would give rise to complications.”

And Mathilde said,—

“I am content, as I always was. I trust you two.”

And after that she sat on the stone bench and talked, first only *causeries*.

“I hope that that foolish and fat old Comtesse D’Aurillac will be put in the same prison with her good sister. That old woman of the cloister, her sister, would die if she were separated from her now. I hope, also, that they will not separate my two sisters, for they are as necessary to one another as are those two old women. For me, with my secret kept, *I* am safe. I hold but one life in my hands; for Lionel will mourn, but will not die.”

William went away, and she was left alone, sitting wearily on the stone bench, with Journiac de St. Meard walking up and down before her.

“St. Meard,” she said, boldly, “I see two things, very plainly.”

“And what are those, Mademoiselle?”

“I see, first,” said she, “that you admire me—that you love me!”

“It is true.”

“I love you also. I love you very deeply. But that part of a woman’s heart which is given to sentimental love will never be yours. It is given to an Englishman, Sir Lionel Somers, quite beyond recall.”

He bowed and said,—

“I always supposed this. I was prepared for it. Yet I may minister to you?”

She said only, “Yes.”

“May I ask,” said St. Meard, “what is the second thing which you have seen in my face?”

“Death!” she said. “I have looked on death more than once, and I saw it in your eyes when you brought me here to this stone bench; I also saw it in the eyes of my poor old groom, William. Tell me, are my pretty sisters killed?”

Such a dreadfully downright woman, this Mathilde of ours, forcing even Journiac to lie; for he said,—

“I suspect that they have been ordered to the Conciergerie.”

William came back, and told her that she could go to her room again now. And she went to her room; but the sisters were not there.

And she never saw them again—nevermore! Theologians, doctrinaire-radicals, all of you; will you, any of you, answer me one simple question,—“Shall we meet the loved ones in future state?” Answer, “We don’t know.” Why, Mathilde’s friend, the Primitive Methodist, Evans, doubted on the subject!

CHAPTER LVIII.

ADIEU.

WILLIAM and Journiac had been, with a crowd of other prisoners, looking out of the window at the often described September assassinations: about which we will say as little as possible. I would not have wished to come to them, but the St. Malo story brings me here, and I must go on. These two strangely-contrasted men—the dandy brave French soldier and the stolid English groom—had been watching this horrible affair from the same window.

The women had been kept from that window; but the men had crowded round it, and had watched one fall after another. There had been a strange discussion among them as to how they should act when their turn came. It was agreed, after the witnessing of many examples, that the difficulty of dying was only increased by trying to defend your head, and that the best way was to walk slowly, and put your hands behind your back.^a

^a Text to “Tableaux Historiques,” tableau soixante-deuxième, confirmed again by Lamartine. Lamartine’s “History of the Girondists” may be vague, foolish, and bombastic in part; but for mere *causeries* about the Revolution and revolutionary characters, there is, as far as I am aware, no book like his. For his authorities I am not, of course, answerable. He is an historian; I a writer of fiction, as correct as I can make it. Yet M. Lamartine must have talked familiarly, at a mature age, with many of the men concerned in these affairs; and, considering the position he once held, must know as much about them as another.

“ You see Barbot, down there ? ” said St. Meard.

William saw him, and saw something else also. Saw, for instance, that the assassins, backed by a very slight crowd, were mainly on the right of the door ; and that on the left of the door there were comparatively few of them. He saw also that a door was in the extreme left of the building, and that from time to time people came round the corner of the building, under the pepper-box turret, and either ran swiftly across the street, or turned back with shrieks (perhaps Dr. Moore was one of them). He pointed this out to St. Meard, and asked him if there was a “ right of way ” round the corner.

When St. Meard understood him he answered, “ Yes. That he knew the place well. It was the *Allée des pas perdus*, and at the end were two turnings ; to the right you found yourself in the *cul-de-sac* of the *Allée d'Enfer*, to the left you went straight into the *Rue de la Bonne Saluté*.” Which William remembered.

This young man also remembered about a certain rowing or scolding which he had got from D'Isigny one time. There had been a prize-fight in the Stour Valley, and that good-for-nothing old Martin, the poacher, had tempted William from his allegiance to go and see it. This prize-fight had ended suddenly and fatally by a blow on the jugular vein ; at which D'Isigny had rejoiced, because it had not only enabled him to point his moral against William more venomously, but had enabled him to bully Mathilde as an open encourager of assassins, instancing old Martin and Marat as two cases in point. This prize-fight came into William's head now ; but he said nothing.

After a time they went back to Mathilde's door. They knocked, and she told them in a calm, clear voice to come in. She had just risen from her knees, and had Lady Somers' missal before her.

“ My dear friends,” she said, “ will they come for me to-night ? Do you think I might go to bed ? ”

St. Meard, seeing her noble and beautiful face set so coolly and so calmly, took a sudden resolution, like a Frenchman.

“ Mademoiselle, no ! ”

“ May I know what is happening ? ”

“ Mademoiselle, yes. They are assassinating the prisoners. I have some dim hopes that I can plead successfully for my life, in consequence of my behaviour at Nanci when your cousin, André Desilles, was killed. This young man, from his absolute innocence,

may escape ; but it is doubtful. You, in your assumed character as Marquise de Valognes, must inevitably die."

"I promised my father that I would die mute, and I will die mute," said Mathilde.

"Mademoiselle, listen to me again. I am Provençal, and one of the jailors is my friend, for I speak his language. I know more than another. I know this. Danton and the secret Committee of the Commune have, through Marat, been removing prisoners to save them from this danger. You have not been removed, because Marat thinks that you are your sister ; Marat has saved many on his own responsibility, and even now, if you declare yourself, he could save you.^b You are provided with witnesses to your identity—this young man, myself, and my Provençal, who would swear, if I told him, that the devil went to mass and drunk nothing stronger than holy water. We would answer for the fact that you are not the Marquise de Valognes, who is suspected of being carrier-pigeon between Brittany and Coblenz, but her innocent sister, who has been living quietly in England."

"That is all very well," said Mathilde ; "but you do not consider my sister."

"She is perfectly safe," said St. Meard.

"Indeed she is not. I came here to France to fulfil a promise to my father, and I shall fulfil it."

St. Meard knelt at her feet.

"I implore you, Mademoiselle, to listen to reason."

"You have no right to kneel to me, M. St. Meard. I am *fiancée* to Sir Lionel Somers."

"I will betray you," said St. Meard, rising furiously.

"You will not do so. In the first place, you gave me your honour as a gentleman that you would do nothing of the kind ; in the second place, no one would believe you."

He argued again and again, and William in his way argued also. But she said, first and last, "You weary me, you two. I promised my father." And so after a time they sat still, and saw her pray.

At last she said, "Here they come ;" and they came. The door was partly open, and the first person who entered was a large dog,^c who went to the water pitcher, and lapped. Then came four men

^b This mercy of Marat's, individually, rests, as far as I am concerned, on the authority of Lamartine. I believe in it myself.

^c Tableaux Historiques, *passim*.

in slouched hats (like broad-leaved wideawakes), and then a neat man in breeches and a cutaway coat, and the cocked hat with which we are all familiar in the pictures of Napoleon.^d

“The woman calling herself the Marquise de Valognes?” said the well-dressed man.

“I am she,” said old Mathilde.

“Follow.”

And she followed, and St. Meard and William followed also; but on the stairs there was a difficulty. Mathilde turned to St. Meard.

“This missal,” she said; “may he have it, to give to my sister?”

“It is a case for the tribunal,” said the well-dressed man; “we know of no missals.”

The night was late when they got downstairs into the main passage or hall which led to the street. What need is there to describe here? You may see the scene for yourselves in many books, among others in Knight’s “Popular History of England.” A table with ruffians, guards with pikes, brandy-bottles on the side-table. The president, the awful “man in grey,” who strangely turns out to be no other than our old acquaintance “Huissier” Maillard, interrogated her.

“You are the *soi-disante* Marquise de Valognes?”

“I am the *soi-disante* Marquise de Valognes,” she answered, firmly; and thought, “I shall not die with a lie on my lips, after all.”

“You are accused of plotting at that hell on earth, Montauban, against the nation. You are accused of carrying news from Brittany to Coblenz. There is enough against you to destroy a hundred, for the nation is angry. It is accused against you that you, your lover, the Englishman there, and that she-wolf, your mother, have been conspiring with *émigrés* at Coblenz. What have you to say?”

“That you lie,” said Mathilde, pale with fury and scorn.

They told her to stand back, and she turned towards William, and slightly shivered, for William had done a strange thing, to her inex-

^d Official dress makes sudden and singular pauses. Look at our own court dress. Look at our own evening dress. Look at the dress of the first costumed reception of the Directory, which is that of Louis Quatorze. “Sartor resartus” with a vengeance! The imperially beautiful dress of the first Napoleon at his coronation seems to have been a creation of French genius. In my ignorance I know of no precedent for it.

plicable. I beg your pardon for telling you these things, but I have begun, and must perforce finish.

William stood before her, with nothing on him but his breeches, his stockings, and his shirt. A loose-mouthed patriot, Jean Bon, who had once guided her father to Marat, remarked,—

“*Le citoyen se dérobe.*”

“*Malbrook s'en va-t-en guerre,*” said Mathilde, which did her no good.

“William,” she said, “why have you taken off your clothes?”

“It is so hard to die like this.”

“I have died before now,” she said, and turned to the table, for they called her.

“*A La Force!*”

“I am the friend of the people: I am the friend of Marat; but I cannot make my case good, and so—see, you men, I forgive you all.”

“I will compromise you by no messages,” said Mathilde; “but if you live to see any one whom I loved, tell them I love them still.”

So she went down the steps, carrying her missal, and entering the dark passage was lost to sight.

St. Meard was at William's shoulder as she went. William was for following her, but St. Meard pointed out to him the utter uselessness of the attempt.

“They have spared many,” he said. “They will surely spare her. Reassure yourself.”

“I shall bolt,” said William. “I believe that I can get away by the left. They will not harm her, and if I can get hold of her father and Marat, we shall, as you say, be safe. Will they kill me?”

“I should think that you would be condemned. I fancy you have no chance.”

“Then good-bye, sir, and many thanks for kindnesses past. There is my name.”

William silently stepped up to the table. Of the “pleadings” he understood not one word. He was accused of being the lover of Mathilde; but he knew nothing of what they said, and cared less. He understood in some measure the words they said to him, for they were the same as they had said to Mathilde—“*A La Force!*” He turned to follow her down the steps.

The winner of some great boat-races who had the reputation of

being a cool and rapid starter, once told me that he frequently felt so nervous before the start that he feared to fall out of his boat, but that the instant his body began to move his terror was gone. It was so with William ; he had been trembling slightly, but the instant he turned from the table his terror was gone.

He was by no means an athlete, only an ordinarily well-made young man of active habit and great physical courage ; but now he possessed the concentrated fury and the concentrated strength of ten men.¹ As he stepped swiftly, lightly, and silently as a leopard down the steps towards the passage, he felt the muscles of his arms tighten and harden under the excitement. With a bound like a young lion he was out into the light, and had made his dash towards the left.

His old friend Barbot had heard that he was coming, and begged his fellow-conspirators to leave this young man to him. When William bounded out so swiftly, he was before him with upraised bludgeon, but it never descended on William's head. Nerved by despair and hope, with immense dexterity and vigour, William dashed at Barbot, and struck him with all his force a round-handed blow under his right ear : he stumbled over him as he fell, and cried, in his agony, "Dear God !" But his legs kept under him, and before the astonished assassins could close upon him, he had sped away into the darkness of the autumn night.

Journiac de St. Meard's agony and acquittal are matters of history. His escort of three, bringing him out at the door, were attracted by a group bending over something which lay close to the threshold. "What is it, then ?" they asked. "It is the patriot Barbot," they said. "He has been struck by the *coup de poing* of a young Englishman, and he is dead."

"And the young man ?" asked St. Meard.

"He has escaped," they said.

"And saved my life," thought he. "I would not have given much for it if Barbot had not been killed. My friends," he said aloud, "lead me, for I am going to shut my eyes. One lies here, I doubt, whom I loved."

And so they led him with his eyes shut, and when he was released he said "Good-night," and walked away, thinking of André Desilles, Mathilde, and of many things.

CHAPTER LIX.

MADAME'S JOURNEY.

ADELE was quietly spinning out her life with her aunt, the Lady Superior, the nuns, and the baby, at Montauban. There was little danger there; the peasants around were loyal, not to say dangerous, to the Revolution. The Commune of Paris believed they had got her, and would probably leave matters quiet: and so Madame D'Isigny had followed Mathilde to Paris.

"I will see," she said to the Lady Superior, "if I can do anything with that husband of mine. He is *répandu* with many of these revolutionists. You and Adèle are far too contemptible and insignificant to be troubled, now they believe they have got the real Marquise—I beg your pardon, sister; I cannot always control my tongue."

The Lady Superior begged she would not mention it.

"You are kind and good now: let your tongue march, my dear."

"And I am doing no good here," said Madame, after a pause. "I am only bringing danger on the house. I shall go to Paris, and act with my husband. I shall do more there than here."

"Into the lion's jaws, my sister."

"Yes. I do not want to be caught like a rat in a hole. There are many as declared as I in Paris. I can make my tongue heard in Paris, if the worst comes to the worst. And it is a sharp one, as thou knowest, my kind and good sister."

The Lady Superior wept feebly—the recollections of a dreadful day at La Garaye came upon her.

"Yes, I will go. Though Mathilde is perfectly safe, for Marat would risk his life for her, yet my good husband, your good brother, is such an extremely wrong-headed fool that he may disarrange matters. Charette will see to you; you will do very well. Mathilde is the finest member of this family, and wants a better head than her father's to see to her."

"And oh!" said the Lady Superior, "if such a thing could occur as a reconciliation between you and my brother, I would pray——"

"The imbecility of you women of the cloister is one of the things which is ruining Christianity," said Madame. "Get up, and do not

be foolish. If I meant to murder him I should not go to Paris to seek him. Get up."

So she departed for Paris "to seek him," revolving many things by the way.

What a handsome young fellow he was when he first came courting her, thirty years ago, in the old youthful days. There was a high-toned precision in his very gallantry, which had taken her fancy at once. Barbara Morton, now Lady Somers, would have had him, though she was ten years older than he, being thirty, if she was a day, but she could not. Yes; he was a generous young fellow then; what a pity they had quarrelled.

"Why had they quarrelled?" Madame asked herself. They were too much alike. Neither would yield, she thought. She was furious, he inexorably and detestably calm. "If he had yielded on any one occasion, we might have done well; but I saw my intellect to be superior to his, and he never yielded once. If he had done it only once! Isidore, there are worse men than you. Why had not I called him Isidore sooner? I suppose because he never would call *me* by my Christian name. The inexorable!

"If he would yield to me now, in any one point. Let me tell myself the truth, as I have always told it to others; for I am getting old, and am weary of isolation. If I could get him and Mathilde, Adèle might have her De Valognes, my sister-in-law her nuns, Father Martin his psalm-singing; but I should be content.

"I wonder if I can win him back? He is a dangerous and *difficile* man, and must make the first advance. I shall be old and all alone soon, for Adèle and her sister, the nun, are absolutely intolerable. And I have my temper more under control."

At this point the carriage stopped, and the door was opened.

"Madame will alight," said a man with a grey moustache, in a rather dirty blue uniform.

"And why, then, inconceivable pig?" said Madame, suddenly infuriated at having her more sentimental meditations interrupted. "Do ladies of my position alight to the bidding of such as you?"

"Fortunately or unfortunately, yes, Madame. I must inspect your papers."

"They are signed by one of you," said Madame, in a loud voice. "By old Hebert, Maire of Dinan; a rascal whom I have fought for twenty long years for giving short weights to the poor, but whom

I have never yet got convicted, in consequence of the unutterable cowardice of the territorial aristocracy. This rascal, short-weight *épiciér*, has turned to the Revolution now. He has signed my papers. They are good enough, I should think, to let a lady pass such as you."

The grey moustache did not laugh outwardly, but Madame must alight.

She alighted with a vengeance.

"Now, then," she said, in English.

"What is the object of Madame's journey to Paris!"

"Is it in the slightest degree likely that I should tell you the truth?"

"Most unlikely, Madame; but it is one of the questions which we are obliged to ask."

"Which shows the outrageous imbecility of the whole affair," said she. "See I will tell you the truth, then, you. I go to Paris to assist in a royalist plot; what do you think of that?"

"That Madame amuses herself, Madame is patriot, by her denunciation of the Maire of Dinan."

"A better one than you."

"Madame can proceed."

"Thank you much," said Madame, in English, *sotto voce*. "I should like to have seen the man of you who could have stopped me. I would have had Charrette on you in twenty-four hours. What place is this then?"

"Alençon."

When she was safely in her carriage again, she pondered.

"Alençon! I must keep my temper in better order. I have been near ruin—I am out of my bounds. Alas! my poor tongue, it has never done any good."

"This," as she thought herself, "does not look like a reconciliation with D'Isigny. Yet," she thought once more, during the last stage into Paris, "I am after all a little afraid of him, and I am not afraid of these dogs. That may make me keep my tongue in order towards *him*." And so she went on.

Now what was D'Isigny doing?

I cannot say that D'Isigny was a conspirator on either side. No decent conspirator would have had anything to do with him. To be a conspirator you must learn the art of lying with a clear bold brow and an honest eye. Now D'Isigny had a clear bold brow and an honest eye (which eye, however, refused to meet

yours, if he did not like the look of you, like many another honest man's), but in the habit of lying he was as deficient as his wife. In consequence of which inability for verbal lying, D'Isigny's contribution to the great French Revolution was going up and down Paris fuming and contradicting, offending all, conciliating none, and doing nothing.

Lady Somers once said that he was false. So he was; for he trimmed from day to day; and he ordered Mathilde, his daughter and slave, to continue a deceit which he in his own person would have repudiated. Again, as in the old case at Sheepsden, with Sir Lionel Somers, he would adopt a lie for a time, though he would never originate one.

And his wife, the fury, so singularly like him in her morality, but miles above him in intellect and in determination, was coming after him through the long dull roads.

I know of what I speak, when I say that the fury of that woman arose mainly from love, balked at all points by her inexorable stupid severity; one touch of tenderness even now would do what five-and-twenty years had not done. But was it not too late!

D'Isigny had a flat in the Rue St. German, room after room; in one of which he used to sit fiddling and fribbling over his papers: writing speeches to which the Assembly never listened, as he was invariably coughed out of the tribune by right and left. Robespierre was in the same predicament at the very same time, and D'Isigny and he laid their heads together over it. It was apparent to both dog and cat that the country was going to the Devil.

D'Isigny, sitting up late one night over his papers, and wondering at intervals how Louis de Valognes got on in the Conciergerie, and how Mathilde, *soi disant* for the nonce Marquise de Valognes, got on in the Abbaye, when his room door was opened, and his wife, unseen for so many years, came in.

He was up to the occasion. He was up to the point of all occasions, though never to their preparation. "I salute you, Madame," he said.

"I also salute you, Monsieur," said Madame. "As there has been no formal separation between us, I ask your hospitality."

"It is granted with the deepest pleasure, Madame."

"That is kind, at all events," said Madame, looking keenly at him. "We can never live together, you know, because we don't suit one another. But we will part friends."

“I have never been unfriendly to Madame.”

“Foolish man,” thought Madame. “One trifle of tenderness would have made me follow you to the world’s end and send all my principles to the deuce. Though I am fifty I can appreciate beauty and manhood, and you are very handsome, my dear—handsomer than ever. I’ll have you back; but you must *come*, not be fetched.”

But he would neither come nor be fetched. *La politesse française* is a very fine thing for concealing sentiment, but not always so fine for announcing it.

So these two actually lived together again, but in a way in which only French people can live. They were both getting old, and both getting weary of isolation. They both in their inmost secret hearts desired to be one again. But that devil which we call by so many names, Pride, Jealousy, Temper, but whose real name is Self, had a stronger hold in the heart of the precise self-contemplating D’Isigny, than he had in the wild, fierce, furious, and yet affectionate woman, who had once been his wife.

On the other hand, Madame said to herself, “He must speak first: it is always so. He may sulk and sulk yet again, but I will make him speak at last.”

A difficult task, Madame, which with a lady of your very short patience might never have been accomplished at all. D’Isigny was not a likely man to make advances: you two might have gone to your graves, saying, like the guards of the two great nations at Fontenoy, “Fire first.”^e

Yet she made advances; all women do. The world would be a howling wilderness if they did not. They were of a peculiar nature, as was natural in such a woman. Will the reader grant one more vulgarity, and allow me to say that “the grey mare was the best horse,” and that she was determined to show it.

“I suppose, Monsieur,” she said the first morning, “that occupying the same suite of rooms, it would be as well if we took our meals together?”

D’Isigny would be charmed.

“Again,” said Madame, “economy will be necessary. We are just now poor, and women understand economy better than men, who live in politics and in life. Economy is the duty and honour of

^e This it seems is an outrageous falsehood. What with “Vengeurs,” and certain other stories, some of them Crimean, the unfortunate tax-payer is uncertain if he even gets his *glory* for his money.

a woman. Will you let your wife undertake the management of the household ? ”

“ Madame, you do me honour.”

“ That was kindly said,” she replied. “ You must know, and I will confess, that it is entirely owing to my extreme political opinions, that we *are* poor. It was through me that your Brittany estates were ruined.”

“ Madame,” said D’Isigny, like a gentleman, “ you seem to forget that my present revenue is drawn, almost illegally, from *your* estates in Dorsetshire.”

Madame said that she had never thought of it ; and she told him afterwards again that she really never had.

Still no angel came down to trouble these strange waters of Bethesda. The pool remained perfectly dull and level, with English oil and French polish (I am afraid this is dreadfully “ vulgar ” again). Yet these two people were drawing together. The angel had not come yet, and when he came he was a singular one.

If I have done my task so well as to see D’Isigny, you will know that he would have died sooner than have fired first. Madame said to herself, “ I shall have to do it all.”

They got now into the habit of sitting opposite one another in the evening, before the fire. One evening he asked her if it would amuse her to be read to. She was charmed. He read to her from Boileau. Madame thought the poem interesting, and was obliged. When he had finished it, she asked him if she might arrange his papers.

He was highly flattered. She arranged them, and asked leave to read some of them, at which he was again flattered. They now began to talk for the first time about the Revolution, and for the first time in their lives to agree about anything. They agreed that the Revolution would not do, and must be put a stop to immediately, at all hazards.

He yielded so far as to say that he, in his love for the lower orders, had truckled to it too far. Madame, on her part, said that her love for the people, always notorious, remained undiminished. “ I also am notorious in England for my democracy in social matters,” said Monsieur. “ I also am notorious in the same way,” said Madame. “ Every one knows it,” said Monsieur. “ I have had the honour to address remonstrances to Madame on what I then

called the extravagance of her charity. Madame will acknowledge that."

Madame acknowledged it, and shook her grey old head. "It was but too true, and Monsieur had reason."

Still there was nothing which brought out one atom of the tenderness which was in both their hearts after their long isolation. There was nothing between them but that wretched, false, oily French politeness. The pool of Bethesda was not troubled.

"Monsieur," she said one evening, "I take the liberty to note that your shirt collar is frayed. Will you allow me to superintend your wardrobe?"

Monsieur was deeply obliged. Getting nearer and nearer. Nothing now left but two proudly defiant Lucifers, too proud to speak, too cowardly to speak, the inter-dependent love; the love of the old; stronger, some say, than the boy and girl, bride and bridegroom love, which was in their hearts.

So the two inexorably rigid and handsome faces shared their fire-side together again. Monsieur D'Isigny read aloud to her a great deal, from books containing the most beautiful sentiments; Fenelon, for instance. But, seeing that even Madame's solid face expressed *ennui*, he read her Shakspeare in English. They were both good at Shakspeare, and so Madame stood it better; she knew his text, and was not so much bored as with Fenelon. Nay, he went further afield for her, and Bowdlerised "Rabelais" to the extent of reading the trial before Pantagruel for her. Madame liked that better than anything, but went to the extent of telling him bluntly that she knew it by heart.

Nearer and nearer.

Their servant went out to one of the innumerable feasts which were beginning then; to which one I do not commit myself, because it would be a weariness to the flesh to look it up. She went to this feast, and came home drunk. Whereupon she was most promptly packed away by Madame D'Isigny.

"We can get on together," she said to her husband. "I am now more quick, more self-helpful than you."

D'Isigny agreed.

"They are getting more brutal and defiant than ever, these people," said she. "Is Mathilde safe?"

"Safe enough," he said; "why, Marat would take her place tomorrow."

“It is well, then. You know more of these people than do I. Yet it seems to me hard that she should be there while we are here.”

“It *is* hard, wife,” said D’Isigny; “but she is safe there. St. Meard is with her. Think of De Valognes, think of the king.”

Madame apparently thought of them before, for she said, “Mathilde’s is a more valuable life than any; you are perfectly sure that she is safe?”

“She is perfectly safe. I could arouse Marat in a moment.”

And Madame said: “*Enfin*, I suppose you are right. Yet there are two whom we love dearly in the prisons, and if you have truckled to or made acquaintance with this double-dyed, God-forgotten, accursed spawn of Satan, Marat, it would be as well if you utilised him, and used his infernal influence to see our beloved ones. A thousand pardons, Monsieur. You know my tongue of old.”

“It is equal, Madame. I think that they are perfectly safe. And please to remember how utterly suspect you are yourself. Remember that any communication between yourself, just arrived from Montauban, and either Louis de Valognes, or Mathilde, would assuredly render me suspect. Remember who you are, and what you have been doing; and forbear. My truckling to Marat, as you so kindly put it just now, has, at all events, enabled you to live a fortnight in Paris without arrest. *Taisez-vous*, Madame.”

And, said Madame to herself, “You are no fool, you. I used to think that you were.”

There is one phase of politics, which they call in the United States (as I am informed) lobbying. I only half know what the phrase means; but I wholly know that D’Isigny would have been a great lobbyist. This phase of politics was called, unless I am deceived (when there *were* any politics in these distracted islands), button-holding. D’Isigny was a master at it. Few Feuillants or Girondists came into the lobbies of the Assembly without being button-holed by D’Isigny. Adèle says, in her memoirs, that he button-holed Louvet, and said, “It is for you to answer Danton.” “How, then?” said Louvet. “I speak not.” Whereupon, says Adèle, her father gave Louvet his snuff-box, and said, “*Eternuez toujours*, it would spoil the periods of Demosthenes.” But that is only what Adèle said.

Lobbies and passages are notoriously draughty, and gentlemen of nearly sixty who loiter in them are extremely apt to get rheumatism. Consequently, D’Isigny, continually dawdling in these lobbies of

the Assembly, got one evening, late in August, a nip of lumbago across the lower part of his very stiff and upright back, which made him say a very dreadful word, never heard among gentlemen, but which begins with *s*, several times on his way home. And he had to go to bed, and Madame in white jacket nursed him, kindly and tenderly.

Nearer and nearer. Yet the great word unspoken. Was it likely to be spoken under such circumstances? An elderly man with rheumatism, and an old woman nursing him. *Sentimental* love must have long been dead between those two. *Storge*, concentrated on the same object, might unite them once more.

Would Monsieur and Madame D'Isigny ever have been united without disaster? I decline to express an opinion. He could not go to the Assembly, but lay in his bed, rubbing his back with opodeldoc. She fluttered about the rooms in her camisole and assisted him, congratulating herself and him, that they could get on without a tipsy maid. "Oh, heavens! had there been but a maid who went into the street and brought news, she might have lived drunk, died drunk, and be buried drunk." This was Madame's language afterwards.

Opodeldoc and tisane; and the fire in the stove to be kept up, and no servant to bring the wood. "You will be cold, Monsieur, my husband," she said; "I will put some of my not numerous petticoats over you." So she talked, walking up and down the room.

Merciful heavens! Spare us! and save us from dying of sheer terror, like dogs! What figure is this, standing bold and horrible in the lamplight, which makes the infuriated and dauntless Madame D'Isigny cower down into the bed beside her husband, and which makes D'Isigny rise, with his arm around his wife's neck, to confront it? What figure is this, then, that strikes terror into the hearts of those who had never known terror before, and, divided for so many years, now felt their hearts beating one against the other? Who was this ghost?

William the Silent. William, the English groom, standing there before them in the lamplight, in shirt, breeches, and stockings. Handsome, in the defiant, triumphant fury of his look, yet saying words which made him hideous and horrible.

"Monsieur, they are murdering the prisoners. I have escaped by running; but they have murdered Mademoiselle Mathilde."

(To be concluded in our next.)

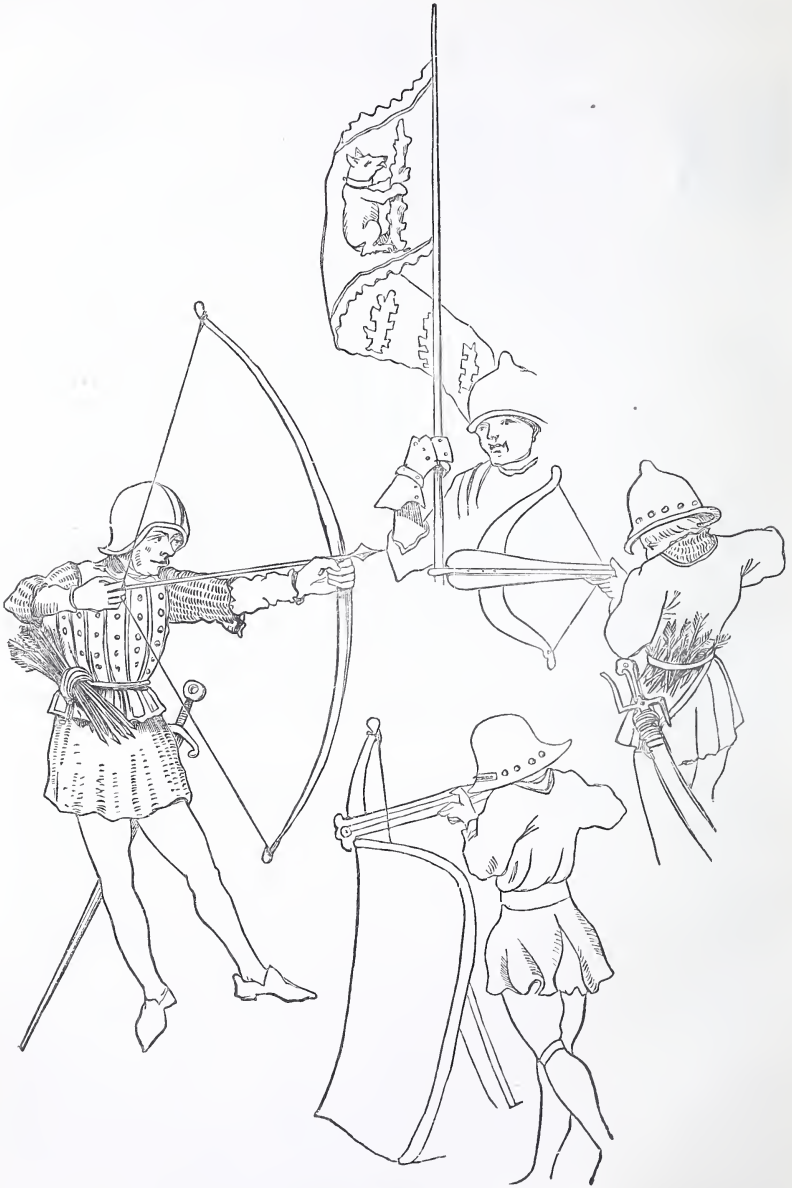
THE BRITISH ARMY.^a

THE opportune appearance of a book may sometimes be a fortunate coincidence rather, than the result of a deliberate purpose, or of any well-grounded anticipations on the part of the author ; still, in any case, the practical utility of a work, the impression which it may make, and its consequent value and success, are certain to be affected in no slight degree by the circumstances that attend its publication. Just now we have a good case in point. It is scarcely probable that, when he had completed his protracted and voluminous preparations, and at length had reached the condition of readiness for the co-operation of the printer, Sir Sibbald Scott could have congratulated himself on having anticipated the equipment and despatch of an Abyssinian Expedition just at the very time that his two goodly volumes would be presented to the public. Here, undoubtedly, was a coincidence, which this author might justly estimate the more highly because it was unexpected. That such a treatise as Sir Sibbald Scott's should attract much attention, let it appear whenever it might, would be a certain consequence of the fact of its appearance. But, the inherent independent interest and value of a work such as this, devoted to the consideration of the "origin, progress, and equipment of the British army," cannot fail to be very greatly enhanced by the circumstance, that it invites public attention at the very time in which the equipment of one particular British army is a subject of supreme national importance. So that concerning the popularity of the Abyssinian Expedition, with at least one individual, there can be no question.

The work, thus happy in the time of its appearance, does not attempt to deal with the existing condition of things, nor does it carry on the "progress" of the British army to the present day. In fact, the author would have been more consistent had he adopted some other title for his treatise, seeing that he scarcely touches upon the "British army" properly so called, and as that term now is generally understood. What he has undertaken to investigate and to record is what may be distinguished as the archæology of his subject. Grouping together whatever in early times in this country has had any connection with military science, the art of war, and the act of warfare, Sir Sibbald Scott, with the utmost industry and perseverance, and with a thorough devotion to the work he has had in hand, has collected a vast amount of diversified information, and he has so moulded the whole as to form from it a copious and comprehensive general introduction to the history of the more recent national institution—the true "British army." Or, in other words, of Sir Sibbald Scott's volumes it may be said, that they constitute a highly important contribution to English military history.

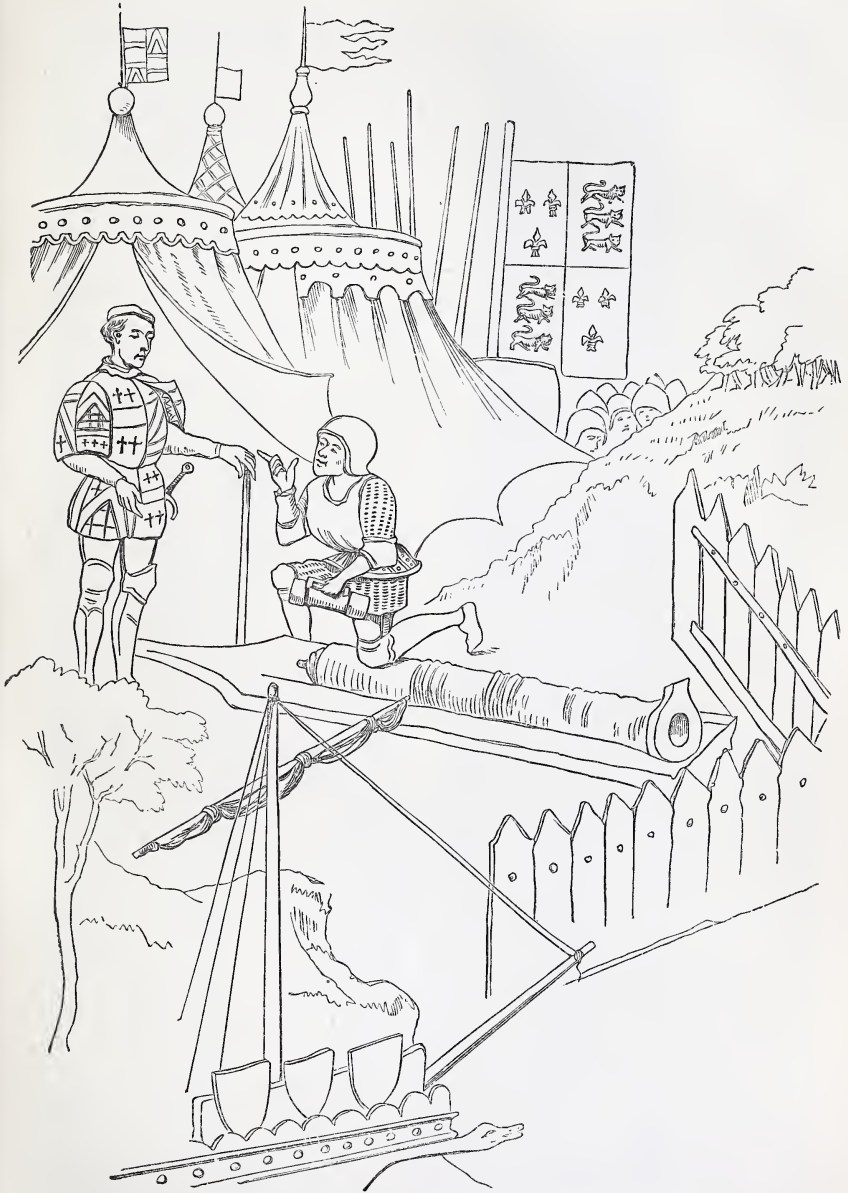
It will at once be understood that the peculiar value of a work such as this at the present time, and its special attractiveness also, must

^a "The British Army : its Origin, Progress, and Equipment." By Sir Sibbald David Scott, Bart. Illustrated. Dedicated to Her Majesty the Queen. London : Cassell, Petter, & Galpin. 1868.



No. 1.—Standard-bearer and Archers of Earl Richard de Beauchamp, c. A.D. 1425.

arise from the opportunity which it affords for comparison between our existing system of military equipment, and the systems which in successive eras of our national history have preceded it. This comparison

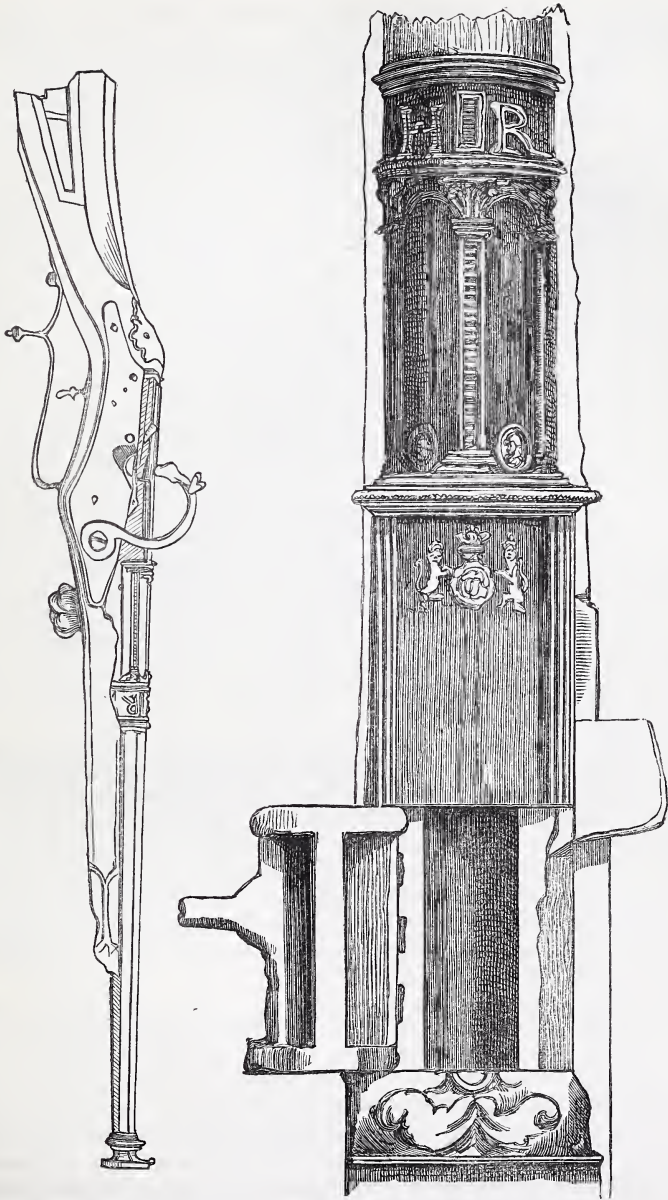


No. 2.—Richard Beauchamp, K.G., 5th Earl of Warwick, at the Siege of Rouen.

implies a comparative estimate of different results, obtained from the widely differing means that have been available at different periods. Sir Sibbald does not, indeed, suggest any such inference from his pages.

He is content to trace the progress of military equipment in England, from its earliest stages, through its progressive development, until he finds himself gradually approaching towards his own era : then he halts, leaving it to his readers to work out what he did not include within his own range of operations—leaving them, as they may prefer, either to proceed from the point at which he ceases to conduct them, or to work back to meet him at that point, when they may institute such comparisons and frame such inferences as may seem good to them.

Many readers, however, without proposing to themselves to apply to a present purpose, or with any particular practical aim, records and illustrations of our early military equipment, will find much to gratify them in Sir Sibbald's pages ; and, more particularly, should they cherish decided archæological sympathies, like the author himself, they will greatly rejoice in his graphic illustrations of those good old times when warriors wore armour of proof so strong that they themselves were secure from receiving much injury, and so massive that the infliction by them of much injury upon others was a matter attended with serious difficulties. At the same time, we are disposed to believe that in almost every instance, thoughtful readers of Sir Sibbald Scott will be certain to make one observation, to this effect,—that the men who were in authority in military matters in past times, and more particularly in times that have long passed away, made the most that was possible for them to make of the comparatively very limited and feeble means at their disposal. It is an easy step to pass on to a comparison between what was effected in those earlier and darker days with the powers then known and available for use, and what is effected now with our infinitely greater powers by ourselves. The result of such a comparison may be eminently salutary, notwithstanding the certainty that it must prove to be anything but gratifying in the first instance. That our ancestors made the most of their powers, and that they accomplished very much with very limited means, cannot be questioned ; and, therefore, we may rightly entertain on this behalf an honourable pride of ancestry : but, there does not appear to be by any means a corresponding good ground for us to be proud of our own achievements, when we place our resources, scientific and mechanical, side by side with the resources of the armour-wearing ages. We are still making experiments, still seeking to discover by what means we may apply most effectually the absolutely enormous resources that obey our commands. In many important particulars the equipment of the Abyssinian expedition itself was experimental : and it is quite within the compass of possibility that these experiments may not all prove completely successful. Again : nothing can be more remarkable than the neglect with which some suggestions of the greatest value and importance, made at a comparatively early time, were long treated by those who had the direction of military equipment amongst us—witness the examples of breech-loading fire-arms and revolvers of the 15th and 16th centuries, to which we presently shall invite particular attention, but which so long were powerless to disturb the tranquil rule of “Brown Bess” and her allies. Here we leave this train of thought, which involuntarily suggested itself to us while examining Sir Sibbald Scott's volumes, that we may accompany him for awhile in his researches, and with him may consider some of the more striking characteristics of



No. 3.

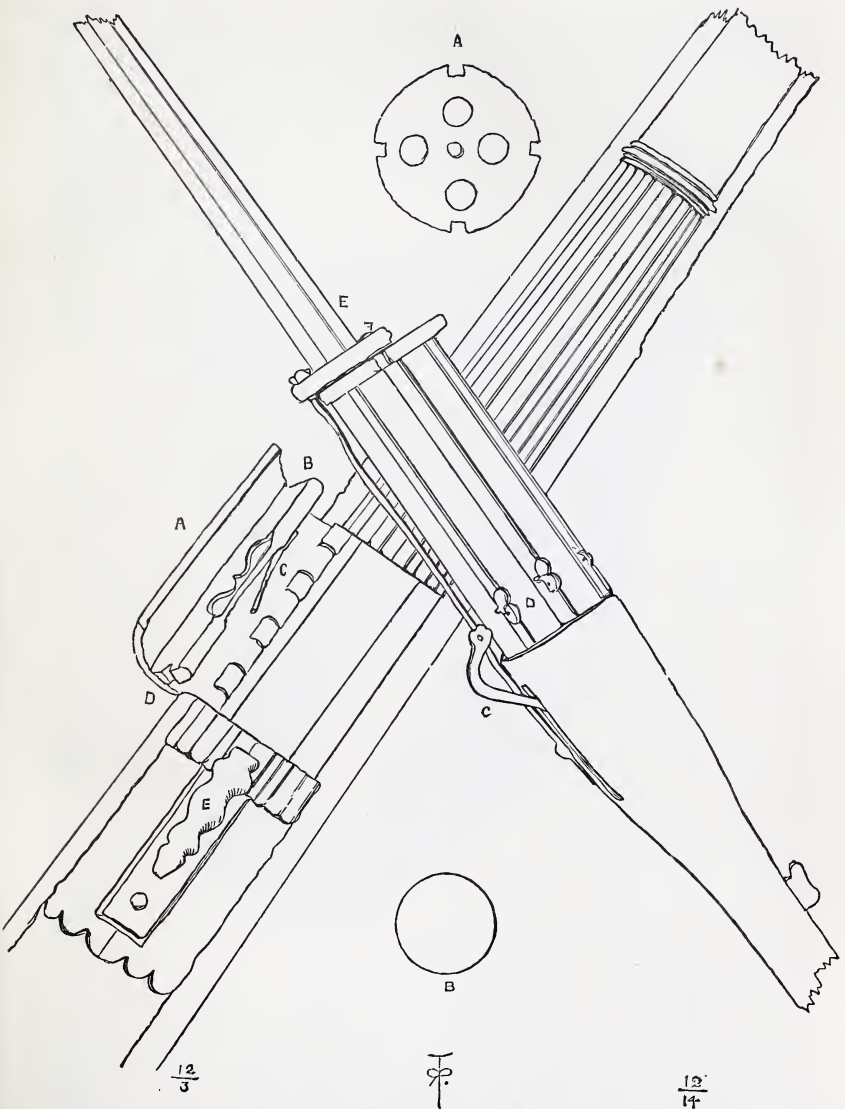
early military equipment in England. This is an inquiry rich in illustrations of English history; and, at the same time, all these graphic illustrations of our early national chronicles abound in practical sugges-

tions, that we may apply (and, if we are wise, we shall be careful to apply them) to our present advantage.

The engraved examples of armour, early weapons, and defensive and other military equipments, which illustrate Sir Sibbald Scott's text, claim more than a brief passing expression of even the most decided approval. These examples, more than one hundred in number, have all been taken from original authorities that are still in existence. With the exception of a few copies of early contemporary pictorial representations, themselves possessing very high authority, all the engravings have been drawn directly from the *original relics* themselves—from the actual helms, swords, &c., which are preserved in public and private armouries (of which the finest is at Parham Park, Sussex, belonging to the Hon. Robert Curzon), and also in smaller collections. These engravings also, unlike the illustrations in more than one recent work on early art, are—like the objects they represent—original, and not reprints from other books. Their fidelity, moreover, and their originality are by no means the only qualities of distinguished excellence possessed by these engravings, since their artistic character is equally admirable. They are, indeed, most honourable to the artist, Mr. Robert T. Pritchett, F.S.A., by whom they have all been executed; as they reflect high honour upon the author, both for having placed them in such able hands, and for having selected the examples themselves with such sound judgment and good taste. We have sincere pleasure in placing before our readers a small group of these wood-cuts by Mr. Pritchett, which we have selected with the twofold purpose of giving specimens of his method of treating very different subjects, and also of showing how much of curious as well as valuable information is to be obtained from the work which they illustrate.

It is impossible, indeed, to form too high an estimate of the importance of engravings which give faithful and exact representations of original examples of works that are historical monuments; and, in like manner, similar reproductions of early miniatures and illuminations, as illustrations of our national history, are equally important. The contents of such armouries as those of the Tower, of Warwick Castle, and of Parham Park (from which Mr. Pritchett has obtained so many of his examples), have too long been generally regarded in the light of curiosities, to the exclusion of a becoming recognition and a consistent application of their historical qualities.

And it has been precisely the same, to a truly remarkable degree, with the unrivalled treasures of early illustrated manuscripts that exist in our public and private libraries: they are prized as relics of the past, and sometimes they are partially reproduced through the aid of engraving, either to exemplify the illuminator's art, or to exhibit curious scenes from mediæval life, while as truthful life-like historical chronicles they have been almost absolutely neglected. And so also in the case of the sculptured and engraven monumental effigies of which our country possesses collections that know no rivals. The archæological claims of these works of late years have been fully recognised, but their historical importance has been treated with comparative indifference. Sir Sibbald Scott has not sought his illustrations from monuments; but he has shown that he thoroughly appreciates the true value of original examples



No. 4.—Breech-loader and Revolver: *temp.* Henry VIII. Tower Armoury.

of the military equipment of various periods, and that he also can read aright the brilliant chronicles of our mediæval illuminators.

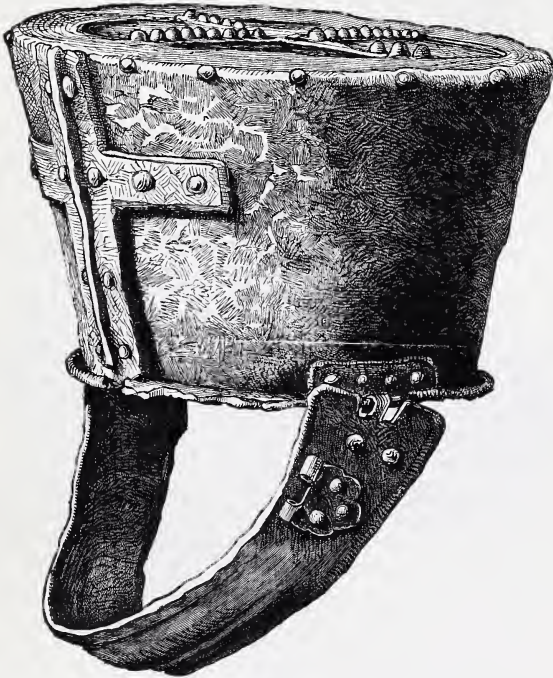
The two engravings, Nos. 1 and 2, ought to appear in every History of England. Nothing can be happier than the manner in which the originals have been reproduced, and empowered to tell their own tale after their own fashion. And what a tale it is—how rich in the very

essence of genuine history ! Both engravings are drawn from a MS. in the British Museum, in the Cotton collections (Cott. Lib. *Julius*, E. IV.), and the originals may be considered to have been executed about the year 1425. In No. 1, under the well-known and highly honoured standard of Richard de Beauchamp, K.G., the fifth Earl of Warwick, appear two cross-bowmen and an archer of the great Earl's forces, one of the former taking aim with his cross-bow, with the shelter and protection of the great shield, entitled a "pavise" or "mantlet," that formed a species of moveable breastwork. No. 2 introduces the Earl himself, and he appears in the act of superintending and directing a military operation, the extraordinary suggestiveness of which might fairly have been expected to have been comprehended by artillerists long before the lapse of more than four centuries. The old chronicler had recorded "how Earl Richard de Beauchamp brought up vessels by water to Reone (Rouen), and by his policy was it besieged by land and by water ;" and the illuminator shows us how the Earl stood by, while one of his artillery-men affixed the loaded chamber to the breech of one of his cannon. This early piece of ordnance, indeed, can scarcely claim to be a true "breech-loader ;" but, without any doubt or question, it exemplifies the true principle of breech-loading for ordnance. "The guns of this period," says Sir Sibbald Scott, "were composed of two pieces detached, a breech or chamber, and a chase. The charge was placed in the former, which was then grooved on to the latter, which served to give direction to the shot. There were more chambers than chases, so that as soon as one had been discharged another was ready to be affixed." And yet four centuries had to drag their long length away before a Whitworth and an Armstrong would arise to bring to perfection the "Beauchamp gun." This great Earl, who died in his castle at Rouen in the year 1439, was buried in his own "Beauchamp chapel" at Warwick. The remarkable resemblance of the face of his noble monumental effigy to his features, as they are represented in this sketch at the siege of Rouen, is too decided not to attract attention.

If we remember right, our army served throughout the Crimean campaigns with muzzle-loading fire-arms ; and at the present moment our volunteer force we know to be provided with the same class of weapon. And yet Sir Sibbald Scott shows us that in the hand-guns—"hange-gunnes"—introduced into the military equipment of the first half of the 16th century, loading at the breech was adopted. No. 3 represents a weapon said to have belonged to Henry VIII. It is in the Tower collection. The length of the barrel is 1 ft. 11 in. ; it is adorned with the Tudor royal arms, and bears the royal initials, "H. R.;" and it is fitted for *true loading at the breech*, with a moveable chamber, and is discharged by a trigger. This arm is the *arquebus*. With regard to the derivation of this term, our author states that "the most formidable of cross-bows, before fire-arms came into general use, was one which discharged a ball or pellet from a barrel." Hence the derivation of the term "arquebus"—*arc-et-bus*, bow and barrel (from the Dutch *bus* ; *büsse* in Low German, a gun-barrel). "In process of time, as gunpowder came into use, the *arc* disappeared and the *bus* remained ; and 'arquebus,' though it properly implied a bow fitted with a tube or barrel, came into use as the designation of the arm in question. Hence," continues Sir

Sibbald, in a note, "the name *Bess*, which the musket has borne more recently. *Bess*, or *bus*, is the last syllable of the *arquebus*, cut off for separate use, just as is the more recent instance of *bus* from *omnibus*. 'Brown Bess,' therefore, is equivalent in its primary meaning to 'brown barrel.'" ^b

Our next examples, which Mr. Pritchett has represented in outline only, are at least as remarkable for long-neglected suggestiveness as either the gun of Earl Richard de Beauchamp or the arquebus of Henry VIII.; for here in No. 4, we have first another breech-loading



No. 5.—Helm of the XIIIth Century. Paris in Armoury.

arquebus, also attributed to the period of Henry VIII., and secondly, of a little later date, a matchlock *revolver*, also breech-loading. These weapons are preserved in the Tower. The first, marked $\frac{1}{3}$, and so distinguished in the engraving, is the arquebus, having a fluted barrel, in length 3 ft. 6 in. : "the breech-piece A closes, and on drawing back E, the spring C throws the breech up." The weapon marked $\frac{1}{4}$ is the revolver; an example, apparently, of the second half of the 16th century. There are some references in this engraving, to which the corresponding descriptions are not apparent in the text. The fact of this being a genuine revolver, upwards of 250 years old, and a part of the military equipment adopted at that comparatively early period in this country,

^b Sir Sibbald Scott refers to "some able remarks" on this matter in *Notes and Queries*, 2 S., vol. v., p. 259.

remains, however, unquestionable. Mr. Pritchett has given several other equally remarkable representations of early examples of breech-loading arms, some of them from original weapons in his own possession.

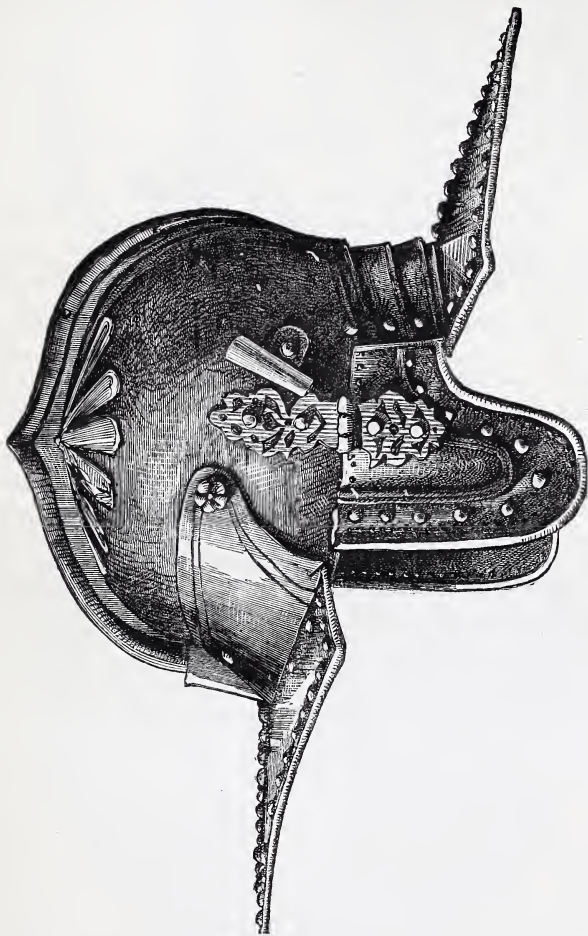
In connection with the original weapon, the $\frac{1}{4}$ in our No. 4, Sir Sibbald Scott states, that "revolvers are referred to in Ward's 'Animadversions of Warre,' 1639." And he then proceeds:—"As it is admitted that there is nothing new under the sun, so we may read of a repeating gun in 1580, in the petition of 'John the Almain' (German), recommending one of his countrymen, who had 'invented an arquebuse that shall containe ten balls or pellets of lead, all the which shall goe off one after another, having once given fire; so that with one harquebuse one may kill ten thieves, or other enemies, without re-charging.'"

Numerous groups of weapons, of many varieties, and some fine single specimens of swords, of different periods, with specimens of the buff-coats that were worn during the Cavalier and Roundhead era, also with accoutrements of various kinds, are included in these admirable collections of engravings. They also comprehend earlier examples of defensive equipment of a much more massive character than the buff-coat, with "its silver wired buttons," that was worn by Colonel Fairfax at the battle of Naseby, in the year 1645. We give one singularly characteristic specimen of the most important of the productions of the armourer of the 12th century—a helm, No. 5, that was dug up at the castle of Berry Pomeroy, Devon, and is now in Mr. Curzon's armoury at Parham. This is a helm of the "flat-topped" class, such as are represented as being worn over the coif of mail in some early seals, and of which a well-known full-size representation is sculptured upon the head of the effigy in the Temple Church, that was considered to commemorate Geoffrey de Mandeville, until Mr. J. G. Nichols showed conclusively that it could have no connection whatever with that baron. Sir Sibbald Scott does not appear to be aware of Mr. J. G. Nichols' article in the "Herald and Genealogist" (vol. iii. p. 97), since he speaks of the effigy in question as being that "of Sir Geoffrey de Mandeville, Constable of the Tower in 1150, in the Temple Church." With the helm of the early knight, who might have appeared in the field with the now unknown warrior of the Temple Church, we associate another example of the steel head-piece that was in use at a very different period, No. 6, the helmet now preserved at Warwick Castle, which certainly belongs to the age of Oliver Cromwell, and by some antiquaries is considered to have formed a part of the personal equipment of the Lord Protector himself. This engraving leaves nothing to be desired.

Our last specimen, No. 7, also from an original relic in the Warwick Castle Armoury, comes still nearer to our own era: this is a Highland target, the date, A.D. 1715. The engraving represents the decorated face of the target, without the long sharp spike that in action was fixed to the central boss. This spike is shown unsheathed, and unscrewed from the boss; and it is also represented, in the condition in which it is kept, returned to its scabbard, the scabbard itself being attached to the inner side of the target. This inner side is lined with deer-skin; and the "enarmes," or straps for the arm, are of otter-skin.

It is not possible for us to take leave of these representations of armour and arms by Mr. Pritchett, without expressing a hope that, at no

distant time, this artist may be employed in the production of many other examples of the same order; the whole (including those which now make their first appearance in Sir S. Scott's volumes) to constitute the illustrations of such a work on English mediæval arms and armour as would be really worthy of its subject, and would faithfully fulfil its professed purpose. Such a work is greatly needed; and it is quite



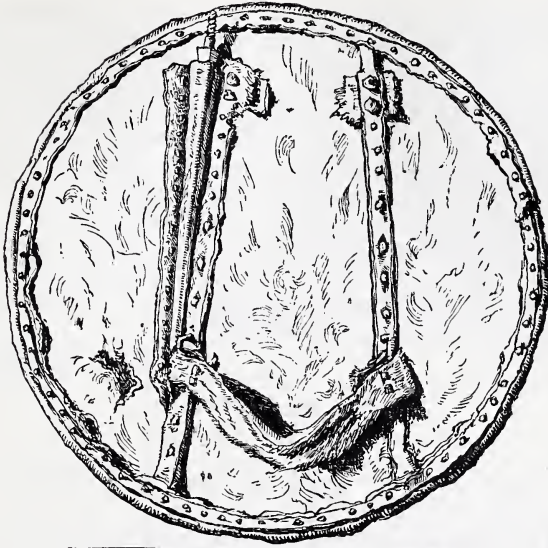
No. 6.—Steel Head-piece; temp. Oliver Cromwell. In the Warwick Castle Armoury.

evident that there can be no difficulty in determining who is the right artist to illustrate it.

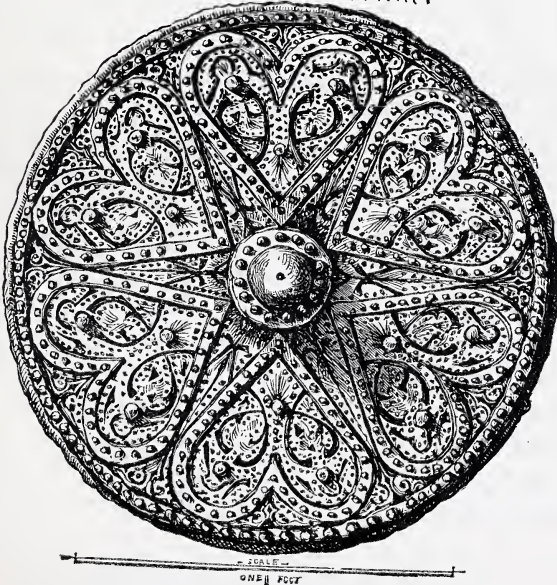
The use that Sir Sibbald Scott has made of illuminations representing historical subjects and veritable incidents of history, also leads to the suggestion that these same early contemporaneous authorities should be applied in the same spirit to the illustration of our national history. As Mr. Froude has brought various state documents to bear upon the record

of the living historian, and thus has been enabled to delineate characters and to describe events with a vivid truthfulness before unknown, so may such manuscripts as the one which has given us the life-like portrait of the great Earl of Warwick at Rouen, contribute in another capacity to the development of historical truth and the enrichment of our written histories.

With so much in his volumes that possesses a rare value, it is a subject for no slight regret that Sir Sibbald Scott's work should be deficient in more than one of those important qualities without which it would not be possible for it to attain to a definite position in the ranks of standard literature. It is, indeed, like a museum, from the diversity of its contents; or, rather, since its manifold contents have all a tendency in the same direction, since all are tinged with the same colouring, and all in some degree are influenced by a single leading association that is common to them all, his work may more correctly be said to resemble some one richly stored department of a museum; but then, unfortunately, it is a department which, however copious its collections, and however valuable its specimens, has yet to be classified and arranged, and made really available for practical use. Quite as remarkable as the vast quantity of *matériel* which it contains, is the order, or absolute want of all order, which characterises Sir Sibbald Scott's "British Army." He has searched everywhere, and has brought contributions to his stores from every quarter; so that it would be difficult to adduce any point of interest or importance, which has either escaped his notice, or been treated by him with comparative indifference. Still, as a whole, the result of all this toil and diligence and care is raised but very slightly above the condition of raw material. And this disastrous absence of that *lucidus ordo* which, in a work such as this aspires to be, no less than in the disposition of a living army for actual service in the field, is a quality of paramount necessity for the achievement of success, extends beyond the arrangement and combination of the sections and subdivisions of the "contents"—it extends even to the association of the engraved illustrations with the text. In the majority of instances the engravings appear without any present object or motive whatever; and as to chronological sequence, there is scarcely a vestige of any recognition of the possible existence of any such element in the marshalling and aggroupment of such a work. Now these grave shortcomings, coupled with other minor imperfections which might easily be rectified (such as an indistinct personal acquaintance with some early relics, and a consequent dubious or mistaken reference to them—(vol. i. 208, the first paragraph, for example)—render it imperative that Sir Sibbald should recast his materials, and reproduce in a fresh form what has cost him so much, and in itself is of such decided intrinsic value. A second edition of this work, if it might not be made to exhaust the subject of which it treats, certainly might enable the author to employ his great resources to infinitely greater advantage than they can be while they remain in their present condition: and this improvement would be carried still further if the author were to extend his researches, and to treat of the "British Army" after it had attained to a definite and well understood character and position. Of such peculiar value in its own department of literature might a book such as this be made, that it is impossible to



.PRO : REGE : ET : PATRIA .



No. 7.—Highland Target, A.D. 1715. Warwick Castle Armoury.

be content with it so long as its admirable qualities are overshadowed by what may be consistently designated as the want of judicious generalship. At the same time, there is enough, and more than enough,

in these two volumes that have so much to tell concerning military matters in earlier days in England, to secure for them a very cordial reception. They have appeared, as we have said, *in tempore*; and they contain very much which just at this time is particularly worthy of thoughtful reading. The headings of the chapters explain the nature of their contents with sufficient clearness, and there is a very fair index. So we commend to students of the "origin, progress, and equipment of the British Army," what Sir Sibbald Scott has written on that subject: specially suggesting that they seek to apply what he tells them concerning the equipment of armed men in past times to existing circumstances and requirements; and also confidently expecting that they, like ourselves, will consider the excellencies of Sir Sibbald Scott's work to demand the correction of its imperfections.

CHARLES BOUTELL, M.A.



RECORDS OF RABY CASTLE.



AMONGST the many lovely spots in England and Scotland which Sir Walter Scott has rendered famous by a touch of his magic pen, is the beautiful ground lying on each side of the river Tees, which divides Durham and Yorkshire, passing in its course the well-known names of Barnard Castle, Mortham Tower, Brignal Banks (through which flows Greta Beck), and Wycliffe, all names familiar to every reader of "Rokeby." At Winston the river is crossed by a stone bridge of a single span of a hundred and eleven feet, at one of its most picturesque points, where the shallow water murmurs over its rocky bed, and by its playful turns and twists and mimic waterfalls affords a striking contrast to its totally different character some miles higher up, where under the shadow of Lune Forest it concentrates its rolling waters with a great and sudden rush, and hurls them headlong down a descent of fifty-six feet, with a splash and a roar and a thunder that outdoes Lodore, and rivals Corra Linn.

The road having crossed the bridge at Winston, continues its course northwards, and in a few miles arrives at

"Staindrop, who from her sylvan bowers
Salutes proud Raby's battled towers;"

a pretty village, with an old and stately church possessed of a peal of bells of remarkable sweetness, the gift of Mrs. Raby Vane. Before the death of this lady there existed in the people a singular prejudice

against being buried in any other part of the graveyard than that behind the church; but she directed that her remains should be laid in the particular ground they so superstitiously avoided, and thus overcame the ancient prejudice. A moss-grown gravestone still marks the place where she reposes.

In the parish register of Staindrop is found the only known notice of one of the sieges of Raby, in the simple entry of the burial of a common soldier:—"August 27, 1648, William Joplin, a soldier, slain at the siege of Raby Castle, buried in this church."

Raby deservedly ranks amongst one of the finest inhabited castles in England, and in point of antiquity may hold its own with many; though as regards size it must yield the palm to Alnwick, Belvoir, and Warwick, as it occupies within its walls but two acres of land. Its style is Gothic, and probably differs widely from the first building which was erected on this spot, and which was supposed to have been a palace of Canute, the Danish king of England, which, with the manor of Staindrop, was presented by him to the church of Durham. In the year 1379 John de Neville obtained a royal licence "to make a castle of his manor of Raby, and to embattle and crenelate its towers."

The property appears to have come to the Nevilles by marriage; one Geoffrey de Nevil, ancestor both of the Earls of Westmoreland and of Abergavenny, having married Emma, daughter and heiress of Bertram de Bulmer, a great baron in the north, to whose family Raby, at some very early period, belonged; and there is no doubt that the letters "B B," which were carved in one of the stones in a tower of very early and peculiar construction, stood for the initials of this baron. Ranulph de Nevile is mentioned as holding Raby and the eight adjoining lordships in 1331, of the Prior of Durham, by the yearly rent of four pounds and a stag; and his son Ralph had many disputes with this holy member of the Church, about the offering of the stag for his tenure, and the degree of entertainment which he claimed on Holy Rood day. An old song was founded on this as a lament for Robert de Nevile, his great grandfather, running as follows:—

" Wel I wa, sal ye Hornes blaw
 Holy Rood this day
 Now he is dede, and lies awa,
 Was wont to blaw them ay."

This Ralph enjoyed many great state employments, and in 1360

he attended the king, Edward III., to France. He was once taken prisoner by the Scots in a skirmish at Berwick, and conveyed a prisoner to Dunbar. He ended a somewhat stormy life in 1368, and lies at rest in Durham Cathedral. He was succeeded in the possession of Raby by his son John, who was a great warrior, and being made lieutenant of Aquitaine he reduced that disturbed province to quiet by force of arms, and had eighty-three walled towns, castles, and forts, rendered to him. He married a daughter of the house of Percy, by whom he had two sons, of whom the second was created Lord Furnival, in right of his wife, the heiress of William Lord Furnival; and, of their two daughters, the youngest, Maud, married Sir John Talbot, from whom descended the Earls of Shrewsbury. The eldest son of John, Ralph de Neville, was advanced to the title of Earl of Westmoreland, and was constituted Earl Marshal of England in 1399, the first year of the reign of Henry IV. He was twice married; first to Margaret, daughter of Hugh, Earl of Stafford, and secondly to Joan, Lady Ferrers, daughter of John of Gaunt, Earl of Lancaster; and was the father of twenty-two children, who, by their high alliances, made him ancestor of some of the proudest families in England. It would lead us too far from Raby to follow all these, but we may mention in passing that from his second son descended the celebrated Earl of Strafford, while from the tenth, who was made Earl of Salisbury, came the "King Maker," Earl of Warwick. The eleventh became Lord Fauconberg, the twelfth Lord Latimer, and the thirteenth Lord Abergavenny; and through his daughters he became father-in-law to the heads of the houses of Dacre, Scroop, Buckingham, and Northumberland. This great Earl Marshal was succeeded by his grandson as second Earl, and he by his nephew Ralph, who had only one son, who died in his father's lifetime. The fourth Earl, Ralph, married a daughter of the Duke of Buckingham, and they had sixteen children, of whom the eldest, Henry, succeeded his father in the family honours, and was the father of Charles, the sixth and last Earl of Westmoreland, who, in 1569, engaged with the Earl of Northumberland in the ill-fated rebellion in the North.

The unfortunate Mary Stuart, who, by her beauty, had so warmly enlisted the sympathies of the Duke of Norfolk in her cause, through him called also to her support his brother-in-law, the Earl of Westmoreland, who had married the Duke's sister. They

received with great eagerness the secret messages which the imprisoned Queen had conveyed to them, and with the support and assistance of many other powerful Catholic gentlemen, set on foot, in the month of October, 1569, the insurrection which turned out so disastrous to most of its instigators. Early in that month an unusual ferment was visible in the counties of York, Durham, and Northumberland; and the Court was alarmed with rumours of revolt which could never be traced to any authentic source. The rebel Earls kept their projects well veiled till Northumberland became aware that whispered doubts of his loyalty were afloat, and he at once repaired to Brancepeth, a castle of note in Durham, where the Earl of Westmoreland was silently assembling his retainers; and in November the banner of insurrection was unfurled.

Their design was to march to Tutbury, liberate Mary by force of arms, and compel Elizabeth to acknowledge her as heir to the English crown. But the crowds whom they had expected to flock to their standard were too wary openly to join such a hazardous scheme; many Catholic gentleman, instead of listening to their stirring appeal to their religious principles, were swayed by prudence and worldly wisdom, and joined the royal banner, under the Earl of Sussex. On Clifford Moor the rebels mustered their forces and held a council of war. Uncertainty and alarm filled the hearts of the leaders. Northumberland, ever wavering, was now anxious to withdraw; and finally they agreed to abandon the design of liberating the captive queen, though still to maintain the point of the succession. Upon this they withdrew to Raby, with 7000 men.

High days followed for Raby. The clank of arms resounded by day and night in its lofty halls, and the strictest watch was kept by warder and sentinel on the walls and towers; for Barnard Castle was then held by Sir George Bowes on the Royalist side, and a successful attack on Raby involved no less than Tower Hill and the scaffold for the two haughty earls. In the Baron's Hall, or the High Hall, as it is now called, were assembled seven hundred knights who followed the fortunes of the Nevilles, and in that hall—a noble room, a hundred and thirty feet long by forty-five wide—they held high festival, and like the early inhabitants of ancient Greece mentioned by Thucydides (i. 6), or the knights in Branksome Tower,

“ They carved at the meal
With gloves of steel,
And they drank the red wine through the helmet barred.”

From Raby they sent out a force to take possession of Hartlepool, whence they were able to open a communication with the Spanish Netherlands. But the Duke of Alva gave them but little assistance, either in men or money. Sussex, meantime, had been calmly waiting in his quarters at York till the Earl of Warwick could join him, with his army of 12,000 men. And as soon as he began to march false reports preceded him of his numbers, which by the time they reached the ears of the rebels had magnified the royal forces to 30,000 strong. Then all idea of resistance was abandoned; the foot soldiers dispersed; the horse, about 500 in number, galloped hard and fast to Naworth Castle, and fled thence across the Border to the fastnesses of Liddesdale; whence the Earl of Westmoreland escaped, a ruined and a broken man, to the Netherlands, where he was received by the Spaniards, and remained till his death, at a great age, in 1584.

The royal vengeance fell heavily on Raby and the country round, far and wide, and in every village the poorer classes were abandoned to martial law, and many were hanged at the caprice of the wild soldiery. The Bishop of Durham writes, that "the sheriff cannot procure juries, the number of offenders is so grete that few innocent are left to trie the giltie."

So in gloom and rebellion ended the line of the Nevilles of Raby; and all their vast possessions were confiscated by the Crown, and the earldom forfeited. The estates remained with the Crown till the reign of James I., who caused an "inquisition to be made of the manor and castle of Raby with appendages, together with other manors;" and he granted them to the citizens of London, in trust for sale, from whom they were purchased by Sir Henry Vane, in 1611. He was possessed of great riches and power, and stood high in the favour of the Court and of his Sovereign, who bestowed on him the honour of knighthood at the early age of seventeen; he was also greatly distinguished by that monarch's son, Charles, then Prince of Wales, who condescended to borrow from him large sums of money, and also made him security for considerable amounts borrowed from others, which he repaid in land and emoluments when he came to the Crown.

Sir Henry Vane does not appear to have spent much of his time in this, his northern home; for in 1631 we find him superintending the reparations of St. Paul's, in London; and in the same year he went to Germany, as ambassador to Christian IV., King of Denmark, with powers also to negotiate a firm peace and confederacy

with Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden. After his return to England, his foreign diplomacy having been somewhat unsuccessful, though his conduct secured him the full approbation of his Sovereign, he was created "principal Secretary of State for life." He held many high offices, both in the royal household and in the government; and in 1633 we find him nobly entertaining his Majesty at Raby, where he rested on his way to Scotland, and forming one of the royal escort as far as Edinburgh, where the English suite yielded up their attendance to the Scots, and Sir Henry Vane returned to Raby Castle.

But great positions raise great jealousies! and that great misfortunes often spring from insignificant sources, is proved by many a historic tragedy, and by none more clearly than by the present case. To quote Lord Clarendon:—"The Earl of Strafford, with great earnestness, opposed Sir Henry Vane's being made Secretary of State, and prevailed for a month's delay; and, about the same time, being to be made Earl of Strafford, would have a new creation of a barony, and took the title of Baron Raby, a house belonging to Sir Henry Vane, and an honour he made an account should belong to himself, which was an act of the most unnecessary provocation that I have known, and, I believe, was the chief occasion of the loss of his head."

Certain it is that from this period Sir Henry Vane and his son both swore the fiercest revenge against the Earl of Strafford; but, though they succeeded in bringing him to the scaffold, that very result caused Vane himself to lose the high dignities he had enjoyed, and to become a tool almost, in the hands of the Parliamentarians, against the monarch he had served so long and faithfully. For the part he took in the prosecution of the Earl offended the King so deeply, that he deprived him of the office of Secretary of State, though the patent by which he held it granted it to him for life. And a Parliamentary proclamation stated that the "putting out of the Earl of Northumberland, Sir Henry Vane, and others, from their several places and appointments, were ample proofs that the King was instigated by evil and Papistical counsellors."

It does not appear that Vane took open part against the King, but continued in London without acting in the rebellion. In the summer of 1645, his castle of Raby was surprised by the King's forces raised by Sir George Vane, his second son; and the account given of the siege in "The Kingdom's Weekly Intelligencer," for July 8 of that year, is as follows:—

“Upon the Lord’s Day, June 29, by five of the clock in the morning, 120 horse and dragoons came out of Bolton Castle, and scaled the walls of Raby, where the drawbridge was, and surprised Mr. Singleton and Mr. William Allison, servants of Sir Henry Vane, in their beds. Whereupon Sir George Vane raised the country forthwith; both horsemen with arms, and the foot also, well armed, in all about 300 men. Upon Monday the 30th, at twelve of the clock, they came to Standrup, about a quarter of a mile from the castle. There came also six troops of horse out of Yorkshire, which Colonel Wasdale and Major Smithson commanded. They were all there by seven o’clock at night. After their coming they rescued many cattle which the rebels were driving into the castle; they took fifty-five horses from them, with the loss of one man, some of them worth 20*l.* a-piece. Next day they took nineteen more, so that they have now but sixty left, which will not be kept long. Sir Francis Liddle is commander-in-chief of the enemy. They are destitute of bread very much, which it is hoped will make them yield within few days.” The *Scot’s Dove* for the 1st of August, triumphantly announces the surrender of the castle to Sir George Vane. “Raby Castle is yielded up, the officers to march away with arms, and the common soldiers with their lives upon their legs; they may put their hands in their pockets if they will. They left 300 good arms behind them; powder and other ammunition, good store.”

Sir Henry Vane survived his once much-loved master Charles I. by five years, dying in 1654, when he departed this life at Raby, in the 69th year of his age, “in universal contempt,” according to Lord Clarendon, “and not contemned more by any of his enemies than by his own son, who had been his principal conductor to destruction.” This refers to his second son, Sir George, who was ancestor of the late Frances Anne Vane Tempest, Marchioness of Londonderry.

His elder brother, Sir Henry, succeeded his father at Raby, having previously indulged his wandering and unsteady disposition by a short residence in New England, of which he was made Governor; but displeasing his subjects, and being as little pleased with them, he soon returned to England, reformed, and was made treasurer of the navy. The fees of that office at that time amounted to little less than 30,000*l.* per annum. This he declared too much for a subject, and gave up his patent to the parliament, retaining the modest sum of 2,000*l.* per annum only. His strenuous opposition to all tyrannical

government brought on him the hatred and special notice of Cromwell, who, when he abruptly dismissed his Parliament in 1653, took Sir Henry Vane by the cloak, and said to him in hot wrath—"Thou art a juggling fellow."

Milton's famous sonnet to him is well known:—

TO SIR HENRY VANE THE YOUNGER.

"Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel old,
 Than whom a better senator ne'er held
 The helm of Rome, when gowns not arms repell'd
 The fierce Epirot and the African bold,
 Whether to settle peace or to unfold,
 The drift of hollow states hard to be spell'd,
 Then to advise how war may best upheld,
 Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,
 In all her equipage: besides, to know
 Both spiritual power and civil, what each means,
 What severs each, thou hast learned, which few have done;
 The bounds of either sword to thee we owe,
 Therefore on thy firm hand religion leans
 In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son."

His wisdom, however, availed him but little at last, for at the Restoration he was looked on as a dangerous person, and being put on his trial for high treason, was found guilty; and receiving sentence of death on June 11, 1662, was executed on the 14th of the same month. He was beheaded on Tower Hill, where, as Bishop Burnet says, "he died with so much composedness, that it was generally thought the Government had lost more than it had gained by his death."

His fourth son, Christopher, was created, in 1699, Baron Barnard of Barnard Castle; and it was his grandson Henry, first Earl of Darlington, who married Lady Grace FitzRoy, daughter of Charles, Duke of Cleveland, and granddaughter, consequently, of the celebrated Barbara Villiers, of whom a portrait hangs on the walls of one of the reception rooms at Raby; ^a an unblushing beauty, with rich dark hair, full red lips, and an air of imperious command, from which her royal admirer, Charles II., often suffered; and never more than on that trying occasion of the arrival of the Comte de

^a Barbara Villiers, daughter of William Viscount Grandison, married Roger Palmer, Earl of Castlemaine (one of the Palmers of Dorney Court, Bucks), and was created Baroness of Nonsuch, Countess of Southampton, and Duchess of Cleveland in 1670. The Earl of Castlemaine died in 1705. His widow married, in the same year, Robert Fielding, Esq., and died in 1709.

Grammont's magnificent coach from Paris, built on a new principle, and which he had no sooner presented to the King than a battle royal arose between the two fairest of the many fair ladies of that brilliant court as to which should enjoy the first drive in it round Hyde Park. On that occasion, however, the Duchess of Cleveland's haughty temper had to bow before the rising sun of the charms of Miss Stewart (afterwards Duchess of Richmond), who gained the day and the drive.

History does not say whether Lady Grace inherited the charms or the temper of her grandmother, "La Belle Castlemaine;" but she was the mother of three sons and three daughters. One of the former was the husband of the Mrs. Raby Vane, daughter of Bishop Eyre, whom we have mentioned earlier in our records in connection with the churchyard of Staindrop. The grandson of the first Earl of Darlington and of Lady Grace was raised in 1827 to the Marquisate of Cleveland, and, further created in 1833, Baron of Raby and Duke of Cleveland; he was the father of the fourth and present duke, who is better known by his former title of Lord Harry Vane.

Raby Castle is finely situated, standing in a park of great extent, richly wooded, and enlivened by herds of red and fallow deer, who graze together in apparent amity. The approach to the Castle from the south winds almost round the building; and the view of it from this side is very picturesque, the ancient towers being reflected in the clear surface of a piece of water which washes the base of the embrazured wall, and is the remains of a fosse or moat, which probably at one time surrounded the whole. The building, which is founded on a rock, is irregular and extensive, but the towers are all square. One, a very ancient one, is called Bulmer's; thus retaining the memory of the Barons of Bulmer; another bears the name of Jane, so called after the countess of Ralph Neville, first Earl of Westmoreland, and illegitimate sister of Henry IV.; while the large tower on the north, containing the very handsome state apartments, is called Clifford's. A great deal of fine tapestry, some of it in curious blue and gray colouring, hangs on the walls of the corridors in this part; and, by drawing it back in one place, a mysterious-looking and very narrow stone staircase is revealed.

The outward area of the Castle has but one entrance by a gate on the north side, guarded and flanked by machicolated towers. In the inner area there is an ancient double gate and covered way, looking to the west, strengthened by two square towers standing out from the

walls with an angle in front, and neither standing straight with the other. Indeed, it is a peculiarity of the castle, that scarcely anywhere can two strictly parallel lines of wall be found. An exterior passage from one to the other of these towers is formed by a hanging gallery over the gate. And here are also carved three shields of the Neville arms, gartered. Through this gateway, a court, and another gateway, carriages pass straight into the Gothic hall; and the effect of driving in amongst chairs, tables, and between two fireplaces is most curious and striking, and must be a trial to the nerves of some horses. The hall is very handsome, supported by pillars, and having a fine arched ceiling: great doors give admission and egress to the carriage, which, in passing out, rolls directly under the narrow chapel, which adjoins the High Hall, the magnificent apartment where the seven hundred knights feasted who held of the Nevilles. It is now hung with large pictures, chiefly family portraits, and furnished with great taste and richness; the fire-screens are made of a material fabricated in Russia for the priests' robes, so massively embroidered in silver and gold as to present an almost solid effect. The drawing-rooms and saloons on the ground floor are large and pleasant, their windows looking southwards, towards the Yorkshire hills.

Many of the ground-floor apartments, too, are full of interest. Some have recesses for beds, windows, and passages formed out of the walls, nine feet in thickness, and in some pillars are left to support the ceiling. The kitchen, one of the very oldest parts, is a lofty square of thirty feet, with three chimneys, and an oven fifteen feet wide, now converted into a cellar. A gallery goes all round it in the thickness of the wall, in front of the windows, which are very high up; and at the window on each side of the great fireplace, five steps descend towards the kitchen, but end at a considerable height from the floor; so that it is difficult to understand their use. At the side opposite the grate the steps descend to the floor, and are wide enough for three people abreast. The stone passages are vaulted, gloomy, and twisting, and carry one back forcibly to olden times; so that it requires an effort to recall one's mind from the proud days of the Nevilles, and return to the every-day thoughts of modern life.

G. T.



THE GRAVE OF FLORA MACDONALD.



DURING a recent sojourn in the hospitable and commodious mansion of New Kingsburgh, in the Island of Skye, a series of pleasant excursions was brought to a close by a visit to the grave of Flora Macdonald.

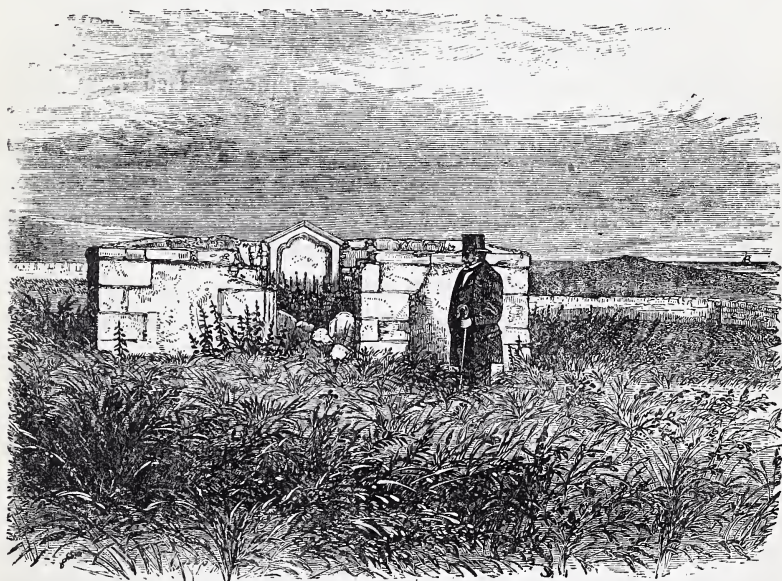
Having traversed the desolate-looking strath or valley, through which Prince Charles passed while on his way from Mucksdat to old Kingsburgh, and having drank from the well at which he also refreshed himself during that perilous journey, it only remained for us to visit the last resting-place of her who had been the partner of his wanderings. We were told, ere starting on our pilgrimage, that the view from Kilmuir churchyard was very beautiful, and we found it so—more beautiful even than we had been led to imagine. We were also given to believe that there was nothing to see at Flora Macdonald's grave, but here we *were* misinformed. There *was* something to see, and to be indignantly trodden down under foot *when* seen—viz., a complete harvest of nettles, some three or four feet in height.

We did not turn away in mute disgust, as did a descendant of the once all-powerful family of Drummond, who came from over the seas to visit the graves of his fair and hapless ancestresses, at the sight of the *inverted* blue stones in Dunblane Cathedral. We rather gave vent to our indignation in words, addressed to the worthy clergyman of the parish, who had accompanied us thither. He fully entered into our feelings, and expressed his regret that as yet no monument had been erected to “Flora's memory;” adding, “there was some talk a short time ago about having one put up, but the idea has never been carried out.”

Once left by this intelligent “cicerone” to wander about at pleasure, we took our seat on a neighbouring stone, and abandoned ourselves to reflections suited to the occasion.

Our thoughts naturally dwelt on her whose lowly and uncared-for grave we were at that moment contemplating. We thought of her heroic determination to save Charles Edward, and of her unsurpassed courage and noble disinterestedness throughout her perilous undertaking. We pictured to ourselves her first meeting with the royal fugitive in the lonely hut in Benbecula, her after-arrest, not being provided with the necessary passport, her being taken before the

commandant of the militia, her joy on discovering him to be her own step-father, her obtaining the requisite safe conduct for herself, Neil Mackeachan, and her maid, *Betty Burke*—the kind-hearted commander fully aware the while of the real sex and rank of the gigantic



Hibernian, whom he was recommending to his wife as being a most excellent *spinner of flax*. Mentally, we follow the richly-freighted bark on its perilous voyage from South Uist to Skye ; we see the enemies' bullets falling thickly around it ; we hear Flora heroically refusing to screen herself from danger so long as the prince continued to expose himself to it ; we behold the little group once more on land ; we sympathise with Flora in her alternate hopes and fears—the latter predominating when *Betty Burke's* awkward management of her feminine garb calls forth remarks from uninitiated observers—the former in the ascendant, when friendly hearts and hands are ready to aid her in her heaven-appointed task. At length the eventful *three days* are over, and that task which was begun in fear and trembling ends in joy and thanksgiving. In a wayside inn, near Portree, the prince bids farewell to her without whose timely aid he must have perished. "They part to meet again at St. James's." So *he* said, and so *they* hoped ; but fate ordained otherwise. Parted

there, they never met again. From that day their paths in life diverged widely asunder.

Arrested by a detachment of militia, headed by Macleod, of Talisker, shortly after parting from Charles Edward, Flora Macdonald was conveyed on board the *Furnace Bomb*, commanded by Captain Ferguson, and taken to Leith. Arrived there, she was removed to Commodore Smith's sloop.^a While under his care she was treated with the greatest respect and kindness. Led from place to place, she was at length put on board the *Royal Sovereign*, then lying at the Nore. This was on the 28th of November. They immediately set sail for London, where they arrived on the 6th of December. Flora's destiny was the Tower, and thither she was instantly conveyed, when the gates of that gloomy old fortress, which had already closed on the forms of other and more unfortunate Jacobites, opened wide to admit the noble Highland maiden within their portals.

In the Tower she remained until the July of the following year. Meanwhile she was visited by the noblest in the land, who vied with each other in admiring and extolling the heroic part she had played in regard to the unfortunate Charles. Amongst others, Prince Frederick of Wales honoured her with a visit; and so delighted was he with her noble bearing and singular amiability of character, that he made strenuous efforts to procure her liberation. This happily he succeeded in effecting, as also that of Macdonald, of Kingsburgh,^b Malcolm Macleod, of Gallingal, and of *Calum Mac Iain Mluc*, who acted as guide to Prince Charles during his journey from Rasay to Kilmorie, in Strathairn, Flora's companions in captivity, and for whose freedom she generously interceded with the noble prince, when informed by him that she herself was no longer a prisoner.

Discharged, without being asked a single question, Flora Macdonald exchanged the gloomy Tower for the more congenial atmosphere of Lady Primrose's hospitable mansion of Dunnipace. Here she remained for a brief space ere she returned to her native isle.

^a It is said that Flora Macdonald's portrait was painted in London, in 1747, for Commodore Smith.

^b Kingsburgh was arrested through one of his servants thoughtlessly informing Captain Ferguson that she had seen Prince Charles—that he had spent a night in her master's house, and that her mistress, and all the other ladies who were there at the time, got beautiful locks of his hair.

That Flora Macdonald received a more sterling reward for her noble magnanimity than the mere applause of the great, the following memorandum, kindly forwarded to us for publication by the family of the late Robert Cole, Esq., F.S.A., affords ample testimony. We transcribe this interesting document verbatim :—

“ FLORA MACDONALD.

“It is recorded by Mr. Chambers, in his ‘History of the Rebellion of 1745,’ that this celebrated woman, after her liberation from confinement, for having aided the escape of Prince Charles Edward, commonly called the Young Pretender, was received into the house of the Dowager Lady Primrose, where she was visited by crowds of the fashionable world, who paid her such homage as would have turned the heads of ninety-nine out of a hundred women of any age, country, or condition. On her mind they produced no effect but that of surprise. ‘She had only,’ she thought, ‘performed an act of common humanity;’ and the author adds, ‘Lord Mahon mentions, but I do not know upon what authority, that a subscription, to the amount of 1500*l.*, was raised for her in London.’

“Letters (addressed to Mr. Thomas Clerk, merchant, London, and which had been sold as waste paper!) have fallen into my hands, throwing some light on the subject of the subscription alluded to; and as any information relative to the Pretender and his adherents cannot fail to be of historical interest, the publication of the letters may not be unacceptable.

“The first in order of date is an autograph letter of our heroine.

“‘SIR,—Few days agoe yours of the 26th March came to hand, by which I understand my Lady Primrose hath lodged in your hands for my behoof 627*l.* sterling, and that her ladyship had in view to add more, of which you would acquaint me, so as to send a proper discharge to my lady, which I am ready to doe, how soon you are pleased to advise me; and as I am to have security to my friends’ satisfaction, on Sir James Macdonald’s estate,^c it’s designed the whole

^c Sir James Macdonald was son of Lady Margaret Macdonald; he died at Rome, 1766, having succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of his father Sir Alexander, in 1746.

should be paid next May to John M'Kinzie, of Delvin, writer att Edinboro', of which my father-in-law spokk to Kenneth M'Kinzie, attorney, who will give you proper directions ; at the same time shall be glad to hear from you as oft as you pleas, in order I may observe such directions as my lady will be pleased to give you concerning me ; I was uneasie befor the receipt of your letter that my lady was not well, haveing wrott frequently to her ladyship, but has had no return. Pleas be so good as to offer my humble duty to my lady and Mrs. Drelincourt.—An I am, Sir, your humble servant,

“ ‘ FLORA M'DONALD.

“ ‘ *Kingsborrow, April 23rd, 1751.*'

“ In Mr. Ainsworth's 'Miser's Daughter,' mention is made of a certain mysterious personage called Cordwell Firebrass, as the agent of the Jacobite party. In the following letter from Lady Primrose, we find the knight had something to do with the 627*l.* ; no doubt, therefore, can exist as to the *quarter* from whence *that* money was derived :—

“ ‘ SIR,—I beg the favour of you to send me by the bearer, forty pounds, and to let me know if you have not received from Sir Codril Firebrace 627*l.* on my account, as also if you have wrott as I desired you about Miss Macdonald's money.—I am, sir, your humble servant,

“ ‘ A. PRIMROSE.'

“ ‘ *May 6th, 1751.*

“ The next letter is from John Mackenzie, mentioned in Flora's letter. The writer was evidently aware that the 627*l.* was only a portion of his client's money, for he says he has powers from her to draw for 627*l.* of her money :—

“ ‘ SIR,—I have powers from Miss Flora Macdonald to draw on you for 627*l.* of her money, impres't in your hands by Lady Primrose ; but tho' the money is wanted, I incline not to draw till again advised by you, that there is no obstacle to remove. You propose in your letter to her a receipt or discharge to Lady Primrose, which may be had, if I were sure what form would please, and, therefore, I wish you would consort that with Mr. Kenneth Mackenzie, in St. Martin's Lane, and I undertake to return it. I subject to this a

copy of all that appears to me to be necessary. You will advise me when I am at freedom to draw.—And I am, sir, your most humble servant,

“ ‘ JO. MACKENZIE,

“ ‘ Writer to the Signet.

“ ‘ *Edinburgh, 11th May, 1751.*’

“ ‘ I, Mrs. Flora M^cDonald, wife of Allen M^cDonald, younger, or Kingsborrow, hereby, confess that the Right Honourable the Lady Primrose has fairly and fully paid and delivered to me, or to my order, all money of mine entrusted to, or imprest in, her hands, which I gratefully acknowledge, and discharge her ladyship accordingly. I take such a writing as this to be all that my lady will think requisite.’

“ It does not appear from the correspondence how the sum of 627*l.* was paid ; but I think it may be assumed that it was distinct from the 800*l.*, the subject of the next letter, for the latter sum is stated (in effect) to be a portion of Flora’s money lodged by Lady Primrose.

“ ‘ SIR,—Agreeable to yours of the 18th of May, I have valued on you of this date, to the order of Messrs. Thomas and Adam Fairholms, for the 800*l.* sterling of Mrs. Flora M^cDonald’s money, which Lady Primrose lodged in your hands. The discharge my lady proposed, and whereof I sent you a copy in my last, shall be transmitted as soon as, in course of post, it can return from the Isle of Skye.—I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

“ ‘ JO. MACKENZIE.

“ ‘ *Edinburgh, 4th June, 1751.*’

“ Accompanying this letter, is one from Messrs. Fairholme, of Edinburgh, transmitting the bill for 800*l.* This bill I also possess ; it bears no impress, however, of its being at all connected with Flora Macdonald, except by an indorsement in the handwriting of Mr. Clarke, thus :—

“ ‘ LADY PRIMROSE,—Jo. Mackenzie’s draft for Mrs. M^cDonald, 10th June, 1751. 800*l.*’

“ The discharge alluded to by John Mackenzie appears not to

have been sent for some time afterwards, for the letter transmitting it is dated in the November of the same year.

“ ‘ SIR,—The enclosed discharge, though of an old date, came but lately into my hands, and being out of town for a fortnight past, is the reason you did not receive it so much sooner. Mrs. M'Donald's obligations to good Lady Primrose's generosity are such, that both she and her friends would be to blame if dilatory in anything that may give my lady the least satisfaction, and if the enclosed is not sufficiently ample, it will be renewed in any other form desired.—I am, sir, most humble servant,

“ ‘ JNO. MACKENZIE.

“ ‘ *Edinburgh, 2nd Nov., 1751.*'

“ Unfortunately, the discharge was not found with the foregoing letters, but we may reasonably infer from the correspondence that the amount in the aggregate which Flora received from Lady Primrose's agent was very nearly the sum stated by Lord Mahon in his ‘ History of England.’

“ ROBERT COLE.

“ *52, Upper Norton Street, Portland Place.*”

When the period of Flora Macdonald's stay with Lady Primrose had drawn to a close, that kind-hearted and enthusiastic Jacobite furnished her with a post-chaise to convey her to Scotland, and desired her to name any friend she chose for her escort thither. Flora's choice alighted on the faithful Malcolm, who evinced much exultation on learning her election. “ Ha ! ha ! ” he shouted. “ I came up to London to be hanged, and now I am returning in a post-chaise with Miss Flora Macdonald ! ”

Once more in her native isle, Flora was married in the month of November to Allan, son of Mr. Macdonald of Kingsburgh, who, at the time of his marriage, resided at Flodigarry, in the parish of Kilmuir. On the death of her husband's father, his son succeeded him, and so our heroine became the mistress of Kingsburgh. Rendered poor through a succession of bad harvests, assisted doubtless by that genuine hospitality so characteristic of the inhabitants of the north, this worthy pair sought to improve their fortunes by emigrating to North Carolina. Previous to doing so, however, they received a visit from Dr. Johnson, who thus ex-

presses himself in favour of Flora Macdonald, when speaking of her to Mrs. Thrale :—

“ She was of a pleasing presence, and elegant behaviour. She told me that she thought herself honoured by my visit ; and I am sure that whatever regard she bestowed upon me was liberally repaid. If thou likest her opinions thou wilt praise her virtues.”

It is truly gratifying to find the learned Doctor for once laying aside his ordinary weapons of ridicule in favour of a *woman*—above all, a *Scotchwoman* !

The following is Boswell’s description of the celebrated Flora :—

“ By-and-by supper was served, at which there appeared the lady of the house, Miss Flora Macdonald (then Mrs. Macdonald). She is a little woman of genteel appearance, and uncommonly mild and well bred.”

The reader will be amused to learn that a fortnight previous to the worthy doctor’s appearance at Kingsburgh, Flora had heard on the mainland “ that Mr. Boswell was coming to Skye, and one Mr. Johnson, a *gay young* English *buck*, with him.”

Boswell’s description of the great lexicographer’s interview with Flora Macdonald—of he and his companion sharing the same room as that in which the prince slept during his brief sojourn under Kingsburgh’s hospitable roof—and the fact of the *young buck’s* being honoured with the very bed once occupied by the royal fugitive—“ that bed with its tartan curtains ”—is well worthy of perusal.

During the Macdonalds’ stay in North Carolina, a dreadful civic war broke out, in which Flora’s husband took an active part. With many others of his countrymen, he joined the Royal Highland Emigrant Regiment, or 84th, embodied in 1775. This regiment was defeated by the provincial forces in February, 1776, and large parties of men were scattered over the colony, apprehending the royalists and disarming the Highlanders. Amongst the names of those committed to Halifax gaol, we find that of Macdonald of Kingsburgh. Obtaining his release, he afterwards served with his regiment in Canada. After undergoing many and severe hardships, at the close of the war he returned to Scotland on half-pay.

The vessel in which Flora and her husband sailed was attacked by a French privateer, and an action took place.

Disdaining the Frenchmen’s bullets, as she had done those fired on the little bark which bore herself and the prince over the High-

land seas, the dauntless Flora appeared on deck, and by her prudent counsels and calm demeanour incited the sailors to fresh acts of heroism. Her feet slipping in the blood of the slain, she fell and broke her arm. Still she evinced no desire to retreat. Maintaining her position on deck to the last, she showed herself in the thickest of the fight, and kept alive the courage of her countrymen by assuring them of victory.

Once more we find this incomparable woman an inhabitant of Skye, which she never again quitted. In company with her husband, and surrounded by a numerous family, she remained quietly at Kingsburgh.

Flora was the mother of seven children, who arrived at maturity, besides others who died in infancy. Five of these were sons, and two were daughters. Her sons, imbued with no small portion of the heroic fire which burned so fervently in their mother's breast, entered the army and became distinguished officers. Her daughters, as was to be expected, became officers' wives. Ann, the eldest, married Major Alexander Macdonald; Frances, the second daughter, became the wife of Lieutenant Macdonald, of Cuidrach. Not one of her family is now alive. Flora herself arrived at old age, and retained to the last that vivacity and cheerfulness which distinguished her in her youth.

She died on the 5th of March, 1790, and was interred in the churchyard of Kilmuir. Her funeral was attended by upwards of three thousand persons of all ranks and ages. This immense concourse were liberally served with refreshments, many of them having come an immense distance to pay the last tribute of respect to the departed.

A fine marble slab was brought from Exeter by Charles and James Macdonald, to be placed over their mother's (Flora's) grave. This was in accordance with the wishes of their eldest brother, Lieut.-Colonel John Macdonald, who in his will, dated Fort Marlboro', the 1st of November, 1794, gives the following instructions respecting it:—

“I wish my surviving brothers to take the trouble (gratifying it must be) of seeing a plain tomb-stone erected over the grave of their parents—a marble slab—and is to have the following epitaph inscribed:—‘Underneath are deposited the remains of Captain Allan Macdonald, and of his spouse, Flora Macdonald, a name that will be mentioned in history; and if courage and fidelity be virtues, men-

tioned with honour. She was a woman of middle stature, soft features, gentle manners, and elegant presence.'

"So wrote Dr. Samuel Johnson."

Unfortunately, the tablet was broken in its transit, and no portion of it now remains, admiring tourists having carried away its minutest fragments to preserve as mementos of their visit to this interesting spot. The inscription *really* inscribed on the tablet was as follows:—

"In the family mausoleum at Kilmuir lie interred the remains of the following members of the Kingsburgh family, viz.: Alex. Macdonald, of Kingsburgh; his son Allan; his sons Charles and James; his son John; and of two daughters; and of Flora Macdonald, who died in March, 1790, aged sixty-eight—a name that will be mentioned in history—if courage and fidelity be virtues, mentioned with honour—'she was a woman of middle stature, soft features, elegant presence, and gentle manners.'

"So wrote Johnson."

The remains of Flora's last surviving daughter, Ann, wife of Major Macdonald, now repose by her side.

"Life's fitful fever over," the graves of the saved and of the saviour are separated by seas; and the difference existing between their last resting-places is as great as was the diversity of their conditions in life.

In the Cathedral Church at Frascati, the heir to Scotland's ancient crown reposes in a coffin of cypress-wood, wherein lie the crown, sceptre, and sword, with all the other insignia of his race, while she, who rescued him from a traitor's fate, sleeps in a secluded Highland churchyard—her grave neglected and well-nigh forgotten. Even now considerable hesitation is expressed as to which of the graves is her's, and which that of her daughter's. A costly marble monument, in St. Peter's, at Rome, tells the curious visitor that *he* was the son of a king. *Her* virtues, unexampled heroism and fidelity are unrecorded even on a simple stone. This should not be. Why should not Scotland erect a memorial column to the memory of one who so richly deserved it? Beautiful indeed is the site for such a memento, and far from undistinguishable would it be in its Highland solitude. Dwellers on distant isles would behold and appreciate this graceful tribute to the noble departed. While speeding over the blue Atlantic, the emigrant from Skye would lovingly gaze on that column, and the sight of it would awaken memories soul-stirring to the Gael—memories for ever honourable to the island which gave

him birth. For he would think of the princely wanderer whom none of his *countrymen* could be found base enough to betray, and of his *countrywoman* who imperilled her own life to save him.

We would fain indulge the hope, that ere long some public spirited individual will take up the matter and head a subscription list for a simple and suitable commemorative pillar to be placed over her grave, in memory of Flora Macdonald.

No need of *costly* monument for thee,
 True Highland maiden. When the poet signs
 Of man, as shipwreck'd on the shoals of life—
 Of woman, angel-like, his constant friend—
 His hope, his stay, his refuge from despair ;
 Then thought will picture thee in thy lone-watch
 And lonelier wanderings by the side of him,
 Who, though the heir to Scotia's ancient crown,
 Had need of all the tender sympathy
 Which in a woman's pitying bosom glows.
 And that thou gavest ! though betrothed to one
 A foe to all who bore the Stuart name,
 And thou thyself no friend to that proud race,^d
 Yet, when in danger, thou forgettest all,
 Save that *he* was *unfriended* and *alone*.
 Thy woman's soul had pity on him then !
 His patience moved thee ; his endurance charmed.
 All selfish fears disdaining thou didst vow
 To win him freedom—Heaven blessed that vow.
 Borne o'er the crested waves to other climes,
 The exiled Stuart from his foes is free !
 If, ere a prayer of thankfulness arose
 From his pale lips, an angel woman's name—
 The name of *Flora* mingled with *that* prayer.

In the last year's exhibition of national portraits, on loan to the South Kensington Museum, there were two of Flora Macdonald, both claiming to be originals, and both differing widely in appearance. The one, Flora bold, florid and somewhat theatrical looking ; the other, the woman of "elegant presence," and "retiring gentle manners." The former, which belongs to the University Galleries, Oxford, and was painted by Allan Ramsay, is thus described in the catalogue, page 76 :—

"312. Flora Macdonald (1720—1790).

University Galleries, Oxford.

Allan Ramsay.

^d We have heard it confidently stated that young Kingsburgh, to whom Flora was betrothed, and Flora herself—until she had seen the Prince—were hostile in their feelings towards the Stuarts.

“Flora (spelt her name *Flory*), dau. of Macdonald, of South Uist; b. about 1720; the young Highland lady who, after the battle of Culloden, risked her life to save P. Charles Edward Stuart from capture, and succeeded in conveying him, disguised as her maid-servant, in safety to the Isle of Skye, 1746; afterwards arrested and sent to London, but included in the Act of Indemnity, 1747; marr. young Macdonald, of Kingsburgh, 1750; emigrated with him to N. Carolina; returned to Skye; d. there 1790; bu. at Kilmuir in a shroud made from the sheets in which Ch. Ed. had slept at Kingsburgh.

“To waist; holding flowers in 1 hand; tartan scarf; at back ‘Ramsay pinxit, anno 1749.’ Canvas 30 × 25 inches.”

The other, in the possession of Mrs. Bedford, and painted by Thomas Hudson, is noticed as follows:—

“314.	Flora Macdonald.
Mrs. Bedford.	Thomas Hudson.

“Bust to 1; low dress; signed ‘Thos. Hudson, pinx.’ Formerly in possession of Mr. M’Alaster, of Loup and Tenisdale. Canvas 30 × 25 in.”

The tartan scarf, white rose, and *more* than ruddy complexion of the Oxford portrait induced many of the visitors to the Exhibition to decide in favour of *its* originality, to the prejudice of its more elegant companion; but we are happy to be able to state that the latter is *undoubtedly* an original, having been formerly in possession of Flora Macdonald’s family, and its history can be traced from her son.

We are the more pleased that it is in our power to afford this testimony in favour of Mrs. Bedford’s portrait, as the former conveys merely the idea of a healthy buxom young Highland woman, amply endowed by nature with strength and energy sufficient to achieve her perilous undertaking; while in the latter, decidedly more poetical production, we see the high-souled, generous Flora—the woman endowed with those tender, retiring qualities and that lofty enthusiasm which are so closely interwoven with our ideas of Flora Macdonald.

E. E. G.



THE LITTLE THEATRE IN THE HAYMARKET.



IN the year 1720 one John Potter, a carpenter, having become lessee of the premises then known as the King's Head Inn, in the Haymarket, expended by way of speculation some one thousand pounds in the erection of a theatre, and laid out about five hundred pounds more in supplying it with scenery, dresses, and decorations. On its completion the new house was forthwith occupied by a company of players, styling themselves "the French comedians of his Grace the Duke of Montague," and was opened to the public on the 29th December, 1720, with a French play, called "La Fille à la Morte, ou le Badaud de Paris." For a considerable period the fortunes of the theatre seem to have been of a very fluctuating kind. It was open but for brief seasons, with a varying list of entertainments. The foreign actors could not maintain their station for more than a few months at a time. English dramatic performances were little more attractive, and had to yield occasionally to concerts, Italian operas (by subscription), ropedancing, tumbling, juggling, fencing, sword-play, and all kinds of gymnastic exhibitions. After ten years apprenticeship to Misfortune, however, the theatre began at last to take rank as a place of dramatic entertainment and to be open regularly during the summer months, on the closing of the patent houses. Certain of the plays produced attracted the town in a high degree. A strange piece, called "Hurlothrumbo, or the Supernatural," written by one Johnson, a dancing-master, from Cheshire, enjoyed a run of thirty nights, the author himself appearing as *Lord Flame*, the chief character, dancing, singing, playing the violin, and walking upon stilts. He was evidently as much laughed at as laughed with. A similar piece of extravagance, produced in a subsequent season, and called "The Blazing Comet," failed to please however, the public being perhaps a little surfeited with Mr. Johnson's nonsense. Among the successful works produced about this time may be noted Henry Fielding's "Author's Farce," "Tom Thumb," "Grub Street Opera," "Letter Writers," &c.

In 1733 some of the leading members of the Drury Lane company seceded from Mr. Highmore's management of that theatre, and appeared at the Haymarket, having fitted up and redecorated the theatre with great expedition. They called themselves the "Come-

dians of His Majesty's Revels," their proceeding being probably sanctioned by Mr. Charles Henry Lee, then Master of the Revels. The manager was Mr. Theophilus Cibber, and the entertainments were of a more dignified kind than had thitherto obtained at the Haymarket. It may be noted that while the Haymarket was thus tenanted a performance was given upon its boards for the benefit of John Dennis, the critic, who had become old and poor and blind, Pope magnanimously supplying a prologue upon the occasion, although it was observed, that in the course of his verse the poet had not refrained from a gibe here and there at his old foe. The patentees of Drury Lane were enraged and embarrassed at this mutiny of their troop, and attempted to put the Act of the 12th of Queen Anne, respecting rogues and vagabonds, in force against the mutineers. They obtained the committal to Bridewell of Harper, a good actor, the Falstaff of the company, upon a justice's warrant. He was afterwards bailed, and his arrest and imprisonment were pronounced by the Court of King's Bench to be illegal, on the ground that he was a housekeeper and enjoyed a vote for Westminster, and could not, therefore, be regarded as a rogue and vagabond within the meaning of the Act. After a season, however, the proprietorship of Drury Lane having changed, the seceders returned to their allegiance, and the performances at the Haymarket lost their "legitimate" character, and reverted again to farce and burlesque. Henry Fielding reappeared upon the scene with a troop of players mockingly styled "The Great Mogul's Company of Comedians." Fielding's "Pasquin" was produced, and enjoyed a run of nearly fifty nights; while his "Tumble Down Dick, or Phaeton in the Suds," was hardly less successful.

In 1737 came the Licensing Act (10 George II., chap. 28) which limited the number of theatres, and enacted that no play or even prologue or epilogue should be exhibited without the approval first obtained of the licenser. Some three years before, Sir John Bernard had attempted to introduce in the House of Commons a Bill for restraining the number of play-houses and for regulating common players, but without success. The ministry had been unquestionably galled by certain political strokes which Fielding had introduced into his farces, but the immediate cause of the act was a scurrilous piece containing the grossest abuse of the king, queen, and the whole court, which had been offered to Giffard, the manager of the theatre in Goodman's Fields, and by him shown to Sir Robert Walpole.

The bill was opposed by Mr. Pulteney in the House of Commons, while against it in the Lords the Earl of Chesterfield made a famous speech. "This bill," said his lordship, very happily, "is not only an encroachment on liberty, but it is likewise an encroachment on property. Wit, my lords, is a sort of property: the property of those who have it, and too often the only property they have to depend on. It is indeed but a precarious dependence. We, my lords, thank God! *have a dependence of another kind.*" The bill became law, however, and for a time closed the Haymarket and also the theatre in Goodman's Fields. The first licenser of plays, under the Lord Chamberlain, was Mr. William Chetwynd, with a salary of 400*l.* a year. A deputy was allowed him with a salary of 200*l.* a year. The deputy was a Mr. Odell, who, in 1729, had been manager of the Goodman's Fields' Theatre.

In 1738 a French company of comedians opened the theatre, under the authority of the Lord Chamberlain. The public was indignant. An arbitrary act of Parliament had driven native actors from the stage which was yet to be free to foreign adventurers. An opposition was organised; the house was crowded at an early hour. Two Westminster justices, Deveil and Manning, were present to preserve order. The audience joined in singing the "Roast Beef of Old England," in a lusty chorus, loudly applauding their own efforts. Justice Deveil denounced this proceeding as riotous, and publicly stated that it was the king's command that the play should be acted; that Colonel Pulteney, with a company of the guards, was in attendance to assist in maintaining the king's authority, and that he must read the proclamation, after which all offenders would be made prisoners. The curtain drew up and discovered the French actors standing between two files of Grenadiers, with their bayonets fixed, and resting on their firelocks. The pit rose and appealed to the justices, demanding the reason of such arbitrary measures, and asserting that the audience had a legal right to manifest their dislike of any play or player. The justices ordered the troops from the stage. The performances then commenced; the comedy being "L'Embarras des Richesses." But the voices of the actors were drowned by the cries and catcalls of the audience. An attempt made to execute a dance was rendered abortive by bushels of peas being flung upon the stage, which rendered capering very unsafe indeed. Finally the curtain was lowered—like the striking of a flag—and the triumph of the audience was complete. "I will

venture to say," writes Mr. Victor, a witness of the scene, "that at no battle gained over the French by the immortal Marlborough the shoutings could be more joyous than on this occasion." The mob were so excited that they cut the traces of the coaches of the French and Spanish ambassadors, who had been present, and otherwise insulted them. Mr. Victor records his regret for this excess: "but what else," he asks, "could be expected at a time when several of our own poor players were in jail for debt, being deprived of their livelihood by the late act of Parliament. Was that a juncture for a company of French strollers to appear by authority?"

For some years the Haymarket was occasionally occupied by Macklin, Theophilus Cibber, and others, and performances were given either under a temporary licence or by ingeniously evading the penalties imposed under the act. Thus one of the advertisements of the time ran thus:—"At *Cibber's Academy*, in the Haymarket, will be a concert, after which will be exhibited (*gratis*) a rehearsal, in form of a play, called *Romeo and Juliet*." In 1743, Garrick and others seceding from Fleetwood's management of Drury Lane, endeavoured to obtain a licence for the Haymarket, but the Lord Chamberlain was deaf to their petition. In 1744, Macklin, excluded from Drury Lane, opened the Haymarket for the performance of his pupils. He endeavoured to wean them from the artificial manner of speaking which had for a long time pertained to the stage. "It was his manner to check all the cant and cadence of tragedy; he would bid his pupils first speak the passage as they would in common life, if they had occasion to pronounce the same words; and then giving them more force, but preserving the same accent, to deliver them on the stage." It was in this year that the famous Mr. Samuel Foote first trod the boards. The play was "*Othello*," preceded by a concert, "the character of *Othello* by a gentleman, his first appearance on the stage." The bills announced that the character of *Othello* would be "new dressed, after the custom of his country," and that no money would be taken at the doors, nor any person admitted but by printed tickets, which would be delivered by Mr. Macklin at his house in Bow Street, Covent Garden. In 1745 a peremptory order of the Lord Chamberlain put an end for a time to the dramatic representations at the Haymarket.

Two years later Foote was issuing invitations to his friends to drink "a dish of chocolate" with him, at noon, at the Haymarket.

“It is hoped,” said the advertisements, “there will be a great deal of good company and some joyous spirits.” Mr. Foote undertook to make the morning as diverting as possible. Tickets were to be obtained at George’s Coffee House, Temple. “Sir Dilbery Diddle will be there, and Lady Betty Frisk has absolutely promised.” Occasionally these invitations to drink tea or chocolate were for the evening, and sometimes the entertainment was described as an “auction of pictures.” There was, of course, no tea or chocolate or sale of pictures either, a fact which Tate Wilkinson, who subsequently gave the performance in the provinces in imitation of Foote, found to occasion “difficulty and chagrin to a country audience,” who were apt to accept the invitation too literally. Foote would coolly step upon the scene and announce that while tea was preparing he would, with the permission of the audience, proceed with the instruction of certain young actors whom he was preparing for the stage. Thereupon clever mimicry of the chief London players would ensue. Mr. Garrick, Mr. Quin, Mr. Woodward, Mr. Delane, Mr. Ryan, Mrs. Woffington, &c., were all in turn humorously imitated. In 1749 occurred the famous hoax said to have been contrived by the Duke of Montague and other wits of the day, which attracted an overflowing house. The advertisements stated that after many surprising feats of legerdemain, a conjuror would, on the stage and in sight of the audience, compress himself into a quart bottle, and sing in it! The conjuror did not present himself, but escaped with the money received at the doors. The audience nearly demolished the theatre in their indignation at the fraud of which they had been the victims, owing quite as much to their own astounding credulity as to the conjuror’s cleverness.

Foote’s fall from his horse in 1766, while on a visit at Lord Mexborough’s, after a foolish boast of his skill as an equestrian, led to results very fortunate for him. It is true, his leg was broken and in the end was amputated: for the rest of his life he was doomed to halt about on a limb of cork. But much sympathy was expressed on account of his accident, and the Duke of York obtained for him a patent to erect a theatre in the city and liberties of Westminster, and to exhibit plays there from the 15th of May to the 15th of September in each year during his natural life. In Anthony Pasquin’s “Life of Edwin, the Actor,” it is suggested that Foote unnecessarily endured amputation in order to secure this patent, but the story is simply incredible. Foote now bought the lease of the theatre of

Potter's executors, and greatly enlarged and improved the building, by adding to it the adjoining premises. He continued to entertain the public, both in his capacities of author and actor, for some ten years, when he transferred his interest in the theatre and patent, and his property in his dramatic works, to Mr. George Colman, for an annuity of 1600*l.* Foote only lived to receive one half-year's annuity however. Upon Foote's death, Mr. Colman obtained a renewal of his lease for a term of years and a continuance of the royal licence.

During the winter months the Haymarket was open for a variety of entertainments, of a kind sufficiently irregular to avoid collision with the patent winter houses. For three seasons Mr. G. A. Stevens gave his "Lecture on Heads." "Catches and Glee," under the direction of Dr. Arne, were given in 1770. At one time, Foote's "Primitive Puppet Show" was performed: a comic and satiric entertainment received with great favour by the public. In the preliminary lecture, proving the antiquity of puppets and their superiority over flesh and blood performers, the audience were asked to take warning from the example of a country girl who, being brought by her friends to the puppet show, could not be convinced that the puppets were not players. "Being carried the succeeding night to one of the theatres, it became equally difficult to satisfy her that all the players were not puppets." In 1777 the "Italian Fantoccini" represented comedies, dancing, and pantomimic transformations; and in 1780 was presented Dibdin's entertainment of "Pasquin's Budget; or, a Peep at the World."

Upon the destruction of the Opera House by fire, in 1789, the Italian operas were for one season given at the Haymarket Theatre. In 1793, when Drury Lane was in course of rebuilding, the Haymarket was opened in the winter under virtue of the Drury Lane patent. It was during this occupation, on the occasion of a royal visit, that fifteen people lost their lives, being trampled on and suffocated, owing to the rushing of the crowd to the pit entrance down a steep flight of steps; many others being very severely injured. On the death of Mr. Colman, in 1794, the theatre became the property of his son, previously known as George Colman the Younger. Subsequent dealings with the property led to a ten years' Chancery suit; and eventually the theatre became vested in Mr. Morris (Mr. Colman's brother-in-law) and Mr. Winston, proprietor of the Richmond Theatre, and afterwards one of the managers of Drury Lane,

who, in 1820, determined upon rebuilding and greatly improving the premises.

The new theatre (the present building) was designed by Nash, and erected on a plot of land a few feet southward of the old house, at an expense of 18,000*l.* The building was completed in less than four months, and will accommodate more than 1800⁰ visitors. It was first opened to the public on the 4th of July, 1821.

Until the destruction of the patent rights and the establishment of free-trade in theatrical amusements by the passing of the Act of the 6th and 7th Victoria, the Haymarket was open only during the summer months. Many improvements were made in the house from time to time by its managers. When Mr. B. Webster concluded his management of the theatre, in 1853, after a tenancy of sixteen years, he stated to the audience that among the changes he had made, were the widening of the proscenium eleven feet, and the introduction of gas for the fee of 500*l.* a-year, and the presentation of the centre chandelier to the proprietors. Further, the lessee stated that he had expended 12,000*l.* in improvements, had paid 60,000*l.* in rent, and 80,000*l.* to dramatic authors. Since Mr. Webster's retirement the theatre has been under the control of Mr. J. B. Buckstone,^a and is now open all the year round, the staple entertainments being comedy and farce, with occasional recourse to burlesque and pantomime during holiday time.

Among the most famous performers whom the Haymarket has been the means of introducing to the London public may be noted : Foote, Palmer, Henderson, Edwin, J. Bannister, Mathews, Elliston, Liston, Young, Terry, Tokely, Miss Fenton (afterwards Duchess of Bolton), Mrs. Abington, and Miss Farren, afterwards Countess of Derby.

DUTTON COOK.

^a On Easter Monday last, Mr. Buckstone completed the fifteenth year of his lesseeship. The house has frequently been open all the year round, while, during his term, he has had two seasons of five years each.



ANECDOTES OF THE BASTILLE.



FOR ages before the momentous day when the French Revolution first signally declared itself by the storming of the Bastille, the State prisons and royal palaces of France were, historically speaking, so closely connected with each other, that most palace records, and especially those recently chronicled in the pages of SYLVANUS URBAN, possessed corresponding prison memorials, some of the most remarkable of which will presently here appear. First, however, it must be observed that not only during the Middle Ages were many French fortified palaces and State prisons identical, but even after the pleasant château of the Tuileries had risen to view in the time of Catherine de Médicis, and when, more than a century later, the erection of that of Versailles had splendidly illustrated the reign of Louis XIV.—nay, even to the end of the long reign of Louis XV.—there were still many illustrious men and women standing near the throne of France who had their own personal prison memories,—memories, which they themselves will presently here recount, of their own several lives in the Bastille.

Not always, however, were such memories of an essentially or exclusively dreary character, for the Bastille, or vast fortified enclosure, long and square in form, contained governor's house, treasury, chapel, and six other prison towers (varying from seven to two stories each), besides that grim couple which frowned down on the Porte St. Antoine—towers circular outside, but with octagonal chambers and cells within. On its own side of ponderous drawbridges, massive walls, and iron bars bristling with spikes, the Bastille had not only its courtyards (the principal one a hundred and twenty feet long by eighty wide), but a courtly world of its own, which was almost as inaccessible to the *canaille* of the capital as that of Versailles. It had its places of recreation not less than its dungeons; its feasts—and those at the king's expense—not less than its solitary fasts; its pure loves, not less than its foul legends, the latter revived, or sometimes invented, by political malcontents and spies (such as De Renneville, who had formerly written himself into Bastille notoriety, is now supposed to have been), which legends were rife amongst the illiterate, who, knowing nothing more of its anecdotes, shuddered at the outward aspect of the great State Prison of Paris. Surrounded by a ditch about a hundred and twenty feet wide (which ditch was always dry except when the Seine overflowed, or unusually long and heavy rain had fallen), the Bastille was also protected by an outer wall sixty feet high, upon the top of which ran a wooden gallery, with balustrades.

Along this gallery, called "the Rounds," walked sentinels night and day, who, every quarter of an hour, had to answer the "*Qui vive?*" of sergeants and officers responsible for their vigilance, and to ring a bell at stated intervals, the solemn sound of which, being audible within the fort, must have echoed as a knell of despair in the heart of any prisoner dreaming of the possibility of escape. To each sentinel, at or after sunset, were given a certain number of copper coins, marked officially and

bored with holes ; these coins he had to place, one after the other, at fixed periods of the night, on the point of an instrument from which they were dropped into a padlocked box below ; and on the opening of this box in the morning by the *état-major*, the sentinel's diligence was tested by the number of coins.

Black as the cannon belonging to them were the outer towers of the Bastille, and impervious, seemingly, to the light of day were they ; for, although their massive walls were here and there pierced by narrow windows, these loopholes but served to remind the outside beholder of grim weapons of destruction lurking behind them. Beyond "the Rounds" stood a mighty bastion, which at one time was planted with trees. The Porte Saint Antoine, near it, was a chief entrance to the city of Paris ; and in the neighbouring convent of Saint Antoine many miserable women, rescued from the pestilential byeways of ancient Paris by Peter de Roissi, a priest and great social reformer of that capital, A.D. 1182, not only found a refuge, but the means also of future social redemption. Peter de Roissi lived in the time of King Philip Augustus, and it was that monarch who first "imprisoned Paris in a circular chain of huge towers, high and solid," whilst enlarging his capital by the enclosure of several surrounding villages within its fortified walls.^a

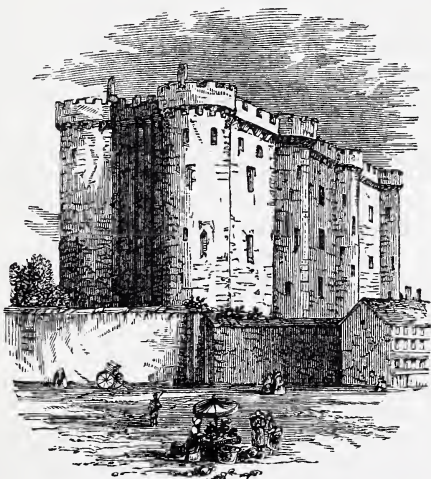
A financier, named Gérard de Poissy, paid down "one thousand francs in silver for the operation."

By the advice of Bernard, a hermit in the forest of Vincennes, the King had lately expelled all Jews from France, and converted their synagogues into churches. Not only strong forts, but houses, built one storey upon another, then rose to view within "the wall of Philip Augustus ;" and such was thenceforth the rapid growth of the city, that in 1367 Charles V. enlarged its enclosures. The dimensions and blackness of the Bastille, chief of the many forts of Paris, increased with time. Its aspect at one period was strangely contrasted with the Alhambra-like palace of the Tournelles, which stood not far from it on the left, near the Porte St. Antoine ; and a bastion, parallel with that before mentioned, served as a garden, the smiling aspect of which was more in keeping with the Palais des Tournelles, than with the mass of enormous towers, described by a French chronicler as perfectly black, growing, as it were, one into another, and looking as if bound together by their circular *fosse*. "Towers, pierced more with shot-holes than with windows ; drawbridges always raised, and portcullis always down ; all these at last form the Bastille. Those objects like black beaks, projecting between the battlements, and which at a distance you would take for the mouths of water-spouts, are cannon. Under their fire, at the foot of the formidable structure, you may perceive the Porte St. Antoine, almost buried between two towers." Beyond the Tournelles (says the same old chronicler), extended rich compartments of verdure

^a By some writers it seems to have been assumed that the foundations of the Bastille were attributable to Charles V. and Hugues Aubriot, the *Prévôt* of Paris, in his reign ; but the Bastillon (or fortified place), afterwards known as the Bastion, and then as the Bastille, protecting the Porte St. Antoine, doubtless owned an earlier date, although, probably—as suggested in the "*Archives de la Bastille*"—it was at first but a *fortin* of protection to the Seine.

and flowers, forming a fair landscape of garden-grounds and royal parks, in the midst of which was distinguishable, by its labyrinth of groves and walks, the famous Dædalus garden which Louis XI. gave to Coictier, the Doctor and astrologer whose observatory rose above the labyrinth, like a great isolated column, and in it subtile science worked mysteriously. Afterwards this spot was called the Place Royale.

In 1478 a mighty and ominous sound echoed through Paris; for a cannon, cast by Jean Maugré of Tours, was then fired on trial at the Bastille. Previously, in the reign of Charles VII., who owed his crown to Jeanne d'Arc, bombs are said to have been first used in France, and



with such success, that from the Bastille a ball, weighing five hundred pounds, is declared to have reached the bridge of Charenton.

In the reign succeeding that of Charles VII. the prison of the Bastille was sometimes used as a royal palace in preference to the Louvre; for Louis XI., the "scourge of the human race," knew that the Bastille was better fortified than the Louvre, and when on his visits to Paris felt safer from the vengeance of his subjects in the former than the latter château. In fact, the favourite residence (Plessis les Tours) of this monarch, who is said to have imbibed the blood of young children in order to correct the acrimony of his own blood, was a fortress covered with iron spikes, and with gates defended by bastions. Around this palace-prison, night and day, a guard of four hundred archers kept watch, with orders to fire on any one who should dare to approach without first making himself known; and in the interior court of the castle were two large iron chains, known as *les fillettes du roy*, to which not only cannon balls, but criminals, were fastened, and this often for the most trivial real or supposed offences. "The avenues which led to this abode of misery were lined on either side with gibbets instead of trees, on which Tristan, the provost—who was truly worthy to administer to the rage

and caprice of a sanguinary tyrant—caused the wretched victims of his master's suspicion and revenge to be placed ;” and even at the most happy period of his life, Louis XI. was attended wherever he went by a body of troops and a train of artillery. At a later period of his life—when, if a north wind blew some days together, he commanded general processions to St. Denis, and especial prayers for the health of his body—this monarch was always armed with a pike, which he placed at the head of his bed at night, and which a page carried at his side during the day.

No wonder that, as an abode for himself, this tyrant preferred the Bastille to the Louvre, for “it was a safer retreat, in which Monsieur Louis of France could say his prayers.” At the Bastille, in the chamber occupied by Louis XI., “no description of ordinary furniture was to be seen ; neither benches, nor trestles, nor forms, nor fine stools ; there was only one easy arm chair, a very magnificent one, decorated with long silken fringe and with gold-headed nails ; the wood of it was painted with roses on a red ground, and its seat was of red morocco. The soleness of this chair testified that one person alone was entitled to be seated in that chamber.” It was by order of the tyrant who occupied that chair, guarded by “men-at-arms ponderous with steel,” that the celebrated Wooden Cage was fixed in one of the towers of the Bastille. This cage, which is said to have replaced another like it, was “of very fine heart of oak, with heavy beams, joists, and rafters, measuring inside nine feet long by eight broad, and seven feet high between the planks ; morticed and bolted with great iron bolts.”

Few, if any captives of that cage, whether or not deprived beforehand of reason, survived to tell the dark tale of their woes ; but certain it is that two fearful and inquisitorial forms of suffering long survived in the Bastille—water and the *brodequins*. If sentenced to the former, a man, placed on a tressel, and chained, both hands and feet, to a wall, was forced to gulp down water from a horn, inserted between his teeth by the *bourreau*, until the weight of the liquid, pressing upon the stomach, caused intolerable suffering.

This torture was for men only ; but women, also, had their share in the *brodequins*, under sentence of which the captive, both hands chained, was seated, both legs being, meantime, rigidly cased betwixt wooden planks, which, by cords attached to them, were drawn together, tighter and tighter, as the inquisitorial examination proceeded. For the avoidance, however, of mortal consequences, it was customary for a surgeon and also a physician to be present on these occasions ; and in later days, when a prisoner of the Bastille was condemned to death, a secular priest (not one ordained for the usual services of the chapel belonging to the fortress) was suffered to be in attendance, although brief was the interval between the sentence and its execution.

Notwithstanding all this, however, it is quite certain, as some Bastille prisoners will here presently in their own several accounts of themselves affirm, that incarceration in that State prison by no means (after the time of Louis XI.) necessarily implied any especial cruelty towards them on the part of an offended government. In fact, as we shall see in an after page, some of these prisoners led lives of a very peculiar, but certainly not altogether unenjoyable character, despite the instruments of inquisitorial torture that were hanging on the damp walls of

the dungeons beneath their feet, and the "lasciate ogni speranza" character of the edifice, which, like most of such structures, whether prison or palace, in the Middle Ages, had "almost as much under the ground as above it."

In the reign of Henry IV. the Duc de Sully was governor of the Bastille, and in the advice of that minister the King confided, even to the change of his religion; for Sully, albeit a Protestant himself, could see no chance of calming the dreadful commotions that convulsed the State whilst a non-conformist was on the throne. But even after the King went openly to Mass, and his son, the much-desired Dauphin, was born at Fontainebleau,^b he still had cause to write to Sully thus:—

"My friend, come and see me, for something has happened. . . . I would give a great deal for your company, for you are the only one to whom I can open my heart. It is not affected by love nor by jealousy; it is a State affair. Hasten, come quickly."

Formerly, before the sudden death of the "charmante Gabrielle" (d'Estrées), it was in her he, the royal friend of the Duc de Sully, confided; and, on the eve of his leaving her to join the camp, he had written the following verses:—

" Partagez ma couronne,
Le prix de ma valeur,
Je la tiens de Bellone,
Tenez la de mon cœur ;"

with the refrain,—

" Cruelle departie,
Malheureux jour,
Que ne suis je sans vie,
Ou sans amour."

But when the fair Gabrielle was dead, and Sully had induced his sovereign to espouse Marie de Médicis, treason was lurking near the throne and the cradle of the Dauphin, in the person of the Maréchal de Biron, son of the brave and accomplished Armand de Biron, who, having originally been brought up as a page to the excellent Queen of Navarre, grandmother of Henry IV., owed his refined education to her. So proverbial were the intellectual acquirements of the elder Biron, that when anything worthy of note was heard at Court, "From Biron's tablets" was the common remark. But he was killed by a cannon ball (1592) at Epernai; and his son, though in splendour of military achievements surpassing him, by no means inherited either his loyalty or his learning. Bred in the camp, and a desperate gambler, he is said to have lost more than five hundred thousand crowns in the course of a single year; and to other political offences added that of entering into a secret engagement with the King of Spain and the Duke of Savoy, they having stipulated to reward him largely for services inimical to the government of his own royal master. Repeatedly did Henry IV. show himself lenient towards this younger Biron; but when the latter had retired to his government of Burgundy, and fresh discoveries were revealed to the King of his treachery, Sully, under pretence of re-casting all the cannon throughout Burgundy, took upon himself, as Grand Master of the Ordnance, to

^b "Memories of Fontainebleau," G. M., Sept. and Oct., 1867.

withdraw all the artillery under Biron's command, stopping the new pieces which were to replace it ; and Biron, in company with another conspirator, the Comte d'Auvergne, was conveyed to the Bastille.

Such, however, was the attachment of the King for the Maréchal de Biron, that he resolved once more to pardon him ; and much cause had he, therefore, to write as above to Sully, governor of the Bastille, "Hasten, come quickly." No consultation of the monarch with Sully, however, could save Biron ; for by a parliamentary investigation his guilt was proved, and on the last day of July, 1603, he, who for his courage in battle had been called "the intrepid," died the death of a traitor in the court of the Bastille,—his calmness abandoning him, it is said, ere the executioner struck off his head.

Within the Bastille were separate chambers for forty-two State prisoners, and not only was there a double but a treble door, with locks and chains, accordingly, to each of these apartments. Rigidly searched was each prisoner, male or female, on arriving within the fortress ; but notwithstanding the multiplicity of bars and bolts, there were some captives who, as we shall presently see, contrived to correspond with each other in the Bastille. In fact the Man with the Iron Mask himself was not altogether without his consolations there, although upon his face, which was supposed to have been not less beautiful than his figure, no human eye was allowed to look.

It is now generally known,^c or at least believed, that this mysterious being, concerning whom so many wild fables have been fabricated, was the son of Cardinal Mazarin and Anne of Austria. That Queen's marriage was not a happy one with Louis XIII., who in his last illness said, "In my present situation it is my duty to forgive, but not to believe her." Louis XIV. is supposed to have been kept in ignorance of the fact of his having an elder brother (to whom, though born in wedlock, the same royal paternity as that to which he himself laid claim could not, with seeming probability, be ascribed), until after the death of Mazarin, when State and family reasons necessitated secrecy on his part. For many years the wearer of the Iron Mask had resided at a château of Saint Margaret's Isle in the Sea of Provence, and the Marquis de Louvois was reported to have treated him there with the respect due to royalty ; but when M. de St. Mars, governor of Pignerol, was made governor of the Bastille in 1690, the wearer of the Iron Mask was conducted by him thither, and lodged there luxuriously, but with his face so perpetually concealed that not even had a physician of the Bastille, although often in professional attendance upon him, seen it, notwithstanding the fact of his having examined the state of his tongue.^d

^c The "Addition des Éditeurs des Œuvres de M. de Voltaire," quoted from in the eighth year of the French Republic edition of "L'Esprit de l'Encyclopédie," contains some valuable remarks upon the subject of the "Masque de Fer," with regard to which Voltaire's original Encyclopédie essay was circumscribed by political circumstances.

^d Voltaire authenticates the fact that when the "Man with the Iron Mask" was at the château of Sainte Marguerite, it was the custom for the governor of the fortress himself to place that prisoner's dinner, served on silver, before him, and then to retire. The prisoner, being thus one day left alone, scratched some words with the point of a knife on one of the silver plates, and then threw the plate out of the window of his turret, in such a way that it fell at the feet of a fisherman. The

To explain this anomaly, it must here be mentioned that the chin piece of the mask was provided with steel springs, which did not impede the action of the wearer's mouth in speaking, eating, &c. The governor of the Bastille seldom ventured to sit in presence of this mysterious prisoner; and when conducting him thither from Saint Margaret's Isle was heard to address him as "my prince."

It is also said that whilst at the *château* of Sainte Marguerite some other prisoners, lodged in a chamber above that occupied by the wearer of the Mask, had contrived, by means of an open chimney shaft, to establish a conversation with him, and that to their question why he obstinately refrained from revealing to them the secret of his extraordinary position, he replied that the revelation of that secret would not only cost him his own life, but entail certain death upon any human being who heard it.

At the Bastille his table was served with luxury; in solitude he amused himself there with intellectual pursuits and in playing the guitar; but in nothing did he seem to take so much pleasure as in selecting, or wearing, costly materials of finest fabric—by which fact, those who knew it could not fail to be reminded of Mazarin's *mot* concerning Anne of Austria, to the purport that no purgatory could be worse for her than to lie in coarse sheets, so sensitive was her sense of touch. The wearer of the Iron Mask survived until 1704, and was interred, at night, in the parish church of Saint Paul, under the name of *Marchiali*.

By some it was said that this celebrated prisoner of the Bastille was a disgraced secretary of the Duc de Mentone, but by others it was justly observed, that in that case M. de Saint Mars, governor of the Bastille, would not have treated him with such marks of respect as those above mentioned.

So intense, during the latter half of the 17th century, was curiosity on the part of not a few individuals to know the real secret of the *Masque de Fer*, that the second Maréchal de la Feuillade confesses to have knelt before his dying father-in-law, M. de Chamillard (the last minister of Anne of Austria's council to whom the secret was confided), when conjuring him to reveal it; but the dying Chamillard only answered that it was a State secret, and that he had sworn never to let it transpire. The oath was kept.

The elegance of figure which distinguished the wearer of the Iron Mask, his delight in personal adornment, the almost morbid refinement of his personal tastes, and his patience were remarkable. The beauty of his countenance, judging of it from his carefully-trimmed beard and the fine texture of his skin, was surmised; but, nevertheless, it may have been, in consequence of some disfigurement, some hopeless deformity of feature—a matter of terrible importance to one of his birth, presuming him to have been the elder brother of Louis XIV.—that his face was hidden from human view. If so, his equable endurance of masked and life-long captivity is not so much to be won-

latter, fortunately for himself, could not read. In astonishment he picked up the silver plate, and took it at once to the governor of the *château*, who, however, detained him a captive there until such time that he was convinced, by inquiries in the neighbourhood, that the man was as ignorant as he was honest.

dered at; nor was the cruelty of those who contrived such a fate for him so atrocious as it is generally supposed to have been.

Anne of Austria, indeed, whatever her faults, was neither cruel nor wanting in maternal affection, as evinced by her conduct towards her son, Louis XIV. Reliable and historical authorities, of and since her time, concur in the fact that, in spite of the embarrassments occasioned by civil war, she zealously superintended the young monarch's education; and manifested anxiety to instil into his mind principles of virtue and religion; so that if Louis XIV. did not fulfil all the duties of a man and a Christian, the failure must not be ascribed to a want of maternal instruction.*

After the death of Mazarin (A.D. 1661), Louis XIV., acting on the advice of the late Cardinal, determined to place full confidence in Colbert, and to lay claim to the ministerial aid of that celebrated financier in destroying the seeds of corruption at home, ere attempting to make France formidable abroad; but, as a first step in carrying out these projects, it was essential to displace Fouquet, the notorious superintendent of the finances, whose mode of life was one of boundless extravagance, and whose integrity there were many serious reasons to suspect. Fouquet, who had purchased for himself the duchy of Penthièvre, and had established for himself a fortified abode (in splendour surpassing royal palaces) at Belle-Isle, was suspected of secret state traffic with England; and—worst offence of all, with regard to his sovereign—was said by some about the Court of France to have attempted to intrude his gallant attentions on Mademoiselle de La Vallière, who—doubtless, for himself alone—loved Louis XIV., “qu'elle n'abandonna que pour Dieu, seul rival du monarque.”

Splendid were the *fêtes* at which Fouquet entertained the King and Court of France; but one day (September, 1663), as he was leaving the Château of Nantes, where he had attended a Council, he was arrested, and (after successive brief incarcerations in the Châteaux d'Angers, d'Amboise, and Vincennes) was, in the month of June following, conveyed to the Bastille, whence eventually he was transferred to the citadel of Pignerol, where, after many years' captivity, but, latterly, ameliorated by the society of some friends and his family, he died.

In the Bastille, however, for nearly seven years, languished the noble-hearted and talented De Pellisson, who, for his advocacy of Fouquet, was imprisoned there. De Pellisson was the younger son of an upper middle-class Calvinist family at Béziers; his literary talents having attracted Court notice, he was called upon to write the prologue to Molière's “*Fâcheux*,” when that play was represented, for the first time, at one of Fouquet's grand *fêtes* above alluded to. So much, indeed, was Fouquet attracted towards Pellisson that he made him one of his secretaries, by which act of patronage the suspected Minister of Finance secured to himself one of the best but ugliest defenders in the kingdom. For the beauty of Pellisson's mind by no means shone forth in that of his person: in fact, as said Madame de Sevigné of him, *il abusait de la permission qu'ont les hommes d'être laids*. One celebrated woman, however, is recorded in the *Histoire des Philosophes*, to have been

* “Memories of Compiègne,” G.M., Jan. and Feb. 1867.

fascinated by this ugly man. Mademoiselle de Scudéry, in the imperishable charm of Pellisson's character saw much to admire, and so keenly did he appreciate the sentiments of that by no means beautiful but gifted authoress, that a friendship of (in those days) almost unexampled fidelity was established between them, which friendship was parodied by a malignant muse of the period in verse, ending with these lines :—

“ Sappho lui trouve des appas !
Moi je ne m'en étonne pas ;
Car chacun aime son semblable.”

Doubtful, in general, is the truth of that old proverb, “ Like likes like ;” but none the less was the mutual sentiment of these two personally plain but gifted beings of such force and constancy that it survived the test of long absence, and triumphed over difficulties seemingly insurmountable. The black walls, the bars and bolts of the Bastille were powerless to withstand it.

“ Je les aime dans son ouvrage,” had been said, or sung, of Mademoiselle de Scudéry's eyes, and in her works Pellisson had learnt to love them ; but brighter to him must they have gleamed in her letters, when, at last, she being at liberty in Paris, and he still a prisoner in the Bastille, he succeeded in establishing a daily correspondence with her through means of his attendant or jailer, who, though supposed to have been employed as a government spy on the actions of the captive Pellisson, was so won by the charm of his manner that he risked his own safety in becoming the medium of the correspondence above named.

Mademoiselle de Scudéry's letters to Pellisson in the Bastille were welcome to him as none can surmise but those who remember the fact of his having, during one period of his confinement there, striven to find some exercise for his powerful mind, some amusement for the dragging hours, in the taming of a spider, which he had often wearily watched spinning its web in the air-hole of his prison chamber.

For some time after Pellisson's generous advocacy of his former patron, Fouquet, and before Mademoiselle de Scudéry assisted him with means of correspondence, he was deprived of books, pens, and paper ; and the only distraction to his thoughts allowed by human authority was the miserable one, and for him, a poet, an especially miserable one, of hearing the bagpipes played by “ a stupid Basque.” Pellisson observed, however, that at the sound of the bagpipes the spider issued from its hole, in order to make a dart on flies which had been placed by his own hand within its reach ; and, profiting by that observation during many weary months, the bagpipes still wailing on from time to time, he persevered in training the spider to come nearer and nearer to him, until at last it would voluntarily rest on his knee or his hand.

M. Bezemaux was at that time governor of the Bastille. One day, when he entered Pellisson's chamber, and, as it would seem, derisively asked him how he spent his time, Pellisson quietly replied that he had contrived to find some amusement for himself, and forthwith encouraged the tame spider to approach and settle on his hand. In another moment, however, Pellisson exclaimed, in a voice of anguish, “ Ah ! sir, I would rather that you had broken my arm ;” for the governor had brutally thrown the spider on the floor and crushed it under foot.

With the eloquence of a friendship akin to, if not altogether synonymous with, love, Mademoiselle de Scudéry interceded with Colbert and others for the liberty of Pellisson; and for some time before the captive was made free, she succeeded in gaining permission for his aged mother to meet and walk with him on the prison terrace. From that time forth his position was ameliorated by tributes of respect which brother authors and people of distinction were allowed to pay to him.

Men of letters were in request at the Court of Louis XIV., and at last, when Pellisson succeeded in transmitting to that monarch a petition, under the fantastic title of the "Pigeonne de Sappho," he was set at liberty, much to the delight of Mademoiselle de Scudéry, to whose advice and representations he afterwards owed more than one of the many honours which then began to be showered down upon him. One good use he made of his favour at Court in annually celebrating the day of his deliverance from the Bastille, by obtaining the liberation of a prisoner from that fortress. He died at Versailles, A.D. 1693, having previously not only become a convert to the Roman Catholic faith but an ecclesiastic. In one of Bossuet's letters, addressed to Mademoiselle du Pré, the 14th of February, 1693—seven days after Pellisson's death—he, the Bishop of Meaux, renders various and high tributes to Pellisson's piety and integrity, and adds:— "I was intending to write to Mademoiselle de Scudéry, even before receiving your letter, and I now acquit myself of that duty, the more willingly because of your assurance that my testimony will not be useless in consoling her." More than twenty years had elapsed since the days of Pellisson's captivity, but the friendship between him and Mademoiselle de Scudéry was true to the last—a rare example of constancy to the Court of Louis XIV. It was, indeed, enough to make a royal princess of that court, the *grande* Mademoiselle de Montpensier, heartsick at the contrast it presented to the state of her own relations with the fascinating but fickle Comte de Lauzun, who, at one time, was imprisoned in the Bastille for having meanly concealed himself in the apartment of Madame de Montespan, in order to ascertain from her private conversation with Louis XIV. whether or not the appointment of Grand Master of the Artillery was to be conferred upon him. A much longer captivity elsewhere awaited the audacious De Lauzun; but, in the Bastille, he had time to remember how, just as a court ballet was about to be performed in presence of his Majesty, the Montespan fainted because, when blandly speaking to him, he, De Lauzun, whispered two words in her ear which convinced her that he had some occult knowledge of her secrets.

Years afterwards, when Louis XIV., who survived most of his contemporaries, was dead; when his great-grandson and boy-successor, Louis XV., was proclaimed king; and the Duc du Maine (son of Louis XIV. by Madame de Montespan) was arrested on suspicion of political conspiracy against the Regent, Duc d'Orléans; the number of prisoners in the Bastille was much increased by the fact of several individuals, supposed to be concerned in that conspiracy, being there incarcerated. Amongst them was Mademoiselle Delaunay, afterwards better known as Madame de Staal, the friend and amanuensis of the Duchesse du Maine. The Duc du Maine, an amiable member of the royal family

and superintendent of the young king's education, was seized, at his charming palace of Sceaux, and confined in the Castle of Dourlens; and the Duchesse du Maine, who was of a much more restless and ambitious temperament than her husband, was captured in Paris and conveyed to the citadel of Dijon. Mademoiselle Delaunay, their friend and dependant, still young, *piquante*, of somewhat obscure parentage and conventual education, but of palatial experience, having during the last few years worked her way up from attendance on the toilette of the Duchesse du Maine to the post of confidential secretary; Mademoiselle Delaunay, more celebrated for her wit than her beauty, impassioned, impulsive, yet reserved, and generally considered charming, was, as before said, amongst those who, on suspicion of political conspiracy, was incarcerated in the Bastille.

Under a strong guard she arrived there; but here let her tell her own story, taking it up from the time she had traversed the outer bridge to that fort, and had there been formally received by its governor.

"Again," says she, "I passed drawbridges, and heard the clank of chains, a sound by no means harmonious. At last I arrived in a large chamber where only four extremely dirty walls were to be seen, and these smutted all over by the idleness of my predecessors. So utterly bare was this chamber of furniture, that a little straw chair was fetched for me to sit down upon; two stones were made to sustain a fagot (it was in the month of December, or rather the vigil of January, A.D. 1719), and for light, a short end of candle was attached to the wall. All these commodities having been procured for me, the governor retired, and I heard myself shut in by five or six locks and double bolts: There was I then, alone, face to face with my fagot."

Under such dismal auspices, Mademoiselle Delaunay, considered by the aged and celebrated Abbé de Chaulieu and others, one of the most delightful women of her day, could not foresee a future when she would look back to her time in the Bastille as the happiest of her life. Her waiting-maid, Rondel, was soon allowed to share her captivity—the first hardships of which were not seemingly quite so cheerfully borne by the maid as the mistress,—and a more convenient apartment was allotted to them; but whatever the reason of this and other ameliorations, the silence of their jailers was inviolable. In time, however, Mademoiselle Delaunay discovered that, quite unintentionally of course, she had touched the heart of M. de Maisonrouge, the king's lieutenant of the Bastille; and when eventually she was allowed to breathe the fresh air upon the bastion of that prison, it was he who accompanied her in her walks to and fro. They talked, and he took pleasure in explaining to her subjects of interest with regard to the place of her forced abode. At last he succeeded in obtaining for her a supply of pens, ink, and paper, simply, as she says, that she might scribble her thoughts to him; but could the too confiding Maisonrouge have imagined the ultimate use of those pens, that ink and paper, it would have been long ere his favourite captive, for whom he had conceived a sincere attachment, had been indulged with such luxuries. For not far from her gloomy chamber was lodged another prisoner, with whom she had hitherto had no acquaintance, whose very name was until then unknown to her, but who had also been sent to the Bastille

under suspicion of being concerned in the suspected conspiracy against the regency of the Duc d'Orléans. At the end of the month of April, permission for Mademoiselle Delaunay to walk to and fro on the bastion was temporarily withdrawn; but before that time other prisoners had been allowed, under certain restrictions, to avail themselves of it; and amongst them, as it would seem, the Chevalier de Menil, who, in his conversations with the king's lieutenant, ascertained that to praise Mademoiselle Delaunay was the way to gain the favour of her admirer, Maisonrouge.

And, therefore, it came to pass that Menil had, or pretended to have had, a dream, the subject of which he recounted to the unsuspecting Maisonrouge, when that officer one day paid him an official visit. Maisonrouge forgot that it was he himself who was always proclaiming his own sentiments with regard to Mademoiselle Delaunay, by talking of her; and he delighted in listening to her praises, even from individuals who were strangers to her, when they echoed his own words about her in order to please him; so when Menil declared that he had dreamed of being condemned to perpetual imprisonment in the Bastille in company with Mademoiselle Delaunay, and that the dream instead of terrifying had delighted him, the king's lieutenant, far from being jealous, took the chevalier likewise into special favour. The chevalier fell sick, and had a wish to indite verses, just about the time that Mademoiselle was deprived of her walks on the bastion, and it was Maisonrouge, still thinking of all that could possibly alleviate the dreariness of her position, who again procured pens, ink, and paper—but this time for Menil, on condition that he should attempt to write lines for the amusement of his fair but invisible neighbour, which lines he (Maisonrouge) would undertake to convey to her.

It was thus that a correspondence began, the fact of which is not the least remarkable record of the Bastille; and, as Mademoiselle Delaunay herself says, "it needs to have been in prison to appreciate the value of such an amusement. To this *commerce d'invisibles*," she further explains, "I lent myself without ceremony or disquietude, but Menil meantime became extremely curious to see me, whilst I, on the other hand, maintained that the refined zest of our adventure consisted in our never having seen each other, and that in losing that peculiarity it would become common, less *piquante*, and be subject to more restraint."

But, notwithstanding the wisdom of these opinions the chevalier was determined to have his way, and made such representations concerning the necessity of an interview to the king's lieutenant, that that too lenient officer at last introduced the correspondents to each other, by bringing Menil to the cell of Mademoiselle Delaunay. The interview was brief and constrained; perhaps the elder of the two men was vexed because his fair favourite was not sufficiently praised by her fellow-prisoner; but, alas, from that time forth for Maisonrouge! Mademoiselle Delaunay had never felt aught but gratitude towards him; henceforth she was to make him feel that she loved another. So unsuspecting, however, was Maisonrouge of such a result, that for some time he continued to favour and be present at personal interviews between the two prisoners, in whom he was interested; but the crafty Menil, assisted probably by the lady's maid, Rondel, took advantage of the lieutenant's

generosity; and when at last the latter became aware of this he, with singular magnanimity, proved his own love for Mademoiselle Delaunay to be too sincere to allow of his interposing any barrier to her preference for another.

The Bastille would be a curious scene for a modern comedy, but materials enough for the dramatist's pen there are in some of the facts appertaining to this love affair within its walls; for example:—One evening, when Maisonrouge had gone to dine with the governor of the prison, the lovers contrived an interview in Mademoiselle Delaunay's apartment: and so charmed were they with each other's conversation, that the flight of time was forgotten, until they were suddenly startled by the sound of the double bars and bolts which shut them in for the night, the turnkey nothing doubting that each prisoner was in his or her appointed place. What was to be done? The doors were barricaded from outside. No chance of redemption, as she herself says, was there for Mademoiselle Delaunay, but in the possible mercy of poor Maisonrouge. Anxiously she waited and watched for him through the bars of her window, whence she could get a glimpse of the courtyard through which he must pass when coming from the governor's quarters to his own.

He came at last, and she called to him by his name. He heard her voice, and joyfully responded to it; but, alas, his consternation when entering her cell, he beheld his rival there! In grave silence, however, he released the chevalier, and thereby saved the fair fame of Mademoiselle Delaunay, although, as she herself afterwards declared, she believed that Maisonrouge was the only man who ever truly loved her—loved her in a way of which the selfish and inconstant Menil was incapable; for when his liberation, which preceded her's, was effected, he forgot his vows to his late fair fellow captive, and nearly broke her heart. But, before that time came, happy was life in the Bastille for Mademoiselle Delaunay, and pleasant were the parties which, together with Menil, she eventually enjoyed *chez M.* the governor. Who, shuddering at the sight of the black outer walls of the Bastille, would have imagined the lights, the flowers, the laughter, the love within? The Duc de Richelieu, then young, handsome, and vivacious, was also at that time a state prisoner in the Bastille; from his chamber, when the windows were open, he could hear the captive Mademoiselle Delaunay sing in hers; and one day when she began to chant a scene from the opera of "Iphigénie," he responded to it by intoning the part of *Oreste*. After dinner, the game of *hombre* was played in the governor's apartments, Mademoiselle Delaunay taking part in it with other distinguished fellow-captives, such as M. de Pompadour,^f and M. de Boisdavis, Menil meantime standing behind her chair, and counselling her how to play; for as she herself remarks: "Si un jardinier, comme l'a dit un bon auteur, est un homme pour des recluses; une femme, quelle qu'elle puisse être, est une déesse pour des prisonniers."

^f As the events above-mentioned happened a generation before the reign of the celebrated Marquise de Pompadour, it is scarcely necessary to say that the name in the text has no reference whatever to her. M. de Pompadour, confined in the Bastille 1718-20, was one of the last of his race, as may be inferred from the fact that the title having fallen into abeyance, was revived when Madame d'Etioles was created Marquise de Pompadour, in or about 1746.

Mademoiselle Delaunay knew that the Duchesse du Maine, when at length restored to liberty, was doing all she could, and interceding with the Regent Orléans at the Palais Royal, to effect her release ; but it was with anything but a joyful heart that at length she left the Bastille and joined the princess, her mistress, at Sceaux. And, long afterwards, when a *mariage de convenance* had been made for her by the Duchesse du Maine, and other illustrious friends, with the respectable but unloverlike M. de Staal, she looked back with a sad heart-yearning of memory to her two years of life in the Bastille, to her bright dream of love there ; and thought, with a sigh, not only how by liberty her fondest illusions were dispelled, but how in her indulgence of them in captivity it had been her fate to inflict pain upon the noble-hearted Maisonrouge, who had loved her better than himself.

M. de Staal, who afterwards owed his promotion in the army to his alliance with her, was a *militaire* in rural retreat when first she was introduced to him. The fattest young lamb of his fold was his present to her after their future nuptials had been, with coolest discretion, first discussed between them. She had been taken by some noble friends of hers to dine at his little country-house, and it was just as she was seated in their carriage when leaving it that, with pastoral and ponderous gallantry, he placed the bleating and inconvenient animal at her feet. M. de Staal was not likely to sing the part of *Oreste* in response to Mademoiselle Delaunay's *Iphigénie* as did once, as before-said, the Duc de Richelieu in the Bastille. She sighed with regret for the old prison days ; and indeed the Duc de Richelieu, also, when he long afterwards remembered the Bastille as a scene of his youth, might well wish himself back there again.

In 1778 the Duc de Richelieu unwittingly accelerated the death of Voltaire, by prescribing opium for the over-excited nerves of that aged philosopher, who in impatient want of rest, took a double dose of the soothing fluid. The Bastille was still frowning down black on Paris when Richelieu and Voltaire, two old men, met for the last time, and each of them had his own bright memories of it. To Voltaire, whose writings are commonly said to have precipitated the Revolution, the Bastille was, in some sort, significant of his first Parisian success as a dramatist ; for it was within the walls of that prison that he finished his "Œdipe," when he was only known as the wild young Arouet. In the journal of the Marquis de Dangeau (ed. Paris, 1817), we read, date May, 1717 : "Arouet has been put in the Bastille ; he is a young poet, accused of making extremely imprudent verses ; he had already been exiled for some months : he appears incorrigible." In the same journal, date Friday, Nov. 1718, Paris, we read of the representation of "the new tragedy of 'Œdipe,' composed by Arouet, *who has changed his name* (to Voltaire), owing to the great prejudice against him on account of his having offended many personages in his verses ; but, notwithstanding the prejudice, the tragedy has succeeded extremely well, and has been much praised."

The Regent Duc d'Orléans, in fact, was so delighted with "Œdipe," that although it was by his order that the young poet had been thrown into the Bastille, it was by the exercise of his authority that he was released. Arouet, or as henceforth he was surnamed, Voltaire,

flew to thank the Regent, who said to him, "Be wise, and I will take care of you:" wisdom, according to the profligate Duc d'Orléans, being in this particular case, to keep genius within the licensed bounds of conventional discretion. But young Arouet had, during his nearly one year's detention in the Bastille, learnt a better lesson than any that the Duc d'Orléans could teach him; for there, in the first chamber of its chief corner tower, where Biron, Montmorenci, Bassompierre, and innumerable other prisoners, more or less distinguished, had succeeded each other, and where "Le Maistre de Saci" had translated the Bible, he had learnt to work. The two first "Chants of the Henriade" were composed in the Bastille.

The honest father of young Arouet (Voltaire) had thought his son nothing less than a fool, because he was a poet; and certainly, until he was lodged in the Bastille, that son had manifested less discretion than wit in pasquinading various members of the aristocracy, and in enrolling himself amongst the gay Society of the Temple (composed of various gallant abbés and brilliant princes), whilst neglecting his courses in the *Ecoles de Droit*, which he was bidden to attend sedulously with a view to his future maintenance. Educated up to that time by Jesuits, he declared that he was *choqué* at the manner in which jurisprudence was taught. Society meantime was shocked by the young satirist's verses; and his family was shocked at their results. During his captivity in the Bastille, this versatile *vaurien*, as he was supposed to be, was engaged in finishing "Œdipe," and in commencing the "Henriade;" and even before that date he had written an ode upon "The misfortunes of the Times," growing so bold meantime in the Templar Society of his brilliant elders—a society to which he was first introduced by his godfather, the too notorious Châteauneux—that of the Prince de Conti, he asked, "Are we all princes, or all poets, here?" It was unfortunate for young Voltaire that the date of his imprisonment was also that of the visit of the Czar (Peter the Great) to Paris, for every day the great Russian ruler did something worthy of witty observation. At six o'clock in the morning would he be in the *grande galerie du Roi*, then in the garden of the Tuileries, or waiting to watch people go through a turnstile, at that time in the Champs Elysées; his latest dinner hour was an hour before noon, and afterwards he visited the Regent at the Palais Royal; but this only when he had sufficiently examined into the merits of public institutions; for, says the Marquis de Dangeau, "il voulut examiner et voir tout."

For the boy-king, Louis XV., Peter manifested much affection; nor was he willing to leave France without satisfying his curiosity by a sight of the woman who, when far advanced in life, had inspired the *Grand Monarque* with a love, to which he had remained constant to the end of his life. The Czar paid a visit to the widow of Louis XIV. On Friday, June 11, 1717, he went to St. Cyr. "He inspected the house, he entered the chamber of Madame de Maintenon, who was in bed, and he drew back the curtains that he might behold her." But space forbids further notice here of this not unsuitable subject for a picture. In less than two years afterwards the aged Madame de Maintenon died; her end, it is said, having been hastened by distress of mind at the arrest of her former favourite pupil, the Duc du Maine, in consequence of which

event, as already narrated, Mademoiselle Delaunay, and others, were imprisoned in the Bastille. Upon much less frivolous pretences were people of distinction frequently incarcerated there, long before the Regency of the Duc d'Orléans, and one of the first acts of that prince had been to liberate all prisoners who were not immured for actual crime, whether in the Bastille or elsewhere. It was then found, in some cases, that the motives of *lettres de cachet* by which many human beings had long been deprived of their freedom, were positively forgotten. For example: upon the accession of Louis XV. an Italian gentleman was discovered in the Bastille, who for thirty-five years had been detained there without the least knowing the reason why, for it was on the day of his arrival in Paris that he was arrested. When, however, liberty was offered to him he refused to avail himself of it; for he declared that he had always been well treated in the Bastille, and that after such a lapse of time it would be in vain for him to seek his relations or former friends in his own native land. As a favour, therefore, he was allowed to remain in the fortress, free to pass in and out whenever he chose.

Marmontel, like many other French *littérateurs* of the 18th century, had his own Bastille experience, but it was brief. When little more than twenty years of age, he arrived in Paris, from Toulouse; and Voltaire, who was then (1745-6) rapidly rising into court favour, under the auspices of Madame de Pompadour, advised him to write a comedy. "As yet I know not faces," replied Marmontel. "How, therefore, can I make portraits?" In the following year the academy awarded the prize for poetry to Marmontel, and his tragedy of "Dionysius" attracting the attention of the Pompadour, procured him the situation of secretary to the royal buildings. His tales appeared; he became editor to the *Mercurie Français*, and was the friend of D'Alembert, Diderot, and not a few courtiers. But at last he was sent to the Bastille, for being supposed to have written a satire against the Duc d'Aumont, Gentleman of the Chamber to Louis XV.

Marmontel feared that the interests of the *Mercurie* would suffer by his detention; and to the Prime Minister, the Duc de Choiseul, he truthfully protested that he had not written, but only recited, the satire at the house of Madame Geoffrin. It was of no use; to the Bastille Marmontel was conducted, but with the greatest politeness, and to the Cabinet Minister, M. de Sartine, the major of the fortress wrote, as follows, Dec. 28, 1759:—

"SIR,—In obedience to the king's letter, which you did me the honour of addressing to me yesterday, the Sieur Marmontel has been this day received into the Bastille, where, according to your orders, one of the best rooms, books for his amusement, and pen and ink, have been given to him."^g

Another official letter of the same date, states, that "the man-servant of the Sieur Marmontel will be placed near him, when he shall have

^g The food allowed to prisoners in the Bastille was ample and luxurious, affording not unfrequently, as in the case of the poet, Marmontel, a more dainty *menu* than they could have found for themselves elsewhere; but the furniture of their prison chamber was generally provided at their own expense.

returned from fetching something that he had forgotten." The printers, however, of the *Mercure* were not allowed to approach the incarcerated editor, and in this fact lay his chief anxiety. In less than a month he was, however, released; and the Marquise de Pompadour, protector of the encyclopédistes, of whom he was one, was still alive to vindicate his interests, as far as possible, against the unappeased wrath of the offended Duc d'Aumont. It was to the Marquise, as before said, that Marmontel was originally indebted for his post of secretary to her brother, the Marquis de Marigny, Minister of Public Works, a post which, providing him with competence, left him at leisure to devote himself to the Muses; and it was the Marquise also, who, in 1758, had obtained from the king the *brevet* for the *Mercure*. And here it is only just to say, that however great the faults of the Marquise,—or rather of the century of which, in French matters, social and political, she was the representative,—there was scarcely a poet or an artist in France who did not owe something more or less to her encouragement—a fact which helped to make her many enemies amongst the anti-progressive or extreme conservative party in church and state. Yet, nevertheless, it became a fashion in revolutionary France thirty years after the death of the Pompadour, to attribute to her many tyrannous abuses, which abuses had their origin long before she was born. As an example of the frequent injustice of this opprobrium, let us here glance at her supposed victim, Latude, in the Bastille. It requires much study and patience to investigate the truth of Latude's story, but the heads of it, briefly stated, here follow.

Latude was a native of Languedoc, or, as some say, a Gascon, of small fortune, and an engineer, who, having studied for the army at Beropzoom, became subsequently connected with certain seditious and proscribed Frenchmen, whose inflammatory pamphlets were generally published at Amsterdam, Berlin, London, anywhere but in France, into which country, however, they were frequently smuggled. Latude was eager for notoriety, and he sent, or caused to be sent, an anonymous letter to Madame de Pompadour, declaring that a plot was in existence to destroy her life and that of the king. M. Berryer, then at the head of the police, sifted the matter, and Latude was imprisoned in the fortress of Vincennes, but he escaped. Government was then too much harassed to be likely to take pains in recapturing Latude, and his very name would probably have been forgotten, had he not—monomaniacally, as it seems—again thrust himself upon its notice by means of seditious writings, whereupon he was sent—and, as some say, not for the first time—to the Bastille. There he allied himself with another Gascon, named Alègre, who shared his apartment, and the lenient nature of their captivity may be surmised from the startling fact of their both escaping from it together by forming a ladder (as was long afterwards almost incredibly declared) of three-and-a-half dozen shirts, two dozen pairs of silk stockings, eighteen pairs of socks, three dozen table-napkins, a great many nightcaps, and innumerable pocket-handkerchiefs.

In Holland and elsewhere they rejoined their proscribed countrymen. By biographers after the time of the French Revolution it was asserted that Latude was cruelly knocked down *à coups de bâton*, in the great

square of Amsterdam, but as that statement refers to the year 1765, it is clear that the agents of Madame de Pompadour were not concerned in the fact of it, as she had died the year preceding. It appears, however, more probable that before that date Latude, who was supposed to be insane, and at one time treated as such, was suffered to return to France on condition that he should keep within the bounds of his native province. Evading this condition, and his thirst for notoriety not yet sated, he again offensively thrust himself upon the notice of government, and was consequently again placed under restraint, until subsequently, after various vicissitudes, he was transferred to Bicêtre, whence he was liberated in 1784.

The Pompadour, as just mentioned, died in 1764, and the name of Latude would never probably have been heard again by the world at large had it not been proclaimed as that of a victim to despotism after the storming of the Bastille in the month of July, 1789, when, at last (if indeed his self-consciousness still survived), his desire for notoriety was gratified. For he, or somebody personating him, wearing a long beard, and with limbs chained, was exhibited in the streets of Paris, where he denounced the late "citoyenne Pompadour," from whose executors he is said to have received a large sum of money, which the circumstances of the times probably compelled them to pay, but to whom, in this case, is doubtful. At the lower theatres in Paris, Latude, represented as the Martyr of a Monarch's mistress, then became a hero; and the apocryphal ladder, above mentioned, was exhibited at the Louvre during the months of August and September, 1789, when the painter, Ventier, made a portrait of "the victim." In 1792-93, were published the "*Mémoires de Latude, ou le Despotisme Dévoilé*," and letters, ascribed to him, were subsequently produced, some of which were stated to have been written in the Bastille, and may have helped to "inspire" revolutionary lawyer and poet with the following *quatrain* :—

" Victime d'un pouvoir injuste et criminel,
Masers (?) dans les cachots eût terminé sa vie,
Si l'art du despotisme, aussi fin que cruel,
Avait pu dans les fers enchaîner son génie."

In youth Latude had variously signed himself by other names; in person he was but little known in Paris, and even the few, if any, surviving, who remembered him, would have found it impossible to identify him after so many years' captivity whether in prisons or madhouses. But, nevertheless, it is said that Latude, pseudo-victim of Madame la Marquise de Pompadour, lived to enjoy his honours until the dawn of the year 1805, when he expired, at the age of eighty, a very curious instance of virtue rewarded, and an example of (revolutionary) poetical justice.

To more than one imbecile, such as was probably the individual just named, the Bastille—that abode of terror in past ages and of fabulous legends still rife amongst the unlettered mob—seems to have afforded a refuge at the time of its demolition. The immediate causes of its destruction appertain to general history, and are too well known to need recounting here. Indeed, so suddenly was it stormed on the 14th day of July, 1789, that even eye-witnesses of the event seem to have found any lengthened details incompatible with their various memories of it. When,

in the month of May preceding, the opening of the States-General took place at Versailles, the chronology of the revolution, too long made inevitable for the exercise of any private virtue on the part of the most Christian King of France to avert it, began. On the 13th of July the militia was organised, and the barriers of Paris were burnt. On the day preceding, Camille Desmoulins, addressing the excited frequenters of the public garden of the Palais Royal, had recommended an appeal to arms, and on the morning of the 14th the sentinels at the Porte Saint Antoine were taken prisoners by the people, chief amongst whom was Santerre, the notorious brewer, beer-seller, and mob-orator of that faubourg, who was supposed by some of his time to be a tool of Egalité, Duc d'Orléans of the Palais Royal, and who afterwards was one of the first to mount the tri-coloured cockade.^h

The garrison of the Bastille on the 12th of July consisted only of the governor and his official staff, and eighty-two invalid soldiers of the Swiss regiment of Salis Samade. The Marquis Delaunay (of the same name as the fair captive who, in days long past, had in prison learnt to love, as already narrated) was then governor of the Bastille. Before dawn on the 13th he ordered "the soldiers to retire from their barracks into the castle, leaving sentinels at the gate that led to the street of Saint Antoine," but, as before said, the sentinels were taken prisoners on the morning of the 14th, after those on the towers had been fired at. The fire was not returned, but the alarm was given. Then cries of "Down with the troops!" "Down with the Bastille!" from the infuriated and increasing multitude outside; and warnings from the garrison to the insurgents not to advance. Invitations to "come and speak to the governor," promises not to fire from the soldiers on the walls; a white flag of peace waved by the soldiers on the towers; a momentary lull, but only whilst the storm from without was gathering fresh violence. A few hours later—massacre! M. Delaunay (round whom a young female, supposed to be his daughter, was at one time seen wildly clinging) was dragged to the Place de Grève and atrociously murdered. His head, stuck on a pike, was afterwards exhibited to the wild crowd. The Major of the Bastille, a not less amiable character than Delaunay, was also decapitated by the bloodthirsty assailants, and the young Marquis de Pelleport, formerly a prisoner, and much attached to him, was wounded in his defence. Two powerless invalids were hanged; indeed it is impossible here to recount all the horrors of that day of blood, fire, confusion, and ferocious triumph—the day of the storming of the Bastille! But its prisoners! At one time their self-constituted deliverers seemed, in the excitement of their sanguinary work, to be in danger of forgetting them, and at last when they were brought forth there were but seven of them, and not one who had been incarcerated for offences against the state. Four of them had been concerned in a notorious forgery of bills of exchange, and were awaiting their trial. Another, the Count de Solages, had not unjustly, as he himself affirmed, been imprisoned, at the request of his

^h It was the same Santerre who, appointed commandant of the battalion of the National Guard in Paris, drowned the voice of Louis XVI. on the scaffold, when that monarch essayed to address the populace, by ordering the drums to sound the signal for the king's execution.

father, for private misconduct. The two others seemed to be, though quite inoffensive, mentally deranged, and after being exhibited about the streets and in the coffee-houses of the Palais Royal, they were sent as lunatics to Charenton. The governor's house was destroyed, and as the towers of the ancient fabric were more or less dilapidated, it was resolved that the whole of the building should be demolished by order of the city authorities, although it may be doubted whether the populace, once having taken the law into its own hands, would not have itself completed the work began by it. For more than four hundred years, or rather (dating from the time when the forts of Paris were originally built), for six hundred years the Bastille (added to, as before explained from time to time) had stood; and imbedded in its massive walls were found cannon-balls, supposed to have been lodged there during the war of the Fronde, at the battle in the suburbs of Saint Antoine, when the royal army was commanded by Turenne, and that of the Fronde by the Great Condé. It would have been well, as was afterwards observed, could the Bastille, instead of being levelled with the ground, have been converted into a hospital; but its demolition was rapidly effected, for the excited mob of Paris mainly helped to achieve it.

Madame la Comtesse de Genlis, desirous, as she herself says, that her pupils, the sons of the Duc d'Orléans (Egalité, of the Palais Royal) should see everything, went with them to the Jardin de Beaumarchais, in the Faubourg St. Antoine, thence to witness the pulling down of the Bastille.

Not thinking that the demolition of that work of centuries portended social chaos, death to the father of the young princes at her side, exile to them and herself, death to the husband of her youth, Madame de Genlis was inspired by the animation of the strange spectacle before her, and says:—"It is impossible to form an idea of it. That dreaded fortress was covered, even to its highest roofs and towers, with men, women, and children, all working with unheard of ardour." That "amazing number of voluntary labourers, their activity, their enthusiasm, the pleasure of beholding the destruction of that frightful monument of despotism," made unprophetic Paris frantic with joy on the eve of the republican Reign of Terror! On the first anniversary of the storming of the Bastille the high altar of the great Federal Festival on the Champ de Mars was built with blocks of stone which, for centuries, had formed part of that antique citadel, the site of which was then placarded as "a place for dancing." It is, however, a remarkable fact, though one but too seldom considered sufficiently by any of the many historians and essayists of the French Revolution, that the mob of Paris, though storming, and subsequently completing the demolition of the great state prison of that capital, was, as declared at the opening of this paper, the last class which, either collectively or individually, had personal experience of the barbarities associated with it by popular prejudice, fanned by democratic ambition; whereas, in the latter days of France, under that ancient *régime* which was symbolised by this fortress, the monument of ages, there were few loyal poets or monarchical politicians but would have rejoiced, rather than otherwise, in recounting their own several "Anecdotes of the Bastille."

THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER.^a

ONE of the most marked features in these times of progress is the persistence with which English people take their annual holiday. We are not now speaking of the professed traveller, who, discarding civilisation and beaten tracks, flings himself into the wilds of unknown prairies and primæval forests, as if the one object of his life was to carve out a way hitherto unknown to the Geographical Society, but rather of the great mass of easy-going middle-class folk, who, as the summer draws near, experience a feeling of restlessness, only to be mitigated by Alpine climbs and canoe voyages, or the less exciting but safer visits to Scotland or the Lakes. There is no country in which this peculiar longing is so periodic, or so habitually satisfied, as it is in England. Perhaps, of all others, Russia sends the most polished, and America the greatest number of travellers; but these, albeit met with in most places, are the very salt of their class, bent either on pleasure or with some political object. In France, too, the Baths of Bigorre and Biarritz attract great numbers; but these are nearly all fashionables who go to avoid the heat of Paris, and because it is *en règle*. None of these countries have anything to compare with that great Hegira which the English summer and autumn call forth; nor does there seem to be that love of travel, for travel's sake, which is so innate in the Anglo-Saxon. One reason is, that in England we work hard for our livelihood and our amusement. Whether we are statesmen, merchants, or professional men, we stick to our last for nine months in the year at the least, before we consider that we have earned the right to our holiday; and when we do take it, we take it with the same desperate earnestness with which we have worked for it.

With most Englishmen of the present day, a holiday is relaxation, but not repose—a relaxation simply of the head and mind, which have been for many months at high pressure and which require the remedy of stimulant—the stimulant of change and active exertion. What the Sunday walk is to the bleached, asphyxiated weaver, the annual holiday is to the overworked middle-class man, who gains in a short time more benefit from his outing than he would from a year's dosing with quinine and iron. To the mind the restorative action is still greater, and were it not for this opportunity of discarding for a time all worry and anxiety, by becoming as it were dead to business, many a

^a "Handbook for Wilts, Dorset, and Somerset." John Murray. 1856.

"Handbook for Devon and Cornwall." John Murray. 1859.

"Handbook for Berks, Bucks, and Oxfordshire." John Murray. 1860.

"Handbook for South Wales." John Murray. 1860.

"Handbook for North Wales." John Murray. 1861.

"Handbook for Durham and Northumberland." John Murray. 1864.

"Handbook for Surrey, Hants, and Isle of Wight." John Murray. 1865.

"Handbook for Gloucestershire, Herefordshire, and Worcestershire." John Murray. 1867.

"Handbook for Yorkshire." John Murray. 1867.

"Handbook for The Lakes." John Murray. 1867.

"Handbook for Ireland." John Murray. 1866.

"Handbook for Scotland." John Murray. 1867.

father of a family would soon be a candidate for the lunatic asylum. Happy is the man who has the determination and the power of leaving no address behind him, so that letters, and what are still worse, telegrams, cannot be sent after him to poison his pleasure and disturb his mental recovery; though in the complicated relations of the present day, very few can afford thus to isolate themselves for a whole month. Some day a future Macaulay will point out the extraordinary effect that this travelling habit has had, not only upon our domestic matters, but upon society at large; and the work has yet to be written which treats on this particular phase of English locomotion. The present generation has little conception of the changes that have taken place since the day when the mail-coach was the only medium of communication between town and country. To the bulk of quiet villagers, the arrival of a Londoner was a thing to talk about, while few members of a family ever looked upon the metropolis as a place of resort, except for a state visit once or twice in their lives. But now London is identical with the country, as far as the intercourse of society and public opinion go; and, *au contraire*, the country is too often London. The great cause of this change is the increased facility of locomotion, which, like the effects of the penny postage on correspondence, has induced people to leave their homes so much, that it has now become a confirmed habit. We learn from Mrs. Manley's journey in 1725, that the stage coach between London and Exeter occupied four summer days in the trip; and that the passengers had to get up at 2 A.M., left the inn at 3, and dined at 10 A.M. each day. Under such circumstances travelling would certainly have remained a proceeding only dictated by dire necessity, the due accomplishment of which was thought worthy of public prayer in church, as in Ralph Thoresby's case. But, even with improved roads and excellent coaching, the Englishman, except when bent upon business, was a fixture at home; and it was not until after the full development of the railway system, that the excursionist became a person of importance, and a class to be conciliated. With the excursionist came the guide-book; but whether the former was instrumental in the appearance of the latter, or whether improved guide-books helped to create excursionists, is immaterial; no doubt the one influenced the other.

There is the same difference between the handbook of the present day and the old post-chaise companion, as there is between an express train and the carrier's waggon. Amidst the cloud of local guides that beset the traveller to any place of general resort, it is often perplexing which to choose; but taking the country as a whole, it may be said that there is but one handbook, and "Murray" is its name. Not that we mean to ignore the claims of others, but simply to express an opinion as to the consistency and value of the twelve red volumes that at the present time form Mr. Murray's British series. For years they have had on the continent a sway which no other works pretended to rival, and now we are glad to see that the British Isles have not only been invaded, but are in a fair way of being successfully conquered. It was until of late years a reproach to the English that they knew foreign countries better than their own. Nor was it undeserved, for, with the exception of those districts which from beauty of scenery or fashion were sought

after by gregarious tourists, the greater portion of the country remained unvisited, few people being aware of the mines of interest contained in the provinces. In fact, Murray's Handbooks to the British Isles are the popular and portable exponents of county histories, which from their size and dryness have been confined to the libraries of antiquaries and book-collectors. Now, however, their contents have been ransacked by indefatigable editors, and offered up in a compact and readable form, as an epitome of all that is worth visiting in the historic and scenic features of the country, and forming moreover a valuable addition to the standard works of reference. If the price of each volume is somewhat high, it must be remembered that their matter is sterling, and not ephemeral; and that they appeal to the most polished and educated section of English travellers, which is naturally the smallest in point of number. Armed with a "Murray" in one pocket, and an Ordnance map in the other, the tourist, whether by rail, carriage, or on foot, may go through the whole of the land without asking a single question, or at least will be able to do so when both maps and guide-books are completed in their respective series. Of the "Survey," in itself a national work which cannot be too highly valued, England and Wales are finished, so is Ireland, with the exception that the mountains are not projected; and, although they are correctness itself, it requires a good deal of imagination to realise the physical features of the country. Scotland is completed as far as the borders of Perthshire, but the difficulties are very great, and it will be a long time before the corries and peaks of the Highland ranges are in the engraver's hands.

The counties hitherto published by Mr. Murray are Devon, Cornwall, Dorset, Wilts, Somerset, Hants, Surrey, Sussex, Kent, Bucks, Oxford, Berks, Gloucester, Hereford, Worcester, Yorkshire, Durham, Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland and the Lake District, North Wales, South Wales and Monmouthshire, the whole of Ireland and Scotland. The remaining nineteen counties are more or less advanced in preparation. Probably the first thought that occurs in glancing over these volumes is the extraordinary extension of the railway system, and the changes that it has produced in the outward appearance of the land. Highways, such as the Great North road or the Holyhead road, which once teemed with traffic, and swarmed with coaches, might now have grass growing on them so far as the traffic is concerned. Villages situated on these roads, which contained coaching-inns of repute, are comparatively deserted, and the inns shut up. But the balance of compensation is seen in the creation of entirely new centres of habitation—such as Swindon on the Great Western, Wolverton and Crewe on the London and North-Western railways. Indeed, the latter place is so utterly a mushroom of the last twenty-five years, that it was some time before a name could be found for it; the proper parochial name of Monk's Coppenhall being judged too long for a station which was intended to receive half the travelling population of England. From the same cause, monster hotels have sprung up, in some cases without any apparent object but to make a railway to them, and thus attract a residential population; while our towns and cities are inhabited by a daily ebbing and flowing crowd, which for the most part shuns them at night as though they were infected with a plague. Whether the beau-

tiful pleasure spots in England are any the better for the influx, daily, weekly, or monthly, of these spasmodic residents, is a question which will probably be answered in the negative by those to whom the softness and silence of nature are so dear. Fortunately nothing can spoil our mountains, and we certainly are indebted to the railways, not only for taking us to them without loss of time, but for putting it in the power of so many to visit them, who otherwise could not do so, so that we must take the good with the bad, and not feel too severe as we hear the engine whistle through the Pass of Killiecrankie. What lovely pictures do the pages of the handbooks bring back to our recollection? Snowdon, with its grand cwms and its (un)Righi-like refreshment rooms; Cader Idris, with its volcanic precipices; the rugged and stern peaks of the Cuchullins, or those wonderful corries of Braeriach and the Cairngorms; the Twelve Pins of Bunnabeola, and the venerable frosted-pate of Helvellyn. Or, if we prefer less exalted and more accessible scenery, there are the Malvern Hills with their fringe of water villas; the hanging woods of Clovelly and Lynmouth; the soft beauties of Loch Lomond, or the more savage ones of Loch Maree; the gorgeous purple tints of Killarney and Glengariff; do they not one and all bring back to the mind pleasure of the most charming kind? Even our more homely and prosaic scenery, such as that of the Thames at Maidenhead, the irregular outlines of Edinburgh Old Town, the fresh breezes and swelling ridges of the Sussex Downs, are all things to look forward to, and to look back upon.

But the railway system has done more than bring this scenery to our doors, it has given us some of the highest triumphs of modern days. The art of building bridges, which, when road-making was in vogue, was brought to the height of perfection by Telford, is now-a-days joined with the most astonishing originality and boldness; and the English railway-bridges may fairly challenge the world. Stephenson's Britannia Bridge, that carries the Chester and Holyhead railway over the Menai Straits side by side with Telford's work, his high level bridge at Newcastle, Robertson's Llangollen viaduct, the bridge over the Tweed at Berwick, Brunel's Albert viaduct over the Tamar at Saltash, the Crumlin bridge in Monmouthshire, that spans an entire valley, at a height of 200 feet, and more recently the Clifton suspension-bridge, begun years ago by Brunel, and completed by Messrs. Hawkshaw and Barlow, are severally worth a journey to see, and stand prominently forward as the giant works of the age, all emanating from the little locomotive at Killingworth. Not only has a race of engineers been bred up to laugh at difficulties, but we are accustomed to look at such gigantic undertakings as those of the Liverpool docks, the Plymouth breakwater, and the Holyhead harbour, with the same indifference that we shall probably feel ten or fifteen years hence, when the tunnel between France and England is completed. To these, and such as these, will our future historians point as instances of the prodigious growth of the country in ideas and riches, and we cannot be surprised when we see our manufacturing towns and seaports bursting their bonds and spreading in all directions with their ever-increasing population. Leeds, Manchester, and Bradford, although at the present moment suffering with the rest of the land under an exceptional stagnation of trade,

are each historical centres of the cloth, cotton, and woollen trades, round which new towns are yearly—we may almost say, daily—springing up. Witness the rise and progress of Saltaire, which contains a population of 3000, all dependent upon a single mill. Some of the most interesting points in English social life arise from the examination of our more scattered industrial pursuits, which from their nature are localised in some particular district, and give a peculiar stamp to those employed in them. The lead mines of Alston, the copper mines of Anglesea, the black country of South Stafford, the china clay of St. Austell, the glass-works of the Tyne, the tin mines of Botallack, the gold mines of Merionethshire, the slate quarries of Penrhyn or Llanberis, and the ironworks of South Wales, are each worthy of the close attention of the man of science, or the student of race and character. Of all these do the handbooks tell us, with a fulness that is wonderful, considering the multiplicity of subjects with which they deal; nor do they omit the more limited, but equally interesting, specialities, such as the china works of Worcester, the glove trade of Yeovil, or the marmalade manufacture of Dundee; we even read of the little town of Cumnock, in Ayrshire, which is devoted to snuffboxes, and that of Knockcroghery, in Roscommon, the fortune of which hangs on tobacco-pipes.

To the thoughtful observer all these sights and sounds, modern as they are, have an additional interest when compared with the relics of former ages; and although the antiquary will naturally prefer to linger over the quiet spots where the latter sleep undisturbed, he will never shut out from his mind the comparison between the past and the present. Nor, indeed, taking our engineering works as an example, can we afford to sneer at the engineering knowledge or capacity of the old builders of Stonehenge, be they Celts, Druids, Danes, Antediluvians, or Belgæ. We can only marvel at the transportation and arrangement of these wondrous monoliths, or at the skill with which so many of the rocking-stones that still exist were poised. The study of early remains has very much increased within the last few years, and many a tumulus and many a lake has been forced to reveal its secrets and give up its dead. The excavations of the Derbyshire barrows by the late Mr. Bateman, and more lately of the Yorkshire barrows by Canon Greenwell, have thrown much light on the ethnology and some of the customs of these early races. For variety of early antiquarian research there is no country like Ireland, with its elaborately sculptured tumulus of Newgrange; its Ogham stones; its forts, such as Dunængus, in Arran, and Staigue, in Kerry; its innumerable raths; its primitive oratories, such as the Beehive Oratory of Gallerus; its crannoges, or lake dwellings; and its early towns, whether inhabited by Tuath Danaans, Fenians, or any other aborigines. Of later date than these are its numerous rude churches and its round towers, those never-failing sources of discussion, all presenting a feast of antiquarian matter, the salient points of which are given us in the *Irish Handbook*; while Dr. Petrie and Sir William Wilde must be referred to for the minutiae of the subject. Scotland, also, has yielded of late years a profitable harvest to the explorer; and the burgh of Mousa, the Picts' houses, the stones of Stennis, the shell mounds of Wick, the sculptured rocks of Fife,—on which Sir James Simpson has lately made his mark—the

Moat of Urr, and the vitrified forts of Aberlemmo, are good examples of early Scotch remains. Wales, for obvious reasons, is not so prolific in this particular class of antiquities, but she can show a goodly store of cromlechs, meinihirions, and Celtic forts. And, by the way, why is it that cromlechs, both in Wales and Ireland, are almost always placed where they overlook the sea—or, at all events, a large body of water? The fact is too persistent to be accidental, and it is one worth notice. The Welsh marches too are made interesting by Offa's Dyke, while in all parts of the country Roman remains abound. There is plenty of material for a Roman handbook to Britain. They were the great road-makers, wall-builders, and miners of their day. Their camps are scattered over all the land, although there are very few so perfect as those of Ardoch, in Perthshire, and Lanchester, in Durham. Their roads, such as the Watling Street, Ikenield Street, and the Fosse-way, were so well engineered that they are, in many cases, identical with our modern turnpike-roads; and as for mines, both gold and iron, traces of Roman occupation abound in Wales and the Forest of Dean. Heaps of Roman slag and cinders attest the diligence with which they smelted the iron for the use of the armourers' forges at *Aquæ Solis* or Bath; while the neighbourhood of the Gogofau gold mines, in Carmarthenshire, abounds with Roman names and associations. But the greatest interest is undoubtedly centred in the excavations at Wroxeter (*Uriconium*), the pavements and treasures found at Caerleon, where the second Augustan legion so long lay in garrison; and in more limited detail, in the Roman villas exhumed at Stowell Park, in Gloucestershire, or at Bognor in Sussex. Even within the last month, a temple to Minerva has been discovered underneath the White Hart inn, at Bath, while fresh additions to our Roman antiquarian knowledge are being made daily in different parts of the country.

It is, however, when we come down to later times that we find how replete the country is with historical and architectural remains, and how difficult it is for the student of mediæval buildings to deal with the subject in detail, from its great extent. Of Saxon churches there are very few. Those in best preservation are Earl's Barton in Northamptonshire, and Worth in Sussex; although we ought not to omit mentioning the exquisite double aisles in St. John's, Chester. But from Saxon times downwards, the ecclesiologist will find work in plenty in every county in England. A single cathedral (say Canterbury), is in itself an epitome of Gothic architecture; Durham, perhaps, being the most original and consistent of all our cathedrals and abbeys. Amidst such a glorious collection of churches and monastic remains,—such as Fountains, Melrose, Kirkstall, Furness, and Tintern,—it is impossible even to enumerate those which are worth attention, and we can only mention what seems the most striking point in the mediæval architecture of the British Isles, and that is, the variations in point of time between England, Ireland, and Scotland. Ireland can show numbers of churches possessing mouldings and decorations usually thought to be of Norman character, but which are really of a date anterior to the 11th century. Rahin, Killeslin, Cashel, and Freshford churches, are examples of this ornamentation, which, Norman in style, is yet ante-Norman in date. Scotland, on the other hand, has kept her architectural features long

after the English had done with them. When the round arch was dismissed from England, the Scotch were using it with all vigour, and the same thing occurred with the Early English style, which pleased them much more than did the Decorated, and which they were exceedingly loth to give up. Add to this, the prevailing tendency to French patterns, and we see how it is that Scotland possesses such a distinctive architectural fashion. To the French taste must be attributed the fine examples of flamboyant windows in many of the Scotch abbeys. Another fact that strikes us in glancing over the church buildings of the various English counties is the difference of style which prevailed in different parts of the country, marking a period in the ecclesiastical history of that county, when the erection of churches was in a flourishing condition—as, for instance, in Somersetshire and Devonshire, where almost all the churches were Perpendicular of so distinctive a character as to be known as a West of England type. Fortunately for our modern churches we have no style, the last in which we indulged being a mixture of the pump-room with pure churchwarden; and such a debased mixture arose from this union, that it brought us all back again to seek the principles of true Gothic art. To this fact we owe a number of successful restorations and the rebuilding of some of our finest churches,—Doncaster, for instance, which would be a credit to any age.

What would perhaps strike a foreigner most in reading the handbooks would be the number of fine seats which give England that peculiar charm of home residence. From the ducal palaces of Chatsworth, Belvoir, Alnwick, or Dunrobin, to the quiet, comfortable country house, there is every variety of mansion, breathing more or less the atmosphere of home, and showing at a glance the secret of that influence which the landed proprietors have always exerted in the country, and which it is hoped it will be very long ere they surrender. One scarcely knows which to admire most, the glowing parks and gardens that surround the seats of our gentry, or the works of art that embellish the interior. We are as a nation deficient in public galleries of pictures, but we doubt whether any country in the world can show a larger number of private collections. And fortunately for the lovers of art, the same spirit of liberality that presided over the acquisition of these art treasures, in most cases prompts their owners to throw them open for the gratification of the tourist. The number of show-places mentioned in the handbooks sufficiently attests this. There is one more feature to which we must allude before we close our brief summary. These red volumes address themselves to the specialists as well as to the general traveller, and the way in which the science of geology is handled in them proves that this fascinating study has gained a considerable hold over a large section of tourists. Indeed, our English geology is so varied, and so bound up with the scenery, that it is almost impossible for any observant or educated man to admire the one without taking an interest in the other; and such works as those of Mr. Geikie on the scenic geology of Scotland, or of Professor Ramsay on North Wales, are almost as necessary *vade-mecums* as handbooks themselves. To whatever part of Great Britain the annual “outing” is directed, the scientific traveller need never be at a loss for interest. The Woolhope Silurian valley of elevation in Herefordshire, the Dudley coalfield, the limestone gorges of Cheddar,

and St. Vincent's Rocks, or the more striking beauties of the Craven limestones and the Clapham caves, the Cleveland limestone district, the extinct bone caves of Kent's Hole and Gower, the cliffs of the Yorkshire coast, so fast encroached upon by the sea, the white escarpments of the Portland quarries, the wondrous pebbles of the Chesil Bank, the trap terraces of the Scur of Eig, and the Laurentian rocks of the North Highlands—the Connemara marble, with its Eozoon, the earliest known symptom of life in the world's history—each one of them is a study in itself, and we cannot read the account of them in any of their respective hand-books without feeling an irresistible desire to pack up our hammer, sketch-book, fern-box, map, and whisky-flask, and take at once to the tramp.

G. P. BEVAN.



THE FRENCH REVOLUTION AND THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

TWO new works have lately been published on subjects which, though long since variously treated by historians, biographers, poets, essayists, and novelists, French, English, Russian, Prussian, and Italian, always appear to be of fresh interest to the reader.^a

In the first of these works—the first, according to date of publication—its author, Professor von Sybel, justly observes in his Preface, dated from Bonn, that, under any circumstances, even the most favourable, the composition of a history of the French Revolution must be a hazardous undertaking for a foreigner; but, adds he, “if the foreigner find it more difficult than the Frenchman to understand French phenomena, his judgment is less likely to be warped by party feelings. He will, perhaps, see many points in a less brilliant light than that in which the French national feeling has been accustomed to regard them; but he is on that account all the less exposed to the danger of adhering, through attachment to some darling error, to incorrect, and even now sometimes dangerous, views.” The work to which these remarks are prefixed is one of great research, but if there be any reason to hope, as its author seems to infer, that Baron Beust will not much longer withhold certain diplomatic papers the contents of which would help to throw more light upon the French Revolution from an Austrian point of view, it is almost to be regretted that there was not some delay in the presentation to the world at large of the elaborate volumes on that subject now before us. It is, moreover, impossible not to agree with Professor von Sybel, when he says: “The Russian Government could render no greater service to the historian, than by publishing the whole of the correspondence of Catherine II. We may declare, with the greatest confidence, that they

^a “History of the French Revolution.” By Heinrich von Sybel, Professor of History to the University of Bonn. Translated from the third edition of the original German work, by Walter C. Perry, Esq., author of “The Franks.” In 4 volumes. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street. 1867.

would thereby erect a literary monument, the value and interest of which would not be inferior to that of Frederick the Great and Napoleon I." But, nevertheless, he adds, "Less has been done in Austria than in Russia towards the elucidation of the revolutionary war. Yet, even in the former country, the severity of the old system is beginning to be relaxed. The interesting publications of Herr von Arneth and Adam Wolf are well known." And it is from this fact of the recent publication of the Imperial family's correspondence that Professor von Sybel, as beforesaid, hopes, with regard to the French Revolution, that certain diplomatic papers will soon be made accessible to the student of that great subject. Meantime, after a survey of the oft-discussed and now almost universally recognised causes out of which the French Revolution sprang, he brings the two first volumes now given by him to the world at large to that time (1793) "when the poison of German discord was destroying the bonds which held the grand alliance together when the French Revolution was breaking down the last dams which had checked its flow at home, and creating that fearful dictatorship which was destined by an unexampled union of the forces of the French nation to overpower discordant and divided Europe." Professor von Sybel seems, from his own prefatorial account of himself, to have travelled much in search of materials for the work now before us; but the portions of it most likely to interest his readers are those in local proximity with his own fatherland. There is nothing actually new in his accounts of "the origin of the Austro-Prussian league, the causes of the contest, the origin of the Polish partition, and the breach between England and France;" and, perhaps, even still less so in his description of the "Rise of the French Monarchy," the "General Dissolution of Order in the State," &c. In his allusions to French emigrant life at Coblenz, we seem to miss the animated and celebrated description given of it by Châteaubriand and other French writers; but there is subject for reflection, of somewhat a novel character, in his portraiture of Leopold II., successor of the Emperor Joseph; and still more so in that of the Duke of Brunswick. Of the latter he speaks in the following terms:—

"When, in 1790, he crowned all by relieving his people from all extraordinary taxation, he became the most popular monarch in the German Empire. On the Duke of Brunswick himself alone the narrowness of his circumstances exercised an unfavourable influence. He was one of those natures which, notwithstanding their great intellectual gifts and pure morality, are wanting in that strength of will and lofty courage which are essential to every noble deed. He possessed more perseverance than power, more caution than sharp-sightedness, more receptivity than creative genius. Endowed with great penetration and power of observation, he often overlooked in his multitudinous studies, the simple, the essential, and that which lay close at hand. He loved too much to look on every side of a subject, and formed the habit, most questionable in a soldier, of recognising the relative claims of an opponent. . . . Almost involuntarily, he always preferred concealed and unobserved modes of operation. He was perfectly conscious of his own weakness, as, indeed, such natures are formed for self-criticism and torment. 'I cannot resist it,' he used to say; 'it is stronger than I am.'^b When met by opposition he became incapable of standing his ground, even against the narrowest and most one-sided views, if they were but maintained with

^b Lord Malmesbury's "Diaries," Dec. 7, 1794—with the quotation, "Cela est plus fort que moi"—are referred to in a foot-note by Professor von Sybel.

warmth and decision . . . And, what made the matter worse, he could not, once for all, entirely give up his own opinion; but, partly from self-love, and partly from a sense of duty, he ingeniously enough returned to the course which he had abandoned; and in this way, not unfrequently, incurred the suspicion of double dealing."

Again, speaking of the Austrian and Prussian policy, with regard to the French Revolution, Professor von Sybel gives us a characteristic glimpse of the Comte d'Artois, who made a sudden visit to Leopold just as the Emperor was prepared to make the best use of his approaching conference with the King of Prussia.

"He (Leopold) was most disagreeably surprised a few days before his departure for Pillnitz by the sudden and entirely unannounced and unexpected arrival in Vienna of the Count d'Artois. It was not possible to refuse to see him, but Leopold made no secret to him of the real position of affairs. D'Artois eagerly reminded him of the prospects which the Emperor, when in Italy, had held out at the time of Louis' flight: whereupon Leopold pointed out the obstacles arising from the political state of Europe; and finding that he could make no impression on d'Artois, he declared without any kind of reserve that he formally withdrew his previous promises. The French prince was violently excited, but produced not the slightest effect on the mind of the Emperor. He then offered to cede Lorraine, but Leopold remained unmoved. He asked permission to accompany the Emperor to Pillnitz, which the latter said that he had no scruple in granting, but that there no change of policy could take place."

Indefatigable research is said by one of our contemporaries to be the merit of every German professor, and the results of that research on the part of Professor von Sybel, as contained in the two first of his large volumes now before us, are divided into six books, the first of which treats of France before and immediately after the "Breaking out of the Revolution;" the second, of the "First effects of the Revolution on Europe;" the third, of the "Abolition of Royalty in France;" the fourth, of the celebrated "Campaign in Champagne;" the fifth, of the "Commencement of the War between England and France;" and the sixth, of the "Second Partition of Poland." Professor von Sybel's work, therefore, voluminous as it is in this its first instalment, does not extend beyond the year 1793; and although its author has by no means exposed himself to the charge of being light in his treatment of the various grave subjects involved in the French Revolution, they are necessarily, taking so wide a range as he does, discursive; wherefore Professor von Sybel, notwithstanding all his indefatigable research, fails on the whole, in these two first volumes, to place before the world at large any new or concentrated view of that stupendous event. Readers, however, who have leisure to follow out the reflections suggested by his text to this German historian, may find that his pages often contain much interest peculiar in themselves. For example, when speaking of how "men break their bonds asunder," Professor von Sybel says:—

"When Columbus changed men's views of the surface of the earth, and Copernicus of the universe,—when Luther had reformed the Church,—the spirit of criticism was roused to the examination of every department of life, in all countries and among all peoples. Mankind acquired the power of rejection. . . . They resolved never again to acknowledge an authority which was not founded on the nature of things; or a barrier, the necessity of which was not clearly proved; or a government which did not recommend itself by genuine usefulness. The development of the whole man, untrammelled by arbitrary bonds, and supported by the laws of his own moral nature,—this was the great aim which now animated the nations with irresistible force."

By these reflections on the part of Professor von Sybel, we are here

led to consider the subject of the second work on a well-known French subject, lately published by Mr. Murray, and already mentioned by name at the head of this paper.*

In this new work on the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, the author, as he himself tells us in his preface, has endeavoured to describe the great struggle which devastated France in the latter half of the 16th century, and culminated in the memorable tragedy. In the three preliminary chapters he notices "the cruel persecutions which the Reformers had to suffer at the hands of the dominant Church;" but he, Dr. White, "would be much grieved"—so he also tells us in his preface—"were it supposed that he had written those chapters with any desire to rekindle the dying embers of religious strife."

We do not think that there is the slightest danger of those embers being rekindled by Dr. White; and we quite credit his assertion that he has tried to write impartially; but the theme he has chosen is one upon which it is very difficult for an Englishman of the 19th century to write at all. If, however, Dr. White fail in writing such a history of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew as may impress posterity with his views on that subject, it is from no lack of materials for his work; for, as he justly says, the letters of Catherine de Médicis "are scattered all over France;" and, not here to speak of many of those letters having been already published—a fact conscientiously acknowledged by Dr. White himself—he has also had access to those in the collection of Mr. Murray, of Albemarle Street, and to others which, until this present time, have remained "almost unknown." The fact is, that Dr. White might have succeeded better in giving a graphic picture of the main subject of his work, had he so far restrained his Huguenot sympathies, his historical and biographical ambition, as not to have preceded the "Festival of Blood," to be found in his thirteenth chapter, by more than three hundred pages of essay on the "Causes of the Reformation," and innumerable other subjects.

Between the massacre horrors of the French Revolution in 1792, and those of St. Bartholomew's Day in 1572, there exists, as elsewhere observed, a similarity; but like his contemporary historian, Professor von Sybel, Dr. White is too discursive, and the more so because he ought in the course of his work to keep in full view such an "enigmatical character" as Catherine de Médicis.

"It is with great hesitation," says Dr. White, "that I venture to differ from so high an authority as Calvin; but to oppose authority to authority, St. Augustine acknowledges that overwhelming necessity may justify Christians in drawing the sword. And Knox went still further, maintaining in his 'Appellation' that it was not only the duty of a nation to resist a persecuting sovereign, but (as in the case of the Marian persecutions) also to depose the queen, and 'even punish her to death, with all the sort of her idolatrous priests.' But," continues Dr. White, "the propriety of arming in defence of religion can hardly, in these days, be maintained on such grounds. The Huguenots of 1562 felt that their only choice lay between extermination, hypocritical conformity, or rebellion. They were contending against intolerable oppression; the laws were no protection to them; and in such cases they believed resistance to be justifiable. Why should they apostatise, or be burnt, while they had strength to wield

* "The Massacre of St. Bartholomew. Preceded by a History of the Religious Wars in the Reign of Charles IX." By Henry White. With Illustrations. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street. 1868.

the sword, especially as the letter of the law was in their favour? Such a line of argument may fall below the great ideal of the Founder of Christianity, in which the highest victory is gained through suffering: 'Unto him that smiteth thee on the one cheek, offer the other.' But how can we apply such a rule to a whole nation, the mass of which consists of ordinary individuals? . . . To forbid the use of the sword for any and every cause, . . . is intelligible; but to say that we may draw it in defence of our homes and our goods, but not in defence of our faith, is to count the latter of less value than the former."

It is thus that Dr. White attempts to redeem the Huguenots from the "terrible responsibility of beginning the civil strife" that proved so fatal to them in the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. From the year 1562, when the Huguenots armed, he dates that which he calls the "First Religious War."

It is curious to compare Dr. White's opinion on these points with those of his French contemporary M. Capefigue, who, in a recently published biography of Catherine de Médicis, thus expresses himself:^d—

"The night which has since become notorious as that of St. Bartholomew had no religious character whatever. Catholicism and Protestantism were then rather two opinions than two religions—*sorte de drapeaux qui partageaient les gentilshommes et le peuple*. Multiplied are sanguinary accounts of that fearful night, when as at all such times, the shock of the two parties produced pitiless excesses. Has the history of modern civilisation no pages written in blood? Is there any need to provoke the unreasoning and unreflecting impulse of passion and hatred in order to precipitate itself into excesses? . . . Neither Charles IX. nor Catherine de Médicis premeditated that fatal night."

And after giving various reasons in support of this statement, and offering his authority for those reasons,^e M. Capefigue particularly calls attention to certain *pièces authentiques* extracted from the "Registres de l'Hostel de Ville" ("Curieux Recueil," tom. x. fol. 9 à 13), from which the following passages are translated:—

"On the morning of the 24th, the sheriffs having come to the Louvre for the purpose of announcing that the populace was devastating, pillaging, and killing many people in the streets, the king commanded them to mount on horseback together, with all the forces of the city, in order to stop this outrage, and to be vigilant night and day."

New order of the 25th—"That no sort of wrong nor displeasure be done to the reformers—*sur peine de la vie*; . . . that they be all placed in good keeping under the responsibility of masters of houses. Twelve archers of the city must go to the Rue de la Calandre, for the conservation of the homes of those of the said religion, and to bring the said reformers to the city."

Dr. White likewise refers to these registers, and it is very curious in comparison with that of M. Capefigue, to observe the inference he draws from them, for, says he:—

"It is certain that among the many ignoble motives by which Charles was induced to permit the massacre, was the hope of enriching himself, and paying his debts out of the property of the murdered Huguenots. . . . Hence we find the Provost of Paris remonstrating with the king about 'the pillaging of houses, and the murders in the streets by the Guards and others in the service of his Majesty and the princes.' Charles, in reply, bade the magistrates 'mount their horses, and with all the force of the city put an end to such irregularities, and remain on the watch day and night.' Another

^d "Catherine de Médicis." Par M. Capefigue. Paris. Amyot. Ed. i. 1856.

^e M. Capefigue says:—"J'ai compté pamphlets ou simples écrits plus de quarante. Le plus curieux porte ce titre: *Dialogus quo multa exponuntur quæ lutheranis et huguenotis Gallis acciderunt*. (Orangie, 1575, in-fol.).

proclamation, countersigned by Nevers, was issued about five in the afternoon, commanding people to lay down the arms which they had taken up that day by the king's orders, and to leave the streets to the soldiers only, as if," remarks Mr. White, "as if implying that they alone were to kill and plunder."

Now, of whatever faults M. Caepefigue may be guilty as a biographer and historian, his powers of research are generally admitted to be remarkable. His volume entitled "Catherine de Médicis" is scarcely a quarter the size of that called "The Massacre of St. Bartholomew" by Dr. White; but if any English reader desire to judge for himself how every medal has its reverse, and to see from what opposite points of view French history may be written, he will do well, with regard to "The Festival of Blood," as our English author calls it, to study M. Caepefigue and Dr. White conjointly.



NEW AMERICA, SPIRITUAL WIVES, AND SWEDENBORG.^a



TO shut one's eyes to an evil is not the way to find a remedy for it; and, notwithstanding the fact that some of our contemporaries of the press protest against the main topic of Mr. Dixon's two recent works, and however much we ourselves may object to see that topic placed before the public at large in a manner so attractive to unthinking readers as that of the volumes now before us, it is nevertheless impossible to deny that to any earnest social reformer, be he philosopher *pur et simple*, or priest, or statesman, there is matter in them for grave consideration. Far has the author of these volumes travelled to collect his facts, and on his way he has met with many a social paradox, not the least of which is that of his having cause to make the following remarks on "Sex and Sex," in "New America," within a very short time after his dwelling among polygamists of Salt Lake City:—

"Compared against the society of Paris and of London, that of America seems all awry. Go into the Madeleine, it is full of ladies; go into St. James's Palace, it is full of ladies. Every house in England has excess of daughters, about whom mothers have their little dreams, not always unmixed with a little fear. . . . Here in America it is not the woman, but the man, who is a drug in the matrimonial market. . . . The lists are crowded with bachelors wanting wives; the price of young men is ruling down, and only the handsome, well-doing fellows have a chance of going off! This sketch is no effort of a fancy, looking for extremes and loving the grotesque. When the census was compiled (in 1860) the white males were found to be in excess of the white females, by seven hundred and thirty thousand souls. . . . This disparity between sex and sex is not wholly caused, as will be thought, by the large immigration of single men. It is so in degree, no doubt, since far more males arrive by ship at Boston and New York than females; but if all the new comers were sent

^a "New America." By William Hepworth Dixon. In 2 vols. (Fourth edition.) London: Hurst & Blackett, 1867.

"Spiritual Wives." By W. H. Dixon. 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett, 1868.

"Emanuel Swedenborg: his Life and Writings." By William White. 2 vols. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co., 1867.

back,—if no fresh male were allowed to land in New York unless he brought with him a female companion, a sister, a wife,—still a large percentage of the people would have to go down to their graves unmarried. More males are born than females. . . . In the whole mass of whites, the disproportion is five in the hundred ; so that one man in every twenty males born in the United States, can never expect to have a wife of his own."

To remedy such a startling disproportion as this just glanced at, and into the various causes of which Mr. Dixon goes much more largely than space will here allow us to follow him, it is obvious that the bachelors of "New America" ought to seek wives for themselves in the mother country, especially if it be true as our author, quoting "sly old Mayo," affirms—"the American lady has not made an American home."

Meantime, ladies themselves in America are, not only many of them active members of scientific societies and the "liberal professions," but theorists, eager to embody such systems as the Ebelian one of a Female Church, or to manifest their devotion to one or other of the various developments of the "theocratic principle," which in America at this present day, as elsewhere observed, may be regarded as significant, not of a reformation, but a revolution.

In his preface to "Spiritual Wives," Mr. Dixon says:—

"I have collected my facts in distant places : in the Baltic provinces, in the West of England, on the shores of Lake Ontario, in the New England cities. In every case, I have seen the places and the people for myself."

In the course of his travelled observations, the same author demonstrates that, however far the "affinities" of New England's spiritual circles may appear to be removed from polygamy at Salt Lake City, the theory conveyed by the title of his work is practically subject to much gross abuse, whatever the character of its "religious and romantic disguise." It is not, however, any more necessary than it is possible here to review, with Mr. Dixon, the various phases of his subject, which, as one of our contemporaries observes, may well call forth more stern words of "indignant reprobation" from some of his readers than those he has himself bestowed upon it. The topic of Mr. Dixon's latest work is a novel one to English general readers, and his account of his visit to the Agapemone is more than sufficient to gratify even the curiosity of that venerable "law lord," who, some few years since, was commonly reported to have declared his desire of personally making philosophical observations in that abode. But there are some readers who, tracing effects back to causes, will feel more interest in the pages of the volume now on our table before us, which refer to Königsberg, the birthplace of German freedom, where erst dwelt Immanuel Kant, the eighteenth-century critic of Pure Reason.

Kant, though at one time jealous of Emanuel Swedenborg, testified, nevertheless, to the *clairvoyance* of that seer, to whom, in a great measure, may be attributed the idea of "Spiritual Wives."

Swedenborg (born at Stockholm in 1689, and buried in London, where he died, 1772), did not write in the vulgar tongue, nor for circulating libraries ; and not even to the heads of families could his works, as a general rule, be submitted, until such time as the day of their translation into living languages, and the foundation of the New Jerusalem Church

came. In the latest English work on Swedenborg, referred to in footnote to the title of this paper, it is said :—

“The old school of Swedenborgians is rapidly passing away. They were a curious race, many being highly eccentric and rich in character The world supposes the Swedenborgian to be a dreamy fellow. In many cases he is a shrewd, pushing shop-keeper. It is not Swedenborg’s angels which take his fancy, but his negations of the popular theology. . . . There is quite as little romance about him as about an Unitarian ; indeed, if the Unitarian would only say Christ was God, they might join forces and go to battle together.”

This somewhat offhand statement is true to a certain extent, but there are two sides to the subject to which it refers ; for, as the author of the interesting but much too discursive work now before us elsewhere in it observes, Swedenborgianism obtained its widest diffusion in the United States. It is in America, as before said, that Swedenborgianism is still rife under other names, and thence have we some of its doctrines, and those not the least seductive, brought back to the mother country.

Putting aside here the claims of modern pseudo-spiritualists and clairvoyants, and not by any means touching upon the carnal abuses of the spiritual doctrine of “Elective Affinities,” it must be confessed that Swedenborg appeals to the higher faculties of humanity when he declares the eternal nature of true wedded love, or as his interpreter now before us says, with regard to the rare, and by no means merely conventional, unions of those whose hearts have been knit together “conjugially” (*sic*).

“Death is powerless. Hidden from one another as to body, husband and wife are one in spirit, and as soon as kind death undoes the last fetters of the flesh, they are re-united eternally.”

Seldom has philosophy been more in accordance with Christian poetry and with the most psychological utterances of Christian preaching than in the advocacy of this doctrine. Respecting various other opinions of Swedenborg, to say nothing of his visions, we refer the reader to the excellent Index appended by his most recent biographer to the work here named.

GARRICK.^a



ANY a general reader, who spends much of his time in a railway carriage, has reason to deplore the voluminous English system of publication now in vogue. For example : no merrier travelling companion could be desired than David Garrick, especially with such an admirable index to his life as that appended by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald to the two volumes of it now before us ; but, better for a traveller to pocket the old-school compact edition of Voltaire’s “Charles XII.,” or the portable edition of Madame de Staël’s “Corinne,” or even some flimsy yellow-paper-cover modern French “Étude,” than attempt to start on a journey weighted

^a “The Life of David Garrick. From Original Family Papers, and numerous Published and Unpublished Sources.” By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.S.A. 2 vols. London : Tinsley. 1868.

with either of the cumbrous Garrick volumes now presented to the public. At home, indeed, a practised "skipper" can escape from an author too diffuse of his subject; but abroad it is impossible even for a persistent novel reader to carry about the regulation-pattern two, three, or four large volumes which are deemed inevitable by the British public, volumes which make perfect in the modern art of "skipping" lately celebrated by one of our contemporaries. Yet, though, for many reasons, it is to be regretted that the latest, and, in some respects the best, of Garrick's various biographers has overcrowded the stage on which that great actor stands, no English reader is ever likely to tire of Garrick himself, or of "the story of his career as an English gentleman." To the readers of SYLVANUS URBAN that story ought to be especially welcome, for it was in the presence of Edward Cave, the publisher of THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, that Garrick, young, unknown, and not long since arrived in London, in company with his former schoolmaster, Samuel Johnson, was first encouraged to display his histrionic talent in the way here now explained by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald:—

"Johnson, now" (A. D. 1737) "working out a miserable 'per sheetage,' from the very humblest hack work, and almost depending for his crust on some little article that he could now and again get into 'The Gentleman's Magazine,' was by this time intimate with Mr. Cave of St. John's Gate, the publisher of that journal. Johnson mentioned his companion, and, speaking of his gay dramatic talents, inspired this plain and practical bookseller with some curiosity; and it was agreed that an amateur performance should take place in a room over the archway with Mr. Garrick in a leading comic character. It was duly arranged; the piece fixed on was Fielding's 'Mock Doctor.' Several of the printers were called in; parts were given them to read; and there is an epilogue to the 'Mock Doctor,' by Garrick, which, as it was inserted shortly afterwards in 'The Gentleman's Magazine,' would seem to have been spoken on this occasion. . . . The performance gave great amusement, and satisfied the sober Cave; and presently, perhaps as a mark of the publisher's satisfaction, some of Mr. Garrick's short love verses were admitted into the magazine."

At this time David Garrick, of gentle parentage,^b but with French, English, and Irish blood in his veins, had come to London as a law student, but was doing business as a wine merchant; although with a taste for the stage which, as his present biographer remarks, was sure to break out when there was the slightest promise of an opening. Fortunately for the world at large and for the future reform of the British drama an opening did present itself in 1742, and at the theatre in Goodman's Fields the former pupil of Samuel Johnson gained general applause in the character of *King Richard ye Third*.

Garrick's parents were both then dead; but the surviving members of his respectable Lichfield family, little dreaming of the glory which was to ensue to them through him, were shocked at his becoming an actor. To the London public, however, it must have been a real "treat to have seen him and Mrs. Woffington in *Lord and Lady Townley*;" nor, as was afterwards proved, did he in the midst of associations into which he was then flung professionally lose the taste for domestic life, which had been early implanted in him; for after his marriage with "The Violette" (a

^b David Garrick's grandfather was a French merchant who, on the Revocation of Nantes, settled in England, and his father was a captain in the army. His mother, of Irish extraction, was a clergyman's daughter of most amiable character. David Garrick's paternal home was at Lichfield; and it was there his parents died within a short time of each other soon after his arrival in London.

Viennese *danseuse*, but none the less a carefully-guarded *protégée* of Lady Burlington), it was notorious that Garrick was, as he continued to be to the end of his life, the most devoted of husbands. Wealth flowed in. All sorts of honours were showered down upon him; and the English social history of the 18th century would be incomplete without such scenes as were enacted in private life by distinguished individuals at Garrick's Hampton villa, or at his town house in Southampton Street.

The story of the time when Quin and Garrick were managers of Drury Lane, is, like all the later periods of Garrick's life, full of dramatic incident; but many readers will find the most charming chapters of that life to be those "on the Grand Tour;" for in the fall of the year 1763 the great English actor set off, accompanied by his wife, on a non-professional journey to France and Italy. In the fair cities of the south of Europe David Garrick lingered with delight, but in the *salons* of Paris he was especially welcome. Parisians, of whom at that time were d'Alembert, Marmontel, Beaumarchais, and many other shining lights of that brilliant "philosophy" which has made the 18th century dazzling to the intellect of posterity, declared that Garrick was formed to live amongst them. "Sweet Mistress Garrick" was also duly appreciated; and whilst Diderot addressed David Garrick as "*cher et aimable Roscius*," or "My dear Shakspeare," Beaumarchais declared that both M. and Madame "Garike" had aided him in his *Barber of Seville*,—helped him, as says Garrick's present biographer, she, by her *sourires fins*, and her husband, by valuable hints for the management of the business. Mrs. Garrick was a beautiful woman, and the guiding-star of her gifted husband's life. She was doomed long to survive him, to remember in old age the bright time of her life, when she returned with her husband to England and witnessed the rapture with which his re-appearance on the English stage was greeted; to recall how at that time (1765-6) his wit in society was applauded, and to ponder on the many genial and beneficent acts which graced his life.

In January, 1779, died "excellent, unrivalled Garrick." He was buried in Westminster Abbey, as befitted a great though not untried man, of whom his latest biographer justly says that "His placid dignity of heart was never to desert him. Superior to every pettiness, his life gives to all in authority precious lessons of a charming sweetness and temper, and a wholesome restraint upon the passions that would have done honour to an ascetic." Dr. Johnson was one of those present at Garrick's funeral. Since the "old Lichfield days" Johnson had betrayed symptoms of grumbling jealousy with regard to his former pupil; but when the "cheerful Davy" was gone, the great lexicographer declared: "I am disappointed by that stroke of Death which has eclipsed the gaiety of nations, and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure."

And as solemn seasons are generally retrospective, it is more than possible that when the aged Samuel Johnson stood by the tomb of his friend and former pupil, his thoughts reverted to those days long past when he himself—as explained above—was dependent on SYLVANUS URBAN for a scanty subsistence, and when Garrick first displayed his talent for versification in the "Poet's Corner" of *THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE*.

Correspondence of Sylvanus Urban.

Sin scire labores,

Quære, age : quærenti pagina nostra patet.

[Correspondents are requested to append their Addresses, not, unless it is agreeable, for publication, but in order to facilitate Correspondence.]

HANDWRITING.

1. MR. URBAN,—A perverse and sophistical writer in the *Saturday Review* has given an article in praise of bad writing. Erasmus satirised under the title of “*Encomium Mori* ;” but the Reviewer of the *Saturday* is a shade more in earnest, and is probably the same who, on more than one occasion, “has taken up his parable” (to use his own quotation) in condemnation of early rising. Taken *au pied de la lettre*, the article in question is calculated to do mischief. It is contradictory as well as fallacious, and the spirit of “*Jeames*” peeps out in it so often, that it is hardly worthy of its place in so well-known a Journal as the *Saturday*. It is difficult, certainly, to find subjects for two or three lay sermons a week. The writer says, though we do not know whether he means what he says—that clerks, servants, secretaries, and possibly consuls and ambassadors, in fact, all “persons in humble walks of life,” are paid to write legibly, because it saves the eyes and time of their betters. But “we who have free souls,” to wit, the writers of light literature, are freed from such bondage, and are allowed to luxuriate in bad writing. Also, that “we” are not called on to do addition sums in “tare and tret ;” and many of “us” “never do an addition sum from one year’s end to another” (better for us and our tradesmen, perhaps, if we did), and that “we” “keep hewers of wood and drawers of water to execute these common duties of the multiplication table for us. Either our wives or our bankers, &c., look after them.” So lofty and above the world are we *écrivains*.

Next, the reviewer proceeds to show that clear and rapid thought is the cause or consequence of undecipherable handwriting. Then, that it is only persons with much unoccupied time who can

write clearly ; and finally, that it is a duty of persons of inferior quality, and “*emphatically*,” “all idle creatures, especially ladies,” to write so that what they say can be easily read, and to receive back their due, some scribbled lines of undiscoverable meaning.

These propositions are great nonsense. Legible handwriting is a valuable qualification in every rank of life. Some persons from early habit, want of this special education, or from muscular or nervous peculiarity, never do or can write well or legibly ; and it is admitted there are some who have only time to scribble. So much the worse for those who have to read. When the flow of ideas is very great with an author, he may place the compositor’s task in a secondary place ; and a late authoress used to say that she left her *i*’s to be dotted, and her *t*’s to be crossed, for a grey day. In other words, when the impetus of invention was upon her, she cared only to sketch it in, and would make it readable in less fertile hours. The late Thomas Hood—who wrote a particularly clear hand—mixed complaint and advice together when he warned authors against illegible “copy ;” telling them how disadvantageous it was to themselves and their productions to have their words misread and their meaning mistaken owing to ill-formed or abnormal letters ; so that all their *fears* became *bears* and their *happiness* was converted into *pappiness*, &c.

Bad writing is often a family tendency, and we may see sometimes all the members of one family, though little in intercourse with each other, having the same scribbling or imperfect manner of writing. This arises mainly from the formation of the wrist and hand, but is partly due to imitation and a bad example. It has been said to be a providential arrange-

ment that, though human faces differ not greatly in size, and contain the same number of features, no two countenances are alike. And when we consider the immense importance of a signature in the present state of society, the immense issues dependent on the identification of a person or his acts by his handwriting, it may be said that it is equally providential that no two persons write entirely alike. The greatest fallacy of the Saturday Reviewer consists in his assuming that a clear hand is a bad hand, that is, an ungraceful or ill-educated one. Many official men, and persons in the highest rank, write very clearly. Symmetry and clearness seem to accompany their greatest rapidity. How well, for instance, did Lord Palmerston write; and how much stress did he lay on good and bold upstrokes and downstrokes and well-formed letters. Taken as a class, our clergy are distinguished by their clear, rapid, and characteristic handwriting. Greek and Algebra spoil some hands; but generally speaking, the education of our universities seems to leave its impress even on the writing of their sons. Nor can it be said that the clergy write well from their abundant leisure. Our clergy are necessarily literary; have much to write; are often scribes for the whole parish, and account-keepers as well; have their sermons to prepare, correspondence to keep up, and proceedings to record. On the other hand, the Bar, as a rule, write badly; the majority of barristers writing a thin, feeble scribble, without character. And this imperfection is probably adopted to show their great occupation, and their entire disregard for those who have to read their opinions. Solicitors often adopt a similar style of writing; probably imitatively. Authors, being taken from all classes, necessarily vary. By constant writing, letters, with many, degenerate

into signs, perfectly recognisable to themselves, as shorthand or ciphers would be, but difficult to the rest of the world. Elderly authors cannot cure this fault. Their minds being set on what they are composing, they forget their good intentions of forming letters more clearly. Young writers may, with pains, overcome this defect. What Jean Paul says of personal peculiarities applies equally to such writers: "Young men are eccentric by choice, old men by necessity." We can remember a time when to write very badly or illegibly was thought aristocratic. The world is wiser now. Many Members of Parliament in the old franking days used to put their autograph on letters in a sort of hieroglyphic as inscrutable as the Egyptian. Collections of such autographs exist, and will show this. Merchants used to sign their own name or that of their firm in a manner different from their other writing, and so that no one could read it without previously knowing what it meant. Some English merchants and many foreign ones continue this system, greatly to the inconvenience of correspondents. Some thought that by this means their signatures could not easily be imitated by forgers; but in this they were quite mistaken. A very moderate simulation of a peculiar signature deceives the eye not expecting deceit. The most difficult forgery is of the free, natural writing. Artists well know that "touch," the rapid, personal motion of the master's hand, is what cannot be reproduced by the copyist.

Not only editors and composers, but the world generally, would be saved much labour and many misapprehensions, if those who write much would do their best to write legibly.—I am, &c.,

ANTICACOGRAPHS.

Hampstead, N. W.

CRUCIFORM GRAVES AND EMBANKMENTS.

2. MR. URBAN,—I am favoured with the following communication from Mr. Albert Way. It has been suggested by the notice of a cross-shaped barrow in the Yorkshire Wold district in your December number.

"In THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, for December ult., p. 791, a remarkable cruciform structure was described and figured, that had been brought to

light in a barrow at Helpertorpe, in the wolds of Yorkshire. A cruciform grave found at Bekesbourne, Kent, was likewise noticed. The occurrence of such a form in remains of sepulchral character, probably to be assigned to times considerably prior to Christianity, and also the appearance of the cross on ornaments or pottery of Pagan date, have remained almost unnoticed. The researches of M.

de Mortillet have lately called attention to the remarkable variety and frequent use of the symbol under circumstances where no influence of the Christian faith can have occurred. Several examples of cruciform earthworks are to be found in this country, of which some, like the curious walled construction in the Yorkshire tumulus, before mentioned, may have been sepulchral; a small low barrow of that fashion was noticed by Mr. Stackhouse, near the British fortress on Wimbledon Common, known as Cæsar's Camp. In the January number of the 'Archæologia Cambrensis,' a very curious relic of the same class, called the Giant's Grave, has been described. It exists in Montgomeryshire; and consists of a mound in form of a cross, the arms of which are of equal length; the dimensions are 63 feet in each direction; the height at the point of intersection is 5 feet. It does not appear that any excavation has been made to ascertain the nature of this remarkable relic. Another, of nearly the same dimensions, is to be seen on a mountain near Margam, in South Wales. Sir Richard Hoare had

noticed a cruciform barrow, enclosed within a rectangular embankment, that exists at Banwell, Somerset; he places it with Roman vestiges, and to that period, undoubtedly, we must assign the most important and mysterious relic of this class, the massive block of Roman masonry in form of a Latin cross, to be seen in the area of the station at Richborough, that has baffled the most strenuous investigators, in the attempt to penetrate or undermine the huge solid mass; the recent onslaught by the Kentish Archæological Society was as ineffectual as all primary endeavours to solve the enigma. Before we dismiss the curious subject of cross-shaped earthworks, brought anew before us by the relic represented this month in the 'Cambrian Journal,' and of which no example seems to have been noticed on the Continent, an example formerly described in this Magazine may claim notice; it is in St. Margaret's Park, near Hereford. See THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, Oct., 1853, p. 387.—I am, &c.,

C. ROACH SMITH.

Strood, Rochester.

LONGEVITY.

3. MR. URBAN,—As several instances of longevity have lately appeared in your columns, I herewith forward you the following, which I transcribed from Randal's "State of the Churches." Among the vicars of Lesbury, Northumberland, occurs the name of Patrick Machyhojan, who was born near Aberdeen, inducted into

that vicarage 26th August, 1609, and is said to have died in 1659, aged 112. Can any of your correspondents supply any information respecting him?

I am, &c.,

EDWARD THOMPSON.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

April, 1868.

"PARTY," AND THE HEART OF KING RICHARD.

4. MR. URBAN,—Your correspondent Mr. Cowper's examples of the use of the word "party," are all of an ecclesiastical character. I give the following that are not so:—

"That, if one of the married couple take a journey, either to the warres or to perform a vow, to a farre country, they permit the 'party' remaining at home, if the other stay long away, upon a summe of money payd, to cohobite with another, not examining sufficiently whether the absent party were dead."—Herbert's translation of the "Centum Gravamina," presented to Pope Adrian in 1521.

"The 'party' must in any place see to himselfe, and seeke to wipe theyr noses by a shorte aunswere."—'A Discovery and

Playne Declaration of the Holy Inquisition of Spayne." Fol. 10; printed by Ihon Day, 1568.

"How windy, rather smoky, your assurance of 'party' shows, we might in vain repeat."—Ford, "Perkin Warbeck," iv. 4.

"Fled, but followed

By Daubeney; all his 'parties' left
to taste

King Henry's mercy."—*Ibid.* v. 1.

"The fiftie thing that is to be considered in meates, is the time, which standeth chiefly in three poynts; that is to say: time of the yeere; time of the day: age of the 'partie.' The thirde thing appertaining to dyet, is the age of the 'partie,'

which may the better bee perceived, if first I define what age is, and what difference there is in age."—The "Haven of Health," &c., by Thomas Cogan, Maister of Artes, and Bachelor of Physicke. 4to. London, 1589.

"A country woman at an assize was to take her oath against a 'party.' The said 'party' entreated the judge that her oath might not be taken."—John Taylor's "Wit and Mirth" (Works, 1630), p. 185.

"Mistresse Collaquimlida loq. . . the 'party' you wote of commends him to you in this diamond; he that met the 'party' you know, and said the 'parties party,' was a 'party' of a partly pretty understanding."—Lewis Machin's, "The Dumbe Knight." Act. I. Sc. 2. London, 1633.

In a rare book, "Aurifortina Chymica," published in 1680, an alchemist, in speaking of the use of the universal medicine, says, "it purgeth not, nor vomiteth, nor sweateth so much as to make faint; but to corroborate: I say it strengthens the 'party,' and if the disease, &c."—"Tractatus de Manna Benedicto," p. 126.

"The powder of buggs.—Take the buggs and wash them well in white wine, and putt them in a new earthern pott and set them in an oven till they be dry enough for powder; then beat them, and sift them, and give ye 'party' as much as will lye upon a groate, every morning in honey."—From a MS. "Booke of Receipts," 1631-2, in the possession of a correspondent of

"Notes and Queries" (see N. & Q., First Series, vii. p. 247).

"Let the 'party,' if it can be agreeable, rub frequently his teeth with the ashes that remain in a pipe after it is smoked. Having cooled it, rub the 'party's' mouth with a little of it, &c."—"Salmon's Family Dictionary," 1705, p. 321.

Mr. J. Addis, jun., notices that in the reprint of Caxton's "Paris and Vienna" (just issued by the Roxburghe Library), the word is used in a quite unusual manner. Its meaning is "state," "condition," and it seems anglicised from the French 'parti' (see Cotgrave, *sub voce*). Paris and Edward, serenading Vienna, have been seized by ten ambushed knights:—

"Thenne wente Parys and Edward a parte and spake to gyder, ye see fayr brother, said Parys to Edward, in what 'party' we be now." P. 15.

Respecting the heart of King Richard I., Mr. E. Stansfeld, in a letter to *The Guardian* (March 20, 1867), states that:—

"There was formerly to be seen in the Museum of Rouen, and I dare say is still, what remains of the 'heart' of the lion-hearted king. When I saw it in 1853, it was contained in what appeared to be an agate cup, and was labelled 'Cœur de Richard Cœur-de-Lion.' There were a number of other 'curiosities' enclosed together with it in a long glass case."—I am, &c.

J. PIGGOT, JUN.

Utting, Maldon.

CHESHYRE FAMILY.

5. MR. URBAN,—I am desirous to obtain information as to the family of Sir John Cheshyre, Knt., who was King's Prime Serjeant-at-law, and died on the 15th May, 1738.

Sir John lived at Hallwood, near Runcorn, in Cheshire; and was buried in Runcorn parish church. In *THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE*, xxvi., p. 42, January 1, 1756, is recorded the death of "the relict of Sir John Cheshyre, Knt., his Majesty's Prime Serjeant-at-law." Whom did Sir John marry, and had he any children? He probably left no children surviving him, for his nephew, William Cheshyre, succeeded to his estate.

The Rev. Robert Cheshyre, M.A., Vicar of Runcorn, was, I believe, the eldest brother of Sir John Cheshyre. He

married the daughter (query heiress also) of his predecessor, the venerable William Fynmore, M.A., Archdeacon of Chester, and vicar of Runcorn. He was buried at Runcorn, Dec. 28, 1739, and left a son, William Cheshyre, who resided at Hallwood, and was Sheriff of Cheshire in 1741. He married Sarah, daughter of —, and left surviving him a daughter and heiress, Arabella, who married Arthur Rawdon, brother of the first Earl of Moira. She died Dec. 26, 1806, without issue. In the notice of her death in *THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE*, lxxvi., part 2, p. 1253, she is called *Lady* Arabella Rawdon. Why is she styled "Lady?"

In *THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE*, vol. iii., p. 45, Jan. 14, 1733, is recorded the death "— Cheshire, Esq., nephew of

Sir John Cheshire. Who was this — Cheshire?

John Chesshyre, Esq., of Bennington, in Hertfordshire, was, I believe, either brother or cousin to Sir John Chesshyre. He married a daughter of Lieut.-Col. Brereton, and had several daughters, of whom the eldest, Jane, married Henry, last Earl of Fauconberg. In *THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE*, ciii., part 1, p. 572, is recorded the death (June 6, 1833), at Little Easton Rectory, of "Charlotte, youngest daughter of the late John Chesshyre, Esq., of Bennington." From which I presume this is the same family as the Chesshyres of Little Easton, Essex. There was also another John Chesshyre, Vice-Admiral of the Blue, in 1840. He married Miss Sandys, of St. Martin's, near Canterbury, and died in 1843. In 1750, John Chesshyre, of Thundridge Bury, was High Sheriff of Herts. In 1759, Gilbert Cheshire, of Lees, was High Sheriff of Derbyshire. In 1829, the Rev. J. K. S. Cheshyre was patron of Bennington. In 1842, the Rev. W. Cheshyre was Rector of St. Martin's, Canterbury. About

thirty years since, Joseph Cheshyre, Esq., resided at Rocksavage Lodge, near Hallwood.

I am anxious to obtain a pedigree of this family, and shall be extremely obliged to any of your readers who can give me one, or inform me where I can find one. Also I shall be glad to get information on the following. What arms, crest, and motto did Sir John Chesshyre bear? Who were the wives of Sir John, and his nephew William? Had Robert any other children besides William? Were John Chesshyre, of Thundridge Bury; Admiral John Chesshyre, the Rev. J. K. S. Cheshyre, the Rev. W. Cheshyre, Gilbert Cheshire, of Lees, and Joseph Cheshyre, of Rocksavage Lodge, members of Sir John Chesshyre's family, and if so, how are they related? Also are there any descendants of the family now living? Trusting to your kindness, Mr. Urban, to find a place for this in your valuable Magazine,—I am, &c.,

RICHARD FINMORE.

*Athenæum, Manchester,
March, 1868.*

PAUL VERONESE.

6. MR. URBAN,—In the interesting history of the well-known picture of "Les Noces de Cana," by Paul Veronese, which appeared in your Magazine in the months of November and December, 1867, the writer has professed to set forth in a tabular statement all the known representations of the subject, as treated in the Louvre picture, and which all critics attribute to Paul Veronese.

I am unable to reconcile that statement with the remarks of Lady Eastlake in her work entitled the "History of our Lord, as exemplified in Works of Art" (1864), wherein, in vol. i. p. 355, it is declared that "Paul Veronese made the subject

popular as a banquet scene for refectories. He painted it five times on a large scale, varying from 30 to 159 figures."

I can readily comprehend the assertion, if Lady Eastlake's intention was to refer generally to the "Cenacoli" of Veronese; but if the remarks exclusively applied to the "Marriage at Cana," then it is desirable, in the interest of art, that it should be known where these five representations of them are to be found, and I shall feel much obliged if any of your numerous correspondents will afford the desired information.—I am, &c.,

J. A.

Peckham, S.E.

PENSION OF HENRY IX.

7. MR. URBAN,—In answer to the question of your correspondent, "G. W. M.," in your March number, p. 363, respecting the pension conferred on Henry IX., and under what government, I beg to say that it was granted by no administration, but was simply a private act of munificence on the part of George III.

Henry Benedict Stuart was the second and last son of the Chevalier James Francis, commonly called the Old Pre-

tender, and of Clementina Maria, daughter of James Sobieski, and granddaughter of the heroic John Sobieski, the saviour of Vienna and Europe from the last inroad of the Turks in 1682. He was born in 1725, five years after his brother, Charles Edward, the Young Pretender, and was commonly called the Duke of York by the Jacobite party. In 1747, about a year or a little more after the disastrous defeat at Culloden, he took the

vows, and was inaugurated under the title of Cardinal York, much against the wishes of his brother. He appears to have been a very amiable and pious man, and at the death of his brother, Charles Edward, in 1788, George III., to his great credit, and with a generosity which alone ought to redeem his character from much that has been advanced against it, took pity on the friendless and impoverished prince, who was also a distant cousin of his own, and from his private income allowed him a pension of, I think, four thousand pounds per annum. This was

paid till the day of his death, which took place at Rome in 1807, at the age of eighty-two. He was the last of the direct blood-royal of the Stuart line of kings.

If hereditary descent alone be allowed to decide the question, he was the rightful heir to the English throne, and his friends, with rather questionable judgment, considering the obligations which he owed to the English king, affixed the title of Henry IX. on his tomb at Rome.—I am, &c.,

WILLIAM LOPRESTI.

March, 1868.

DR. GAIRDNER'S PERPETUAL ALMANACK.

8. MR. URBAN,—You were so good as to insert a "short notice" of Dr. Gairdner's Calendar some time ago; and I shall be much obliged if you will now insert a much shorter one of a *new edition* of it, which the author has brought out, in consequence of the suggestion contained in that former mention of his work. It is now "A Perpetual Almanack and Calendar for the Investigation of Dates;" and whilst constructed on the same principle,

and equally ingenious, it is far more simple and more extensively useful. Having, for reasons which I need not now relate, to make myself acquainted with all these helps to practical chronologers, I am able to say that this is surpassed only by Mr. De Morgan's "Book of Almanacs."—I am, &c.

B. B. WOODWARD.

Royal Library, Windsor Castle,
April, 1868.

FAMILY OF FOE OR DEFOE.

9. MR. URBAN,—Mr. Henry Kingsley inquires in your January number as to the family of Foe or Defoe, of Elton, Hunts.

No trace of such a family can be found either in the parish registers or on grave-stones. The nearest approach that I can find to the name in that part of the county is in the family of Faux, now resident at Yaxley. With regard to the name Crusoe, I may note, in con-

nection with Elton, that, at Fotheringay, two miles distant, a Mr. Creuso, who inhabited the College at the time of Queen Elizabeth's visit, gave to Henry Peacham an account of the opening of the grave of the Duchess Cicely, who had been buried in the year 1495 (see Boney's "Fotheringay," foot-note, p. 52).—I am, &c.,

CUTHBERT BEDE.

Denton Rectory, Stilton.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE FIRST PRINCE OF WALES.

10. MR. URBAN,—It appears from a paragraph in *The Times* of the 18th inst. that on his return from Ireland the Prince of Wales will pay his first visit to Carnarvon, and that he will receive an address within the walls of the castle, where, it is further stated, the first Prince of Wales, son of Edward I., was born.

It is so popular a tradition that Edward II. was born in the Eagle Tower of Carnarvon Castle, that one almost shrinks from attempting to disprove what has received such universal credence; but at the same time it is desirable, on the occasion of so auspicious a visit to Carnarvon Castle, that the historical events

connected with the place should be brought before the public divested of the air of romance and fancy with which they have hitherto been disguised.

In the first place let us examine the chamber in the Eagle Tower, where Edward II. is said to have been born. It is shapeless and low, and is a thoroughfare to two other rooms of a better kind, besides being contiguous to one of the grand central apartments of the tower. It is somewhat singular that this inconvenient room should have been selected, when there were others on the same level and in the same tower more suitable for the Queen's reception, and these circum-

stances alone bespeak improbability; but fortunately there have been preserved among the public records such documents as indisputably prove that the Eagle Tower was actually not finished until 33 years after the birth of Edward II., and when he had sat ten years upon the throne. We gather from the "Operation Rolls" of Carnarvon Castle that the Eagle Tower was roofed in 1316, and floored in the following year. From entries on the "Great Roll of the Pipe," we find that the castle was commenced by Edward I. in 1283, at the north-east corner, and gradually carried on towards the south-west; that the works were taken up by Edward II., and carried out to their completion in 1322, the whole building having extended over a period of 39 years; and yet we are gravely assured at Carnarvon that the whole of this vast pile was erected in twelve months.

Edward II. was born 25 April, 1284,

one year after the commencement of operations for the castle. It is difficult to conceive that any part of the building could at that time have been in a fit state for the Queen's reception, when we consider the slowness with which the works were carried on; but there seems no reason to doubt that the first Prince of Wales was born in the town of Carnarvon. The sources from which our information has been derived have been of the most reliable kind—namely, the public records. It is hardly necessary to add that the equally unerring test of architecture corroborates them in every particular. An extremely able account of this castle was read at Carnarvon in 1850, before the British Archæological Institute, and may be found in their Transactions.

I am, &c.,

ALBERT HARTSHORNE.

Pinner, Watford, April 20.

EDGEWORTH FAMILY.

11. MR. URBAN,—In the February number of *THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE* (page 219), there is a short notice of the Abbé Edgeworth, in which it is stated that he was the *son* of the Rev. Essex Edgeworth. Surely this is a mistake. In the *Memoirs of the Abbé*, written by Sneyd, a son of Richard Lovell Edgeworth—and who, it must be presumed, knew the pedigree of his own family,—it is stated that the Abbé was the younger son of the Rev.

Robert Edgeworth, the son of the said Essex Edgeworth. Robert Edgeworth held the living of Edgeworthstown for a time; and the Abbé was born in the vicarage-house there. It would have been more correct, therefore, to have said that the Abbé was the *grandson* of the Rev. Essex Edgeworth.—I am, &c.,

M. G. LUPTON.

2, Cloisters, Westminster.

LEPROSY.

12. MR. URBAN,—The Royal College of Physicians, in a report to the Secretary of the Colonies (now in print) upon Leprosy, writes thus on the question of the disease being contagious:—

"The all but unanimous conviction of the most experienced observers, in different parts of the world, is quite opposed to the belief that leprosy is contagious or communicable by proximity or contact with the diseased. The evidence derived from the experience of the attendants in leper asylums is especially conclusive upon the point. The few instances that have been reported in a contrary sense, either rest on imperfect observation, or they are recorded with so little attention to the necessary details as not to affect the above conclusion."

It should be added, however, that some of the "instances reported in a contrary

sense" are very striking. In an appendix to the Report is a despatch from the Lieut.-Gov. of New Brunswick to the late Duke of Newcastle, in which occurs the following interesting passage:—

"The Hospital (Lepers') itself is a building containing two large rooms, the one devoted to the male, the other to the female patients. In the rear of these rooms is a small chapel, so arranged that a window, obliquely transversing the wall on each side of the partition which divides the two rooms, enables the patients of either sex to witness the celebration of mass without meeting. Through the same aperture confessions are received, and the holy communion administered. I may here remark how curious an illustration is thus afforded to the architectural student

of the object of those low skew windows often found in the chancels of ancient churches. In a remote corner of North America, in a rude wooden building of modern date, erected by men who never saw a mediæval church, or possessed the least acquaintance with Gothic architecture, convenience has suggested an arrangement precisely similar to one which has long puzzled the antiquaries and architects of Europe."

Some ten years ago I seem myself to remember having somewhere read that an ancient panelling had been discovered at (I think) Windsor, on one compartment of which was represented a man receiving the holy sacrament through one of the low chancel windows alluded to.—I am, &c.,

PHILIP HOSTE.

Cropredy Vicarage, April, 1868.

ANCIENT WELSH COATS.

13. MR. URBAN,—I shall be thankful to be informed what arms have usually been attributed to ITHEL ap Ynyr, Prince of Gwent; whether those attributed to his ancestor, Ynyr ap Meuric ap Arthvael, namely, "Per pale azure and sable, (query, azure and gules?) three fleur-de-lis or," or the three chevrons assigned to his other ancestor (in the female line), the patriarchal Jestyn ap Gwrgan.

The steps of the descent for four generations may thus be briefly indicated.

(1.) *Ynyrap* Meuric ap Arthvael, Prince of Gwent, married Gwenllian, daughter

of *Jestyn* ap Gwrgan, last Prince of Glamorgan. His son,

(2.) Meuric ap Ynyr, married Eleanor, daughter of Edynfed ap Jorworth Trevor. His son,

(3.) Ynyr Vychan, married, first,—Gwladys, daughter of Rhys Goch; issue, a daughter. Secondly, Joyce, daughter of Drogo de Baladun; issue, two sons. His second son was,

(4.) *Ithel* ap Ynyr Vychan, Prince of Gwent, whose second son founded the family of Carne.

JOHN CARNE, M.A., F.S.A.

Penzance, April 15, 1868.

OLIVER CROMWELL'S DESCENDANTS.

14. MR. URBAN,—In a notice of this year's Exhibition of National Portraits, *The Times*, alluding to the collection of portraits of the Cromwell family sent by Lady Frankland-Russell, describes that lady as "the present representative of the Protector's line." If I am not mistaken, Lady Frankland-Russell is a descendant of Frances, the Protector's fourth daughter, by her second husband, Sir John Russell, of Chippenham; but the Protector is more directly represented through the male line.

Oliver Cromwell's fourth son, Henry, who was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Francis Russell, of Chippenham (sister of Sir John Russell, who married the Lady Frances Rich, *née* Cromwell), and by her had five sons, all of whom died without issue, except the second son, Henry, who also had several sons, but only by one, his seventh son, Thomas, was the family name handed down. Oliver, the third son of Thomas, and great-great-grandson of the Lord Protector, had two sons, who died unmarried, and one daughter, who succeeded to the Cromwell

estate and heirlooms. This lady, the last who bore the name of Cromwell, married Mr. Russell, of Cheshunt, Herts, by whom she had four sons and four daughters. Her children and grandchildren are, therefore, the direct representatives of the Cromwell family, and they possess a very valuable collection of portraits of their ancestors for upwards of 200 years. Among these are the original picture of the Protector by Walker (for which they have Walker's bill, receipted), Lady Cromwell, wife of the Lord Protector, by Sir Peter Lely; Richard Cromwell, by Walker; Henry Cromwell, by Du Sart; Lady Mary, wife of the Earl of Fauconberg, by Michael Dahl; Lady Frances, by Riley; besides many curious relics handed down from Richard and Henry Cromwell—*inter alia*, the Protector's swords, with his arms embossed thereon; the hat worn when he dissolved the Long Parliament; the cap worn when he was wounded at the Battle of Naseby; his powder-horn; and what is the most valuable of all, a mask of the Protector's face taken immediately after death.—I am, &c.,

VERAX.

Antiquarian Notes.

BY CHARLES ROACH SMITH, F.S.A.

— Quid tandem vetat
Antiqua misceri novis ?

Yorkshire.—Canon Greenwell has recently made excavations upon the very large tumulus at Kirkby Underdale, in the East Riding ; and they have resulted in somewhat unlooked-for and not unimportant discoveries. At a very superficial depth, on the south side, numerous interments have been found, most of which, so far as can be ascertained from the accounts given in the newspapers, are Anglo-Saxon. It is stated that with the skeletons of males, bronze as well as iron swords have been discovered. If this be true, it would seem to be the first instance on record ; but we must wait for further confirmatory evidence from the pen of the active explorer himself. Knives, also, are stated to have been found with the skeletons of males ; but none are mentioned as accompanying, as they almost invariably do, the brooches, buckles, and other ornaments of women. What appears to have struck the zealous explorers most was the fact that many of the skeletons indicated a doubling up of the bodies in the burial, which, it is asserted, was a practice hitherto supposed to be restricted to the Britons. But it has long been understood that both Saxons and Franks did not invariably lay the dead body at full length, but sometimes placed it in a sitting posture, or upon one side, with the legs bent up and the head pressed down. Of course these interments must be considered as far subsequent to the original ; but they are by no means on that account less interesting, and a more detailed report will be welcomed by the archæologist.

Hertfordshire.—A very interesting British coin in silver has just been found on the site of Verulamium, near St. Albans, which has fortunately been secured by Mr. Grove Lowe, to whom the antiquarian world is so much indebted for researches into the buried remains of the great Romano-British city, especially the theatre, of which he was the discoverer some years since. It may be thus described : *Obv.*—TAS. above a wild boar springing to the right ; *Rev.*—VIRL (?) in the angles of a cross-formed ornament, within a beaded circle.

One example only of this coin was previously known ; and this, in bad preservation, is engraved by Mr. Evans in his "Coins of the Ancient Britons," plate vi., No. 10. Although the obverse in the specimen engraved showed no letters, the sagacity and experience of the author at once referred it to its proper place ; and to show how correctly the interpretation was given, and how it is verified by the recent discovery, his remarks are here quoted :—"This curious coin, which has not before been published, is in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, and formed part of the collection of the Rev. Dr. Ingram. It is unfortunately much injured, and its place of finding not known. From its analogy with the coins of Verulam (plate viii., No. 5), I have inserted it here, to

fill up a blank space I had left in the plate, though the attribution of the coin to Tasciovanus or to Verulam is purely conjectural. Even the two letters visible of the legend are uncertain, and the obverse type is more like that of the coin reading CRAB. (plate v., No. 3), than any other: the boar, however, occurs on at least two of the coins of Verulam, so that possibly the discovery of a better preserved specimen may justify my having given this type its present place in the plates."

This prognostication was correct, and the newly-discovered coin confirms Mr. Evans's conjecture. The design and execution of the boar is highly spirited and finished, and the letters TAS. quite perfect; the last two letters on the reverse, so far as I am able to see from an incised impression, are not so clearly defined.

Shropshire.—A recent visit to Wroxeter has, more than ever, convinced me of the importance of the excavations made there, which have become suspended from want of funds. Mr. Joseph Mayer, ever foremost to encourage science, art, and literature, has given a second liberal donation, which has been well expended in successfully laying open another large apartment contiguous to those already shown in the plans and views published by Mr. Wright; but these massive and fine remains, unlike those at Silchester and some other places, are deeply covered with earth, and the excavations are necessarily very expensive. The carting away of an enormous mound now becomes necessary, in order to develop fully the entire structures of the extensive square to which the operations have hitherto been confined. In many places people would be found too happy to cart it as manure; but the agriculturists of the neighbourhood either do not fully estimate its value, or they are well provided with adjuncts to the cultivation of land which usually are costly, and with difficulty procured.

The farther portion of the remains now laid open (as viewed at the entrance from the modern road, which seems to cover an ancient *via*), is flanked by the high massive wall, long supposed, erroneously, to be part of the circumvallation of the ancient city; but which, in reality, is an exterior wall of a spacious and noble building, of numerous rooms, the original level of which the eye, on a nearer approach, detects from the tessellated flooring yet remaining in one of the smaller apartments. These rooms were well supplied with hypocausts, the admirable arrangements of which can be well understood in consequence of the destruction of the floors, which admits of the mode of heating being clearly seen, even to the skilful spreading of the heated air up the walls of the rooms, by hollow square tiles through which also the smoke escaped. The advantage thus gained in understanding the means taken by the Roman builders to counteract the trying rigours of our northern climate, is purchased by the sacrifice of the tessellated pavements with which these heated rooms were floored. That they were of a superior kind may be inferred from the examples discovered at Wroxeter in past times; and also from a very remarkable specimen of mosaic work yet remaining upon one of the walls, an indication of luxury of which, I am not aware, we have any other example in this country. The examination of these rooms requires time and attention; especially as some ancient restorations and adaptations will have to be studied

before they can be well understood. The buildings, which are near to and run parallel with the modern road, are of a very different kind. These Mr. Wright considers, apparently with good reason, to have been workshops and a market-place. The foundations and parts of the walls show they were strongly constructed, the roofs being supported partly by massive columns.

When, moreover, it is considered that the excavations hitherto made include only the smallest portion of what was one of the most extensive towns or cities of Roman Britain; and that the researches are not speculative but certain to be remunerative, we may appeal with confidence to the public and to the government for funds, in order that the suspended operations may be resumed with vigour. Perhaps the best inducement to further and more adequate supplies of means to carry on the excavations will be afforded by the publication of the important work Mr. Wright is engaged upon, which is progressing towards completion, so far as it includes discoveries already made; and the subscribers would be sure to welcome a second volume, which, it is to be hoped, may be called for.

Kent.—A tessellated Roman pavement, or rather what appears to be the central compartment of one, has recently been found, during excavations for a sewer, at a considerable depth, in Burgate Street, Canterbury. The design, worked in coloured tesseræ, is a vase of a somewhat peculiar, and possibly fanciful form, surrounded by a guilloche, and a square border enclosing a diamond pattern. It is now in the office of Mr. John Brent, who is engaged in superintending its restoration.

Scientific Notes of the Month.

Physical Science.—An amateur astronomer, Mr. Cooper Key, announces some observations tending to show that a particular nebula or nebulous star has undergone some change during the past eighty years. Sir William Herschel described the object as “a star of the 9th magnitude, with a pretty bright nebulosity, equally disposed all around.” This was in 1787. Mr. Key now finds it a nebulous star closely surrounded by a dark ring; this, again, by a luminous ring; then an interval much less luminous; and, finally, at some distance, an exterior luminous ring. The adherents to the nebular hypothesis of Laplace may be inclined to accept this as a confirmation of that famous theory.—Professor Hoek, of Utrecht, communicates to the Royal Astronomical Society of London a mathematical exposition of the phenomena which a very extended swarm of meteors, coming from space, presents after its entry into the solar system.—The French Academy has received a somewhat analogous memoir from M. Goulier, in which the author investigates geometrically the laws of motion of meteoric corpuscles, having dregar to the perturbations they suffer from the earth and the moon; the nature of the orbit which they describe about the sun; the best modes of observing them; the frequency of displays of periodic or sporadic meteors at various places, times, and seasons; and other questions relating to these

interesting and now important little bodies.—Several pretty devices have been suggested for showing the synthesis of white light from coloured rays. Not the least ingenious is one that has just been proposed by Mr. Woodward, of the Midland Institute. A beam of white light is passed through a prism, and the spectrum is thrown upon a mirror, and thence reflected on to a screen. On moving the mirror, so as to make the spectrum pass over itself lengthwise, a band of white light is formed, identical in appearance with a beam received directly from the source of light, and similarly reflected upon the screen. By using diaphragms to stop out certain of the coloured rays, the compound tint due to the mingling of those remaining may be shown.

Geology.—Blocks of stone or boulders transported by glacial agency are valuable monuments of the ancient climatic conditions of the regions wherein they are found, and it is somewhat important that, where possible, they should be retained *in situ*; but in some places, in Suabia, for instance, they have been largely employed for building purposes. Failing the preservation of the stones themselves the next best thing is to make and preserve catalogues of them, giving their positions and conditions. Such catalogues have been made by M. Steudel for the blocks in Suabia, and by MM. Favre and Soret for those in the valley of the Arve: the Scientific Association of France, acting upon the suggestion of the Swiss geologists, has set on foot a chart and catalogue of those now known in that country.—An important geological map, showing the various beds of rocks and deposits composing the bottom of the British seas, has been laid by M. Delesse before the French Academy of Sciences: the principal shifting deposits appear to consist of sand, which occupies a vast space on the Atlantic Coasts, the British Channel, and the German Ocean.—This Academy has elected Sir Roderick Murchison a foreign associate in the room of the late Dr. Faraday. Sir Roderick Murchison gained a large majority of votes above several others of his eminent countrymen.—Earthquakes were felt at Tiflis on Feb. 18 and 22; at Arles on March 23; and simultaneously at Jersey and at Dinan on April 4.

Geography, &c.—The journey of a pundit, who had eluded frontier governors and guards, and crossed from Nepaul into Thibet, was described lately to the Geographical Society. He reached as far as the holy city Lhasa, traversed the Thibetian high-road westward, and, crossing the Sulej at its source, re-entered British territory by the Utdhura Pass, into Kumaon. Excellent observations for altitude and latitude were obtained, and an elaborate route-survey made along a distance of 1200 miles.—The *Athenæum* says that Mr. Winwood Reade has determined to resume his African travels. He will shortly sail for the Gold Coast, and will probably commence by exploring the Assinie river, of which scarcely anything is known. Mr. Reade is to travel under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society, and with the liberal co-operation of one of its fellows, Mr. Swanzy.—Dr. Archibald Campbell gave to the Ethnological Society, on April 7, the results of thirty years' experience of the tribes located around Darjeeling, on the Himalaya Mountains. The paper embodied the information given in

various official reports to the Indian government, together with some new matter, and it set forth the advantages that had followed from British rule. Free labour and free trade, regularly paid wages, and strict and prompt justice had been established in the district, while in the neighbouring native states slavery prevailed, obstructions were put in the way of trade, and the administration of laws was excessively slow. The consequence had been that representatives of all the neighbouring tribes had been brought to reside in the favoured locality, and much good had been done and progress made. The climate and soil favour the growth of tea and chinchona, and the cultivation of these had given employment to a large number of people. For business intercourse and judicial affairs, eight languages, besides English, were in daily use in Dr. Campbell's office.—The anthropologists, at their meeting on March 17, discussed a paper by Mr. McGrigor Allan, on the Europeans and their Descendants in North America; the author's argument being that the North American white population are essentially transplanted Europeans, whose racial and physical characteristics have been modified by new conditions of climate, &c. Mr. Allen held that the foundation of all political economy was a correct knowledge of the races of men. Hence the importance of anthropology.

Electricity.—M. Leroux lately communicated to the Scientific Association of France his experiences upon the nature of the electric light from carbon points. Some physicists have considered that the matter transported from the positive to the negative point is in the form of an extremely tenuous powder; others, that it is in a gaseous state. M. Leroux adopts the latter opinion. By projecting the enlarged image of a voltaic arc upon a screen, he had been enabled to analyse, by means of the spectroscope, the light of the arc isolated from that of the heated points; and he had found that its spectrum exhibited the character of discontinuity peculiar to gaseous spectra; in particular it resembled that which MM. Plucker and Hittorff have attributed to the vapour of carbon, and which results from the combustion of cyanogen in oxygen.—At the same meeting a simple electric clock, the invention of M. De Combettes, was described. It went without weights or spring. A simple balance-wheel was furnished with an armature which, at every vibration, was drawn towards an electro-magnet; this attraction altered the position of the centre of gravity, and the balance fell over. When the current was removed the balance returned to its original position. The making and breaking of contact was performed by the balance itself; and the vibratory movement thus maintained was communicated to an escapement and toothed wheels which moved the hands in the usual way.—M. Monnet has proposed a new form of iron armatures and axes for electro-magnets. They are made by beating iron filings reduced by hydrogen into a solid mass within a brass box or case of the requisite form; the mass thus obtained is of very pure metal, very sensible to magnetic action, and does not retain a trace of permanent magnetism.—One of the latest uses of electricity is its application to organ building, to supersede the ordinary mechanical key and draw-stop actions. The advantage is that the claviers may be placed at any distance from the pipes or body of the organ, the two being connected by

a mere cable of wires. The plan is patented by Mr. Barker, a Paris maker, and the patent is to be worked in England by Messrs. Bryceson Brothers.—The Rev. Thomas Fothergill Cooke revives the great telegraph-invention controversy, by issuing a pamphlet setting forth the evidence upon which his brother's claim should be, once for all, decided and recognised. The vexed question was being re-ventilated in the columns of the *Reader* some fifteen months ago; but the death of that periodical arrested the discussion. The Cooke side of the case is strongly argued in the pamphlet before us: whether the Wheatstone side will be similarly promulgated time must show. In the meanwhile, those interested in the question will be glad to have the evidence in favour of Mr. Cooke brought into such a convenient form for reference and preservation.—From some experiments tried upon animals, MM. Onimus and Legros consider that over-stupefaction by chloroform may be cured by a powerful shock of electricity.

Chemistry.—Captain Ross continues his researches on crystallography and the blowpipe, alluded to in January last. He has deduced several new facts—*viz.*, that every inorganic substance crystallises inevitably from its solution in borax; that these crystals are not isomorphous; that those substances which crystallise soonest are most deliquescent; that crystallisation always precedes deliquescence; that alkaline are more crystallisable and more deliquescent than acid salts; that there seems to be two distinct kinds of crystallisation in nature—one, the primary, in which every element has a crystalline form peculiar to itself; the other, secondary, in which the crystals are isomorphous. Captain Ross thinks that he may claim as a discovery the fact that “when the process of crystallisation in nature is confined to the plane of the superficies of the crystal, a distinct system of crystallisation is followed, producing forms widely different from those generated under other conditions—never geometrical, generally in the shape of flowers, ferns, trees, or stars, and not isomorphous.”—At the meeting of the Chemical Society, on March 5, the President exhibited an interesting series of phosphorescent salts, arranged, in one instance, in a series to imitate the solar spectrum; and in another in the form of a gorgeous butterfly. These illustrations were the work of M. Gaiffe, and were said to have been prepared from the sulphates of barium, calcium, &c., reduced, by heating with carbon, to the state of sulphides. The salts were excited to phosphorescence by exposure to magnesium light.—The analysis of the water of a remarkable spring in Jamaica, resorted to by the negroes as a cure for all diseases, was communicated, on March 4, to the Pharmaceutical Society. It contained the unprecedented proportion of $3\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of chloride of calcium to the gallon, besides 2 oz. of common salt, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ grains of chloride of ammonium. Information concerning the history of the spring and the topography of the district has been applied for.—It is generally supposed that pure cotton consists entirely of woody fibre or cellulose. Dr. Schunck, of Manchester, however, has found that in its pristine state it contains a number of other ingredients, the principal of which are—a species of vegetable wax, a fatty acid, colouring matters, pectic acid, and a trace of albuminous matter. Dr. Schunck thinks it probable that these foreign substances may have some-

thing to do with the varying qualities of gun-cotton.—The notion that ozone is generated by the slow combustion of phosphorus in air is disproved by M. Blondlot, who states, as the result of careful investigation, that the only product of this combustion is phosphoric acid.—In the course of a technical paper on the estimation of sulphur in coal gas, M. Valentin, of the Royal College of Chemistry, gives a table of results of analyses of the gas of the Chartered Company made on thirty-four days. The average amount of sulphur found in 100 cubic feet of gas appears from this table to have been about 27 grains; some idea may be gained from this of the amount communicated to the atmosphere of a gas-lighted house.—The first of a series of papers on the relation existing between the chemical constitution and physiological action of medicine was lately communicated to the Edinburgh Royal Society by Drs. Crum Brown and Fraser. There is reason to hope that these researches will have a good effect in removing some of the empiricism that at present attaches to the science or art of medicine.

J. CARPENTER.



NUGÆ LATINÆ.—No. XXVII.

THE EAGLE.

HE clasps the crag with hooked hands,
Close to the sun in lonely lands;
Ringed with the azure world he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls,
He watches from his mountain-walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

A. TENNYSON.

“JOVIS ARMIGER ALES.”

RUPEM recurvis unguibus complectitur,
Inhospitas inter plagas;
Æthrâque visus cœrulâ circumdari,
Phæbo propinquus adsidet.
Et jam, tenens sublime propugnaculum,
De monte prospicit suo,
Rugis aratum quantulis repat mare:
Tum fulminis ritu ruit.

JOHN CHARLES HORSEY JAMES.

MONTHLY GAZETTE, OBITUARY, &c.

MONTHLY CALENDAR.

March 12.—The Duke of Edinburgh shot and seriously wounded by a Fenian miscreant, named O'Farrell, at Sydney.

March 28.—Delivery of judgment on the St. Alban's ritual case, by the Dean of Arches.

March 30.—Commencement of the debate on the Irish Church Establishment in the House of Commons.

April 1.—Sir R. Napier arrives in the interior of Abyssinia, within thirty miles of Magdala.

April 8.—Receipt of letters in London announcing the safety of Dr. Livingstone.

April 10.—Battle before Magdala, defeat of King Theodore, and surrender of the captives.

April 13.—Magdala stormed, and King Theodore killed.

April 14.—Departure of the Prince and Princess of Wales for Ireland.

April 18.—Installation of the Prince of Wales as a Knight of St. Patrick in St. Patrick's Cathedral, at Dublin.

April 20-25.—Trial of William Desmond, Timothy Desmond, Nicholas English, John O'Keefe, Michael Barrett, and Ann Justice, at the Central Criminal Court, for murder, arising out of the recent Fenian attack on the House of Detention, Clerkenwell.

April 21.—Capture of two men in the neighbourhood of Buckingham Palace, having Greek fire in their possession, supposed for an unlawful purpose.

April 24.—Acquittal of Ann Justice and O'Keefe at the Central Criminal Court.

APPOINTMENTS, PREFERMENTS, AND PROMOTIONS.

From the London Gazette.

CIVIL, NAVAL, AND MILITARY.

March 31. Sir W. Page Wood, and Sir C. J. Selwyn, to be members of the Privy Council.

The Right Hon. Lord A. W. F. Spencer Loftus, to be Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the North German Confederation.

Frederick Glennie, esq., to be Consul for Galicia and the Asturias.

H. J. Huggins, esq., to be Assistant-Judge of the Supreme Court of Sierra Leone; and George Phillippo, esq., to be Queen's Advocate for that settlement.

April 7. Sir A. E. Kennedy, C.B., to be Judge in the Courts of Mixed Commission established at Sierra Leone with Foreign Powers for the suppression of the Slave Trade.

April 10. R. T. C. Middleton, esq., to be Secretary to Legation at Rio Janeiro; and R. P. French, esq., to be Secretary to Legation at Berne.

April 14. The Right Hon. Sir John

Trollope, bart., to be Baron Kesteven; Sir J. Benn-Walsh, bart., to be Baron Ormsthaite; Sir B. W. Bridges, bart., to be Baron Fitzwalter; and the Rev. William O'Neill, to be Baron O'Neill, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom.

C. L. W. Merlin, esq., to be Consul at the Piræus.

Lieut.-Col. Wm. Bell, Royal Guernsey Militia, to be H.M.'s Aide-de-Camp for the service of her Militia in Guernsey, with the rank of Colonel in that force, *vice* Col. James Priaulx, resigned.

MEMBERS RETURNED TO PARLIAMENT.

March.

Coventry.—Samuel Carter, esq., *vice* H. M. Jackson, esq., whose election has been determined to be void.

April.

Launceston.—H. C. Lopes, esq., barrister-at-law, *vice* A. H. Campbell, esq., Ch.-hds.

BIRTHS.

Feb. 24. At East Barkwith Rectory, Lincolnshire, Lady Caroline Haskoll (*née* Erskine of Mar), a son.

March 6. At Gibraltar, the wife of Lieut.-Col. Bredin, R.A., a son.

March 17. At Colchester, the wife of the Rev. R. Hichens, a son.

At Chudleigh, the wife of J. K. Jacomb-Hood, esq., a dau.

March 18. At Edgbaston, the wife of the Rev. E. F. M. MacCarthy, a dau.

March 19. At Dublin, Lady Burke, a son. At Cowes, Lady Slade, of Maunsel, a dau.

At St. Columb's, Londonderry, the wife of Sir J. Hill, bart., a dau.

At West Alvington, the wife of the Rev. A. Earle, a son.

In Gloucester-terrace, Hyde-park, the wife of H. N. Lay, C.B., a dau.

At Pinner, Watford, the wife of L. Peel, esq., a dau.

March 20. At Harrogate, the wife of the Rev. E. Bell, a son.

At Portledge, Devon, the wife of J. R. Pine-Coffin, esq., a dau.

At Kynsall, Cheshire, the wife of J. Tayleur, esq., a dau.

March 21. At Barton Le Cley, Beds, the wife of the Rev. A. Blomfield, a dau.

At Spital Old Hall, Chester, the wife of C. Inman, esq., a dau.

At Berlin, the wife of F. Cavendish Lascelles, esq., a son.

At Achurch, Northamptonshire, the wife of the Rev. L. F. Potter, a dau.

At Chittoe, Wilts, the wife of the Rev. C. H. Raikes, a dau.

At Fyfield, Hants, the wife of the Rev. S. W. Steedman, a son.

March 22. At Cradley, Malvern, the wife of Col. Biggs, R.A., a dau.

At Faulkbourne Hall, Essex, the wife of the Rev. W. Bullock, a dau.

At Cannes, the wife of R. P. Long, esq., M.P., a son.

At Cambridge, the wife of Professor Stokes, a dau.

March 23. At Pencombe, the wife of the Rev. G. Arkwright, a son.

At Nassington, Northants, the wife of the Rev. H. S. Bagshaw, a dau.

At Salisbury, the wife of T. Brodrick, esq., a son.

At Stourport, the wife of J. A. Clutton-Brock, esq., a son.

At Green Royd, Ripon, the wife of Capt. J. A. Clark, of Langhaugh, Roxburghshire, a dau.

At Maldon, Essex, the wife of the Rev. E. R. Horwood, a dau.

At Denmark-hill, S., the wife of Major T. Nuttall, B.S.C., a son.

At Wroxham, Norfolk, the wife of Major J. Penton, a son.

March 24. At Hillfield, Hampstead, the wife of the Rev. C. D. Bell, a son.

At Yately Lodge, Farnborough, the wife of Lieut.-Col. P. A. Pleydell-Bouverie, a dau.

In Hanover-terrace, Regent's-park, the wife of the Rev. A. F. Curwen, rector of Harrington, a dau.

The wife of Capt. G. F. Day, R.N., a dau. The wife of Col. R. J. Edgell, a dau.

At Filleigh, N. Devon, the wife of the Rev. W. Oliver, a dau.

At Plas-yn-Yale, Denbighshire, the wife of W. C. Yale, esq., a son.

March 25. At Yarmouth, I. of Wight, the wife of the Rev. R. L. Dashwood, dau.

At Birkdale Park, Lancashire, the wife of F. Delano Osborne, esq., a dau.

At Scawby, the wife of the Rev. Naunton Shuldham, a son.

At Linthwaite, Huddersfield, the wife of the Rev. G. E. Wilson, a son.

At Monkstown, Dublin, the Hon. Mrs. Somerset Ward, a son.

March 26. At Haughton, Aberdeenshire, Mrs. Farquharson, of Haughton, a dau.

At Brinnington Hall, Stockport, Mrs. E. C. Howard, a son.

At Canterbury, the wife of the Rev. A. P. Moor, a son.

March 27. At Crawley, Winchester, the wife of the Rev. W. Druitt, rector of Stockbridge, a son.

At Toddington Park, Beds, the wife of Capt. F. Morgan, a son.

At Clearwell, the wife of the Rev. Howard L. Parry, a son.

In Queen's-gardens, Lancaster-gate, the wife of C. C. Trevor, esq., a dau.

At Chetwynd, Salop, the wife of the Rev. F. C. Young, a dau.

March 28. At Preston Bagot, Warwickshire, the widow of the Rev. T. J. Cartwright, a son.

At Monksilver, Somerset, the wife of the Rev. T. Cox, a son.

The wife of C. Gordon, esq., of Newtimber-place, Sussex, a dau.

In Wimpole-street, Cavendish-square, the Lady Elizabeth Inglis Jones, a son

At Glensouthwell, Rathfarnham, co. Dublin, the Hon. Mrs. Hercules Langford Rowley, a dau.

March 29. At Fulmer, the wife of Major W. P. Gaskell, a son.

In Upper Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, the wife of C. M. Palmer, esq., of Grinkle Park, Yorkshire, a son.

March 30. At Dublin, Lady Stewart, a son.

At Dundas Castle, Midlothian, the wife of A. D. Dundas, esq., R.N., a son.

At Polefield, Cheltenham, the wife of R. K. A. Dick Cunyngham, esq., a dau.

At Stirkoke House, Caithness-shire, the wife of Major Horne, a dau.

At Oakley Court, Windsor, Mrs. Hall Say, a dau.

March 31. At North Berwick, the wife of the Rev. F. L. M. Anderson, a dau.

At Winterborne Monkton, Dorchester, the wife of the Rev. W. M. Barnes, a dau.

At Shinnah, Newcastle, co. Down, the wife of Vesev E. Knox, esq., a son.

April 1. At Evington-place, Kent, Lady Honeywood, a dau.

At Hadley House, Middlesex, the wife of Louis Tennyson d'Eyncourt, esq., a son.

At St. Helier's, Jersey, the wife of Gen. H. F. Dunsford, C.B., a dau.

April 2. At Bettws-y-Coed, North Wales, the wife of H. D. Gooch, esq., a dau.

At Ashford, North Devon, the wife of the Rev. C. W. Landon, a son.

At Sandown, I. of Wight, the wife of Major J. Perkins, B.S.C., a son.

April 3. At Edinburgh, the Hon. Lady Dalrymple Hay, a dau.

At Peverel Court, Aylesbury, the wife of J. E. Bartlett, esq., a dau.

At Auchenharvie House, Ayrshire, Mrs. Robertson Cuninghame, a son.

At Rhenass Lodge, St. John's, I. of Man, Mrs. W. H. Thornton-Duesbery, a dau.

The wife of M. G. S. Knapp, esq., of Little Linford Hall, Bucks, a son.

At Gillingham, Norfolk, the wife of the Rev. E. H. Loring, a son.

At Dalchally House, Inverness-shire, the wife of Capt. A. Hearne McNab, a son.

At Annesley-park, Notts, the wife of J. C. Musters, esq., a son.

At Plumstead, the wife of Capt. W. H. Noble, R.A., a dau.

In Bessborough-gardens, S.W., the wife of H. Fawcett, esq., M.P., a dau.

At Stansfield Hall, Todmorden, the wife of J. Fielden, esq., a son

The wife of the Rev. A. Gray, incumbent of Orcop, a dau.

At Ridgewell, the wife of the Rev. F. T. Hurst, a son.

April 5. In Cavendish-square, the Lady Ida Hope, a dau.

In Inverness-terrace, the Lady Robert Montagu, a son.

At Warley Hall, Worcestershire, the wife of S. Hanbury, esq., a dau.

In Wilton-place, the wife of H. B. B. Leveson-Gower, esq., a dau.

At Wooldringfold, Horsham, the wife of Major Margesson, 80th Regt., a dau.

April 6. In Wilton-crescent, Lady Skelmersdale, a son.

At Great Crosby, Liverpool, the wife of the Rev. S. C. Armour, a son.

At Horwood, Bideford, the wife of the Rev. J. H. Copleston, a dau.

At Ham House, Petersham, the wife of Capt. F. C. Elton, R.A., a dau.

In Curzon-street, Mayfair, the Hon. Mrs. Vaughan Johnson, a dau.

April 7. The wife of Sir T. M. Miller, bart., a son.

At Winwicke, Oundle, the wife of the Rev. R. Rowden, a son.

April 8. At Norfolk House, London, Lady Victoria Hope Scott, a son.

At Whitkirk, Leeds, the wife of the Rev. G. Moreton Platt, a son.

At Feering, Essex, the wife of the Rev. A. Snell, a son.

At Freshwater, I. of Wight, the wife of Lieut.-Col. W. J. Williams, R.A., a son.

April 9. At Auchterhouse, Dundee, the Hon. Mrs. Oglivy, a son.

In Eaton-square, the wife of Lt.-Col. Burnaby, a son.

At Haynes Park, Beds, Mrs. Thynne, a son.

At Brompton, Chatham, the wife of Col. Ward, R.E., a dau.

April 10. The Countess of Longford, a dau.

April 11. At Wetwang, the wife of the Rev. E. Maule Cole, a son.

At Bensham, Gateshead, the wife of the Rev. J. J. Day, a son.

At Southsea, the wife of Lieut.-Col. Jordan, 34th Regt., a son.

In Gloucester-street, Belgrave-road, the wife of James Monro, esq., M.D., of Craiglockhart, N.B., a son.

At Thonon, Haute Savoie, France, the wife of Major Ross O'Connor, a son.

April 12. At Saxby, Melton Mowbray, the wife of the Rev. P. F. Gorst, a dau.

At Hever, Kent, the wife of the Rev. G. Morley, a son.

April 13. At Blackhall, Drogheda, the wife of Major R. C. Lindsey, B. S. C., a dau.

April 14. At Brayton, Carlisle, the wife of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, bart., a son.

April 15. At Winchester, the wife of the Rev. J. Houssemayne du Boulay, a son.

April 16. At Dunclutha, Bothwell, Glasgow, the wife of A. Hamilton Grahame, esq., a son.

April 17. At Aston Hall, Oswestry, Lady Frances Lloyd, a son.

MARRIAGES.

March 17. Pembroke Dock, C. G. Ramsey, esq., of Treffgarne Hall, Haverfordwest, to Edith Carpendale, second dau. of the Rev. W. Toms.

March 19. At St. James's, Paddington, J. B. Kinnear, younger of Kinnear, to Teresa, fourth dau. of the late Clemente Bassano, of Venice.

At Garston, Richard, second son of R. Pilkington, esq., of Windle Hall, St. Helen's, to Louise, eldest dau. of A. Sinclair, esq., of Dale House, Garston.

March 21. At St. Marylebone Church, Wm. Alexander, eldest son of Alexander R. Irvine, esq., and grandson of the late W. Irvine, esq., of Towie, Aberdeenshire, to Emily Marie Celine, youngest dau. of the late Col. H. Caldwell Streatfeild.

March 24. At Bally McElligott, the Ven. Anthony Denny, Archdeacon of Ardferf, to Charlotte, third dau. of the late G. Coare, esq., of Heavitree Exeter.

March 25. At Packford, Cheshire, James William Bryans, esq., eldest son of the late J. Bryans, esq., of Belfield, Westmoreland, to Mary Ross, only dau. of the late Capt. Duncan Buchanan, Madras Army.

March 26. At Edinburgh, James Ferguson, esq., of Monkwood, N.B., to Clara, second dau. of the late Sir W. B. Johnston, bart., Hilton, Aberdeenshire.

March 30. At Florence, the Rev. C. Watson, of Largs, Ayrshire, to Mary Grey, second dau. of the late W. Crum, esq., of Thornliebank, Renfrewshire.

March 31. At Monkstown, co. Dublin, H. R. S. Armstrong, esq., to Nannette Louisa, youngest dau. of the late Rev. Sir T. F. Featherstonhaugh, bart.

At Florence, Julian Goldsmid, esq., M.P., to Virginia, elder dau. of the late A. Philipson, esq., of Florence.

April 2. At Locko Park, Francis Nicholas, second son of Martin Tucker Smith, esq., to Florence Catherine, youngest dau. of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Drury Lowe.

At St. Davids, J. W. Talboys, esq., B.A., S.C.L., to Emily Anne, eldest dau. of W. Wilson Carus-Wilson, esq., of Casterton Hall, Westmoreland.

At St. Peter's, Eton-square, Henry Robert Brand, esq., to Susan Henrietta Cavendish, youngest dau. of Lord George Cavendish.

At Torquay, Lucius Falkland Brancaelone Cary, Lieut. Rifle Brigade, youngest son of the late H. G. Cary, esq., of Torre Abbey, Devon, to Bertha Elizabeth, youngest dau. of the late Capt. James Winslow Phillipps.

April 14. At Tidenham, the Rev. J. Cooper, rector of Beaumont, Essex, to Annabella Christiana, third dau. of the late W. Cowburn, esq., of Sydenham.

At St. Matthew's, Bayswater, H. L. Gully, esq., Lieut. R.N., son of the late J. Gully, esq., M.P., to Henrietta Adelisa, second dau. of J. F. Wallace, esq., of Bayswater.

At Ulverstone, A. J. Macqueen, esq., of Hardington House, N.B., to Emma, fifth dau. of the late C. S. Kennedy, esq., of Ulverstone, Lancashire.

At Streatham, the Rev. R. B. Rainsford, M.A., of Brixton, to Ellen, second dau. of the late W. Carpmael, esq., of Streatham-hill.

At East Sutton, the Rev. W. Summers to Marian, only child of W. R. Hadley, esq., of Chartway-place, East Sutton.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, the Rev. D. S. Wrangham, vicar of South Cave, Yorkshire, to Agnes Augusta, second dau. of the late Henry Raikes, esq.

April 15. At St. Stephen's, Avenue-road, N.W., the Rev. George Christian, M.A., to Mary, second dau. of the Rt. Rev. M. B. Hale, Bishop of Perth, Western Australia.

At Wilnecote, Capt. R. A. H. Cox, 57th Regt., second son of W. T. Cox, esq., of Chedington Court, Dorset, to Lyona Marian, only dau. of the late W. Faber, esq.

At Candlesby, the Rev. N. Royds, rector of Little Barford, Beds, to Hester Frances, eldest dau. of the Rev. J. Alington, rector of Candlesby.

April 16. At Salford Priors, Warwickshire, Rev. Alfred Drake Bagshawe, rector of Shirland, Derbyshire, to Francis Margaret, younger dau. of the late Rev. S. E. Garrard, vicar of Salford Priors.

At Westminster Abbey, the Rev. Robert Brown, curate of Quebec Chapel, to Grace, only surviving dau. of the late John Borthwick, esq., of Borthwick Castle, Crookton, N.B.

At St. John's, Notting-hill, the Rev. J. C. H. Deacon, vicar of Alfreton, Derbyshire, to Marion, youngest dau. of the late T. Bourne, esq., of Liverpool.

At Conwil Gaio, co. Caermarthen, Elizabeth Mary Anne, only dau. of William Bonville, esq., of Bryn Towy, to William Cookman, esq., of Kiltrea, co. Wexford, second surviving son of the late E. R. Cookman, esq., of Monart House.

At the Chapel in Windsor-park, Capt. Hugh De Grey Seymour, eldest son of Major-General F. H. Seymour, to the Hon. Mary Hood, second dau. of Lord Bridport.

Obituary Memoirs.

Emori nolo ; sed me mortuum esse nihil æstimo.—*Epicharmus.*

[*Relatives or Friends supplying Memoirs are requested to append their Addresses, in order to facilitate correspondence.*]

LOUIS I., EX-KING OF BAVARIA.

Feb. 29. At Nice, aged 81, Charles Augustus Louis, ex-King of Bavaria.

The deceased was the son of Maximilian Joseph, King of Bavaria, and was born August 25, 1789. He was educated at the Universities of Landshut and Göttingen, and served in the campaign against Austria in 1809. He had a great taste for the fine arts, and paid much more attention to painting and sculpture than to the art of governing. He saved all in his power to purchase works of art, and built the splendid Glyptothek at Munich. On his accession, 13th October, 1825, he speedily became popular from his liberal schemes of government and economic reforms. However, the clergy soon began to exercise an influence over him, and the people became alarmed at the increasing power obtained by them. The number of convents was doubled in ten years, and from 1830 the reactionary policy of the king became evident. Behr, Eisenmann, Volkhardt, and other Liberals were exiled or cast into prison, and the Protestants were more than once deprived of their constitutional rights. In 1846, however, a new power came upon the scene. The celebrated Lola Montes performed at Munich, and the king created her Countess of Landsfeldt, and gave her 5000*l.* a year. Not content with the king's affection and estates, the new countess tried to get rid of the clerical power. The minister Abel was dismissed, as was also his successor. Lola Montes was in favour of liberal measures, but at length the peers, in February, 1848, forced the king to dismiss her, in the midst of serious riots, from which the king and his mistress escaped with some difficulty. She left Munich, but travelled only three leagues, and in a few days returned dressed as a man. She was taken and sent into Switzerland, saying that the

king would abdicate and follow her. In March the people demanded the immediate convocation of the Chambers, and clamoured for certain reforms. The king refused their demands, and also refused to call the Chambers together before May. The people rose and took possession of the arsenal: the cuirassiers and infantry refused to charge the mob, and at length Prince Charles, the king's brother, rode up and told the people on his honour that the king had consented to their demands, and promised to call the chambers together on the 16th of March. The people on receiving this assurance restored the arms in the arsenal and dispersed quietly. On the 21st of March there were fresh tumults, and the king abdicated in favour of his son Maximilian. His farewell proclamation asserted that he had governed constitutionally, that he had devoted his life to the welfare of his people, that he had administered the revenues of the state with care and economy, and that his heart still glowed with affection for Bavaria and Germany.

Although Louis was wanting in some of the most important qualities of a ruler, he worked no little good for Bavaria. The opening of the first railway in Germany, from Nuremberg to Furth, was his doing. He promoted the Ludvigs Kanal, opening water communication between the Maine and the Danube; and he founded the town of Ludvigshafen. The Odéon, the Royal Palace, the Gate of Victory, and the new Pinacothek at Munich, and the Walhalla at Ratisbon, were all his work. He produced a volume of poems, and also a work entitled "Companions of the Walhalla" (*Walhaals Genossen*).

King Louis married, in 1810, the Princess Theresa of Saxe Heldburghausen, by whom (who died in 1854) he had four sons and four daughters. Maximilian, his eldest son, succeeded him; Otho, the

second, was King of the Greeks, and, having been expelled from his kingdom, has recently died. His daughter Adalgonda is ex-Duchess of Modena, and the ex-Queen of the two Sicilies is his niece.

The funeral of the late King of Bavaria took place at the cathedral of St. Boniface, at Munich, on Monday, the 9th of March.



THE EARL OF CARDIGAN.

March 28. At Deene Park, Northamptonshire, of injuries received in a fall from his horse two days previously, aged 71, the Right Hon. James Thomas Brudenell, Earl of Cardigan, and Baron Brudenell, of Stanton Wyvill, Leicestershire, in the peerage of England, and a baronet, a lieutenant-general in the army, and K.C.B.

His lordship was the eldest surviving son of Robert, 6th earl, by Penelope Anne, second daughter of the late Mr. George John Cooke, of Harefield Park, Middlesex, and was born at Hambledon, Hants, Oct. 16, 1797. He spent a few terms at Christ Church, Oxford, and sat for Marlborough from 1818 until 1829, when, differing from his patron, Lord Ailesbury, he resigned his seat, and sat for Fowey, in Cornwall, till the Reform Bill passed, after which, in Dec. 1832, he was returned for the northern division of Northamptonshire with Lord Milton, after a tremendous contest. He succeeded to the earldom in Aug., 1837. In 1824 he entered the army as cornet in the 8th Hussars, and in 1832 he was promoted from half-pay to the lieutenant-colonelcy of the 15th Hussars, a regiment with which his name will long be associated as the most unpopular of commanding officers. He quitted the 15th Hussars on account of a personal quarrel; but in 1836 was reinstated in the army (it is said on the strong intercession of his father with King William IV.), and appointed to the

command of the 11th Hussars, a regiment on the discipline and efficiency of which he was highly complimented by the Duke of Wellington, when Commander-in-Chief.

His duel with Capt. H. G. Tuckett, fought on Wimbledon Common, Sept. 10, 1840, in which he slightly wounded his adversary, arose, though somewhat remotely, out of differences which had existed in his regiment between himself and one of his officers, Captain Reynolds; and he had to answer the charge of "feloniously shooting" his opponent before the Upper House in the following February, the House of Lords sitting for the purpose as a criminal court for the first time after an interval of more than sixty years. The prosecution was conducted by Sir John Campbell, afterwards Lord Chancellor, as Attorney-General; but the House upon an absurd technical deficiency of proof, unanimously declared his lordship "Not Guilty," the Lord High Steward broke his staff of office, and the proceedings came to an end.

On the formation of the army for the invasion of the Crimea Lord Cardigan was appointed to command the Light Cavalry Brigade as Major-General. He was employed by Lord Raglan while at Varna in reconnoitring the outposts of the Russians near the mouth of the Danube, and took a prominent part in the early actions of the Crimean campaign. His personal gallantry at Balaclava, when he charged the Russians at the head of his brigade, forcing his way with about 600 cavalry, through some 3,600 of the enemy, and leaving half of his men and horses dead upon the field, will long be remembered when the controversy as to the mistaken order, in obedience to which he led the charge in the teeth of the enemy's guns, is forgotten.

On returning home from the Crimea Lord Cardigan was appointed inspector-general of cavalry, a post which he resigned in 1860. He had already (in 1859) been appointed to the colonelcy of the 5th Dragoon Guards, from which he was transferred in August, 1860, to the command of his old and favourite regiment, the 11th (Prince Albert's Own) Hussars. He was nominated a K.C.B. in 1855, and was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general in 1861.

The earl was twice married; first, in 1826, to Elizabeth Jane Henrietta, eldest

daughter of the late Vice-Admiral John Richard Delap Tollemache, whose previous marriage with Mr. Johnstone had been dissolved, and, shortly after her death, in 1858, to Louisa Adeline Maria, only daughter of the late Mr. Spencer Horsey De Horsey, M.P., and granddaughter of the late Earl of Stradbroke. As the late earl had no children by either marriage, his titles pass to his relative, the Marquis of Ailesbury, whose ancestor, the first Lord Ailesbury, was the fourth son of George, 3rd Earl of Cardigan.



LORD CARINGTON.

March 17. At Wycombe Abbey, Bucks, aged 72, the Right Hon. Robert John Carington, Baron Carington of Upton, Notts., in the peerage of Great Britain, and Baron Carington of Bulcot Lodge, in the Irish peerage.

His lordship was the only son of Robert Smith, 1st Lord Carington, by his first wife Ann, eldest daughter of Lewyn Boldero Barnard, Esq., of Cave Castle, Yorkshire, and was born Jan. 16, 1796. He was educated at Eton and at Christ's College, Cambridge, where he graduated M.A. in 1815. He succeeded his father as 2nd lord, Sep. 18, 1838, and in the following year he took the surname of Carington by royal licence in lieu of Smith. He was elected M.P. for Wendover in 1818, and for Bucks in 1820 and 1826, and also in 1830; he represented also Chipping Wycombe from 1831 to 1838. He was a strong Whig in politics, and was highly respected on his large estates in Buckinghamshire as a liberal landlord. He was lord-lieutenant and *custos rotulorum* of Bucks, a magistrate for Northamptonshire, and held for many years the colonelcy of the Royal Bucks Militia.

His lordship was twice married; first,

in 1822, to the Hon. Elizabeth Katharine Forester, second daughter of Cecil Weld, 1st Lord Forester, which lady died in 1832; and secondly, in 1840, to the Hon. Charlotte Augusta, third daughter of Peter, 20th Lord Willoughby de Eresby. By his first marriage he leaves surviving issue an only daughter, the Hon. Cecilie Katharine Mary, married to Lord Colville of Culross. By his second marriage he leaves three sons and two daughters. He is succeeded by his eldest son, the Hon. Charles Robert, who was born in 1843, and has sat as M.P. for Wycombe since 1865.

The deceased was interred in the family vault at Moulsoe Church, the funeral being strictly private.

SIR R. D. NEAVE, BART.



March 10. At 10, Eccleston Sq., S.W., aged 74, Sir Richard Digby Neave, Bart., of Dagnam Park, Essex.

The deceased was the eldest son of the late Sir T. Neave, Bart., by Frances Caroline, daughter of the Hon. and Very Rev. William Digby, Dean of Durham, grandson of William, 5th Lord Digby. He was born, Dec. 9, 1793, and was educated at St. Mary's Hall, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1815. He was a magistrate for Essex, and succeeded his father as 3rd baronet in 1848. Sir Richard was a man of a most cultivated mind and an accomplished draughtsman, and an active and zealous member of the Geographical Society; he was the author of a work entitled "Four Days in Connamara."

The name of this family was formerly written Le Neve: the line is presumed to be of Norman extraction. Its first recorded ancestors, however, were Adam Le Neve, of Quiddenham, co. Norfolk, living in the reign of Edward I.; and Jordan Le Neve, living *temp.* Edward II., from whom lineally descended, through a line of most respectable progenitors, Sir Richard Neave, who was son of James Neave, Esq., of London, by Susanna, daughter of

Thomas Truman, Esq., and who was created a baronet in 1795. He filled the office of Governor of the Bank of England in 1780. He was grandfather of the baronet just deceased.

The late baronet married, in 1828, the Hon. Mary Arundell, youngest daughter of James Everard, 9th Lord Arundell of Wardour, by whom (who died in 1849) he had issue six sons, of whom two survive him, and five daughters, of whom three are married—viz., Blanche, wife of John Richard Westgarth Hildyard, Esq., of Horsley, co. Durham; Venetia, wife of the Rev. John Whittaker Maitland, Rector of Loughton, Essex; and Cecily, wife of Wyndham Slade, Esq., son of the late General Sir John Slade, Bart. Sir Richard is succeeded by his eldest son (now Sir Arundell Neave), who was born in 1828, and was lately a captain in the 3rd Dragoon Guards.

SIR C. J. SALUSBURY, BART.

March 30. At Llanwern, co. Monmouth, aged 75, the Rev. Sir Charles John Salusbury, Bart.

The deceased was the second, but only surviving, son of the late Sir Robert Salusbury, Bart., of Cotton Hall, co. Denbigh, and of Llanwern, co.

Monmouth, by Katherine, daughter, and eventually heir, of Charles Vanne, Esq., of Llanwern. He was born in 1792, and succeeded to the title as 3rd baronet on the death of his brother in 1835. He was educated at Eton and at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where he graduated LL.B. in 1815; he was appointed rector of Llanwern in 1816, and was a magistrate for the county of Monmouth.

His father, who was descended from a most ancient family, was for some time M.P. for Monmouthshire, and was created a baronet in 1795; he died in 1817. The family for many generations before occupied a high ancestral name for the antiquity of their progenitors, one of whom came to England *temp.* William the Conqueror, and had large possessions in Richmondshire, which his descendants afterwards lost. As Sir Charles died without issue the baronetcy becomes extinct.

J. GREY, ESQ.

Jan. 22. At Lipwood House, near Haydon Bridge, somewhat suddenly, aged 83, John Grey, Esq., of Lipwood House.

The deceased, who was an eminent agriculturist, was the eldest son of the late George Grey, Esq., of West Ord, near Berwick, by Mary, daughter of John Burn, Esq., of Berwick, and was descended from a common ancestor with Earl Grey. He was born in 1785, and was educated at Richmond Grammar School, under the late Mr. Tate. Intimate with the first Edinburgh Reviewers, with Lord Jeffrey, Chalmers, Irving, Sir Walter Scott, and others, he entered active life at the early age of seventeen. The first public question that he took part in was the abolition of slavery, in which he was intrusted by Mr. Clarkson with the task of collecting petitions from some of the Border towns. He accompanied Lord Brougham in his celebrated anti-slavery tour in Northumberland and Cumberland, and seconded by some speeches of great promise and ability, the eloquent orations of his leader. He took an active part in the constitutional agitation for Catholic Emancipation, and in the great struggle which preceded the Reform Bill of 1832. He enjoyed the entire confidence and friendship of the late Earl Grey and of Lord Spencer, better known as Lord Althorp, and some of his speeches made on the hustings at Alnwick and elsewhere deserve to be ranked high as specimens of manly eloquence. He was frequently urged to go into Parliament. After the passing of the Reform Bill, the northern estates of Greenwich Hospital, which had previously been in the hands of two managers, were placed by Sir James Graham under the sole management of Mr. Grey, who thereupon ceased to take an active part in politics, although his sympathies always remained with the Liberal party. He was consulted upon various measures of public usefulness, such as the Tithe Commutation Act, the encouragement given by Government to land drainage, and especially Free Trade. From early years Mr. Grey devoted the whole energies of his body and mind to aid in the development and improvement of the soil, as well as labouring to raise to the highest state of perfection every description of stock reared upon the farm. In early life, says one who knew



him well, he farmed in North Northumberland, where his example, in conjunction with that of the Culleys, Smiths, Scotts, and Berwicks, and other high-class farmers, created an entirely new system of agriculture, both in the breeding of cattle and cultivation of the land.

In the administration of the extensive agricultural and mining estates of Greenwich Hospital Mr. Grey was remarkable for his activity, good sense, and sagacity. He raised the net rental of the property in twenty years from 30,000*l.* to 40,000*l.*, and added to its value at least 200,000*l.* by his judicious management, careful selection of tenants, granting of leases, encouragement to thorough draining, and application of modern science to agriculture. During his long tenure of office he was frequently visited by distinguished foreigners, and Baron Liebig was delighted, on visiting Dilston, to see his own discoveries practically applied to the improvement of the Northumbrian crops. The addresses which, as chairman of the Tyneside Agricultural Association he delivered year after year, embrace most of the topics connected with agricultural improvement. He never failed to dwell with great force on the value of a sound and, so far as might be, liberal education. He did not scruple to tell the farmers that "the culture of the mind must precede that of the land;" that "so important a branch of our national industry and source of our national prosperity should not be left for its advancement to the chance-directed discoveries of the unlettered rustic." While seeking to improve the income of the property committed to his care, Mr. Grey was not unmindful of the requirements of the tenants; he took a deep interest in striving to ameliorate the condition of the hinds and labourers engaged in farming pursuits, and promoted the building and endowment of schools, and gave every encouragement in his power to the education both of the labouring and farming classes in Northumberland. Only a few days before his death he took part in a discussion at a meeting of the Tyneside Agricultural Society, where some difference of opinion had arisen, and by his practical good sense and genial wisdom peace was restored to the meeting, where before an apparent division of interests had been shown. This was the last act of his long and useful life. Besides follow-

ing agricultural pursuits, Mr. Grey took an active interest in railways, mines, &c. He was a director of the Blyth and Tyne Railway. His memory, not only as an agriculturist, but as a staunch friend and enlightened and active county magistrate, and a consistent advocate of social and political reforms, will long be cherished on Tyneside and in his native Glendale.

The deceased gentleman married, in 1814, Hannah Eliza, daughter of Ralph Annette, Esq., of Alnwick, by whom he had issue, besides six daughters, three sons, the eldest of whom, George Annette, of Milfield, a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant for Northumberland, and formerly an assistant inclosure commissioner, was born in 1816, and married—first, in 1839, Elizabeth Boyd, daughter of Robert Neil, Esq.; and secondly, in 1858, Elizabeth Jane, daughter of Henry Morton, Esq., of Lambton. Mr. Charles G. Grey, the third son, is a magistrate for Northumberland and Durham, and receiver of the estates of Greenwich Hospital in the North of England.

J. LOCH, Esq.



Feb. 19. At the Hall, Bushey, Herts, the residence of his son-in-law, aged 86, John Loch, Esq., formerly one of the directors of the East India Company.

The deceased was the second son of the late George Loch, Esq., of Drylaw, Edinburgh, by Mary, daughter of John Adam, Esq., of Blair Adam, Esq., N.B., and was born Sep. 8, 1781. He entered the East India naval service at an early age, and rose rapidly in the profession. At various intervals, between his voyages, he saw much service in the Royal Navy as volunteer with his cousin, Sir Charles (then Captain) Adam; and also with Lord St. Vincent, who was so impressed with his ability that not only did he offer to introduce him, although over age, into the Royal Navy, but continued his firm friend through life.

During these occasional services, about the year 1800, he was in the ship of Lord St. Vincent, who then commanded the Channel Fleet, and was present at the

blockade of Brest. He also acted as aide-de-camp to Sir Edward Pellew in the expedition to Ferrol; and it may be further mentioned that, in the year 1808, off the Nicobar Islands, when in command of the E.I.C. ship, *Scaleby Castle*, he effectually beat off the *Piedmontese*, a French frigate of 44 guns.

In 1821, after retiring from the naval service of the Company, Mr. Loch was elected to the East India direction, in which he continued, having been three times chosen as chairman during very difficult periods, until the remodelling of the charter in 1854, when he insisted on resigning, in opposition to the wishes of his colleagues, on account of his advancing years. It may be remembered that in the year 1837, while deputy-chairman, he was dangerously wounded in a murderous attack made upon him at the India House by a man of the name of Kearney, who destroyed himself in prison immediately afterwards, and that during the struggle Mr. Loch displayed signal coolness and forbearance.

Mr. Loch, who represented Hythe and Folkestone for a short period previous to the Reform Bill of 1831, married, in 1820, Robina Marion, daughter of Archibald Cullen, Esq., by whom he had issue two children—George John, who was in the Royal Navy, and who died in 1848; and Marion Fenella, who married, in 1843, Edward Marjoribanks, Esq., jun., of The Hall, Bushey, Watford.

THE REV. W. R. DAWES, F.R.S., &c.

Feb. 15. At Hopefield, Haddenham, aged 68, the Rev. William Rutter Dawes, F.R.S. and F.R.A.S.

The deceased was one of the most zealous amateur astronomers of our time and country, and enriched the science of his adoption by many valuable observations and memoirs. He first established a small observatory at Ormskirk, in Lancashire, in 1830, and furnished it with a 5-foot equatorial by Dollond, with which he made many measures of double-stars. In 1839 he took charge of the private observatory, then recently erected by Mr. Bishop, at his residence in Regent's Park, and since made famous by the discoveries that have emanated from it through the indefatigable labours of Mr. Hind. Here he continued his ob-

servations till 1845, when he erected a very complete observatory at Camden Lodge, Cranbrook, Kent, which, however, he shortly removed to Wateringbury, near Maidstone. It was here, in November, 1850, that he made the independent discovery of the interior or dusky ring of the planet Saturn, which was at about the same time detected by Mr. Bond in America. Subsequently he transferred his instruments to Haddenham, where he observed till within a short time before his death. The bulk of his observations comprise measures of double-stars, a vast collection of which he gave to the Royal Astronomical Society but a few months ago; but he was an assiduous observer of all celestial phenomena, and there is scarcely any branch of observational astronomy that he has not advanced in some way or other. In particular we may refer to his close and continued scrutinies of the discs of the principal planets, and his measures of the annular appendage of Saturn. He formed one of the numerous band of observers who journeyed to Sweden in 1851 to view the famous total solar eclipse visible there in that year. He was elected a F.R.S. about three years before his death. By long experience he had acquired a wonderfully acute eye, and "distinguished by a habitual and contemplative precision in the use of his instruments," to quote the words used by the Astronomer Royal upon the occasion of presenting him with the Astronomical Society's gold medal in 1855. Personally he was always kind and genial, sometimes gravely humorous; ever patient and attentive to any subject brought before him, and quick at grasping and forming his judgment upon it. His loss will be much felt in astronomical circles; but the remembrance of him will not soon die away or easily be obliterated.

THE REV. ROBERT LEE, D.D.

March 15. At Torquay, aged 62, the Rev. Robert Lee, D.D., professor of biblical criticism in the University of Edinburgh, and one of the ministers of that city.

The deceased was born at Tweedmouth, North Durham, in 1804. He was educated at the Grammar School of Berwick-upon-Tweed. Having studied at St. Andrew's from 1824 to 1832, and greatly dis-

tinguished himself, he was elected minister of a chapel-of-ease at Arbroath, in 1833, from which he was translated to the parish of Campsie, in 1836. In 1843 he became minister of the Grey Friars Church, Edinburgh, and on the institution of a Chair of Biblical Criticism and Biblical Antiquities in the University of Edinburgh, in 1846, was appointed the first professor. In this office his great learning and ability gave him wide influence among the younger clergy. Dr. Lee was the leader of the liberal party in the Established Church of Scotland, and was formally accused of departing from its narrow traditions by the introduction of painted windows, the practice of kneeling, saying of "amen," &c. in public service; but the General Assembly, in May, 1859, declined to entertain the charges, and by so doing gave a tacit sanction to the innovations.

As a preacher, also, and a speaker in the Church Courts, Dr. Lee had a high reputation. Besides numerous articles, lectures, sermons, &c., Dr. Lee published the following: "The Theses of Erastes," translated, with preface (1844); "A Handbook of Devotion" (1845); "Thou art Peter: a Discourse on Infallibility" (1851); "The Bible with new Marginal References" (1854); a sermon on "War," with "Reply to Peace Societies;" letters on "Scotch Universities," in the *Scotsman* and *Daily News* (1857); "The Christian Duty of Caring for the Body" (a sermon published by command of the Queen); "Prayers for Public Worship" (1857); the same, much enlarged (1858); "Prayers for Family Worship" (1861); "The Family and its Duties" (1863); and "The Reform of the Church of Scotland, in Worship, Government, and Doctrine" (1864). It should be added that Dr. Lee was dean of the Chapel Royal, and one of Her Majesty's chaplains in ordinary in Scotland.

THE REV. H. CHRISTMAS.

March 11. Suddenly, of apoplexy, in a cab in a street at the west end of London, aged 57, the Rev. Henry [Noel-Fearn, better known as the Rev. Henry] Christmas.

The deceased was the only son of the late Robert Noble Christmas, Esq., of Taunton, Somerset, by Jane, daughter of Samuel Fearn, Esq., and was born in N. S. 1868, VOL. V.

London in the year 1811. He was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1837, and proceeded M.A. in 1840. In 1837 he was ordained by Dr. Sumner, then Bishop of Chester, and having served some minor appointments in the Church, was appointed librarian and secretary of Sion College. He was afterwards elected professor of English History and Archæology to the Royal Society of Literature. He was the author of a large number of works, amongst which may be mentioned "Universal Mythology," "Shores and Islands of the Mediterranean," "Christian Politics," "Preachers and Preaching," "Echoes of the Universe," and "Cradle of the Twin Giants;" and has translated Lamartine's "Méditations Poétiques," Calmet's "Phantom World," "The Republic of Fools," by C. M. von Wieland, and also a portion of the "Lusiad" of Camoens.

He was a member of the Royal Academy of History at Madrid, and of the Société Impériale des Antiquaires de la Marine, and was for some years lecturer at St. Peter's Church, Cornhill, and afterwards filled the curacy of Garlickhithe. The rev. gentleman was for some time Sunday evening preacher at St. Mildred, in the Poultry. He was a most popular lecturer on a variety of subjects, and his talents and information were of the most varied character.

Mr. Christmas was a good classic and mathematician, and spoke many modern languages fluently. He was a large contributor to the periodical literature of the day, and a most consistent advocate of the abolition of capital punishment. Upon the theological view of that subject he published an able pamphlet, and in *Bell's Weekly Messenger* of the very week of his death there appeared from his pen an article upon the new phase of that subject, viz., secret executions within the prison walls. He was a numismatist, and his well-known collection of coins was sold recently for a large sum. At his decease he had nearly completed a very valuable work on this subject; and not many months ago had assumed the name of Noel-Fearn.

Mr. Christmas married, in 1838, Eliza Jane, daughter of Mr. Fox, by whom he has left a son and three daughters. The deceased was buried in Norwood Cemetery.

EDWARD JESSE, ESQ.



March 28. At Belgrave Place, Marine Parade, Brighton, aged 88, Edward Jesse, Esq., formerly Deputy-Surveyor of the Royal Parks and Palaces.

The deceased, who was the oldest living naturalist, was the second son and fourth

child of the late Rev. William Jesse, some time vicar of Hutton-Cranswick, near Halifax, Yorkshire, and subsequently rector of Ribbesford, Worcestershire, and of Dowles, Salop (who died in 1814), by Mary, daughter of John Sage, Esq., of Stanmore House, Herts; and the grandson of the Rev. William Jesse, who, while holding the vicarage of Wellington, Somerset, had the celebrated Bishop Horne as his curate.

Mr. Edward Jesse was born at his father's parsonage, Hutton-Cranswick, near Halifax, Yorkshire, on the 14th of January, 1780, and received his early education first under a clergyman at Leicester, and afterwards under a French Protestant *émigré* at Bristol. In 1798, through the influence of Mr. Wilberforce, he was appointed to a clerkship in the San Domingo Office, where his knowledge of French recommended him to the notice of Lord Dartmouth, who made him his private secretary when he came to be President of the Board of Control. The same nobleman, on accepting the office of Lord Steward of the Household, recommended Mr. Jesse to the notice of the king and of other members of the court at Windsor and at Kew. He held for some time a commission as lieutenant-colonel of the Birmingham Volunteers, under his patron and friend Lord Dartmouth; but this post came to an end on the disbandment of the corps. In 1805 the Duke of Rutland appointed him to a captain's commission in the Leicestershire Militia, and this commission he only resigned on his marriage in 1807. Mr. Jesse was appointed by Mr. Sylvester Douglas (afterwards Lord Glenbervie) to the post of deputy-surveyor of the royal parks and palaces. In this capacity the knowledge of natural history which he had picked up as a child stood him in good stead, and he

was enabled to effect many useful and permanent improvements in the royal residences and gardens, more especially at Windsor and at Hampton Court Palace. The great hall at the latter place was extensively refitted under the auspices of Mr. Jesse, who also restored the chimneys and other portions of the building to their original condition. Mr. Jesse held under George III. and IV. the honorary post of Gentleman of the Ewry at Windsor Castle; and Lord Liverpool, during his premiership, bestowed upon him, unsolicited, a commissionership of hackney coaches. This post he retained until the abolition of the office, when he retired on a well-earned pension.

Mr. Jesse spent the greater part of his long life in the neighbourhood of Windsor, Hampton Court, and Richmond; but in 1862 he removed to Brighton, where his tall, handsome figure and courtly manners will long be remembered, and where he took an active part in the establishment of "The Fisherman's Home." As an acknowledgment of his services to the town a marble bust, finely executed by a local sculptor, Mr. William Pepper, was placed by subscription, in 1864 or 1865, in the great room of the Pavilion. Mr. Jesse was the author of "Anecdotes of Dogs;" "Angler's Rambles;" "Favourite Haunts and Rural Studies;" "Gleanings in Natural History;" "Handbook for Hampton Court Palace and Gardens;" "Handbook for Windsor, Eton;" "Lectures on Natural History;" "Scenes and Tales of Country Life;" and "Lectures on Natural History," addressed to the poor fishermen of Brighton, published in 1863. He edited for Bohn's Library "Walton and Cotton's Angler," "Hofland's Angler," and also "White's Selborne," to which he prefixed an original and well-written biography of its amiable and accomplished author. He was also in his day a frequent contributor of papers on Natural History, &c., to the columns of *The Times*, *The Gentleman's Magazine*, *Bentley's Miscellany*, and *Once a Week*.

Mr. Jesse, by observation and experiment, added considerably to our knowledge of the animal creation. At the time of his death he was one of the senior magistrates for Middlesex, having been put into the commission of the peace in order to control the visitors who came to see Hampton Court Palace and were in

the habit of committing depredations on the gardens.

Mr. Jesse was descended from an old Norman family, some of whom came over to England with the Conqueror, and who, in the last century, were connected with Wiltshire by the ties of property; and it is curious to know that the name is still extant in Normandy, and that a M. Jesse has been within the last few years a member of the Chamber of Deputies.

The deceased gentleman was twice married. Firstly, in 1807, Mathilda, third daughter of the late Sir John Morris, Bart., of Clasmont, co. Glamorgan, by whom he has left one son and two daughters, Mrs. Houstoun and Mrs. Curwen. His son, Mr. John Heneage Jesse, born in 1808, like his father, is well known for his literary attainments. He is the author of "The Court of England under the Stuarts, and under the House of Hanover;" "Memoirs of the Pretender;" "Memoirs of George Selwyn;" "Memoirs of King Richard III. and some of his Contemporaries, with an Historical Drama on the Battle of Bosworth;" and of "Memoirs of the Life and Reign of George III." Mr. Jesse's nephew, Mr. George R. Jesse, of Maisonette, near Ingatestone, Essex, is well known as the author of "Researches into the History of the British Dog."

Mr. Edward Jesse married, secondly, about fifteen years ago, a daughter of the late John Gilbert Meymott, esq., solicitor, of Richmond, Surrey, who survives him, without issue.

The following testimony to Mr. Jesse's

works on Natural History is taken from an article in the *Daily Telegraph* :—

"Men are said to remember the events, pleasures, and companions of their childhood with a vivid keenness of recollection not accorded to the incidents of later life. If that is true, there must be numbers of staid, middle-aged gentlemen who feel a pang of regret at learning the death of Mr. Edward Jesse. In the old days, when children's books were neither so plentiful nor so well written as they are now, the number of works which formed the Boys' Own Library was comparatively limited. There is a phase in boyhood when fairy tales have ceased to enthral, and novels have not yet begun to interest; and to that phase works like the 'Gleanings of Natural History' are eminently adapted. Fashion prevails in literature as well as in costume, and possibly the rising generation may have other and newer favourites than the late Mr. Jesse; but certainly it can have none more worthy. It was not only that his works on natural history were charmingly written and really instructive, even to maturer students than lads at school, but that they inspired a love of quiet study, a tenderness for all animated things, an appreciation of the beauties of nature, in which the general education our boys receive from teachers and schoolfellows is wont to be sadly deficient. Amongst the many literary successes of Mr. Jesse's life, there is none to our estimation higher than the fact, that for many a long day he ranked in childish estimation with the authors whom boys most delight to honour."

DEATHS.

ARRANGED IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER.

Jan. 14. At Geelong, Victoria, aged 55, Charles Babington Brewer, esq. He was born in 1813, was called to the bar at the Middle Temple 1838, and was Judge of the County Court and the Court of Mines of the Colony of Victoria.

Jan. 22. In Wallachia, the Countess Sophia Roma. She was Princess Ypsilanti, dau. of Prince George Ypsilanti, (who died in 1847), and married, in 1862, Count Petros Roma, a descendant of one of the oldest patrician families of Zante, who have made great sacrifices for the cause of Hellenic independence.—*Court Circular.*

Jan. 30. At Port Louis, Mauritius, William Draper Bolton, esq., barrister-at-law. He was the second son of the late Thomas Bolton, esq., of Upgrove-hill, Stanstead, Essex, and nephew to the late Hon. Colonel Edward Alured Draper, Paymaster-General at Mauritius, and was called to the bar at the Middle Temple in 1861.

Feb. 5. At Port of Spain, Trinidad, aged 84, Mrs. Murray, relict of the late Hon. H. Murray, of Woodbrook, Trinidad.

Feb. 19. At Adelaide, South Australia, aged 70, Sir Dominick Daly, Governor-General of South Australia. He was the son of the late Dominick Daly, esq., of Benmore, co. Galway, by Johanna Harriet, eldest dau. of the late Joseph Blake, esq., of Ardfry, co. Galway, and nephew of Joseph Henry, 1st Lord Wallscourt. He was born in 1798. For nearly twenty-six years Sir Dominick acted as Chief Secretary in Canada, was appointed Governor of the island of Tobago in 1851, and in 1854 he received the honour of knighthood, and was made Lieutenant-Governor of Prince Edward's Island. This appointment he held until 1859, and he succeeded Sir R. G. Macdonnell as Governor of South Australia in 1861. He married, in 1826, Mary, dau. of Col. R. Gore.

At Bushey Hall, Herts, aged 86, John Loch, esq. See OBITUARY.

Feb. 21. At sea, on board the *Magnolia*, aged 52, John Vincent Leach, esq., barrister-at-law. He was born in 1816, and called to the Inner Temple in 1858. He practised for some time at the courts of Spanish Town and Kingston, Jamaica, and at the time of his decease held the appointment of Clerk of Courts and Keeper of Records in British Honduras.

Feb. 27. At Dublin, aged 59, Major Henry William Egerton-Warburton, late

of the 47th Regt. He was the third son of the Rev. Rowland Egerton, who, on the death of Sir Peter Warburton, bart., of Arley Hall, Cheshire, in 1813, assumed by royal licence the additional surname of Warburton. He married, in 1835, Harriette Elizabeth, dau. of Major-General Evans, by whom he had issue one son, who died in 1861, and three daus.

March 2. At Calcutta, aged 33, Georgina Clementson, wife of Brigadier-Gen. Bouchier, C.B., R.H.A., and the younger dau. of J. G. Lough, esq., of Harewood-square.

At Milford House, Godalming, aged 73, Lieut.-Col. Robert Smith Webb, formerly of the 3rd Light Dragoons. He was the eldest surviving son of the late Philip Smith Webb, esq., of Milford House, by Hannah, dau. of the late Sir Robert Barker, bart., and was born in 1794. He was a magistrate for Surrey, and married, in 1830, Harriet, dau. of William Currie, esq., of East Horsley, by whom he has left issue.

March 4. At Delhi, aged 43, Lieut.-Col. J. A. Dyas, Royal (late Bengal) Eng.

March 11. Killed near Kohat, Punjab, while leading the regiment he commanded into action, aged 35, Major Arthur Upton Ruxton, B.S.C.

March 12. Suddenly, from paralysis, aged 67, the Rev. J. A. G. Colpoys, rector of Droxford, Hants. He was a son of Admiral Sir E. G. Colpoys, and was born in 1801. He was educated at Exeter Coll., Oxford, where he graduated B.A. and proceeded M.A. in 1824; he was appointed rector of Droxford in 1831. The reverend gentleman was son-in-law of the late Dr. Sumner, Archbishop of Canterbury.

March 13. At Pendleton, Clitheroe, aged 67, the Rev. George Preston, B.D. He was born in 1800, and educated at Queen's Coll., Cambridge, where he took his degree of B.D. in 1845; in 1826 he was appointed to the head mastership of the Grammar School, Whalley, which he held till shortly before his death.

March 15. At Cannes, France, aged 25, Douglas, third son of Robert Campbell, esq., of Buscot Park, Berks.

March 16. At Senafé, Abyssinia, aged 24, Lieut. H. N. Bayly, 45th Regt., eldest son of Lieut.-Col. Bayly, of Ballyarthur, co. Wicklow.

At Southampton, aged 74, Lieut.-Gen. Lewis Alexander Hall, R.E.

At Herringwell House, Mildenhall,

Suffolk, aged 70, George Mure, esq. He was the eldest son of the late Thomas Mure, esq., of Warriston House, Edinburgh (who died in 1806), by Helen, eldest dau. of the Hon. Patrick Boyle, and was born in 1797. He was formerly in the Grenadier Guards, and was present at Waterloo. He married, in 1835, Fanny Eliza, only dau. of W. J. Squire, esq.

At Edinburgh, Agnes Gardyne Rennie, wife of John Ogilvy, esq., younger, of Inshewan.

March 17. At Nice, aged 37, Georgiana Elizabeth, wife of Richard Lamb, esq., of West Denton House, Northumberland, and youngest dau. of the late S. Eaton, esq.

March 18. At Portobello, aged 79, Mary, widow of James Edmondstoune Aytoun, esq.

At Mucking, Essex, aged 74, the Rev. Charles Day, LL.B. He was educated at St. John's Coll., Cambridge, where he graduated LL.B. in 1824; he was appointed vicar of Mucking in 1842.

March 20. At Sidmouth, Commander Charles Talbot Compton, R.N. He was the fourth son of the late H. C. Compton, esq., of Manor House, Lyndhurst, and entered the Navy in 1834, and served for some time in the East Indies.

At Ullingswick, Herefordshire, aged 70, Sarah, relict of the Rev. John Garbett, M.A., vicar of Harborne, Staffordshire.

At Nice, aged 27, John Augustus Vivian, late of the 3rd Regt., seventh surviving son of the late Rev. C. P. Vivian, of Hatton Hall, Northamptonshire.

At Swanscombe, Kent, aged 46, the Rev. James Yates, B.D.

At Fincham, Norfolk, aged 75, Martha Carston, widow of Robert Hutchison, esq., of Cromarty.

March 21. At Caroline-park, Edinburgh, aged 28, the Hon. Helen Georgina Scott, eldest dau. of the late Lord Polwarth.

At Fotherly Hall, Lichfield, Henrietta Auriol, wife of Henry Chandos-Pole-Gell, esq.

March 22. At Cheltenham, aged 83, Lieut.-Col. John Henry Matthews, late Paymaster 31st Regt., and Invalid Depôt, Chatham.

At Shrewsbury, aged 72, Samuel Phillips Southam, esq., late solicitor, of Cleobury Mortimer, and for upwards of forty years one of the coroners for co. Salop.

Aged 65, the Rev. John Ferdinando Wilkinson. He was educated at Clare Coll. Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1826; he was appointed rector of South Croxton, Leicestershire, in 1828, but resigned the living in 1857.

At Clewer, Windsor, aged 80, Sergeant-Major Woodhouse. The deceased had been in no less than 36 engagements, but was never wounded, and was never absent from his duties, either from illness or any other cause, during upwards of 25 years of his active service in the Coldstream Guards. The old soldier's regiment being on garrison duty at the present time at Windsor, he was buried with military honours. The band of the 2d Life Guards attended, together with the corps of drums and fifes of the Coldstream Guards. He has left an aged widow and had a family of 18 children.—*Pall-Mall Gazette*.

March 23. At Mentone, Septimus Allcard, son of the late William Allcard, esq., of Burton Clooses, Bakewell.

At Hampstead, aged 35, Margaret Helen, wife of Edward Beavan, esq., barrister-at-law, and dau. of the late Wilson Jones, esq., of Hartsheath, Mold.

At Southport, John Henry, lieut. R.N., and Naval Knight of Windsor. The deceased entered the Navy in 1808, and served for some time on the West Indian, Home, Mediterranean, and African stations. His last service afloat was in the East Indies, whence he returned in 1833. He was subsequently employed as emigration agent in Dublin.

At Riseholme, Henry John Blomfield Jackson, only son of the Bishop of Lincoln.

At Glasserton House, Bournemouth, aged 29, Christena Crackenthorpe, wife of the Rev. W. Chandos Pole, M.A., rector of Radbourne, Derbyshire, and dau. of the late Capt. C. C. Askew, R.N.

March 24. At Datchet House, Bucks, aged 71, Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Francis Henry William Needham. The deceased was the second and youngest son of Francis, 1st Earl of Kilmorey, by Anne, second dau. of Thomas Fisher, esq., and brother of the present earl. He was born March 15, 1799, and was formerly a lieutenant-col. in the Grenadier Guards. He was unmarried.

Aged 46, the Rev. William Charles Denshire, of Thetford House, Lincolnshire. He was educated at Queen's Coll., Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1843, and proceeded M.A. in 1847.

At The Chace, King's Lynn, aged 48, Henry Edwards, esq., solicitor. He was a son of the late Wm. B. Edwards, esq., of Stamford, where he was born in 1819. He was educated at the grammar school of that town, the present Bishop of Gloucester (Dr. Ellicott) being a school-fellow. Having been admitted a solicitor in 1842, he settled in Lynn, where he subse-

quently became a partner in the firm of Messrs. Goodwin & Co. He was solicitor to the Lynn and Hunstanton, and the Watton and Thetford Railway Companies, and a promoter of those lines. The deceased took great interest in the municipal affairs of King's Lynn, and also in the social institutions of that town; he was the chief promoter and founder of the Athenæum and of the Musical Union, and other friendly societies, and was one of the most able and active members of the town council. He was the author of a synopsis of the borough property, which was published as a pamphlet, and also of a little tractate called "Municipal Elections not Political." Mr. Edwards, who was captain of the Lynn Rifle Volunteers, married in 1849, Maria Elizabeth eldest dau. of Philip Wilson, esq., of Lynn, and has left issue three children.—*Law Times*.

At Rhyl, aged 72, William B. Fosbrooke, esq., solicitor, late of Liverpool.

At Mentone, aged 28, William Eustace Peacock, esq., barrister. He was the third son of the Hon. Sir Barnes Peacock, knt., Chief Justice of the High Court of Judicature in Bengal, by Elizabeth, dau. of Willing Fanning, esq., and was called to the bar at the Inner Temple.—*Law Times*.

Aged 63, William Richard Stretton, esq., of Brynderwen, Monmouthshire. He was a son of the late W. Stretton, esq., and was born in 1805. He was a J.P. and D.L. for Monmouthshire, and a magistrate for Brecon, and formerly a major in the army. He married, in 1831, the Hon. Catherine Eliza Marianne, fourth dau. of George, 13th Viscount Hereford, and widow of Walter Wilkins, esq., of Maeslough, Radnorshire, by whom he has left issue.

March 25. At the Admiralty, aged 69, the Lady Harriet Corry. She was the second dau. of Cropley, 6th Earl of Shaftesbury, by Lady Anne Spencer, fourth dau. of George, 4th Duke of Marlborough, and was born 15th Sept., 1798. She married, in 1830, the Right Hon. Henry Corry, M.P., by whom she leaves surviving issue, two sons and three daus.

At Craigrownie House, Dumbartonshire, aged 74, Alexander Abercrombie, esq.

At Woodfield, Ross, Herefordshire, aged 80, the Rev. Christopher Benson, Canon of Worcester Cathedral, and late Master of the Temple. He was educated at Trinity Coll., Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1802, and proceeded M.A. in 1815. He was senior Canon of Worcester Cathedral, having been appointed in 1825. He was formerly connected with St.

Giles's, London, and was Master of the Temple; the livings of Lindridge and Crophorne have also been held by him, but at the time of his death he held no other preferment than his canonry. He was the author of several volumes of sermons and other theological works.

At Hoby Rectory, Leicestershire, Agnes, the wife of the Rev. Gilbert Beresford.

At Hull, aged 97, the Rev. John Healey Bromby, M.A., Master of the Charterhouse, Hull. He was educated at the Hull Grammar School, and at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1792, and proceeded M.A. in 1795. In 1797 he was presented to the vicarage of St. Mary's, Hull, which he held for the long period of 70 years, having only recently resigned it. He was the recipient of several testimonials, and amongst the rest a purse containing 300 guineas, and a silver inkstand, were presented to him in June, 1849, "as commemorative of the fiftieth year of his incumbency, and in testimony of the love and veneration with which his parishioners regarded him as a minister of religion, and of their unfeigned esteem for him as a Christian, a scholar, and a gentleman." The Bishop of Tasmania is his second son, and his eldest son, Dr. John Bromby, is principal of a training college at Melbourne. The deceased only survived his wife by a few months.

At Abbey Dore, Hereford, aged 63, the Rev. Josiah James. He was educated at St. John's Coll., Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1829, and proceeded M.A. in 1832; he was appointed rector of Abbey Dore in 1839.

At Stirling, aged 49, Edward Ramsden Priestley, Col. 42nd Highlanders. He was the eldest son of the late Major Priestley, K.H., and entered the Army as ensign 25th Regt., in 1835. In 1838 he became lieutenant by purchase, and in 1843 purchased the rank of captain. He was promoted to the rank of brevet-major in 1857, and in the same year he exchanged into the Royal Black Watch, and accompanied the regiment to India. In the following year he was further promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and in 1863 he was raised to the rank of colonel of the regiment, which he retained until his death. The gallant colonel had seen a good deal of service, having been, as adjutant of the 25th Regt., with five companies, on board her Majesty's ship *Southampton* in the landing at Port Natal, and defeating the insurgent Boers in 1842. He also served with the 42nd in the suppression of the Indian mutiny, from 20th Nov., 1857, including the actions at

Khudygunge and Shumsabad, siege and fall of Lucknow, &c.

At Weston-super-Mare, aged 65, the Rev. William Seaton, incumbent of St. Thomas's, Lambeth. He was educated at Magdalen Hall, Oxford, where he took the degree of B.C.L. He was formerly incumbent of Christ Church, Pennington Leigh, near Manchester.

At Clifton, John Rowland Taylor, solicitor, second son of the late John Taylor, esq., of Bristol.

March 26. In Albemarle-street, aged 86, Gen. Sir Thomas Kenah, K.C.B., Col. 63rd Regt. The deceased was a son of the late T. Kenah, esq., of Bridgefields, co. Cork, by Ally, dau. of R. Pratt, esq., and was born in 1782. He entered the Army in Aug., 1799, and the same year served with his regiment in Holland. In 1801 he served in Egypt under Gen. Sir Ralph Abercrombie; and afterwards, from 1808 to 1812, was on active service in Sicily. He subsequently joined the Army in Spain, and was on the Staff as Assistant and afterwards as Deputy Adjut.-Gen. at the head of the department. He was created in 1818 a Companion of the Bath, in recognition of his military services, and in 1865 was advanced to the rank of Knight Commander. Sir T. Kenah married, in 1819, Elizabeth Amelia, dau. of the late Sir W. Burrell, bart., which lady died in 1838.

At Maidstone, aged 71, Thomas William Allen, esq., J.P.

At Torquay, aged 42, F. D. P. Astley, esq., of Duckinfield, Cheshire, and Arisaig, Inverness-shire. He was the only surviving son of the late F. D. Astley, esq., of Duckinfield, by Susan, dau. of Major Palmer, of Ickwell, Beds, and was born in 1825. He was educated at Trinity Coll., Cambridge, and was a J.P. and D.L. for the counties of Chester, Derby, and Inverness, and a magistrate for Lancashire; he was high sheriff of Cheshire in 1853. He married, in 1847, Gertrude Emma, dau. of the late Lieut.-Gen. Sir H. D. Jones, G.C.B., and by her (who died in 1862) has left, with other issue, a son and heir, Francis, born in 1853.

At Edinburgh, Dr. James Bannerman, Professor of Divinity of the Free Church College.

At Dulas Court, Hereford, Louisa Willis, wife of Lieut.-Col. Feilden. She was the dau. of J. Feilden, esq., of Witton Court, Lancashire, and married, in 1858, Lieut.-Col. Robert Feilden, of Dulas Court, by whom she has left issue.

At Rusthall, Tunbridge Wells, aged 33, the Rev. George Eckford Gull, B.A.

At Edinburgh, aged 35, William Hamil-

ton Shirriff Hart, Capt. 105th Madras Light Infantry, eldest son of Capt. Thos. Frederick Hart, late of 94th Regt.

Aged 65, Anna Eliza, widow of John Jarrett, esq., of Camerton Court, Bath.

March 27. At Chelsea, aged 78, Capt. Christopher Claxton, R.N. He entered the navy in 1804, and after serving for some time on the North American and home stations, was appointed in 1834 harbour master of Bristol, and under his surveillance the steam-vessels *Great Western* and *Great Britain* were built.

At North Creake, Norfolk, aged 70, the Ven. R. E. Hankinson, archdeacon of Norwich. The reverend gentleman was educated at Corpus Christi Coll., Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1820, and proceeded M.A. in 1824, but his name does not appear on the list of honours. He was ordained in 1821 by Dr. Bathurst, Bishop of Norwich, and was for some years minister of Well Walk Chapel, Hampstead. In 1847 he was presented by the Dean and Chapter of Norwich to the incumbency of St. Margaret and St. Nicholas, King's Lynn, which he held up to 1863, when he was presented to the rectory of North Creake, Fakenham. He was presented to the archdeaconry of Norwich in 1857.

At Dunchideock House, Devon, aged 61, James Samuel Pitman, esq. He was the eldest son of the late James S. Pitman, esq., of Dunchideock (who died in 1848), by Catherine, dau. of the late J. Harris, esq., of Mount Radford, Devon, and was born in 1807. He was educated at Eton and Exeter Coll., Oxford, and was a J.P. and D.L. for Devon, and served as high sheriff of that county in 1856. He married, in 1850, Elizabeth, dau. of the Rev. Nathaniel Cole, vicar of South Brent, Devon, who died in 1852.

At Exton, Somerset, aged 63, the Rev. George Bodley Warren, of Heavitree, Devon. He was educated at Worcester Coll., Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1827.

At Stanley-green, Poole, Frances Anna Maria, wife of the Rev. J. L. Williams, M.A.

March 28. In Dorset-square, Regent's-park, aged 83, Col. John Bazalgette, son of the late Louis Bazalgette, esq., of Eastwick, Park, Surrey.

At Claverton, Bath, aged 74, the Rev. William Hale, M.A. He was educated at Magdalen Hall, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1827, and proceeded M.A. in 1829; he was appointed rector of Claverton in 1851.

At Brighton, aged 88, Edward Jesse, esq. See OBITUARY.

At Sandbach, Cheshire, aged 79, Major John Woodgate. He served for many years in the 52nd Regt. in the Peninsular War, and afterwards joined the 20th Light Dragoons.

March 29. † Edward Badeley, esq., of the Inner Temple, barrister-at-law. The deceased was a son of the late Dr. Badeley, of Chelmsford, and was born about the year 1800. He was educated at Brasenose College, Oxford, where he took his B.A. degree in 1823, gaining a second class in classics. He was called to the bar at the Inner Temple in 1841, and went the Home Circuit. It was, however, to ecclesiastical law that he more especially devoted himself; and at the time when the Gorham difficulty arose he was employed by the Bishop of Exeter to conduct the case on his behalf. This he did with great ability and learning; and the substance of his speech delivered in December, 1849, before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council on the appeal, was afterwards published, with an introduction, as a pamphlet of somewhat formidable proportions. Mr. Badeley, who a year or two previously had published, jointly with Dr. Pusey, a pamphlet strongly reprobating marriage with a deceased wife's sister, deeming the Church hopelessly committed by the Gorham decision, "submitted himself" to the Roman communion, and since that time he has devoted himself extensively to the solution of the various legal difficulties attending the administration of Roman Catholic trusts and charities. Since quitting the English Church he had also published a legal opinion on the case of altar-lights at Falmouth, and another on the privileges of religious confession in the English courts of justice. He was very much and deservedly respected among his old friends, and also in the communion of his adoption, and it is to him that Dr. Newman has affectionately dedicated his recently published volume of poems. He lived and died unmarried. —*Guardian*.

At Brixton, aged 76, Stephen Bourne, esq., formerly Registrar of Berbice, and previously Stipendiary Magistrate in Jamaica.

At Drewton Manor, East Yorkshire, aged 65, Joseph Blanchard Burland, esq., solicitor, of South Cave.

Aged 71, Benjamin Haworth, esq., of Hullbank House and Rowlston Hall, Yorkshire. He was the eldest son of the late A. H. Haworth, esq., F.S.A., of Chelsea, by Elizabeth, dau. of Henry Cumbrey, esq., of Holbeach, co. Lincoln, and was born in 1798. He was educated

at Trinity Coll., Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1820, and proceeded M.A. in 1824, and was a J.P. and D.L. for the East Riding of Yorkshire. He married in 1822, Theresa, dau. and heir of Professor Arneman, of Göttingen, and of Rowlston Hall, Yorkshire, by whom he has left issue.

In Devonshire-street, Portland-place, aged 31, Lieut. James Minchin Morris, R.N., sixth son of the late John Carnac Morris, esq., M.C.S.

At Bath, aged 48, Maria, wife of the Rev. W. Popham, M.A., incumbent of Ch. Ch., Bradford, Wilts.

Aged 79, Felix Slade, esq., of Halsteads, Yorkshire, and of Walcot-place, Lambeth.

March 30. At Llanwern, Monmouthshire, aged 75, Sir Charles Salusbury, bart. See OBITUARY.

At Cheltenham, aged 58, Helen Ellenor, widow of Major John Waterfield, 38th Bengal N.L.I., and dau. of the late Sir Robert Blair, K.C.B.

March 31. At Sulhamstead, aged 77, Mary Anne, relict of the late H. R. Burfoot, esq., of the Inner Temple.

At Lewesden, Torquay, aged 96, Mary, widow of the Rev. T. Lloyd, M.A.

April 1. At Southwell, aged 87, Mary Anne, widow of the Rev. W. Lawson, and eldest dau. of the late Rev. R. Barrow.

At Danemore Park, Langton Green, Kent, James Reeves, esq. He was the second son of the late W. J. Reeves, esq., by Anne, dau. of the late John Pugh, esq., of Montgomery, and was a J.P. and D.L. for Essex. He married in 1824, Jane Mary, second dau. of Henry Carrington Bowles, esq., of Myddelton House, Enfield; she died in 1863.

April 2. At Gortin Rectory, aged 50, the Rev. William Montgomery Beresford, rector of Lower Badoney, co. Tyrone.

At West Teignmouth, aged 57, Fanny Lea, wife of the Rev. J. Birch, M.A.

At Yately, Hants, Sarah, wife of the Rev. R. Lewin.

April 3. At Headley Rectory, aged 77, Elizabeth Mary, wife of the Rev. Ferdinand Faithfull.

April 4. At Brighton, aged 70, the Rev. Arthur Browne, vicar of Marham, Norfolk. He graduated B.A. at St. John's Coll., Cambridge, in 1819, and proceeded M.A. in 1823; he had held the vicarage of Marham since 1827.

At Gravesend, aged 49, William Vardy Eyre, esq., son of the late Sir James Eyre.

At Physgill, N.B., aged 80, Mary, dau. of Sir William Maxwell, bart.

At Whitstable, aged 56, the Rev. Robert John Morris. He was educated at Jesus Coll., Cambridge, where he graduated B.A., in 1837; he was appointed

vicar of Whitstable and incumbent of Seasalter in 1848.

At Dawlish, Devon, aged 67, William John Thomas Morton, esq., late Professor of Chemistry at the Royal Veterinary Coll.

April 5. At Dilhoral Hall, Staffordshire, aged 38, Col. Coote Buller. He was the third son of Sir E. Manningham-Buller, bart., M.P., by his first wife, Mary Ann, dau. of Maj.-Gen. Coote Manningham, and was born in 1829. He was formerly in the Rifle Brigade, and served with distinction in the Crimean war, being present at the battles of Alma and Inkerman, in which latter he was severely wounded by a rifle ball. Soon after his return he was appointed Deputy Assistant-Adjutant-General at Aldershot. In 1860, he was gazetted as lieutenant-colonel to the 1st Battalion of Staffordshire Rifle Volunteers, and on retiring in 1865 he was appointed honorary colonel to the battalion.

At Milton House, Portsmouth, aged 74, Margaret, wife of Vice-Admiral John Hallows.

At Smeeth, aged 81, the Rev. Wyndham Knatchbull, D.D. He was the eldest son of the late Sir Edward Knatchbull, bart., by his second wife, Frances, dau. of Governor Graham, and was born in 1787. He was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1808; he was elected to a fellowship at All Souls' Coll., where he took his degree of M.A. in 1812, B.D. in 1820, and D.D. in 1823. He was presented to Westbere rectory in 1811, and to Aldington-cum-Smeeth in 1823. Dr. Knatchbull married, in 1823, Anna Maria Elizabeth, dau. of Henry Dawkins, esq., of Sandgate, by whom he had issue a dau.

Aged 80, Henry Leader, esq., of Mount Leader, Cork. He was the youngest son of the late Wm. Leader, esq., of Mount Leader, by Miss Margaret St. Leger, and was born in 1788. He was a magistrate for co. Cork, and married, in 1830, Elizabeth, only dau. of the late Rev. Charles Eustace, of Robertstown, co. Kildare, by whom he has left issue.

At Winchester, the Rev. Joseph D'Arcy Sirr, D.D., rector of Morestead. He was educated at Trinity Coll., Dublin, where he graduated B.A. in 1812, and proceeded M.A. in 1823, B.D. in 1842, and D.D. in 1843. He was formerly rector of Kilcolman, Ireland, and afterwards vicar of Yoxford, Suffolk, and incumbent of St. Mary's, Spital. At the time of his decease he was assistant chaplain to the forces at Winchester, and rector of Morestead, Hants.

After a short illness, aged 54, Mr. H. Widdicombe, comedian. At the Surrey

Theatre Mr. Harry Widdicombe was for a considerable period an established favourite, and at the Princess's and Lyceum Theatres he more recently exhibited powers which fully entitled him to be spoken of as a comedian of distinguished ability. Mr. H. Widdicombe was the son of the famous Widdicombe so long associated with Astley's. He had been prominently connected with the London stage for the last 26 years.

April 6. At Edinburgh, of apoplexy, aged 48, Thomas Bamford Lang, esq., controller of the General Post-office, Edinburgh. He had occupied the position of controller for the past 13 years, having been appointed to that office in February, 1855. He was a man of active business habits, strict integrity, and was much respected by all with whom his official duties brought him into contact. For many years past he took a great interest in the municipal affairs of Portobello, where he resided. He likewise took a leading part in the organisation of the Professional and Civil Service Supply Association, and was ever ready to promote every scheme which he believed would be conducive to the welfare of those around him. Mr. Lang leaves a widow and large family.—*Scotsman*.

At Jersey, aged 46, the Rev. Frederick Godfray, D.C.L., of Beau-Séjour. He graduated B.A. at Wadham Coll., Oxford, in 1844, proceeded M.A. in 1847, and was for some time domestic chaplain to the Earl of Limerick.

April 7. At the Cedars, Sunninghill, Berks, aged 65, Caroline Elizabeth, Countess of Cottenham. The deceased countess was the dau. of the late Wm. Wingfield-Baker, esq., by Lady Charlotte Maria Digby, and married, in 1821, Charles Christopher, 1st Earl of Cottenham (for some time Lord Chancellor), who died in 1851.

At Southsea, aged 80, Admiral Sir H. Ducie Chads, G.C.B. See OBITUARY.

At Leamington, Commodore Henry Caldwell, C.B., A.D.C. He entered the navy in 1828, and having passed his examination in 1835, served for some time in the Mediterranean, and became captain in 1853.

At Cambridge, aged 77, Louisa, widow of John Haviland, esq., M.D., Regius Professor of Physic in the University of Cambridge.

At Middleton House, Hants, aged 20, Fitzhardinge Lye, esq., of Queen's Coll., Oxford, a student of the Middle Temple, eldest son of John Gaunt Lye, esq., of Lancaster-place, Strand.

At Rolleston, Staffordshire, aged 73, the

Rev. Peplow Paget Mosley. He graduated B.A. at Jesus Coll., Cambridge, in 1816, and proceeded M.A. in 1818; he was appointed rector of Rolleston in 1834.

At Ottawa, U.S., assassinated, aged 45, the Hon. Thos. D'Arcy M'Gee. He was born in Carlingford, Ireland, in 1823. He was educated in Wexford, and held an appointment in the Long Room of the Custom House there. At the age of eighteen he visited the United States, but shortly afterwards returned to Ireland. He connected himself with the Repeal movement; but provoked the hostility of O'Connell. In 1847 he joined the "Young Ireland" party with Mitchell; in 1848 he revisited the United States, and became connected, in an editorial capacity, with the *Boston Pilot*, the organ of the Irish race in America. His name had previously been stricken off the roll of the "Repeal" association. Subsequently Mr. M'Gee published in Boston, Buffalo, and New York, a paper called the *American Celt*. In 1856 he was a champion of Mr. Fremont for the presidency; he publicly stated that should Fremont fail of an election "he would go to a land of true freedom—Canada." He made his promise good. In 1857 Mr. M'Gee got into a controversy with the Roman Catholic Archbishop Hughes; his communications, published in the *New York Times* over the signature of "Philo-Veritas," attracted general attention; it was believed that he got the better of the archbishop. Mr. M'Gee was a man of various accomplishments, though not probably a scholar; he was caustic and brilliant in debate, a ready speaker, and he was an acknowledged leader of Canadian society and opinion. He leaves a widow and several children.—*Star*.

April 8. At Sandhurst, aged 80, Gen. Sir George Augustus Wetherall, G.C.B., Governor of the Royal Military College. He was a son of the late Gen. Sir F' Wetherall, by Elizabeth, dau. of G. Mytton, esq., and was born in 1788. He was educated at Winchester, and subsequently completed his education in the senior department of the Royal Military College; he entered the army in 1803, and was in action with a squadron of French frigates in the Mozambique Channel in June, 1810, having previously served in the Cape, and was present at the capture of the Isle of France in July, 1810. He served in the conquest of Java, in 1811, as aide-de-camp to his father. The gallant General afterwards acted as Military Secretary to the Commander-in-Chief of Madras from 1822 to 1825; and was Deputy Judge-Advocate-General in India in 1826. As

lieut.-col. of the 1st Foot he served in India and afterwards in Canada, where his regiment was engaged in suppressing the insurrection of 1837-8, for which distinguished military service he was nominated a Companion of the Order of the Bath. From 1843 to 1850 he was Deputy-Adjutant-General in Canada. In April, 1850, he was appointed Deputy-Adjutant-General at head-quarters, and in 1854 was appointed Adjutant-General, which post he held up to 1860, when he was appointed to command the northern district. At the expiration of his services, in 1865, he was appointed Governor of the Royal College of Sandhurst. The gallant officer was created a Knight Commander of the Bath in 1856, and a Grand Cross of the Order in 1865. He was appointed colonel of the 81th Foot in June, 1854. He married, in 1812, Frances Diana, dau. of the late Capt. Denton, E.I.C.S., which lady died in 1867.

At Montreux, Switzerland, aged 59, the Hon. Brownlow North Osborn de Grey. He was the second surviving son of Thomas, 4th Lord Walsingham, by Lady Elizabeth, fourth dau. of the late Hon. and Rt. Rev. Brownlow North, Bishop of Winchester, and was born in 1808; he married, in 1858, Emma, dau. of the late George Kenyon, esq., of Cefn, near Wrexham.

At Albury Hall, Herts, aged 68, Richd. Dawson, esq. He was the only son of the late Richd. Dawson, esq. (who died in 1838), by Eleanor, dau. of John Sewell, esq., of Scopwick House, and was born in 1800. He was a magistrate for Herts, and married, in 1831, Anne, dau. of John Hill, esq., of Ripon, by whom he has left issue.

At The Lodge, Upper Deal, Kent, aged 57, Rear-Admiral Thomas Harvey. He was the eldest son of the late Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas Harvey, K.C.B., and was born in 1810. He entered the Navy in 1822. After studying at the Royal Naval College he joined, as midshipman, the *Dryad*, under Capt. the Hon. Robert Rodney. He served under Admiral Sir Charles Napier during the Russian war, and subsequently served in the Pacific, where he was Commodore, having been appointed in 1863. He was in receipt of a good service pension for his services afloat till he obtained his flag rank. He obtained his post rank January 31, 1848, and was made a Rear-Admiral on the active list December 2, 1865.

April 9. At Norfolk House, London, Philip James, the infant son of Mr. and Lady Victoria Hope Scott.

April 10. At Binderton House, Chi-

chester, aged 67, the Rev. Henry W. R. Luttman-Johnson, late Fellow of Trinity Coll., Oxford.

Aged 56, William Palmer, esq., of Birmingham, solicitor, and of Fininstall-park, Worcestershire.

At Derwent Bank, Cockermouth, aged 81, John Steel, esq., M.P. He was the eldest son of the late Joseph Steel, esq., solicitor, of Cockermouth, by Dorothy, dau. of John Ponsonby, esq., of Hale Hall, Cumberland, and was born in 1786. He was a magistrate for Cumberland, and practised as a solicitor at Cockermouth from 1809 to 1852. In 1852 he was elected M.P. for Cockermouth in the Liberal interest, and retained his seat for that borough till his decease. Mr. Steel married, in 1817, Frances, dau. of the Rev. Richd. Coxe, of Bucklebury, Berks.

April 11. At Oakhurst, Brentwood, Georgiana, the wife of the Hon. Frederick Petre. She was the eldest dau. of the late Sir C. Musgrave, bart., and was married to the Hon. Mr. Petre in 1847.

At Balley Trent, co. Wexford, aged 75, John Hyacinth Talbot, esq. The deceased was the second son of the late Mathew Talbot, esq., of Castle Talbot, co. Wexford, by his second wife, Jane, only dau. of the late John D'Arcy, esq., of Kiltalla, co. Galway, and was born in 1793. He was educated at Stonyhurst College, and was a J.P. and D.L. for co. Wexford, and served as high sheriff of that county in 1855. From the year 1832 he was identified with O'Connell's agitation, and was four times returned as a member of Parliament for the borough of New Ross. He was last elected for that borough in 1847. In 1852 he retired from parliamentary life. He was twice married: first, in 1822, to Anne Eliza, only dau. of the late Walter Redmond, esq., of Bettyville, co. Wexford; and secondly, in 1851, to Eliza, dau. of the late Sir J. Power, bart., by whom he has left issue.

At Bradley-wood, Newton Abbot, Devon, aged 70, Ann, relict of the Rev. F. Sandys Wall, B.C.L., and dau. of the late Daniel Jennings, esq., of Shaftesbury House, Kensington.

April 12. At Russell Farm, Watford, Herts, aged 71, William Taylor Copeland, esq. He was a son of the late William Copeland, esq., and was born in 1797. He had been nearly forty years a member of the Court of Aldermen, in which he represented the ward of Bishopsgate. Out of the city he was, perhaps, better known at one time as a member of Parliament, having represented the Irish borough of Coleraine, in the Conservative interest,

1835-7, and Stoke-upon-Trent, with which he was long identified by trade in connection with the ceramic art, from 1837 to 1852; and for which place he was re-elected in 1857 and 1859. He served the office of Sheriff of London and Middlesex in 1828, and in the following year was elected an alderman. He was Lord Mayor in 1835, being then only about 33 years of age. He had also long held the office of President of two of the Royal Hospitals, Bridewell and Bethlehem, and took an active part in civic affairs generally, maintaining with chivalrous zeal the ancient rights and privileges of the corporation of London, as he understood them, whenever any of these were objects of attack from without or within, or the least in jeopardy. In early life he took a keen interest in horse-racing, being himself a breeder and keeping a stud, and always identifying himself with noblemen and gentlemen who strove to maintain the purity of the sport as an old English pastime. As one of the civic dignitaries he was much respected, and not less as a member of Parliament, though he had ceased to hold a seat there for the last few years, and had never taken any conspicuous part in that capacity. He was a J.P. and D.L. for Staffordshire, and a magistrate for Middlesex, Essex, and Herts. He married, in 1827, Sarah, dau. of John Yates, esq., of Shelton, co. Stafford, and by her, who died in 1860, has left one dau. and four sons.

April 13. At York, aged 69, the Rev. George Coopland. He was a son of the late William Coopland, esq., formerly of Asenby, Thirsk, and was born in 1798. He was ordained in 1821, and was for twenty-nine years rector of St. Margaret's with St. Peter-le-Willows, and upwards of forty-two years chaplain to the City House of Correction.

In Charrington-street, Oakley-square, aged 77, John William Hallion, esq., R.N.

At Hereford, Richard Johnson, esq., town clerk of that city.

At Upper Norwood, aged 63, Frederic Thomas Pratt, esq., D.C.L., advocate, of Doctor's Commons.

April 14. At Plymouth, aged 65, Thomas Phillips, esq., solicitor, and for thirty-two years clerk to the magistrates of the borough of Plymouth.

At Margate, aged 53, Miss Romer, the well-known *prima donna* of the English lyric stage. She made her *début* at Covent-garden Theatre on Oct. 16, 1830, as Clara, in the "Duenna," and was the original Zerlina in the adaptation of Auber's "Fra Diavolo," when Braham enacted the hero, and John Wilson, the Scotch tenor,

Lorenzo. Miss Romer's range of parts was perhaps greater than any other singer. After Maiibran's death Miss Romer sang in Balfe's "Maid of Artois" and Bellini's "Sonnambula" with marked success. She sang the leading characters in Weber's "Der Freischütz," Donizetti's "Favorita," Rossini's "William Tell," John Barnett's "Mountain Slyph," Balfe's "Bohemian Girl," Benedict's "Crusaders," &c. For some seasons Miss Romer was directress of the English opera company at the Surrey Theatre. She was married to the late Mr. George Almond, the army clothier, of St. James's-street, and retired from the stage a few years since. One of her sisters, who was also a singer, is married to Mr. Mark Lemon, the editor of *Punch*. Miss Romer had a sweet soprano voice, and was an excellent actress. She was much respected both in and out of the profession.—*Morning Post*.

At Walsall, Maria, wife of the Rev. J. H. Sharwood, M.A., and fifth dau. of the late Lancelot Haslope, esq., of Highbury Lodge, Middlesex.

Near Killucan, Ireland, assassinated, aged 49, Howard Fetherstonhaugh, esq., of Bracklyn Castle, co. Westmeath. He was the eldest son of the late Thomas James Fetherstonhaugh, esq., of Bracklyn Castle (who died in 1853), by Lady Eleanor, dau. of William, 3rd Earl of Wicklow, and was born in 1819. He was educated at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, and was a J.P. and D.L. for co. Westmeath, and served as high sheriff of that county in 1857. He married, in 1854, Lucy Emily, dau. of W. Wingfield, esq., by whom he has left issue five children. The deceased gentleman was proceeding home in his gig, after witnessing the entry of the Prince and Princess of Wales into Dublin.

April 16. After a few days' illness, aged 89, Sir William Abdy, bart. See OBITUARY.

April 17. At Redcar, Yorkshire, aged 47, Capt. Rouguier John Cannon, Capt. R.A., late Adjutant 1st N.R. Yorkshire Artillery Volunteers.

Aged 68, John Torriano Houlton, esq., of Farleigh Castle, Somerset. He was the eldest son of John Houlton, esq., of Farleigh Castle (who died in 1839), by Mary Anne, only dau. and heir of Thomas Ellis, esq., of Rolleston, Devon, and was born in 1799. He was a deputy-lieutenant for Somerset, and married, in 1854, Ferdinandine, eldest dau. of the Baron Theodor de Fürstenburgh, of Heiligenhoven, Westphalia, by whom he has left issue.

At Buckden, Hunts, aged 84, Margaret Mary, widow of the right rev. E. Maltby, D.D., late Bishop of Durham.

April 18. At Horringer, Suffolk, aged 76, General Sir James Simpson, G.C.B. See OBITUARY.

Lately. At Hoddam, N.B., from the effects of an accident, aged 82, Miss Susan Hawkins, for many years known to the Scotch and English Borderers as a "poetess." Early trained to the work of a domestic servant, she discovered in herself while yet young what she considered a wonderful facility in rhyming, and leaving the drudgery of household work, she determined for the future to devote herself to the society of the Muses. Setting out on her pilgrimage to Parnassus, she at the same time commenced to canvass subscribers for a forthcoming volume of "poems," and a great many of the charitably disposed contributed their names. The volume was printed by the late Mr. M'Diarmid, of the *Dumfries Courier*, and the first edition was speedily exhausted. Five other "volumes" (they are about the size of a small pamphlet) have since then appeared with her name, and she seems to have perfected her style with her first productions, as the characteristics of her latest were also those of her earliest efforts.—*Local Paper*.

At Carrington, near Edinburgh, Thomas Kerr, a celebrated ploughman. From 1841 to 1866 he gained upwards of sixty prizes at competitions in ploughing; forty of these were the highest prizes awarded. At the time of his death he had in his possession twenty-one medals of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland.

In Paris, Leon Coussac, the Emperor Louis Napoleon's valet. The funeral service was performed at the church of St. Germain L'Auxerrois. All the servants of the Tuileries not strictly required to remain on duty in the palace attended. This is a loss greatly felt by the Emperor, who was deeply attached to his old and faithful domestic. Leon had been in the service of the Emperor since long before 1848, and was the owner, in fee simple, of the house which the Emperor occupied when he went to Vichy, and his Majesty was wont to say jocosely to his favourite servant, "Leon, I am your lodger."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

At Paris, aged 35, Mr. Paul Blaquires, one of the most rising composers of popular songs.

REGISTRAR-GENERAL'S RETURNS.
 BIRTHS and DEATHS Registered, and METEOROLOGY in the following large Towns.

Boroughs, &c.	Estimated Population in the middle of the year 1868.	Persons to an acre (1868).	Births registered during the week.	Deaths registered during the week.	TEMPERATURE OF THE AIR (Fahrenheit).				TEMPERATURE OF THE AIR (Fahrenheit).				Rain-fall in inches.	
					Highest during the week.	Lowest during the week.	Weekly mean of the mean daily values.	Rain-fall in inches.	Highest during the week.	Lowest during the week.	Weekly mean of the mean daily values.	Rain-fall in inches.		
MARCH 14.														
Total of 11 large Towns.	5,922,998	47.8	4541	2776	62.0	27.5	44.0	0.40	4347	2713	59.5	29.0	44.4	0.139
London (Metropolis)	3,126,635	40.1	2288	1309	56.3	32.5	44.7	0.36	2299	1298	57.8	32.1	44.0	0.07
Bristol (City)	167,487	35.7	136	87	57.4	31.9	44.3	0.53	109	60	55.3	33.3	44.3	0.27
Birmingham (Borough)	352,296	45.0	281	152	56.6	29.8	44.0	1.02	286	155	58.0	34.5	44.1	0.30
Liverpool (Borough)	500,676	98.0	412	291	57.9	34.6	44.3	0.32	367	241	55.9	37.5	45.5	0.50
Manchester (City)	366,835	81.8	285	197	58.0	33.5	44.1	0.79	263	210	59.0	30.0	43.8	0.75
Salford (Borough)	117,162	22.7	120	50	58.5	32.1	44.0	0.64	101	69	59.5	30.0	43.8	0.65
Leeds (Borough)	236,746	11.0	299	123	62.0	27.5	43.9	0.38	191	115	58.0	30.5	45.0	0.08
Hull (Borough)	108,269	30.4	81	52	60.0	30.0	41.8	0.31	84	55	58.0	29.0	42.1	0.17
Edinburgh (City)	177,039	40.0	110	59	51.7	34.0	43.5	0.20	135	95	55.7	34.0	45.3	0.40
Glasgow (City)	449,868	88.9	359	266	58.9	32.0	44.3	0.79	351	268	53.4	34.6	44.1	0.98
Dublin (City & some suburbs)	319,985	32.8	170	150	57.5	32.8	45.5	0.28	161	147	57.5	32.2	46.8	0.17
MARCH 28.														
Total of 11 large Towns.	5,922,998	47.8	4519	2780	60.8	23.5	42.4	0.52	4601	2835	67.8	24.0	46.0	00.0
London (Metropolis)	3,126,635	40.1	2308	1320	58.5	29.9	42.7	0.51	2375	1346	67.8	28.1	45.2	0.00
Bristol (City)	167,487	35.7	137	103	60.8	28.3	44.2	0.16	127	89	62.8	30.2	44.3	0.00
Birmingham (Borough)	352,296	45.0	265	155	59.0	29.0	42.3	0.56	261	176	62.7	30.2	45.7	0.00
Liverpool (Borough)	500,676	98.0	400	261	59.6	28.0	42.4	0.73	393	281	60.1	37.5	47.4	0.00
Manchester (City)	366,835	81.8	288	193	59.6	26.0	42.4	0.73	286	246	62.6	30.0	45.6	0.00
Salford (Borough)	117,162	22.7	93	60	56.5	25.9	41.7	0.69	126	65	62.6	30.2	45.1	0.00
Leeds (Borough)	236,746	11.0	256	106	60.0	23.5	41.5	0.32	213	103	62.0	26.5	44.1	0.00
Hull (Borough)	108,269	30.4	85	49	58.0	27.0	39.7	0.45	82	41	60.0	24.0	42.9	0.00
Edinburgh (City)	177,039	40.0	132	106	56.7	29.2	42.6	0.80	171	87	58.7	37.0	48.8	0.00
Glasgow (City)	449,868	88.9	386	251	58.6	29.2	42.2	0.61	388	273	57.9	37.3	48.9	0.00
Dublin (City & some suburbs)	319,985	32.8	179	176	59.8	30.3	45.4	0.38	179	168	63.5	29.6	48.4	0.00

METEOROLOGICAL DIARY, BY H. GOULD, late W. CARY, 181, STRAND.

From March 24, 1868, to April 23, 1868, inclusive.

Day of Month.	Thermometer.			Barom.		Weather.	Day of Month.	Thermometer.			Barom.		Weather.
	8 o'clock Morning.	Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	in.	pts.			8 o'clock Morning.	Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	in.	pts.	
Mar. 24	39	43	38	29.	86	fair	Apl. 9	39	44	38	29.	74	hail, rain
25	37	47	37	30.	01	do., rn., snow	10	34	49	45	29.	93	fair., sl. sho.
26	43	55	42	29.	88	rain, fair	11	43	44	38	29.	96	cloudy, fair
27	46	58	45	30.	04	fair	12	39	44	40	29.	94	do.
28	44	49	41	30.	34	sl. rn., clo., fr.	13	40	49	42	30.	01	do.
29	40	50	41	30.	45	foggy, fair	14	43	53	46	30.	09	fair, cloudy
30	38	48	41	30.	40	do.	15	43	58	50	30.	24	do., foggy
31	39	51	48	30.	30	do.	16	51	61	54	29.	91	rain, cloudy
A. 1	48	55	48	30.	27	do.	17	53	57	52	29.	82	cloudy, rain
2	48	57	44	30.	33	fair	18	47	55	47	29.	76	rain, cloudy
3	42	59	46	30.	10	do.	19	50	54	48	28.	83	heavy rain
4	44	61	52	30.	04	foggy, do.	20	51	58	52	28.	99	
5	45	63	50	29.	96	fair	21	56	61	53	28.	95	
6	53	64	51	29.	91	cloudy, fair	22	55	61	57	29.	63	rain, cloudy
7	53	65	50	29.	74	fair, do., rain	23	54	58	48	29.	69	cloudy, sho.
8	49	43	39	29.	35	constant rain							

DAILY CLOSING PRICE OF STOCKS.

Mar. and Apl.	3 per Cent. Consols.	3 per Cent. Reduced.	New 3 per Cents.	Bank Stock.	Exch. Bills £1,000.	East India Stock.	India Bonds £1,000.	India 5 per Cent. St.
Mar. 23	93 $\frac{1}{8}$	92	91 $\frac{7}{8}$	249 251	10 14 pm.	Shut.	35 40 pm.	114 $\frac{1}{2}$
24	12 16 pm.
25	93 $\frac{1}{10}$	92	91 $\frac{3}{4}$	245 7x.d.	9 13 pm.
26	93	91 $\frac{3}{4}$	91 $\frac{3}{4}$	245 247	113 $\frac{3}{4}$ 14 $\frac{1}{4}$
27	7 10 pm.
28
30	8 12 pm.
31
A. 1	93 $\frac{1}{8}$	92	91 $\frac{3}{4}$...	5 10 pm.	...	28 33 pm.	...
2	93	92	92	...	6 11 pm.
3	7 12 pm.
5
6	93 $\frac{1}{8}$	92	91 $\frac{3}{4}$	243 246
7	93 $\frac{1}{4}$	92	92	244 246	9 15 pm.	...	27 32	114 $\frac{1}{4}$
8	13 18	...	28 32	...
9	16 18
11	15 20	...	27 32	114 $\frac{1}{2}$
14	17 22	114 $\frac{1}{2}$
15	93 $\frac{3}{8}$	92 $\frac{1}{8}$	92 $\frac{1}{8}$...	16 20	...	27 33	114 $\frac{1}{2}$
16	93 $\frac{1}{4}$	92	92	...	15 20	114 $\frac{1}{2}$
17	shut.	16 20
18	16 21	114 $\frac{3}{8}$
20	243 245	15 21	114 $\frac{1}{2}$ 15
21	93 $\frac{3}{8}$	92 $\frac{1}{8}$	92 $\frac{1}{8}$...	15 20	...	27 32	114 $\frac{1}{2}$ 15 $\frac{1}{4}$
22	93 $\frac{1}{4}$	91 $\frac{7}{8}$	91 $\frac{7}{8}$

J. B. HEWITT,
3, Crown Court,
Threadneedle Street.

THE
Gentleman's Magazine
 AND
HISTORICAL REVIEW.

MAY 15th, 1868.

NEW SERIES. *Aliusque et idem.—Hor.*

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BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENT.

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S. U.

The Gentleman's Magazine

AND

HISTORICAL REVIEW.

Auspice Musâ.—Hor.

MADEMOISELLE MATHILDE.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER LX.

TOGETHER ONCE MORE.



BEIGN OF TERROR! Yes, it had fairly begun. William saw nearly the first of it; for retiring, after they had asked him a few questions, into the ante-room, he, in a few minutes, saw Monsieur and Madame D'Isigny come softly forth. Both tall, majestic, and handsome, beyond most of their fellow men and women now, yet with a look in their grey and smitten faces as though something too horrible for human speech had looked upon them, and turned them into stone!

They had said to one another, as it were, but one word; and that was "Marat." So they never stopped, either to notice him, or to interrogate him; but passed swiftly on down the stairs, into the street.

"Do you believe it?" asked D'Isigny, as they walked rapidly.

"There can be no doubt, from what your man said," replied Madame. "But it is his work, and he will be hiding at home. Let us confront him; and, if it is true, you have your sword, and can kill him. Our only hope lies with Marat. There is a wild chance that your man is wrong. Keep your sword up under your redingote, or we shall be stopped."

"Yours is the best head, Marie," said D'Isigny.

“ But a poor one, if it has brought us to this, Isidore.”

“ The fault was mine,” said he.

“ Nay, it was mine,” she answered.

“ You are generous, Marie.”

“ We can be generous to those we love, Isidore.”

D’Isigny’s hand felt out in the dark for hers, and it was done : henceforth these twain were one. Mutually fearing, mutually respecting one another, from this moment, until death, there was no cloud between those two.

Even in this night of horrors unutterable, the spectacle of two such imperial grey figures walking swiftly, attracted attention. Most people knew by this time what was being done, and spoke in whispers, lurking at street corners. The Parisian people were not yet used to blood ; they were not yet trained to the pitch of howling round Bailly in his death agony for hours.

“ These people are terrified at what their agents are doing, my beloved,” said D’Isigny.

And Madame pretended that she had not heard him, and made him call her his “ beloved ” once more

“ They will be educated soon, Isidore,” she answered.

There were very few crowds in the more open streets. There were many National Guards, who were half-hearted. Moreover, Roland was expected to act (and, in my opinion, had he had the courage of a *man*, not of a *suicide*, might have acted). The thing was being done by a small, but very powerful and concentrated minority. The Parisians knew this well, and, without a leader, were afraid to act. That they disapproved of it, is proved by their verdict on the matter when they began to free themselves from this terribly powerful clique under Tallien, and got themselves contented, after seventy years, with the present state of things. I do not believe that the French are more cruel than ourselves ; but the Gualches had already invented the art of insurrection, the finishing details of which are given us by M. Victor Hugo in “ *Les Misérables* ; ” and so they kept the broader streets clear, for fear of artillery.

So Monsieur and Madame D’Isigny were only looked at, until they came to the narrow street, which we have known before as the Rue Jacquerie.

Here there was a dense crowd, nearly closing up the street.

“ Isidore,” said Madame, “ we shall be assassinated ; but let us die together.”

D'Isigny knew better. He put his arm round her waist, and still walking quickly, cried out in a loud voice, which might be heard from one end of the street to the other,—

“Room, citizens, for *ci-devant* D'Isigny, the Breton, known here before, who goes under emergency to visit the Citoyen Marat.”

They parted at once, these people; and Madame said directly, “He has gone home.”

And more than one in the crowd said, “Make way. This is D'Isigny, the Breton, who nursed the dead child, and who loved and supported Marat when he was deserted of God.”

There was no difficulty in getting to Marat's door. There were plenty of assistant hands to batter at it, for every one was puzzled, and no one understood thoroughly what was going on.

It was opened by Madame Delit, sister of Marat,^f who had her child with her. “He has laid down to sleep,” she said. “He must not be disturbed.” D'Isigny, whom she remembered, promptly put her aside, and slipping in with Madame D'Isigny closed the door behind him, and passed quickly upstairs, into the room we have seen before, and to the bed we have seen before.

Upon it lay a tangled heap of grey clothes, from the upper part of which came a bare lean arm, the hand of which was turned into the coarse wavy curls of what looked like a human head. Marat, on this night of unutterable horrors, had thrown himself on his bed in his clothes, and, like Danton, had slept. There was no face to be seen, it was under the arm. D'Isigny was approaching the bed, when Madame, quietly, but with decisive strength, anticipated him, and going up to the bed said, with a loud clear voice,—

“Marat, awake!”

The grey heap of clothes moved, and from under the naked arm there came a face, which looked on that of Madame D'Isigny with

^f I deeply regret to say, that though, I hope, a painstaking man, I am still in the dark about the sister or sisters of Marat. Lord Houghton's sister, I always believed, was Mademoiselle Marat. The *Pall Mall Gazette* speaks of a sister called Madame Delit, who was married while Marat was (as I think) in England, lecturing. Could Lord Houghton be prevailed on to give THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE some notice of Marat's sister? For, take him all in all, Marat was the most interesting and inscrutable man of the Revolution. The man exercised a power in France which can hardly be accounted for by the Duplessis Bertaux portrait. That David was a humbug, I am not prepared to deny; but his Marat seems to me, by a conjunction of probabilities, nearer the mark of the real man.

that dull stupidity and look of inquiry, which I suppose all men have when they first awaken.

I cannot describe that face ; but I can describe the effect of it, however.

As it moved from under the naked arm and disclosed itself, D'Isigny, who had seen it before, drew back and turned away. Madame drew up her crest like a rattlesnake, prepared to strike, and confronted it. Not only with courageous defiance, but with furious words, words which I am loth to use, but which, considering the period, the people concerned, and the situation, I am compelled to use.

“Marat, thou dog, thou hast died in thy sleep, and hast awakened in hell. I, the other fury of the Revolution, demand to know what thou hast done with my daughter, Mathilde ? ”

The heap of grey clothes, with the face among them, was sitting on the side of the bed directly.

“It is not hell ; and thou art distracted,” said Marat. “I know of but one Mathilde, and she is safe in Brittany. And who art thou, thou grey fury ? ”

“I am Madame D'Isigny. My daughter, Mathilde, has been murdered by your orders. I ordered her to personate her sister, the Marquise de Valognes, and our groom says that she has been murdered ; perhaps it is not so. Say it is not so ! ”

“You mean,” said Marat, “that you sent Mathilde to Paris to personate her sister ? ”

“That is the case, man ! ”

“Oh, you incredible lunatics ! In what prison was she ? ”

“In the Abbaye.”

“Why, she nursed me and tended me when I was penniless and alone. Why, I could have saved her. Why, I liberated eight, four days ago, in addition to Danton's list, from the same prison. I saw in the list of the imprisoned, Marquise de Valognes, whom I remember as a foolish girl who insulted me, and all the time through your silly deceit it was my own Mathilde, for whom I would have died. Come quickly, there is yet some glimmer of hope. Quick ! quick ! Are you made of stone ? ”

Marat, descending the staircase, fluttered swiftly in his grey clothes along the street before them like a bat before two herons. Not a soul spoke to any of the three, for they knew Marat well, and guessed what was going on. The conscience of the Rue de Jacquerie

was troubled, and it was a little afraid of its idol. The idol also had signs by which it made the worshippers understand that this was not the hour of sacrifice or prayerful flattery.

The streets grew more and more solitary as they grew broader, and the tall, strong couple had a difficulty sometimes in keeping pace with the figure which passed so rapidly on before them under the lanthorns, casting on the wall and pavement a hundred flickering shadows, more goblin-like than itself. At last, in the distance, at the end of a street, they saw a tall narrow building of many stories, with two little turrets at each corner, in front of which there was a small crowd with flambeaux, the light of which lit up every angle in the building from the lower side. There was rapid occasional movement in the crowd, but very little noise, and neither of our friends at first understood what was going on, until Marat stopped and said, holding up his arm,—

“This is the work of your order. It is possible that I may have to ask you to look on it; but will spare you if I can. Stay here. I will return immediately.”

Time, in their terror for what was so dear for them, had become dead. The courage of both failed. D’Isigny, with the instinct of a gentleman, stood between his wife and what was going on under the flambeaux; but indeed she was as well able to bear it as he. Earth seemed gone from them, and the only link between them and *hope* was the wolf whose maddened head conceived the iniquity. In their rapidly vanishing hope, they almost loved him.

He was quickly back with four men: and they knew the fearful truth with certainty. “We are too late here,” said Marat; and paused, even he.

They were dumb with horror and grief, and said nothing. For the time, Marat was time and the world to them, and they hung upon his gasping lips.

“It may not be too late elsewhere, for another purpose,” he said, very quietly. “Go with these five men. Each one of them has the power of an emperor or a king to-night, for he is patriot. You are safe with them. I, Marat, say so.”

“Will you not go with us, M. Marat?” asked Madame D’Isigny.

“Fools, conspirators of the salon, how fit are you for revolution. Why, if my beloved sister lay dead upon the stones before me, I could think, I could act. You stand like frightened sheep before

the vengeance of the people for their unutterable wrongs. Listen, and understand. Had not the people demanded my life I would have laid it down for her who is lost through an unhappy mistake. I will make some amends, for you, in your way, were kind to me. I have been late at the Abbaye, and must fly to the Conciergerie. If, in consequence of your incredible imbecility, I have not been able to save your daughter Mathilde, there is yet a wild chance that I may save your son-in-law, De Valognes."

He passed swiftly from their sight into the darkness, and they saw him no more.

The five men hurried them away. "There is barely time," one said; "we must be very quick. You know me, D'Isigny; I am Jean Bon, who first brought you to Marat's house."

"I know you," said D'Isigny, "and I will reward you."

"I want no money. We take only the wages of the Commune.^s We are *enragés*, and aristocrat money would burn our hands. I want swift walking, though. Can your wife walk swiftly, or shall we leave her?"

Madame could walk as fast as any of them, and proved it. Once more time was in abeyance, even now that hope was gone. The streets grew narrow, and once more again broad, and upon the night air were borne whisperings of trees and faint scents of the country, carried from a distance in the fresh wind of the coming summer morn. At last, in a square place, among larger streets, they came on another group of flambeaux, and were stopped again.

Jean Bon went on: "I knew her well," he said; "I saw her in the Abbaye." And they let him go, and after a time he came back again.

"We are too late here again," he said, in a whisper.

"What place is that?" said Madame, pointing to the flambeaux.

"The opening which the secret committee of the Commune caused to be made in the catacombs," whispered Jean Bon to Madame, for D'Isigny was spent and dumb.

"Shall we have no relics of her, then?" asked her mother.

"Her good works," said Jean Bon, "and this. They found it on her bosom. We do not steal, and the Commune would have got it. But I had it given up directly when I told them that her mother had come even here to seek her."

She took what he gave her mechanically, and they were escorted

^s It is a singular fact, attested by, I believe, every one, that as far as could be ascertained, hardly any robbery was committed.

home, knowing nothing and caring nothing about their own fate. The lamp in D'Isigny's room was still burning when they got home, and D'Isigny cast himself on his bed. Madame came to him.

"This is all we have left of her," said she, and showed him what Jean Bon had given her.

Old Lady Somers' missal, with the Ferdinand and Isabella illumination, and the silver filigree Byzantine binding, with the piece of the true cross set in it. On one leaf, which opened easiest to D'Isigny's hand, as being the most used, there was an illumination in red, which the patient monk who had done the beautiful work had never contemplated; though unconsciously, he in his way, by his idea of making an ideal lazy Heaven in this world, had helped that state of affairs which set, centuries afterwards, the broad red stain across his lilies and his ivy leaves.

CHAPTER LXI.

CONCIERGERIE.

POOR Louis de Valognes: thinner and more beautiful ghost of my favourite Havelock, Willoughby, Desilles. Do you care for him? Where was he? And how did he fare?

With less determination, with less character, with less intense religionism than General Havelock or Lieutenant Willoughby, he was still *bon Chrétien*, and with less of all three attributes than I picture to myself in André Desilles, he was yet a very valuable man. Had there been a large majority of such men in France as he or the Lameths,—nay, even as the Polignacs,—there might have been no revolution; for good or for evil, as the reader thinks.^h

Life had been intensely dear and sweet on the whole to Louis de Valognes. To ornamental men of personal beauty, used to admiration and kindness from their fellows, of good health, good conscience, good manners, a real love of their kind, and sufficient

^h One trifling remark, "not in text." The French Revolution could not in any computation of chances occur again, in any country with a government short of imbecile, if the troops can be conciliated. Look at the Second of December, and the vote which followed. Any government in possession of the strong places, and with the arms of precision under lock and key, can now face a general uprising of the people. I thank God that true liberty, equality, and fraternity are coming through mere political objurgations, not by either Septembriseurs or Decembriseurs!

real earnestness of purpose to make them well thought of among the very best and highest of their acquaintances, life is generally very precious. Louis de Valognes had all these qualifications for an entire enjoyment of life even when he was a cadet. Superadded to all these things now he had a splendid estate, a beautiful wife loved beyond measure, and a position such as would be envied by most men in Europe.

And it was all gone from him utterly. The pleasant, smiling Atlantic of prestige, love, wealth, society, had sunk from below his feet, as the sea had sunk from the feet of him and André Desilles on the first day when you saw them sitting together on the rocks at St. Malo. Of his deeply-loved wife he had seen but little, of his child, the melancholy baby, still less. He was a very affectionate man, and had always had some one on whom to lavish his affection. Now he was all alone; for the people with whom he was confined did not suit him, and indeed he scarcely suited them, for the son-in-law of the traitor and trimmer D'Isigny, friend of Marat, could scarcely be popular among them; and again he thought them for the most part frivolous, vain, and shallow, with all their courage.

“These people,” he said to himself once bitterly, while eating his own heart in his bitter disappointment, “are ready to die decently, yet a good number of them never managed to live decently. Old Cardinal Leroy has sufficient personal courage to prevent him making a scene on the scaffold; I never heard of any one who did, except Lady Salisbury, and she only did it through an excess of personal courage. These people, who one half of them have neglected every duty, now take credit for courage. Bah!”

“And their manners,” he growled on, in his sour mood, “they are no better than mine: their tittle-tattles about precedence are to me insupportable now that hell has broken loose. Why if that old fool, De Barsac, happened to be sleeping with his wife when the last trump sounded, he would hold a polite argument with her, as to which of them etiquette required to get out of bed first.”

“I am sick of the whole thing. I want my liberty and my wife. The worst of it is that these Parisians seem to have arrested all the fools to keep me company, and to leave all the clever men walking free. I suppose it will be the turn of the clever men next.”

Poor Louis. Life so dear, and yet at the price so worthless. He moped alone, and hungered in his heart for one look of Adèle. The look she had when she came towards him with her mouth

slightly curled up at the corners, and when her eyebrows followed the motion of her mouth : the look that told him that he was loved above all things on earth, and most things in heaven.

Where was she? In prison or saved? How far would these revolutionists dare to go? Not to the extent of death, surely? And so the poor, innocent, kindly lad sat and ate his heart alone, for the frivolity, the snuff-boxing, the badinage, of the ghosts downstairs were as insufferable for him to see as it is for me or you to read of.

On the afternoon of the night in which Mathilde was lost, he became aware that the prisoners were being sent into the street, and were being murdered. The man who told him was a young man, like himself, with a wife, who had sympathised with him, and who had sources of information.

“Are they killing all?” said Louis.

“I think so. Danton, I know, sent out lists, which were supplemented by Marat. The people on those lists were those we saw removed yesterday. You and I, you see, were not removed.”

Death then : and without even one last kiss from Adèle. It was come to this.

Through long hours he sat and brooded in his window on the stairs, and heard one after another go down. He tried to prepare himself to die ; but life was too sweet, and he could not do it. So far from getting into a frame of mind fit to meet his God, he got into a frame of mind far more fit to meet the Devil. “Oh, for a knife ! even that I might give an account of even one.”

It was towards the dawning of the summer morning when he was summoned. Five men came to summon him, and he saw them go into the dog-hole where he had slept.

“What is your errand for?” he cried.

“*Ci-devant* De Valognes,” cried one, in reality Jean Bon, friend of Marat.

“I am he.”

“Come down, then,” said Jean Bon, taking him by the arm, and whispering to him, “Be discreet.”

This whisper was overheard, by at least one of the five, who at once spoke out.

“Jean Bon, thou art a dog, a traitor, and a liar ; and Marat is not all the world.”

So Louis went to his hopeless death down the stairs, Jean Bon

holding him by the arm. He would have bolted had he not known what was going on outside ; but he only prayed, and found that, in the last agony, the power of prayer had come.

A smell of brandy and tobacco, and he was in a lighted room, with six men, in a row, on one side of it, and he himself, with his five guides, on the other.

Once more Jean Bon whispered, "Be discreet!" but he did not understand, and yet was discreet; believing that his death was three minutes off.

"Who is this man?" said the president of the tribunal.

"*Ci-devant* Louis de Valognes," replied Jean Bon.

"His crime?"

"None. I, Jean Bon, known as a patriot, declare that there is nothing against this man. This man is an aristocrat by birth; he has married into his order. Well, then; he married the daughter of D'Isigny, the Breton, friend of Marat; and is brother-in-law to Mathilde, the friend and nurse of Marat, when he had no friends. This man is innocent."

"It seems to me," said the president, rather promptly, "that this man is perfectly innocent. Are there any specific charges against him?"

"He is an aristocrat," cried the patriot who had quarrelled with Jean Bon on the stairs. "He was friend of the murderer of Nanci, whose funeral obsequies were performed on the Champ de Mars, with those of his fellow-murderers, by Lafayette and Bailly."

"My dear friend," said the president, "I am an aristocrat myself; as is St. Huruges. For André Desilles, you must be in a state of distraction—he was killed in trying to save life. Is that all against him?"

It appeared so.

"Dismiss him with 'Vive la Nation,' then, and, Jean Bon, keep close to him."

Jean Bon kept close to him, and said, "Shut your eyes, for you have been near death, and tremble."

Louis shut his eyes, but did not keep them shut, for he opened them too soon, and saw before him a handsome young man, with outspread arms, lying, as if crucified, on the pavement.¹ After this he closed them again, and, led by Jean Bon, passed on in safety.

¹ I could not help this allusion to that beautifully sketched figure in the *Tableaux Historiques*, idealised by Doré, as the best thing he has ever done; the figure of the man in the "Inferno," crucified for saying that "one man must die for the people."

CHAPTER LXII.

THE ALTAR.

D'ISIGNY threw himself on his bed when they got home, and lay there, saying not one word. Madame, saying not one word either, paced up and down the room with her hands beside her. Each one was thinking that there might be terrible recriminations on either side, yet both were quite unwilling to begin them. There was nothing now left to either of them but the other; a new-born love, the love of the old for the old, was nascent between them. Both of them dreaded its disturbance. So Madame, walking up and down the room, kept saying, "It was my fault for using Adèle's house as a rendezvous for the followers of Charette and Larochejaquelein." And D'Isigny lay on the bed in dumb grief, saying to himself, "It was my fault for telling her to continue her falsehood." So these two were silent: each refusing to speak, each ready to yield.

There opened the door, and there came in a ghost. It was the ghost of Louis de Valognes.

"I have been saved," he said, "and I know all. We will mourn together, for we are all three guilty of her death. I have had my share in it, as I had in the death of my André Desilles. It was I, by my cowardly deceit, who kept her from André until it was too late. You, sir, by your extreme precisianism, made me fear you, and drove us all into deceit; and you, madame, who could have saved all this misery, separated yourself from your family by your violence. Are we not all three to blame, I ask?"

The answer was a mournful "Yes."

In a subdued and humble frame of mind, and in a low voice, they discussed details which Shakspeare, with his bold, clear, decisive drawing, might handle, but which I, wanting his art, must leave alone, from sheer inability to do so without offending the great "Ars Poetica" canon, in which I believe. They talked long, and then Louis went out to arouse William and get further facts.

It was nine o'clock in the morning, and broad glorious day, when Louis went out to him. The first thing which Louis saw was a wild, dirty-looking man in the further doorway, who pointed with his finger to something in a corner close to Louis's feet, nodded, and then vanished. This was the very last of Jean Bon.

Louis turned towards the corner indicated by Jean Bon, and grew terrified for a moment. On the floor in that corner lay William the Silent, of whom no one had thought, on his back, just as he had cast himself down after his fearful swift struggle for life. He lay on the floor with his arms stretched out, so awfully like the figure which Louis had seen on the pavement in front of the Conciergerie, that he dreaded to approach him.

Overpowered with sleep he lay there, not dead, not likely to die : only lying in the happy death of sleep, just as he had cast himself down. He had nothing on him but the clothes in which he escaped, his breeches, stockings, and shirt. His shirt was open at the breast, and on the centre of his breast lay a letter. Louis, bending over him, took the letter from his breast, putting his hand on the left side of it. William's heart was going as steadily, and as well, as his brother's did when he stood with his thumb on the touch-hole of the thirty-eight pounder, and after the first horrible and glorious two hours of Trafalgar.

He was easy about William, but he took the letter from his unconscious chest, and went back to Monsieur and Madame D'Isigny, saying, in his pretty French way, "Here is an offering which I have stolen from the highest of all altars, the bare breast of a thoroughly noble person. May we hear its contents?"

D'Isigny read it to them at once.

"I believe that I am traitor for what I do, yet I have consulted Camille Desmoulins and Barbaroux ; and they say that I am right.

"My heart is grieved. It was the stupidity of you and your wife which caused the mischief. I will make what amends I can to you. If you have a heart as good as a dog's, you will see that it was not my fault. The nation is beginning its vengeance, for many things. A time will come when the civilized world will sum up, in retirement, the case between us and between you ; and mark me, the balance of atrocities will be against you aristocrats ; or the world is delivered to the devil : a thing I do not believe.

"With regard to your order, we mean to slay, and slay, and slay. Your order has courage, brains, very often high virtue. These three things oppose our views, and we mean to put an end to them by death. If your order had been less dangerous, you might have lived : as it is, you must die.

“As for you and yours, I, who hold really the reins, tell you that you are free. You are perfectly safe, for the present. But not always. There is a cat scrambling up by dirty gutter-holes to the roof of power, who would ruin me as certainly as he would ruin you.

“I have immense power now, and I have no mercy except towards a few. I have mercy towards you, for her sake. And I tell you that my power may increase or decrease. Barbaroux’s (my old pupil’s) beautiful face, and Verniaud’s more beautiful tongue, may destroy me, and would never spare you. It is all a throw of the dice. I will protect you as long as I can; but how long will that be? Danton only truly stays by me, for Camille Desmoulins has partly gone from me. Those two men are human; I and the Cat Robespierre are beyond the pale of humanity.

“Get away quickly; sell up all you have and retire to England. I will protect your retreat. This is the last mercy which I can show.

“MARAT.”

CHAPTER LXIII.

SHEEPSDEN ONCE MORE.

THE old house once more, but in more quiet times. The golden autumn had faded from his brighter glories, until only a few fluttering yellow and red leaves were wasting on the trees. November was dying into December; the wild spring winds and rains under which I had first to introduce Sheepsden to you, had blown themselves into quiescence, and all was still.

Yet Sheepsden in a way was more lively and more pleasant than it had ever been before, for there were more people there. They were none of them cheerful, for the shadow of the great disaster had not yet passed away; they were all subdued, and still the mere number of them brightened up Sheepsden; for there were assembled there nearly all the people of our story, inside the screen. The French party had returned, and had quietly asked the English party to a supper: Mrs. Bone, William, and the Rector’s and Sir Lionel’s men were waiting, and they were all speaking in a very subdued tone, so that it was difficult for one pair of speakers to hear what the other said or for the general company to hear what any particular pair of speakers said. Madame D’Isigny sat at the head of the

table, and Monsieur fronted her. They were almost absolutely silent.

The Rector, sitting between the Marquis de Valognes and Sir Lionel Somers, happened to talk to the former first.

"I have not realised it yet," said he, "what actually became of her. Where was she buried?"

"In the Catacombs, which the Secret Committee of the Commune had opened five days before."

"It seems incredible," said the Rector.

"It would not seem so to you if you had been where I have," said Louis.

The Rector had scarcely realised it as yet. He turned to Sir Lionel.

"Lionel," he said, "there is another saint in glory, and a friend of yours, Evans, is dead."

"Ah! So I should have expected; his death has been near for two years. I am not sorry, Rector; how can I be? When did he die?"

"On the first of September."

"Then Mathilde and he will actually meet," said Sir Lionel. "How passing strange. My time will not come yet, and when it does they will have wandered so far into the maze of paradise that I shall not be able to overtake them; and even if I could, I should not know them for the glory which would be in their faces. Will they wait for me, those two, do you think, Rector?"

The theology of Oxford offered no answer to this singular question; but as a man of the world the Rector found a lame answer for him.

"Lionel, my boy, you must not brood and get fanciful."

"I will not," said Sir Lionel. "I have no such intention. There is surely nothing fanciful in hoping that I may see Mathilde and Evans again, and in company, for they were twin souls. Are the Revelations fanciful?"

"Lionel," said the Rector, "you should remember how very little is revealed about the future of the blest."

"I know," said Sir Lionel, "and I know what I mean also. What has become of Evans' widow? Because she must be handsomely provided for."

"She was in deep poverty and ill health, but she is well provided for now."

"By whom?" he asked.

“By your mother.”

“No!” he said. “That is very beautiful. Mother,” he said to Lady Somers, who was sitting solemnly beside her old schoolfellow, Madame D’Isigny, “the Rector and I have been speaking of Mrs. Evans, and I give you my thanks.”

“And I give you my blessing, my son,” replied the old lady, turning once more to Madame D’Isigny.

“My dear Marie,” she continued, “whatever could have made me dislike you?”

“My furious ill temper,” said Madame the Terrible; “and, moreover, the failure in winning my husband’s love. Yet you never saw it at its best. Sister dear,” she said, “was I not terrible at my worst? Do you remember the day at La Garaye?”

A bland, timid, and pale old lady, who sat on the other side of Lady Somers, in a religious dress, raised her head and said,—

“Yes, sister, I remember it. You were angry with us, but you saved our lives by your courage.”

“You were the Lady Superior of Dinort,^k madame,” said Lady Somers. “My heart burned when I heard of your splendid heroism. Your nuns are here, madame, I understand.”

“They are at Lulworth, with the Welds,” answered our old friend, the Lady Superior of Dinort, Lady Visitor of La Garaye. “They will be provided for among the Catholic English families in various ways. For me, I stay with my brother, and go and see them sometimes.”

Said Mrs. Bone to William, “So this is your going abroad?”

Said William to Mrs. Bone, “You are always right. That’s just it.”

Said Martin the Poacher, who had looked in, hearing that the gentlefolks were going to meet at supper, on the chance of a feed, to William in the scullery,—

“They’re carrying on fine games, they French.”

And William said, “Fine games indeed.”

And Martin said, “And so you circumvented of the hull lot. I’d never have give you credit for it, but you done it. Your uncle Bob, I’d have backed he.”

And William said, “I seen it was all over with her, and I see

^k To save my readers trouble, Dinort is a perfectly fictitious place. Montauban, chosen for the sounding beauty of its name, is of course also fictitious. Vasansdire and Vaurien speak for themselves. All my other localisms—(is there such a word?)—are, I think, correct.

nothing but cutting and running, and I cut and run according. As for games, they are always up to all manner of games, they French."

"I knows 'em; they allus were, and they allus 'ool," said old Martin. And I am inclined to agree with him.

CHAPTER LXIV.

A CHAPTER WHICH I HOPE THE READER WILL BE SORRY TO
READ, FOR IT IS THE LAST.

SIR LIONEL SOMERS married his mother after all, as the valley had before accused him of doing. At least he married no one else until four years after her death. Whom he married I either have forgotten or do not care, but there was an heir to Ashurst born in the early part of this century, who still sits in the House of Lords.

In the awful storm, which followed the retreat of those with whom I have made you acquainted from France, not one of them moved in the French Revolution. D'Isigny was declared *émigré* and his estates confiscated, leaving him utterly dependent on his furious, now tamed, wife, which was not a bad thing for him.

Strangely enough, Louis de Valognes was never declared *émigré*. Estates of his were confiscated and taken possession of by several laws, passed in the turmoil which followed, yet he was never declared *émigré*. The melancholy baby, whom I knew at Dieppe when he was sixty, was not without means. Under the Tallien reaction, and under the Buonaparte reaction, Louis might have recovered the main of his estates, but lacked the cash required in a civilised country to get himself righted.

For the rest of him, he would not stand Tallien; and Adèle would, of course, have died sooner than speak to the Cabarus; or, indeed, to Madame Buonaparte in the disreputable days, while she still rode with the Cabarus in the Bois de Boulogne, on a white horse, and while Napoleon was on his fool's errand in Egypt. On the receipt of the news of The Nile she said that she had always, from the first, said that this would be the end of it. But no living soul had ever heard her say so; and besides, it was not the end of it at all, only the beginning.

When Napoleon, however, was well seated, Louis, hungering

after his old trade, offered his services; and Adèle, now that Cabarus was not received, was content to make her bow before the heretofore disreputable Josephine. Louis got employment, and rose high; though he never was Marshal. The melancholy baby early in life turned Legitimist in politics, and Ultramontane in religion, which, as Mrs. Bone would say, "vexed his pa." Exeant.

William the Silent married Mrs. Bone. That is to say, he never married her in the way of taking her to church; seeing that she was old enough to be his grandmother, it would have been strange if he had. But he gave up his life to her first, and to the D'Isignys afterwards. Audrey, his sweetheart, being desirous of a wedded life, married the rising young sweep from Stourminster-Osborne, and William did not care a bit. So time went on; the Revolution blazed up, died into Tallienism, Buonapartism, while the war blazed on steadily, getting in its heat from red to white: until—until—it was all over. Nothing left but the command of the seas (now lost), 840,000,000*l.* of debt, and a tradition of great deeds sufficient to keep any nation alive for a century.

So I have accounted for every one of my characters. You shake your head, and say that there is still one of whom I have given no account. Why, I gave the last account of this man fifteen months ago, when I first made acquaintance with you. You desire more. Well, then.

It was during the peace of Amiens that Madame and Monsieur D'Isigny were walking through their estate at Sheepsden together. They had walked down to the ford, where Louis de Valognes had met Adèle in the old times, and D'Isigny had said, "I hate the place: it was partly the cause of all the mischief." And Madame had said, "Isidore, let us walk aloft on the down;" and they had gone up, and rambled along the road which came from Christchurch, when they saw a young priest coming swiftly along the road towards them.

He stopped, of course, and spoke. "I seek the house of M. D'Isigny of Brittany. Kind sir, can you guide me?"

"I am D'Isigny the Breton."

"I have a message for you from the dead," said the priest. "I am for Lulworth, but have made the detour. In the black darkness of worse than death I have kept to my purpose, and so see it is executed at last."

D'Isigny took a brown soiled letter from him, and opened it:

there were but few words in it : but there was a curl of grey black hair in it which he knew, and which made him put his hands to his head and moan aloud.

Madame picked up the letter, and knew the curl of hair as well as he. The letter was very short ; she read it aloud.

“ I dread committing any one, but I have been two years in prison now, and they say that this Carrier who has come down has no mercy. It is equal. I fear not dashing at the gate of glory. Yet the others. You, to whom this is written, be careful of Mathilde, for she knows how to die too well. This young priest, to whom I give this, is strong and athletic, and is going to try to escape. You see that I can say no more.”

As they walked, the young priest told them how the end had come. This young priest was a Jesuit (forgive me, my readers), and had been selected by the Order for missionary work, in consequence of being singularly athletic and powerful. Arrested on his way to Brest, *en route* for Pondicherry, he had been sent to Nantes, where he had lain two years, with our old friend Father Martin. At the end of it, when Carrier came, they had expected the fusillade, but were spared that : then they heard of the Noyade, and prepared.

“ I, being a good swimmer,” said the athletic young Jesuit, “ determined to try for life, knowing that, if I could dive half way across the river, the peasants on the other side would save me. Father Martin gave me his blessing, and this ; and when it came to my turn, I kept so long under water, that you see that I have brought it to you at last.”

“ What was he doing when you saw him last ? ” said Madame.

“ Standing and chanting, trying to encourage the others to chant. Yet he was the only one who sang.”

“ What did he chant ? ” asked Madame. “ Was it a Psalm ? ”

“ No,” said the Jesuit ; “ he chanted from the Revelations, pointing it himself.”

“ And I heard a great voice out of Heaven, saying, ‘ Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God.’ ”

“And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain. *For the former things are passed away.*”

With this last and greatest chant of Father Martin's I must bid you adieu, my reader. After so many months' acquaintance I am loth to part. Let me hope that I have left you something to think about.

Truly, indeed, the former things are passed away.

THE END.



VESTIARIUM CHRISTIANUM.^a



THIS work, which from its title might be supposed to be one called forth by the pending controversies in the Church of England, regarding vestments and other matters of ritual observance, is, in fact, a most learned antiquarian investigation respecting the dress which is “to be regarded as proper to offices of holy ministry in Christ's Church.” The author has examined not only the whole range of ancient and patristic writings, from which any light might be derived for the illustration of his subject; but he has also had recourse to the far more satisfactory evidence afforded by the painting in the catacombs, early carved ivories, Christian glass, mosaics in the churches of Rome and Ravenna, illuminated MSS. And thus he has been able to furnish controversialists on both sides with original materials on which to found their arguments. The spirit and the scope of his undertaking cannot be better expressed than by the opening passages of his preface.

“Historical or antiquarian investigation,” he says, “is one thing; theological controversy is another. There is time and there is place for both; but not for both the same time and the same place without disadvantage to the former of the two. Under this conviction I have studiously put aside, in the treatise which follows, all reference to the passing controversies of these days, and have made it my one object to collect every fact of importance bearing on the subject immediately before me, to set it before my readers in such a way as shall enable them to form their own estimate of its value, and at the same time to offer, for whatever may be its worth, the interpretation which I myself believe to be the true one.

“And even now that my work is complete—a work that originated in

^a “*Vestiarium Christianum*: the Origin and Gradual Development of the Dress of Holy Ministry in the Church.” By the Rev. Wharton B. Marriott, M.A., F.S.A., &c. London: Rivingtons, 1868.



Our Lord administering the Bread and the Cup to the Eleven Disciples. From a Syriac MS. of the year 586, A.D.



The Adoration of the Magi. From the Cemetery of S.S. Marcellinus and Peter.

the controversies of these days, and that touches, as I believe, upon those controversies in many points of the greatest importance—I still think it better, on many grounds, to adhere to the same course. The objects I have in view will, I believe, be best attained if I leave the

monuments, here reproduced, to tell their own tale, and to produce conviction by their own force, without any attempt on my part to apply their lessons in detail to questions of ritual, or of doctrine, now disputed in the Church" (p. 5).

The general conclusions at which our author arrives are to be found in the following extracts from his Introduction.

"Among those who have examined the question upon purely historical or antiquarian evidence, the more general opinion is such as this—that in the Apostolic age there was no essential difference between



Our Lord as the Giver of the Divine Word.

the dress worn by Christians in ordinary life and that worn by bishops, priests, or other clerics, when engaged in offices of holy ministration; but that after the lapse of three or four centuries the dress of ordinary life became changed, while that worn in ecclesiastical offices remained in form unchanged, though ever more and more richly decorated. That from these causes a marked distinction was gradually brought about between the dress of the clergy and that of the laity (to say nothing of the monastic orders, who were distinguished from them both); that, as time went on, the ordinary dress of the clergy themselves came to be distinguished in form, in colour, and in name from that in which they ministered; while, at length, yet a further distinction was introduced as between the dress of the more ordinary ministrations and the more splendid vestments reserved for the highest offices of all, and for occasions of especial solemnity.

"There is much in this second statement which is undoubtedly true; but the evidence to be alleged in the following treatise will show that important modifications of that statement, and additions to it, must be made, if we wish to convey an exact idea of what was the primitive and apostolic type of ministering dress, and what the successive stages of its gradual development" (pp. 1, 2).

Mr. Marriott, whilst wisely disavowing controversy, has thus not left us in doubt respecting his own conclusions. As a clergyman of the Church of England he could not be indifferent to the "decency" of public worship; but being versed in the history of this question he could not fail to point out the difference between usages claiming apostolical



Ancient Glass, from the Roman Catacombs.

authority and the customs of the primitive Church. It appears that in the earliest ages the costume of the Christian ministry was identical with that ordinarily used by clergy and laity alike on festive occasions. But, as costume is of all sublunary things most liable to change, in course of time the costume of the laity developed itself into new forms, whilst that of the clergy remained the same. Something analogous to this, and especially valuable as illustrating the feeling which dictated this sacred conservatism, may be seen in the sculptures and paintings even of the 16th century, where our Lord, the Virgin Mary, the Apostles, and other sacred persons, are represented in what is designated "conventional costume," whilst the other figures are clothed in the fashion of the day.

His work is divided into two very unequal parts: the first, entitled

“Introduction,” contains the results derived from the ample investigation of “Ancient Authors” contained in Part II. In this second part lies the great value of Mr. Marriott’s work. For in it he has collected, with the greatest care and the most critical accuracy, passages from the writings of those who have treated or spoken of ecclesiastical vestments, from Josephus and Philo Judæus to the Patriarch Symeon of Thessa-



St. Peter delivering the Pallium to Pope Leo, and the Vexillum to Charlemagne.

lonica. And it would be in vain to search elsewhere for such a repertory of original authorities on this subject.

The following passage from the preface possesses an interest for others besides the students of the particular subjects of the book. In referring to the services which had been rendered him by various friends who assisted him in his inquiries, Mr. Marriott acknowledges “many special obligations” to the Queen’s Librarian at Windsor, and says :—

“I know that I shall do so in the manner that will be most acceptable to him if I take the opportunity of saying, that in making available for literary studies the resources of the library under his charge, he is but carrying out the express commands of H.R.H. the Prince Consort under the sanction of the Queen. It was the Prince’s desire that, as soon as the arrangement of the library, commenced under his direction, should be sufficiently advanced, it should be made accessible for

purposes of study as far as might be consistent with its special character. As one of the first to have profited, as I have most largely, by the permission thus given, I venture to express my grateful acknowledgments, and to make known this additional illustration of the generous consideration for others and regard for the interests of literature which were conspicuous in the lamented Prince" (p. 6).

The illustrations consist of photographs, photo-lithographs, and woodcuts, after authentic monuments. They are well executed, and add greatly to the value of the book, as will be shown by the specimens which we are enabled to present to our readers by the courtesy of the author and his publishers.



LIFE OF PRINCE HENRY OF PORTUGAL.^a



A ROCKY cape at the south-western extremity of Europe, washed by the waves of ocean, and forming in its barrenness a striking contrast to the rest of "sunny Portugal;" a king's son giving up the splendours of a court to live in this desolate spot, in order the better to pursue his life's object—of adding new countries to the known world, new converts to the Christian faith; such are some of the most salient features whose picturesqueness attracts us at the outset of Mr. Major's valuable work.

Geography has been aptly called "one of the eyes of history;" and therefore it cannot but rejoice SYLVANUS URBAN to see the father of "continuous modern discovery" placed before men in his rightful position, and to read the story of a noble life drawn from the witness of contemporaries by a biographer to whom the undertaking has evidently been a labour of love. And Prince Henry has an additional title to our interest as the son of an English princess, the daughter of John of Gaunt by his first marriage with Blanche of Lancaster. It was a gallant race that sprang from this alliance—a race in whom gentleness, valour, and piety were found side by side—a rare realisation of the true spirit of chivalry. King João I., the founder of the "glorious dynasty" of Aviz, and the husband of Philippa of Lancaster, was a fitting ancestor for so noble a line. Open-handed in his gifts, generous to his foes, he is enshrined in the recollection

^a "The Life of Prince Henry of Portugal, Surnamed the Navigator, and its Results." By Richard Henry Major, F.S.A., F.R.S.L., Keeper of the Department of Maps and Charts, British Museum, and Hon. Sec. of the Royal Geographical Society. Asher & Co., 13, Bedford Street, Covent Garden, and Berlin. 1868.

of his countrymen as the "father of his country," and the "king of happy memory." His eldest son and successor, Dom Duarte,^b had qualities that should have secured peace and happiness to his country; his love of truth made "the king's word" become proverbial; and his great facility of expression gained him the surname of "the Eloquent." Yet was his short reign of five years like that of Otto, the "wonder of the world," full only of "bright promise unfulfilled." He died in 1438, leaving his brother Dom Fernando, "the Constant Prince," a prisoner among the Moors of Fez, in a harsh captivity that ended not till "his soul escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler." So patient and so "constant" was Dom Fernando, that even his cruel jailer declared that "had he been a Mahometan he would have been a saint."

Of such stuff were Prince Henry's nearest relations made. We shall see how well he carried on the traditions of his house. As a counsellor Prince Henry was sought out and listened to with respect on all sides; and the influence of his strong good sense and gentle firmness made many a spirit bow to his upright decision. When Queen Leonora of Portugal, the widow of his brother Dom Duarte, was acting in antagonism to the Cortes, and refusing to present to them their young King, Alfonso V., after "obstinately resisting the persuasions of all others," she yielded to those of Prince Henry, "so great was the respect entertained for his opinion." To avert the horrors of a civil war, which seemed imminent during the first years of Queen Leonora's widowhood and of Dom Pedro's regency, Prince Henry gave up for a time his quiet retreat on the promontory of Sagres, and put aside his cherished schemes, making a break in the history of his expeditions from 1437 to 1440.

As yet, the Atlantic was, in very truth, the "sea of darkness;" but the first step towards light had been made in 1434, when Gil Eannes, one of the Prince's squires, doubled the formidable Cape Boyador, and became the initiator of that brilliant series of discoveries which shed such glory over the 15th century. The spirit that enabled Gil Eannes to conquer the terrors and difficulties of Boyador was also the spirit that carried Bartholomew Dias round the Cape of Storms, that led Vasco da Gama over the waste of waters to the rich isles of the East, that supported Columbus amid the murmurs of a crew who thought he had lured them out to certain death, and that

^b I.e. Edward, so named after his great-grandfather, Edward III. of England.

steered Magalhaens right through an unknown strait at the extremity of a new world safe into the smooth seas, which he was to find dotted with the coral islands of Polynesia.

The first point of geographical discussion upon which Mr. Major enters is the long-vexed question, who discovered Madeira? The answer to this, till now, had not been very satisfactory, or, at least, seemed to be based on scanty grounds. The earliest account hitherto known was, indeed, "one of the most romantic stories that have ever been dignified with the name of history," and its reputation was none the better, perhaps, for having been told "a hundred times in as many different shapes." In the course of sifting this strange tale documents have been found which establish the fact of the accidental discovery by the Englishman, Robert Machin, in a definitively historical light. The evidence on which Mr. Major's argument is based is derived from a Portuguese MS. in the Munich Library, earlier by half a century than the earliest *printed* account of that adventure, and differing from it in some particulars, but agreeing in all the main points, and both demonstratively drawn up from independent sources. The author of the account which was the fountain-head of all the ordinary versions was himself the representative by marriage of the Portuguese rediscoverer Zarco, and had in his possession a MS. written by one of Zarco's companions, which, although now lost, is satisfactorily proved by Mr. Major to have really existed. The argument is moreover confirmed by the consensus of Portuguese writers in deriving the name "Machico," given to one of the two territorial divisions of Madeira, from the Englishman Machin; for the other district "Funchal," named at the same time, bears a purely Portuguese appellation. Further, it is hardly conceivable that a nation should concede to another the honours of a discovery to which she believed herself exclusively entitled. We may still regret that the names of the runaway couple, whom accident turned into discoverers, should have come down to us only in a foreign dress that makes it difficult even to guess at their earlier history. Machin is a name still known in Gloucestershire, but we cannot identify the lineage of the high-born Anne d'Arfet or Dorset.

As the total result of Mr. Major's researches the chronology of the finding of Madeira is now for the first time made with certainty to comprise three distinct dates:° (1) the very early discovery by

° See *Life*, p. 69 and p. 151.

Genoese captains in the service of Portugal, between 1317 and 1351, as attested by the remarkable *Portulano Mediceo* of the latter date; (2) Machin's independent and accidental discovery, assigned to the close of the 14th century; which led to (3) the final and practical discovery by Zarco and Vaz, in 1420, through information received from Juan de Morales, a Spaniard who had met some sailors of Machin's vessel in captivity among the Moors.

Madeira and Porto Santo soon became flourishing colonies, and thus served to turn the current of public opinion in favour of those expeditions of Prince Henry upon which it had at first looked but coldly. There is much that is curious in the history of the other groups of Atlantic Islands. The Canaries, the half mythical "Insulæ Fortunatæ" and "Hesperides" of classical writers, the "abode of happy souls" mentioned by Homer, were erected into a principality for the exiled Infant, Don Luis de la Cerda, created "Prince of Fortune" by Pope Clement VI. in 1334. But neither the Pontifical treasury, into which "400 florins of good and pure gold of Florentine coinage" were to have been annually paid, nor the property of Don Luis, nor yet the knowledge of the geography of the Canaries, gained any accession by this ephemeral, or rather purely nominal, kingdom. The Azores are now first shown to have been discovered in the early part of the 14th century, then lost to sight, and rediscovered by one of Prince Henry's captains, probably in 1432. The colonies that were established both in the Azores and Canaries exhibit a singularly motley aspect. The presence in the former of several Flemings, perhaps, suggested the idea of a Flemish discovery; but this claim, as Mr. Major shows, is not only "not corroborated, but rather disproved, by contemporary evidence." Jacques de Bruges is indeed "Captain Donatary of the Island of Jesu Christo," afterwards called Terceira, in 1450, by grant from Prince Henry; but not a word is said, on the occasion, of such a signal service as the discovery of the islands being due to the Flemings.

The disasters that befel the Portuguese arms in the expedition to Tangier in 1437, and the civil troubles, already mentioned, caused a "hiatus" of three or four years in the progress of African discovery. But in 1441 the thread was resumed with vigour, and three years' exploration of the country of the Azanegues^d followed, which

^d In the account of these voyages Mr. Major shows that even his careful and scrupulous accuracy is not proof against the universal modern delusion which fills the mediæval world with a series of Emperors of "Austria," who would have been

resulted in the collection of many samples of the various types of inhabitants, “of every variety of colour, from nearly white to the deepest black, who very soon became Christians, and were treated with great kindness by their Portuguese masters.^e”

The mention of these captives naturally raises the question whether, as some have asserted, Prince Henry thus became the founder of the slave trade. Mr. Major has clearly proved that he was not so, either in intention or in fact. Not in *intention*, for he only desired to gather from the natives information concerning their respective countries, and to bring his informants to the knowledge of that faith which he hoped would soon overspread their land; not in *fact*, for all previous history bears witness to the great antiquity and prevalence of the servitude of the children of Ham.

In 1455 occurs the discovery of the River Gambia by the Venetian Cadamosto, who also claims to have been the discoverer of the Cape Verde Islands; but Mr. Major has been enabled, through an unpublished MS. in the Munich Library, to fix that honour, where it is rightly due, on Diogo Gomez, one of Prince Henry's closest personal attendants, whose touching narrative of his master's last days on earth we shall have occasion to quote. But honest Gomez, whose account is very simple and straightforward, was anticipated in the narrative of his own exploit by a Genoese captain, who had sailed in concert with him, and then ungenerously took advantage of an accidental circumstance to seize the honour and profits that belonged to another.

“Antonio de Noli,” says Gomez,^f “availing himself of a more favourable wind, reached Portugal before me; and he begged of the king the captaincy of the Island of Santiago, which I had discovered, and the king gave it him, and he kept it till his death.”

A right honest seaman and loyal subject this; for he makes no parade of a grievance, and nurses no rancour; he only does his duty to his sovereign, and lets rewards be given to whomsoever the king chooses. The year of this discovery appears to have been 1460, from various minute points of evidence adduced by Mr. Major. That

mightily astonished at such a title. In the case we allude to, however, there is much more reason than usual for the appellation, since Frederick III. really was “Frederick of Austria,” gave most of his energies to the aggrandisement of the Austrian House, and for twenty-seven years never entered the bounds of the empire.

^e Life, p. 178.

^f Life, p. 298.

was a year melancholy to all of the land of Portugal, for before its close Prince Henry was taken from amongst them.

Of his last illness and death Diogo Gomez, who was present at both, gives an account full of touching simplicity, from which we cannot but make some extracts.

“In the year of our Lord 1460,^g Prince Henry fell ill in his town on Cape St. Vincent, and of that sickness he died on Thursday, the 13th of November of the same year. And the same night on which he died they carried him to the Church of St. Mary in Lagos, where he was buried with all honour. At that time King Affonso was in Evora, and he, together with all his people, mourned greatly over the death of so great a prince, when they considered all the expeditions which he had set on foot, and all the results which he had obtained from the land of Guinea, as well as how much he had laid out in continuous warlike armaments at sea against the Saracens in the cause of the Christian faith.”

At the end of the year Gomez was deputed to examine the prince's remains previous to their being removed to the Church of Batalha, which, in Dr. Neale's glowing words, “for its exquisite workmanship, its unrivalled cloisters, its marvellous founder's chapel, its nave, aisles, chapter-house, and capella imperfeita, is, perhaps, the most striking edifice in Christendom.” We may be sure that the heart of Diogo Gomez was rejoiced at this translation. He found his master's body almost entirely sound, upon which he exclaims, “Well doth the church sing, ‘Thou shalt not suffer thy holy one to see corruption,’” arguing that this was the effect of the prince's pure and saintly life. Then the king's brothers and the bishops and nobles received orders to convey the body to Batalha, where the king himself would await its arrival.

“And the prince's body was placed in a large and most beautiful chapel which King João, his father, had built, and where lie the bodies of the king and his queen, Philippa, the prince's mother, together with his five brothers, the memory of all of whom is worthy of praise for evermore. There may they rest in holy peace! Amen.”

Azurara,^h a most prolix, but at the same time valuable, historian,

^g Life, pp. 304-5.

Of the site of this “Villa do Infante,” and of the monuments fitly erected there by Maria II. of Portugal, accurate plans and drawings, supplied by the Marquis de Sá da Bandeira, are given at pp. 52 and 314, which heighten the interest of the narrative.

^h Quoted in Life, pp. 306-7.

Barros, the Livy of Portugal, says of Azurara, that he well deserved by his diligence

gives an interesting sketch of this prince, whose followers loved him so well. Reading it by the light of the grave and thoughtful picture which forms the frontispiece to Mr. Major's book, and which is taken from the only known authentic portrait of Prince Henry, we get a good view of the "Protector of the studies of Portugal."

"He was large of frame," says our authority, "and brawny, and stout and strong of limb. His naturally fair complexion had, by constant toil and exposure, become dark. The expression of his face at first sight inspired fear in those who were not accustomed to him, and when he was angry, which rarely happened, his look was very formidable. Stout of heart and keen of intellect, he was extraordinarily ambitious of achieving great deeds. Neither luxury nor avarice ever found a home with him. . . . None left his house without some proof of the prince's generosity. *His self-discipline was unsurpassed*; all his days were spent in hard work, and it would not readily be believed how often he passed the night without sleep, so that *by dint of unflinching industry he conquered what seemed to be impossibilities to other men*. . . . He was devoted to the public interests of the kingdom, and took great pleasure in trying new plans for the general welfare at his own expense. He gloried in feats of arms against the enemies of the faith, but earnestly sought peace with all Christians. He was *universally beloved, for he did good to all and injured none*." Few are they in any sphere of life and in any age, whose character could be thus described.

But that is not all we have to consider; Prince Henry's title to the surname of "the Navigator" must be shown. How is his connection with later discoveries proved? Ferdinand Columbus shall first answer this question. "It was in Portugal," says he,¹ "that the admiral began to surmise that if the Portuguese sailed so far *south* one might also sail *westward*, and *find lands in that direction*." The great admiral himself married the daughter of the Portuguese navigator, Bartholomew Perestrello, on whom Prince Henry had conferred the governorship of Porto Santo, and whose maps and papers gave him much information, while various facts with which he became acquainted during his residence in Porto Santo and Madeira strengthened his belief in the "opinion of certain philo-

the name of the office which he held, viz., "Chronista Mór do Reino," and "Guarda Mór do Archivo Real da Torre do Tombo;" and adds these words, "Se alguma cousa ha bem escripto das chronicas d'este Reino, é da sua mão."

¹ Quoted in Life, p. 347.

sophers that the greater part of our globe is dry land." Ferdinand Columbus distinctly states that his father learned, during this residence, from many pilots experienced in the western voyages to the Azores and Madeira, "facts and signs which convinced him that there was an unknown land towards the west." A system of expeditions by the ablest sailors of the day necessarily gathered together a body of facts which, taken singly, might not have amounted to much, but when compared and placed side by side, would amply suffice to strengthen the convictions of a scientific navigator, seeking a definite goal. Columbus, it is clear, was directed to his own line of route towards "Cipango" and "the Indies," by the inductions which his science enabled him to draw from the experiences of Prince Henry's sailors, and his own navigations with them along the African coast. Granting this, there is no escape from the logical sequence which Mr. Major sets forth, that the discovery of the New World was the "result *westward*" of Prince Henry's explorations. Of course this admission involves Magalhaens and Cabral, and the discovery of the Pacific, and meets the voyages of Diaz and Da Gama, the "results *eastward*," among the Spice Islands of the Indian Ocean.

Truly the people that wrought out such great results in so short a time were worthy of the prince whose inspiration led them on, and deserve all respect from us who reap the fruit of their persevering labour. The mere example is worth much, as a spur to action under the disadvantages of scanty means and imperfect knowledge. The astronomical instruments in use by Prince Henry's sailors were, so far as their condition is known to us, rude and inaccurate; the vessels in which they braved the dangers, real as well as imaginary, of the "sea of darkness," would to our eyes seem but crazy "cock-boats." There was a proverb among the Portuguese relative to the difficulties that surrounded African navigation, which would have sounded ominous to less stout-hearted men than those who sailed from the Villa do Infante at Sagres. It ran thus: "Quem passar o Cabo de Não, ou voltará ou não," *i.e.*, "whoever passes Cape Non will return, *or not*." Chances must have seemed very much in favour of the latter solution. But the greater the danger the deeper is the interest in the narrative of such exploits. We must find room for one or two extracts containing graphic bits of description relating to some of the principal discoveries.

Bartholomew Dias sailed on his great voyage in 1486. "It was

fitting," says Mr. Major,^k "that a Dias should be the first to accomplish the great task which it had been the ruling desire of the life of Prince Henry to see effected. It was a family of daring navigators. João Dias had been one of the first who doubled Cape Boyador, and Lorenzo Dias was the first to reach the Bay of Arguin."

After passing the southernmost pillar set up by previous navigators, and making a hard fight against the weather off a cape which he called "Angra das Voltas," the Cape of Tacks, at the mouth of the Orange River, Dias and his company are driven south, into latitudes of unexpected cold. When they succeed in working up north and sighting land again, they set foot for the first time, though without knowing it, on land beyond the Cape. This was a little island in Algoa Bay, where Dias set up a pillar with a cross, "and the name of Santa Cruz, which he gave to the rock, still survives." Dias was anxious to press on, but "the crews began to complain, for they were worn out with fatigue, and alarmed at the heavy seas through which they were passing. With one voice they protested against proceeding further. . . . By way of compromise he proposed that they should sail on in the same direction for two or three days, and if they then found no reason for proceeding further, he promised they should return. The stipulated time brings them to what is now called the Great Fish River. "Here¹ the remonstrances and complaints of the crews compelled Dias to turn back. When he reached the little island of Santa Cruz, and bade farewell to the cross which he had there erected, it was with grief as intense as if he were leaving his child in the wilderness with no hope of ever seeing him again. The recollection of all the dangers that he and his men had gone through in that long voyage, and the reflection that they were to terminate thus fruitlessly, caused him the keenest sorrow. He was, in fact, unconscious of what he had accomplished: But his eyes were soon to be opened.

"As he sailed onwards to the west of Santa Cruz he at length came in sight of that remarkable cape which had been hidden from the eyes of man for so many centuries. In remembrance of the perils they had encountered in passing that tempestuous point, he gave to it the name of Cabo Tormentoso, or Stormy Cape, but when he reached Portugal and made his report to the king, João II., fore-

^k Life, p. 342 *et seq.*

¹ Life, p. 345.

seeing the realisation of the long-coveted passage to India, gave it the enduring name of Cape of Good Hope. The one grand discovery which had been the object of Prince Henry's unceasing desire was now effected." King João showed a true appreciation of the discovery by the soul-stirring name he gave it; but the first appellation was the only one that Bartholomew Dias was destined to realise. Sailing with Cabral's great expedition, in the year 1500, during which the "Land of the True Cross," now called Brazil, was added to the possessions of Portugal, Dias was caught in a violent typhoon, and perished, with three vessels besides his own, off that stormy cape "which his great achievement had converted into a Cape of Good Hope, but which for him was still to be a cape of storms." Yet there is a kind of fitness and wild grandeur about such an end which seems to place Dias in a more fortunate category than Magalhaens, who, after his noble voyage through the dreary unknown region where he found the strait that has rightly borne his name, met with his end in a needless conflict with the natives of a remote island in the Indian Ocean.

Magalhaens had in the course of his illustrious expedition braved every danger, and faced every difficulty that could oppose his success. Like Columbus, he had to encounter disaffection, even open mutiny, unwillingness, and desertion, in addition to the dangers of navigation in stormy and unknown latitudes. He crushed the sedition and overcame the difficulties; he nobly redeemed to the very letter the declaration he made to his men when making his final and successful attempt at proceeding through the strait, that "even if they were to be reduced to eating the leather on the ship's yards, he would fulfil his promise to the Emperor." And the man "whom neither danger could deter, nor death intimidate," is said to have shed tears of gratitude as he beheld the realisation of his hopes, on emerging from the strait into an open sea, on the 27th of November, 1520. Before reaching the land of cocoa-nuts and yams, the discoverers were reduced in very deed to such distress that they "even ate sawdust, and the leather on the rigging." It seems almost out of harmony with silent endurance of so high a type that the leader of the expedition should have fallen in the carrying out of what we cannot call anything else than a piece of bravado; though he did indeed die with his face to the foe, covering the retreat of his men. "Thus fell this great navigator,^m second only to Columbus in the

^m Life, p. 434.

history of nautical exploration, midway in the execution of a feat such as the world had never witnessed ; the very hardihood which already had rendered that achievement possible had now, by degenerating into presumption, deprived him of the glory of its fulfilment."

But while thus giving our readers some samples of Mr. Major's vivid realisation of his heroes and their times, we must not omit to notice various points of great importance in the history of maritime discovery, on which the labour of years devoted to sifting the mingled wheat and chaff of contemporary documents, as well as of modern works, entitles the author of the "*Life of Prince Henry*" to a very respectful hearing.

These relate in great measure to claimsⁿ that have been set up for priority of exploration or settlement by the French, and in a minor degree by the Genoese, Catalans, and Flemings. We have already seen that there were early Flemish settlers in the Azores ; a fact for which the connection between the royal house of Portugal and the ducal house of Burgundy, through the Duchess Isabel, sister of Prince Henry, the Navigator, readily accounts. But of their having been in any way instrumental in the discovery of the islands, there is not the shadow of a proof. With regard to the priority in the discovery of the west coast of Africa, the claims on behalf of the Genoese and Catalans entirely fall through from the absolute disappearance of the explorers ! The French claims are both more pretentious and more numerous, and more constantly reiterated ; but a careful perusal of the documents and assertions by which they are supported, side by side with Mr. Major's critical analysis of the respective value of each, will satisfy all readers that the honours of the field must be left to their old possessors, the Portuguese, our ancient allies.

Dieppe has, no doubt, produced many good sailors, and much very beautiful ivory carving ; but neither of those facts helps towards smoothing the difficulties which surround the credibility of all the details that have been put forward to prove the existence of a "*Petit Dieppe*," a "*Petit Rouen*," and even a "*Petit Paris*," close to the Equator, a century before the Portuguese began to build forts on the Guinea coast. It is true that Dieppe has been bombarded ;

ⁿ For the interesting and thorough investigation of these claims, chaps. vii. and viii. of Mr. Major's book are especially to be commended.

therefore we must be content to suffer for the sins of Englishmen in past generations, by finding ourselves deprived of all the ordinary means of obtaining historic proof for the most serious and startling assertions. It would take much more than any amount of unauthenticated MSS. in the possession of an "homme distingué d'Oxford Street" (!) to convince us that the slightest historical value can be attached to the 19th century transcript of a 17th century copy of a 14th century document, on which M. Margry^o rests the claims of his fellow-countrymen to precedency over the Portuguese in African discovery. On the contrary, the whole tenor of the case forcibly calls to mind the late Pascal and Newton controversy, in which it is not too much to say that we may read a warning against trusting implicitly to the most plausible "discoveries," where the glory of the "Grande Nation" is perpetually dragged in, and no other country is suffered to remain in possession of a single original idea. How far this is from being the truth in maritime discovery, it has been Mr. Major's duty to set forth. The facts are before the world; those who would fain see justice done, where of right it belongs, cannot but read with pleasure the vindication of the honour of Columbus, Dias, Magalhaens, Gama, and other workers who carried out to their legitimate conclusion the noble conceptions of Prince Henry of Portugal. For the sum of the whole argument cannot be better put than in the words of Mr. Major's closing tribute to Don Enrique, with which we also will take leave of that true knight, who was through life so loyal to his religion, his country, and his great purpose, and whose very motto, "Talent de bien faire," seems to have sunk into the hearts of his countrymen, and animated them to carry out his earnest desire.

"*The coasts^p of Africa visited; the Cape of Good Hope rounded; the New World disclosed; the sea-way to India, the Moluccas, and China, laid open; the Globe circumnavigated and Australia discovered*" [within one century]; "such were the stupendous results of a great thought and of indomitable perseverance, in spite of twelve years of costly failure and disheartening ridicule. Had that

^o "Les Navigations Françaises, et la Révolution Maritime du xiv^e au xvi^e siècle," &c., &c. Par Pierre Margry. Paris, 1867. Both the extracts from the above work given by Mr. Major in his preface, and his correspondence with the author and the assumed copyist of the old French MS., exhibit a chameleon variety of shifting statements and assertions, which in themselves are sufficient to condemn the case.

^p Life, p. 453.

failure and that ridicule produced on Prince Henry the effect which they ordinarily produce on other men, it is impossible to say what delays would have occurred before these mighty events would have been realised; for it must be borne in mind that the ardour, not only of his own sailors, but of surrounding nations, owed its impulse to this pertinacity of purpose in him."

Granting these premises, as the study of Prince Henry's Life and the evidences of his influence lead us to do, the conclusion drawn by his biographer is not too strongly put in the sentence that stands both at the opening and closing of his work, of which it forms a *résumé*:—

"If, from the pinnacle of our present knowledge, we mark on the world of waters those bright tracks which have led to the discovery of mighty continents, we shall find them all lead us back to that same inhospitable point of Sagres, and to the motive which gave to it a royal inhabitant."



CURIOSITIES OF MINUTE HANDICRAFT.



HERE dwells not far from Lambeth Palace at the present time an ingenious mechanic, Smith by name, who has devoted a large portion of a valuable life to the production of machines and models of almost microscopic dimensions. Tiny watches are plentiful enough. Arnold, the famous chronometer maker, made one so small that George III. had it set like a jewel in a ring; and skilful followers of the same trade have made scores as small as Arnold's. But these, one and all, are Brobdignagian works when compared with some of the manufactures of the above-mentioned worthy, who has gone so low down in the scale of diminutiveness, that he has actually made a model of the great engines of the *Warrior* steamship so small that it stands upon a threepenny piece. We lately had the pleasure of paying a visit to his *atelier*; and we have thought it worth while to put on record a few notes of what we saw, not merely on account of the present interest the matter possesses, but also on account of the information that they may afford to any future historian of the "curiosities of industry."

With great courtesy and modesty Mr. Smith unfolds the not vast

but peculiarly interesting and valuable achievements of his skill. Beginning with the larger of his productions, the first object to which he directs our attention is a steam-pumping engine for working a table fountain. This piece of apparatus is entirely covered by a glass case, standing upon a base which measures twelve inches by six. There is a bright-shining boiler with a furnace beneath, composed of a double range of minute spirit-lamps. The steam, which is quickly generated, passes through a little steam-pipe into the cylinder of the engine, which is $\frac{5}{8}$ of an inch in diameter, and furnished with a piston whose length of stroke is an inch and a quarter. The piston gives motion to a proper crank shaft, which, acting through a pair of speed-diminishing wheels, works three little pumps beneath, at such a rate that three strokes of the engine correspond to one stroke of each pump. These pumps have cylinders $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch in diameter; they are of the construction known as "trunk pumps," to describe which would lead us too far into engineering technicalities. They both draw the water from a distant reservoir and throw it into the fountain pipe: each takes up the stream at the moment when the others are at the ineffective point of their stroke, and thus the intermittent action is got rid of, and a continuous flow of water is delivered to the fountain. But the boiler, small as it is, requires supplying with water; for this purpose a self-acting "feed pump" is provided; the bore of the barrel of this is $\frac{3}{16}$ ths of an inch in diameter; the valve of it is $\frac{1}{16}$ th, and it delivers water into the boiler through a tube no thicker than a piece of fine string. All the adjuncts that pertain to a great pumping engine are to be found in this diminutive model; there is even the gauge glass on the front of the boiler, as slender as a good-sized needle, and fitted with taps at each end, into the nozzles of which a pin could hardly be inserted. There is nothing shirked or scamped; screws, bolts, nuts, and all minutæ are there; and all is finished so mechanically that the most critical engineer could find no fault with the workmanship. The whole thing works to perfection, without rattling noise, without any escape of steam from the engine or water from the pumps. The precision of an engine determines the effective work it will perform; the character of this one may thus be inferred when we state that it will throw a small jet of water in a distant part of the room to a height of twelve feet.

Next we are introduced to a pair (marine engines, as they have double cylinders, are always spoken of in pairs,) of what are tech-

nically termed "diagonal trunk engines;" these stand upon a base plate which measures 5 inches by 3. The steam cylinders here are a little larger than the last, being in fact $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch in diameter; but there are some parts that dwindle down to almost microscopical proportions. They are intended for driving, by means of a screw propeller, a model boat 6 feet long, and they will do this at a speed of three or four knots an hour. So perfect is the mechanism of them that they can be set in motion by merely blowing into the steam-pipe; they are supplied with reversing gear, upon the link-motion principle, and with the counterparts of well nigh all the belongings of the engines of a great ship. It is the pride of every engineer to produce what he calls *well-proportioned* machines; that is, machines in which every individual portion or member is made exactly commensurate in strength to the work it has to perform. Nature does this as nature only can, and in the mechanical architecture of a man or of an animal we see the perfection of the principle. The skilled machinist tries to emulate nature as far as possible, and when he succeeds he produces a machine which is not merely a thing of strength and power, but a thing of beauty to look on. This balancing of parts may be practical enough in the case of a large machine; but it is a very difficult thing to secure upon a small, not to say upon a Lilliputian scale. In consequence, the majority of working models of small dimensions are clumsy affairs, whose parts are made more according to the convenience of the workmen than with reference to the work they have to do and the strength that is expected in them. But, to the credit of our micro-mechanic be it said, that he scorns this rule of thumb style of business. He takes a working drawing, with each part of the machine laid down to scale upon it, and works exactly by this as far as it is in human power to do, never putting in a thick rod on a large screw because it is too much trouble to make either sufficiently small to accord with the proper proportion; if any part, however minute, can be made at all, he makes it. To give an idea of his minuteness, he assures us that he once drilled through a sovereign a hole so small that a human hair would not pass through it! Some of his screws are not more than the eightieth part of an inch thick, and these are furnished with hexagon-headed heads and nuts perfectly shaped. The symmetry and completeness thus secured makes his works look like real machines viewed through a diminishing glass, rather than like ordinary models.

New engineering schemes and devices crop up nowadays as thickly as blackberries ; some are good and practical ; many, as may be expected, are futile. Amongst the former class may be included a novel direct-acting engine, called, after its inventor, "Cameron's" engine, and in which certain arrangements of valves are made automatically to supply steam above and below the piston in the cylinder, in lieu of the ordinary plan of a slide-valve worked by an excentric. We are shown a model of this construction which has just been completed ; it is of the exact size of a drawing which lately appeared in an engineering journal : five like it would just stand upon a page of this magazine. There is the engine and all its functional parts, and a pump with all its valves and gear ; air vessel, lubricators, taps—whose bore is only 1-32nd of an inch—and everything complete. Nothing could surpass the ease and truth with which this little machine moves and works : it will raise and deliver seven and a-half gallons of water an hour. The model was made for the inventor of the engine ; it can be carried in the pocket, and pulled to pieces so as to show, better than any drawing can, its internal construction and manner of working. Practical men are somewhat inattentive to schemes that come before them only on paper ; they prefer seeing something a little more tangible—the machine itself, or, at least, a working model of it. Mr. Smith's powers enable an inventor to exhibit to his patrons the real working machine on a small scale ; he is, in consequence, largely employed in making models for this purpose. At the time of our visit, a number of diminutive garden pumps, small enough to be carried in the waistcoat-pocket, are scattered over the work-benches, in various stages of completion. These, we learn, are for the use of agents and commercial travellers trading with such articles. Here we have an answer to the question, *Cui bono?* as applied to these minute structures.

But the above-described curiosities are huge works compared with those next set before us. There will be few who have not some remembrance of the famous *Great Britain* steamship, built by the elder Brunel. This magnificent vessel was 320 feet long and 50 feet broad, with a burthen of 3400 tons, and engines of nominally 1000 horse power, but effectively only 600.^a Well, we are introduced to a model of her made to a scale of 1-40th of an inch to the

^a Marine engines were in their youth when these were made. Such has been the advance of modern manufacture that engineers are not now satisfied unless their engines develop five or six times their nominal horse power.

foot; so that the length of the model is about eight inches, and breadth about an inch and a quarter. It is full-rigged, with six masts and their accompanying spars, and all the hatchways and deck-fittings to boot. But this is not all. Peering closely into the aperture—not so large as a postage stamp—which answers to the engine-room hatchway, we see what looks like a little heap of pieces of wire and scraps of metal, or the small parts of a watch thrown into a pill-box. The deck of the tiny vessel is lifted off, and a magnifier is handed to us: this resolves the little heap of metal scraps into an accurate model of the original engines with which the *Great Britain* was fitted! So small is this model, that it stands upon less space than the area of a shilling. It has four steam cylinders, each $\frac{3-16}{100}$ ths of an inch in diameter, and mounted diagonally: the length of the piston-stroke is $\frac{5-32}{100}$ ths of an inch, and the thickness of the piston-rods $\frac{1-40}{100}$ th of an inch; the diameters of the crank shaft and of the screw shaft each about $\frac{1-20}{100}$ th of an inch; and the necessary gear is provided for reversing the engines. By the side of this working part stands the boiler, ready for use, but not usable because a fire cannot be found small enough to burn beneath it. Out of the stern of the vessel protrudes a four-bladed screw propeller, not nearly so large as a threepenny-piece. The idea of such a model actually working seems preposterous, and we hesitate about asking whether it does or not. We are not long left in doubt: while we have been making our almost microscopic examination of the little wonder, an annular trough of water has been produced, and in the centre of this has been placed a cylinder charged with compressed air, an elastic vapour analogous to steam. A slender tube, mounted upon a swivel joint, passes from this cylinder to the side of the ship, which has been re-decked and launched into the watery circuit. A tap is turned, and the compressed air rushes through the tube: in an instant the engine hatchway looks like a hive of industrious insects; the little thing beneath starts into life, the screw spins round, and off goes the tiny ship to circumnavigate its little sea. Having made the circuit, it is stopped for an instant; a touch is given to the reversing gear of the engine, the screw starts round in an opposite direction, and the ship goes astern! There is no illusion, no trickery in this exhibition: the diminutive engines as really and truly work and drive the boat as do those of any steamer on the seas.

The total weight of the above boat, with the deck and rigging, engines, boiler, and all entire, is less than a troy ounce! The actual

weight of the working part of the engines—that is, all excepting the boiler, is just that of a sovereign. How many times its weight in gold the little marvel is worth, we should not like to say.

We must pass by a practicable model of a pumping engine, which is enshrined in a small pill-box, to allow ourselves space for giving a few details concerning the microscopic edition of the *Warrior's* engines, alluded to at the commencement of this paper. This, the tiniest working model in the world, is in the possession of Mr. John Penn, the eminent maker of the great engines of which it is the infinitely reduced counterpart. We have said that it will stand on a threepenny-piece: it really covers less space, for its base-plate measures only $\frac{3}{8}$ ths of an inch by about $\frac{3}{10}$ ths. The engines are of the trunk form introduced by Penn; the cylinders measure $\frac{1}{8}$ th of an inch diameter, and the trunks $\frac{1}{20}$ th. The length of stroke is $\frac{3}{40}$ ths of an inch. They are fitted with reversing gear, and are generally similar in design to the great machines with which ships of the *Warrior* class are equipped. From the extreme smallness of this model, a few minutiae—such, for instance, as the air pumps—have necessarily been omitted: there is a limit beyond which human skill and minuteness cannot pass. Still, so small are some of the parts that they require a magnifying glass to see their form: the screws which hold the members together are only $\frac{1}{80}$ th of an inch in diameter, and these are all duly furnished with hexagonal nuts, which can be loosened and tightened by a lilliputian spanner. The whole weight of the model is less than that of a threepenny-piece: it works admirably, and we are informed that when working its crank shaft performs from twenty to thirty thousand revolutions in a minute. It was made at a time when Mr. Smith, who suffers from a trying disease, was unable to move from a sitting posture; and the time spent upon it is reckoned at about three months of ordinary labour. Once, after its completion, it narrowly escaped perdition: it had been taken to pieces for some alteration, and the parts were placed in the lid of a pill-box on the work-bench before a window. The day being warm the window was opened: a puff of wind came and overthrew the receptacle, scattering the component parts of the engine to right and left on the floor. It was a hopeless task to look for them in the dust and *débris* of such a searching ground. Fortunately the parts were principally of iron and steel: so a magnet was used for a broom. Piece by piece was picked up, and the threatened loss of the work of many painful hours was averted.

For such works as the above, what must the tools be? We must leave the reader to imagine this; only remarking that as they are infinitely smaller than any supplied by ordinary tool-makers, the mechanic is obliged to construct them himself. We are shown some drills and files of his manufacture: our wonder is how any but a fairy's or an infant's hand can wield them. The digits of our micro-mechanic are flat and large, as those of a workman usually are. We have heard a dancer described as a being with brains in his toes. Mr. Smith, albeit he has plenty of brains in his head, must have, in addition, a very large proportion in his finger-ends.



GEMS AND PRECIOUS STONES.^a



COLLECTORS of gems must necessarily be few. Though numerous, gems are costly; and every effort made to diffuse information respecting them inevitably enhances their value. In former times, indeed, no attempt, properly speaking, was made to diffuse information regarding them. The works which were published upon the subject were almost as costly as the gems themselves. Of late years, however, amongst the efforts which have been made so generously on the part of possessors of collections of works of art of inestimable value to communicate to all classes the knowledge and taste for art, the exhibition of collections of gems has been most noticeable. All visitors to the Loan Exhibition at South Kensington, in 1862, will remember the precious display made by her Majesty, the Duke of Marlborough, the Duke of Devonshire, and others; and there are not a few choice examples to be seen at South Kensington at the present moment. By the public exhibition of the gems of the Blacas collection, recently acquired by the British Museum, another most important step in this direction has been made.

Of all the labourers in this field of late years, none can compare in knowledge and assiduity with the author of the works before us. Three important works upon this subject have already been published by him, not to speak of numerous articles in journals, &c. The first on our list might be regarded as a second edition of his book on "Antique Gems," which, as he says, "met with a most flattering reception from the world of amateurs." But it is so largely rewritten, and contains so much additional information, the result of extended study in this most fruitful field, and is especially composed for popular use, that it deserves to be

^a "The Handbook of Engraved Gems." By C. W. King, M.A. London: Bell & Daldy. 1866.

"The Natural History of Precious Stones and Precious Metals." By C. W. King, M.A. London: Bell & Daldy. 1867.

"The Natural History of Gems or Decorative Stones." By C. W. King, M.A., London: Bell & Daldy. 1867.

treated as an original work. The other two are, in fact, a new edition of another of those three treatises, in which gems are considered principally in their mineralogical characters. The last volume, on the Gnostics and their remains, partly re-appears in the "Engraved Gems," whilst profounder inquirers are referred to the original book.

Mr. King has done well in presenting us with this "popular" account of "Engraved Gems;" for though collectors, as we have said, must be few, the subject is one which cannot fail to receive wide attention. Some will be drawn to it by the materials themselves; a more numerous class will study it as an almost neglected branch in the history of art; and others cannot fail to be attracted by the singular relation which these remarkable productions bear to the "history of civilisation."

We shall do most justice to our author, and to our readers at the same time, by culling from his pages a short series of passages, each one complete in itself, but together presenting a summary of the history of the glyptic art. We commence with a passage relating to the materials employed:—

"As regard the *materials* appropriated to itself by the glyptic art amongst the Assyrians, it is apparent, from the numerous specimens of their jewelry still preserved, that neither this nation nor the Egyptians were as yet acquainted with the true 'precious stones,' the exclusive productions of India. The first rank with them, for rarity as well as for beauty, was assigned to the lapis-lazuli and the common amethyst; gems supplied to them by the veins of their own mountains, or by the beds of the torrents issuing therefrom. But of the Syrian merchant the jewel-casket was far more richly furnished, and that too at a period anterior to Nebuchadnezzar's invasion of his country. The prophet Ezekiel calls up before our minds how the merchants of Saba (South Arabia) and of Raema brought to the marts of the 'renowned city that was strong in the sea, all manner of spices, of *precious stones*, and of gold.' These caravans from South Arabia had doubtless brought with them the choicest exports of their Indian neighbours; and that these included every species of the true precious stones, we are assured on the testimony of the evidently well-informed Dionysius Periegetes, writing some four centuries after the times of the prophet. All of them, even including the diamond, are named by him as gleaned by the Ariani of Paropamisus from the beds of their mountain streams. . . . Before quitting the subject of material, it may be appropriately added here, that in the age of Alexander the Greeks already possessed—as the descriptive list compiled by Theophrastus puts beyond question—all the true precious stones, except the diamond, including the real Indian ruby. Even without his authority, the inspection of the Etruscan and Greek jewelry brought to light of late years would tell us as much; for these relics exhibit unmistakeable, though minute, specimens of the native ruby, sapphire, and emerald" (pp. 9, 10).

The following relates to the employment of hieroglyphics on gems, and the imitation of them by the Phœnicians:—

"The Egyptians did not generally adopt the improved but more laborious process by this time established in the ateliers of Nineveh or Babylon, but continued the practice of carving or chiselling out their rude hieroglyphics upon the softer materials, until the times of the

Ptolemies. The signets of their kings and great men were engraved in gold, those of the commonalty upon the easily-worked substances, a fine limestone and steachists, of various colours, and in the manner already described. The circumstance that even in the age of Theophrastus the best material (*ἀκόναι*) used in engraving gems was still brought all the way from Armenia, points itself to that quarter as the locality where the use of that agent was first discovered and generally adopted by the practitioners of the art.

“This new method of rendering available for signets even the ‘hard stones,’ although neglected by the Egyptians, was speedily taken up by the ingenious Phœnicians, the allies or tributaries of the Assyrian and the Persian kings. In attestation of this, many seals are found, Egyptian, indeed, in form, being regular scarabei, but purely Phœnician in style and subjects, though of a very early date, and bearing also inscriptions in the Semitic character, of which that people were the first inventors. There are even some cylinders known that, from similar reasons, must be assigned to the Phœnician school. Their traders may have diffused the knowledge of this, as well as of other decorative arts, among the European and insular Greeks. Homer alludes to the Tyrian merchant-ships voyaging about amongst the islands of the Ægean Sea, and trafficking in ornaments and jewellery with their inhabitants. His Tyrian captain offers for sale to the Queen of Syra a necklace of gold with pendants in amber, the latter probably carved into scarabei, or such like symbolical figures, as they so frequently occur in similar ornaments of the Etruscan ladies. (Od. XV. 460.)

“The Asiatic Greeks, however, who seem to have flourished as independent communities previous to the reign of Crœsus (noted by Herodotus as the first subjugator of the Ionians), learnt this art, simultaneously with the Phœnicians, from their Assyrian neighbours, to whom they were indebted, as pointed out above, for all the other arts of design. Like the vase-paintings, the first intagli produced amongst the inhabitants of the seaboard of Asia Minor bear the unmistakeable impress of a Ninevitic or Babylonian origin in their stiffly-drawn, carefully-executed figures of animals, lions or bulls, for the most part, supplying the device for the signet of the newly-planted Æolian or Ionian colonist. And such a restriction was to be looked for in this class, for it will be observed that the designs upon the scarabei of the Phœnicians also deviate but little from the strict rules of the Assyrian code of art; a point which of late years has been remarkably illustrated by the numerous engraved gems brought to light in the cemeteries of their most ancient European colony, Tharros in Sardinia. But the Phœnicians were an imitative, not an inventive, race; thus they fabricated jewellery and porcelain ornaments in the Egyptian style for the Etruscan trade, copying the hieroglyphics of their patterns, with precisely the same degree of intelligence as a Birmingham manufacturer” (pp. 13, 14).

We next advance to the cultivation of the glyptic art amongst the rich and cultivated Greek colonists of Italy, Asia Minor, and Cyrene. We commend the passage to the attention of those who study the philosophy of history:—

“Gem-engraving, like the cognate art of die-sinking, attained to its highest perfection first in Sicily and Magna Grecia. Greece itself was

ever a poor country and distracted by perpetual wars and revolutions ; whereas, the colonies she had sent forth were on all sides advancing through commerce or agriculture, to a degree of opulence now hardly credible. What city of Greece Proper, Athens excepted, could vie in population with Syracuse, Velia, Sybaris, or Tarentum? And what bears directly upon our subject, in one Dorian colony, and that the most remote of all, Cyrene, Ælian particularly notices the wonderful multitude and skill of the gem-engravers, and to express the ostentation of the inhabitants in this article of luxury, adds that the very poorest of them possessed rings worth ten minæ (30*l.*) Cyrus, again, is named by Pliny as the locality from whence the fame of an engraved *emerald* had reached the ears of the conceited purse-proud musician, Ismenias, at Athens.

“Many of the finest gems that grace our cabinets, manifest by the identity of their styles, that they proceed from the same hands that cut the dies for the beautiful coinages of the cities just mentioned. The graceful ‘Etruscan border’ incloses the type upon several mintages of Magna Grecia, as it does the designs upon the contemporaneous signets of the coinless Tyrrhenes of Upper Italy. After this period, the establishment of Greek kingdoms in Asia, and the enjoyment of boundless wealth in the long-accumulated hoards of the Persian kings, conduced greatly to the encouragement of this art, pre-eminently the handmaid of tasteful opulence. In the generation following Alexander, the advance of luxury displaying itself amongst the rest in the decoration of the fingers with rings, brought the glyptic everywhere to the highest perfection attainable by it in its relation to the other branches of art. History, however, has preserved no name of the celebrities of this period besides that of Pyrgoteles, engraver of the Macedonian conqueror’s signet” (pp. 41, 42).

The following paragraph needs no introduction.

“Proceeding now to the epoch of the full development of the glyptic art under Alexander and his immediate successors ; this period presents us for the first time with contemporary portraits of princes, whose heads begin to replace the national deities upon the stone of the signet, as they were doing at the same date upon the obverse of the coin.

“From several allusions of classic writers it appears that the official seal of every person of importance was, as a rule, the likeness of himself. This fact, to give an example, seems implied in Cicero’s warning to his brother Quintus, concerning the cautious use of his official seal during his government of the province assigned him. ‘Look upon your signet, not as a mere instrument, but as your own self ; not as the agent of another person’s will, but as the attestation of your own.’

“With this period, also, a new branch of the art—cameo-engraving—is first inaugurated. The term signifies work in relief upon stones of two or more differently-coloured layers, affording a back-ground and a contrast. The word which first appears in the 13th century as *camahutum*, is usually derived from the Arabic *chemicia*, ‘a charm,’ from the light in which such relics were universally considered in those ages by both Orientals and Europeans. There may, however, be more truth in Von Hammer’s conjecture, who makes it the same with *camaut*, ‘the camel’s hump,’ applied metaphorically to anything prominent, and there-

fore to gems in relief, as distinguished from signet-stones" (pp. 47, 48).

We now advance to the most luxurious period of Roman art, of which the gems that have come down to us might be almost regarded as its typical monuments.

"With the empire opens the grand era of portraits upon gems, the countless offspring of adulation, love, affection, and friendship. The purely Greek period had produced nothing but *ideal* heads, with the exception of those rare cases where his own image was required for the personal seal of the sovereign or his representative. But with the Romans the love for perpetuating the memory of their ancestors by means of collections of family portraits, had from the earliest times shown itself a ruling passion; their atria were lined with heads of their predecessors, modelled in wax after life, for many generations back, ensconced each one in its own little shrine (*armarium*)—monuments in virtue of their composition, that set decay at defiance. In the later republican times, after gem-engraving had come into fashion, these wax casts furnished authentic originals for the family portraits, embellishing signets of the kind, to be more particularly described in their due place. But as soon as the despotic power of the Cæsars was established, it became a mark of loyalty to adorn either one's house or one's hand with the visible presence of the sovereign. Capitolinus notices that the individual was looked upon as an impious wretch, who, having the means, did not set up at home a statue of M. Aurelius; and, a century later, the senate obliged by an edict every householder to keep a picture of the restorer of the empire, Aurelian. That officials wore such portraits in their rings as an indispensable mark of distinction may be deduced from the regulation of Claudius (preserved by Pliny), confining the *entrée* at court to such as had received from him a gold ring having the imperial bust carved upon it. There was, however, another and a deeper motive for the wide prevalence of the fashion. Certain passages from writers of the time . . . give evidence of the general existence of a belief that the genius of the emperor (accounted of higher power than Fortune herself) was propitiated to extend his patronage over the individual who, by assuming this badge of subservience, put himself under his protection" (pp. 71, 73).

"Names, indeed, are often to be discovered accompanying portraits upon gems; but it so happens that they are invariably the names of nobodies, for they are only found annexed to the heads of the bride and bridegroom engraved upon the stone that decorated the wedding-ring (under the Lower Empire), and replaced the more ancient clasped-hands or *fidus*, which likewise, as a rule, commemorated the names of the pair.

"After these mementos of the nuptial ceremony succeed others, still placing before our indifferent eyes its natural consequences—chubby baby-faces, whose sight, some eighteen centuries ago, called up many a smile upon those alluded to—little bubbles rising up and breaking unnoticed upon the ocean of eternity, of whom nought is left save these tiny but imperishable records. These full-faced, laughter-stirring visages, had also a further object; like the other masks thus represented, they had virtue as amulets" (pp. 75, 76).

The substance of what has been discovered regarding the Gnostic gems is condensed into the following paragraphs:—

“Gnosticism was the pretension to the true knowledge of divine things, as enveloped in the outward forms of Paganism as well as of Christianity. The Ophites, or serpent-worshippers, the most ancient of the school, and who exclusively arrogated to themselves the title of Gnostics, were accustomed, says Hippolytus, assiduously to attend the celebration of all the heathen mysteries, and to pretend that in their transcendental knowledge they possessed the key to all the deep truths symbolically expressed in the rites. For the same reason they boldly maintained that they were the only real Christians. To express in a visible form their own doctrines, they availed themselves of the emblems and iconology of two religions principally. The first of these was the Egyptian, then (the 2nd century) very fashionable at Rome; besides which, Alexandria was the fountain-head of Gnosticism, and its greatest lights, Basilides and Valentinus, were inhabitants of that city. . . . From the Egyptian worship the Gnostics borrowed many types to engrave upon the gems, which were to serve them both for talismans for the good of their souls and bodies, and for means of mutual recognition between the *illuminati*. In special veneration with them were the figure of the jackal-headed Anubis, the guide of souls to the other world; the solar serpent with a lion's head radiated, originally an amulet for the protection of the chest, but now interpreted in a more spiritual sense; the infant Horus (another personification of the sun) seated upon the lotus, the emblem of fecundity; the *cynocephalus* baboon, the peculiar attribute of the moon, and therefore generally represented as adoring the triangle, the received symbol of that luminary; and above all, that peculiar creation of the Basilidan sect, the Abraxas-god Iao, a *pantheus* made up out of the symbols of the four elements—the serpent, eagle, the human trunk, and the scourge, or perhaps combining in himself so many attributes of the solar divinity alone. His title, *Abraxas*—‘the blessed name’—had the grand virtue of containing in the sum of its letters, taken according to Greek numeration, the solar period of 365. All these types the Gnostics interpreted as shadowing forth the Christ—‘the Sun of Righteousness’ (pp. 97, 98).

We can find space but for one more extract.

“The 18th [century], emphatically the age of the *dilettanti*, brought with its very opening a sudden and most unexpected revival in both branches of our subject. This recovery is more especially noticeable in that of the intaglio-engraving, which now, from certain causes, received as much attention from practitioners as that of cameo-cutting had met with from the most eminent of the revival. But there is one great distinction to be remarked between the style of the school now under our consideration, and that so markedly characterising all the productions in the same department of the cinque-cento. The latter (as Visconti has well pointed out) was no servile copyist of the antique, but borrowing thence its subjects, treated them in its peculiar style, and that with a spirit and a vivacity which brought forth really original works. But the artists of the last century, totally disclaiming all attempts at originality, contented themselves, as a rule, with making repeated copies of the most noted antique gems, and placed the highest aim of their ambition in the

successful, imposing upon credulous amateurs with their own productions as genuine and recently discovered works of antiquity. . . . This century may justly be denominated the 'age of forgery,'—fraud of every kind and degree now flourishing with wondrous luxuriance. Besides the making of the most exact fac-similes of famous antiques, a thing which at the least required and developed great technical skill, other devices infinitely more dishonourable were brought into play. The fabrication of doublets (where a glass-paste, moulded upon an antique work, then backed with a slice of sard carefully attached by a transparent cement, and lastly, set so as to conceal the union, so that the combination has all the appearance of a true stone, whilst the work upon it in point of treatment and execution satisfies the minutest scrutiny) was now borrowed from the falsifiers of precious stones, and carried to such perfection as frequently to deceive the most practised eye; the retouching of antique works of the ruder class, the surest and the most hardly detected of all modes of deception; and finally, the interpolation of imaginary artists' names upon genuine antiques, a trick engendered by the universal, though utterly baseless belief, that every ancient engraver regularly signed his best performances, and by the reluctance springing from this belief, of wealthy but ignorant *dilettanti* to purchase even the finest monuments of his skill, unless recommended by such an endorsement. The temptation, therefore, to the interpolater was irresistible; Casanova, the painter, mentions the instance of a fine antique that, after having had its merit thus certified, readily obtained four times the price at which it previously had been offered in vain." (pp. 176—178).

In the remainder of the work the sections devoted to "artists' signatures," and the "catalogue of ancient artists," are especially deserving of the attention of collectors and students. The illustrations of both woodcuts and engravings are as carefully and accurately executed as we should expect them to be under the direction of such a scholar as Mr. King.

In conclusion, we may say that Mr. King regards the famous so-called portrait of Christ carved upon an emerald, as it is alleged, by command of Pontius Pilate for the Emperor Tiberius, as, in fact, no more than a copy of the head of our Lord in Raphael's cartoon of the "Miraculous Draught of Fishes," just as he, in like manner, considers a gem engraved in the "Museum Florentinum" to be taken from Michael Angelo's drawing at Florence, a copy of which, in the Royal Collection at Windsor, has been engraved and published as "The Evil." Mr. King says that similar copies exist of Leonardo de Vinci's "Medusa's Head," and of one of the weird creations of Albert Durer.

We have given priority to Mr. King's work on "Engraved Gems," and have conceded to it the largest portion of our space, not only because of its priority of publication, but also for the more valid reason—that Mr. King professedly regards his entire subject from an artistic and archæological point of view; and therefore, although the other portion of his work is the most extensive, it is of a somewhat narrower interest. Collectors, mineralogists, and they who deal in these precious commodities, will necessarily be far more interested in these two volumes than the general readers and students of art whom we address. Yet even these

will find abundant and valuable materials, such as will give accuracy and zest to their particular inquiries here.

Mr. King has the singular good fortune of being able to say that both his earlier books were received with such marked approbation, and so ready a sale, that it was requisite for him to bring out improved and extended editions. But it is very noticeable that, whilst the "Engraved Gems" is, so to speak, a more popular version of its predecessor, this is a more learned and scientific one. He has done well to divide his materials into the two natural categories of "Precious Stones and Precious Metals," and "Gems and Decorative Stones;" for the interest attached to the two classes, though the same in kind, widely differs in extent. The distinction between the two our author distinctly points out.

"I am under no apprehension of incurring the charge of 'book-making;' every true scholar, every mineralogist, will perceive by casting a glance into the numerous fields I have in the treatment of my subject but slightly opened out, that the whole of my space might have been profitably devoted to the consideration of a single one of its articles; for example, the 'Argentum,' or the 'Adamas.' It has also appeared to me a more natural arrangement of my matter, to class together with the precious metals those gems, including the pearl, that more specially arrogate to themselves the same title of honour, and with the monuments of antiquity which combine them all, to let them occupy an entire volume. The other mineral productions whose highest value lies in their subservience to the inspirations of art, but whose estimation as jewels is entirely dependent upon the caprice of fashion, are now separated and passed in review under the generic appellation of 'Gems.' This distinction, it is true, is not perfectly descriptive of their character, but comes the nearest to it of any the poverty of our language can supply. The French, of all others the neatest and the most exact for the definite expression of every idea, possesses in this case, also, the required distinction of '*pierres précieuses*' and '*pierres fines*;' but in English, '*fine stones*,'—though some mineralogists have attempted to naturalise it in this most desiderated sense,—would convey a totally different idea to the majority of readers. And this division suggests to me the prefatory remark—true to the letter, novel as it will sound to many, that the student of antique glyptics brings to the discussion of the latter portion of our subject an immense superiority over the actual trading jeweller of the present age in the extent and multifariousness of his experience. The latter, tied down by the actual close restrictions of the trade, has only to deal with the four or five species monopolising at present the title of 'precious,' and to make himself acquainted with their characteristics alone: the dactyliologist, on the other hand, has perpetually to examine, and to discriminate between, the varied productions of ancient India—productions held of old in almost equal estimation with the first class, as, in truth, they well deserved from the recommendation of their beauty, and their facile subservience to the most elegant of arts. He has, constantly, occasion to admire that Proteus of the gem family—the Indian garnet—in all its changeful shapes of almandine, cinnamon-stone, guarnaccino, and pyrope; the transparent calcedony in its emerald, purple, sanguine, and sapphirine disguises;

the splendid dyes of the Arabian jasper; and last not least, the agate, in its normal variegation, or regularly stratified, and taking the name of the oryx and sardonyx. The jeweller of to-day can discern no difference between the vile German silex, artificially stained with gaudy meretricious hues, and the precious Indian export of 'the land of the Havilah;' the student of antique art is enabled at once to detect and to appreciate the distinction" (Pref. P.S. pp. vi.—viii.).

But that we may do full justice to these two valuable works, and at the same time show upon what good grounds we recommend them, we offer our readers the following extracts. The first relates to engraved diamonds, and is from the volume devoted to the "Precious Stones."

"The capricious and misdirected ingenuity of the cinque-cento artists, ever seeking glory in the overcoming of difficulties before held insuperable, speedily distinguished itself by producing intagli upon the diamond. If, indeed, any credit is to be given to the express statement of Gazzoni ('Piazza Universale,' p. 550), the very first efforts of the newly-resuscitated glyptic art had essayed the conquest of the most invincible of gems; for according to his account, Caradosso, the Milanese engraver to the mint to Julius II., had executed upon a diamond the figure of a father of the Church for that pontiff as early as the year 1500.

"Although many of the works celebrated under this name may in reality have been done in the white sapphire, or in the blanché oriental topaz, yet Clusius, a most competent judge, speaks to the fact that Clement Birago had engraved upon a diamond a portrait of Don Carlos, intended for a betrothal present or gage d'amour, to Anna, daughter of the Emperor Maximilian II. This work was actually seen by Clusius during his residence in Spain in the year 1564. Birago has also engraved on diamond the arms of Spain as a signet for the same ill-fated prince" (p. 96.)

"To come to more recent times: in her Majesty's collection of gems is preserved the signet-ring of Charles II., when Prince of Wales, bearing for device the ostrich plumes between the letters C. P., very neatly cut upon a large yellow diamond, a table $\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{7}{8}$ inch in dimensions, quaintly fashioned into a heater-shaped seven-sided shield. This very interesting historical relic I had the opportunity of myself carefully examining in the summer of 1861. Raspe quotes (p. 590) a head of Posidonius from the Bedford Cabinet, which he ascribes to the Cav. Costanzi (who flourished at Rome in the beginning of the last century): 'who distinguished himself by many engravings upon the diamond (particularly a Leda and a head of Antinous), almost all of which are now (1790) in the cabinet of the King of Portugal.' Mariette also cites a head of Nero by the same master, done for the Prior Vaini, of Florence; and Raspe again catalogues another head of the same Cæsar, also in diamond, then in the possession of the notorious Count Brühl" (p. 97).

Of the word Onyx, in the other volume on "Gems," Mr. King writes thus:—

"The name of onyx was given by the Romans to two totally distinct substances—a species of marble and a silicious gem. Pliny states this expressly: 'hoc aluibi lapidis, hic gemmæ vocabulum.' As it would

appear from a circumstance hereafter to be noticed, that the marble was the first of the two to be known under that name to the Romans, it is properly the first to be here considered. It was the carbonate of lime, now called oriental alabaster, and received its original appellation from the fancied resemblance of its clearly defined white and yellow veins to the shades in the human finger-nails (*ὄνυξ*). The Greeks, as was their wont, discovered this familiar word in the Semitic *oneg*, 'a delight,' or 'the jewel' above all others; seeing the paramount value that race have ever attached to the gem, of which more shall be said anon. *Oneg*, in the sense of 'jewel,' is exactly analogous to our derivation of the latter word from *joyau* and *gioiello*" (p. 213).

And writing of the Sardius, he says :

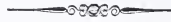
"The carnelian is found abundantly in many parts of Europe wherever the shingle on the coast is composed of flint pebbles, or in the beds of mountain torrents of similar formation, and scattered together with agates over the Egyptian desert. It is of the same nature as the latter stone, only differing in the arrangement of its colours, and seems to be what Pliny distinguishes from the rest of the species by the name of sard-achates, just as his leuc-achates is the calcedony or white carnelian.

"In this dull, red, earthy and softer species are the most ancient intagli usually cut, the Egyptian and Etruscan scarabei, and the greater part of the other ring-stones engraved in Etruria. The beds of the Tuscan rivers furnished a plentiful supply of this material; even at the present day the shingle of the brook Mugnone, near Florence, yields carnelians in great abundance. But the beautiful transparent species, the true sard, came from India alone. . . . 'No other stone,' observes Pliny (xxxvii. 31), 'was so great a favourite with the Greeks as this; at least the plays of Menander and of Philemon revel in allusions to it.' On this stone nearly all the performances of the most celebrated antique artists are to be found, for as a general rule fine work was never thrown away upon an inferior or too obdurate material; and there was good cause for this preference, such are its toughness, facility in working, beauty of colour, and the high polish of which it is susceptible; which last, Pliny remarks, it retains longer than any other gem. The truth of this assertion has been confirmed by the eighteen centuries that have elapsed since he wrote, for antique sards are found always retaining their original polish, unless where very roughly used; whilst harder gems—garnets, jacinths, and nicoli—have their surfaces greatly scratched and roughened by wear. So there is this, that the existence of a perfect polish upon any one of the latter class affords in itself a tolerably sure proof that the engraving is either modern or has been retouched in modern times" (p. 280).

The following passage is very amusing :

"The onyx, strange to say, considering its high repute in ancient times, bore a most unfavourable character in the Middle Ages, Marbodius asserting that its wearer was exposed to the assaults of demons and of ugly visions by night, besides being pestered with quarrels and law-suits by day. The sole remedy was to wear a sard at the same time, which would completely neutralise the mischievous influence of the onyx" (p. 238).

These passages will sufficiently indicate the quality of this work, and as a proof of the growing interest of the subjects of Mr. King's researches, we may in conclusion inform our readers that Dr. Archibald Billing and Mr. Harry Emanuel have published books upon them of intrinsic value in themselves, though far less complete, even in plan, than those of Mr. King.



HISTOIRE GÉNÉRALE DE PARIS,^a

PUBLIÉE PAR L'ORDRE DE L'EMPEREUR.



THE Emperor Napoleon III. has not only resolved to build a Paris of marble, he will also enshrine in all the sumptuousness of typography, engraving, literature, and erudition, the memories of the pre-Napoleonic mud-metropolis. The *ruisseau de la rue du Bac* which Madame de Staël regretted so much at Coppet, still exists; but where is the *collegium Bajocassense*? where the *Croix du Trahoir*, where the dirty labyrinth of the *Quartier Latin*?—where, if not in the magnificent publication entitled *Histoire générale de Paris*, of which we would now say a few words to our readers?

By way of preface, let us just mention that seven years ago the idea of a new history of Paris composed on an extensive scale, and leaving no point untouched, first suggested itself to the municipal council of that great metropolis. A committee was formed, a report drawn up, and the sanction of the Emperor immediately obtained. Without any loss of time the work was distributed amongst an army of tried and competent *collaborateurs*, and the earliest results are now before us in the shape of four handsome quarto volumes, upon which all the resources of art and science have been lavished. Fifteen more *tomes* are either in progress or at the printer's; and in fact, the whole scheme is carried on with that energy and that *ensemble* which are characteristic of the Imperial government.

There are, as our readers know, several good histories of Paris: Du Breul, Corrozet, Dom Félibien, and Lebœuf, may be named, for instance; but it is quite obvious that on so extensive a subject, it was impossible for private speculation to go beyond mere generalities; and that no publisher would have ventured upon the bringing out of a work extending to a large array of volumes. With a handsome budget at their disposal, the municipal council of Paris was not fettered by such considerations; they have done their duty *en princes*. How many *savants* are to be found who have devoted their time and their energies to the thorough investigation of certain special points in the history of Paris! One has studied the police, another knows all about the university, a third has at his fingers' ends the constitution of the parliament, or the ecclesiastical annals of the diocese. What an opportunity for those gentlemen to have the results of their lucubrations brought before the

^a Topographie historique du vieux Paris, par Ad. Berty, Historiographe de la Ville.—Région du Louvre et des Tuileries, vol. i. Paris, Imprimerie Impériale. 1868.

public in a manner worthy of them! Thus, the “*Histoire Générale*,” about which we are now discoursing, consists of a series of monographs, each of which will be complete in itself, and will thoroughly exhaust the subject treated. We shall now endeavour to give an idea of the first volume, containing part of M. Adolphe Bertý’s *Topographie historique du vieux Paris*.

Beginning at the remotest period, the author has taken for his extreme limit the year 1610. With the reign of Louis XIII. archæology may be considered as ended, so far as the history of Paris is concerned, and occasional excursions alone will be attempted amongst the records of later days. Within this well-defined circle our *savant* moves steadily, taking care not to allow himself to be led astray by idle theories, quoting chapter and verse for every assertion he makes, transcribing documents, “multiplying,” as he says, “dubitative formulæ;” above all, admitting no anecdotes, no gossip. There is so much to be told, so much to be sifted, that no room can be spared for the table-talk of Lutetian history, for *Lutetiana*, if we may coin such an expression. This gives, perhaps, to the volume a certain appearance of dryness; but, for our part, we prefer in a subject of the kind even seeming aridity to doubtful tales and silly jokes.

The topography of Paris marks naturally four great divisions in M. Bertý’s work. There is the city, the small island on the river Seine, which constituted the original *locus* of the Parisii. The university would properly come next, that is to say, all the south bank. There the great scholastic doctors held their disputations; the abbeys of St. Victor and of St. Germain des Prés, with their dependencies, covered the ground; a long succession of colleges recruited from almost every country in Europe their population of students; and the noisy pastimes of the Pré-aux-Clercs were almost as celebrated as the lectures of the Place Maubert or the Rue du Fouarre. North of the Seine we find the town (*la ville*) properly so called, the resort of fashion, thickly studded with palaces, *hôtels*, and other gay mansions. Finally, come the suburbs, gradually extending themselves, pushing out house after house, and forming as the outposts of the metropolis. M. Bertý has begun his work, not by the city, but by the town; and his reason for doing so is that excavations of every kind have completely brought to light the topography of that part of Paris, whilst the other districts are still comparatively unexplored. He starts, therefore, with the region of the Louvre and of the Tuileries, and taking us to the Ruc des Poulies, he leads us gradually in his second chapter (the first being a kind of general introduction) to the Place du Carrousel. Every house receives its due notice as we journey along. Here is the Hôtel du Bouchage, where Gabrielle d’Estrées resided for some time; a little further on comes the Hôtel de Bourbon, purchased by the family of that name in 1303, rebuilt in 1390, and pulled down in 1527, after the decree of confiscation had been published against the notorious Constable. The Hôtel de Bourbon was one of the finest in Paris, and the old historian Sauval says of its gallery: “De fait, alors il n’y en avoit point en France qui l’égalât ni en grandeur, ni en assiette.”

A great many errors which have long passed current, and some of which are still believed, come under the notice of M. Bertý, and are

summarily disposed of. Thus we must now trace the origin of the name *Croix-du-Trahoir*, given to a small square, or *carrefour*, situated at the extremity of the Rue de l'Arbre sec, not to the city of Théroouenne, nor yet to certain frames (*tiratoria*) used for the purpose of stretching cloth goods, but to the fact that the cattle were sorted (*tiré*) there before being purchased by the butcher. Then again, the hospital of the *Quinze-vingts* was *not* founded by Saint Louis on behalf of three hundred knights who had become blind during the crusade. The king ordered it to be built for the benefit of the blind in general, and limited to three hundred the number of the patients received.

But we must hasten on to the Louvre, which forms the subject of the chapters 4-8 in M. Berty's volume. Here we have noticed amongst other interesting topics some excellent remarks on the artists Pierre Lescot, Jean Goujon, and Androuet du Cerceau. Persons who are at all familiar with the history of the Renaissance period in France cannot fail to have observed what blunders certain biographers have committed respecting these three illustrious men. Was Jean Goujon a Protestant, for instance? The thing is probable, but it is far from certain; and as to the well-known story of his having been killed during the massacre on St. Bartholomew's Day, our author rejects it altogether. History has left to us the scantiest possible details about Pierre Lescot, who, like Jean Goujon, was employed on the works of the Louvre. Almost every thing we know concerning him is to be found in an epistle addressed to him by Ronsard, and of which M. Berty has quoted several interesting fragments. As for Androuet du Cerceau, the great difficulty is to know who is meant under that name, several members of the family having been equally celebrated, and their titles to glory having consequently been mixed up in the most puzzling manner.

M. Berty abandons the Louvre at the time when it is confounded with the Tuileries, and he pursues in his last two chapters his peregrinations throughout the space bounded by the Rue St. Honoré, the Champs Elysées, the Seine and the city wall, built during the reign of Charles V. The Hôtel de la Vallière, the Chapelle des Feuillants, and a number of other interesting buildings are here described, most of which have entirely disappeared to-day, leaving the Place du Carrousel and the Louvre completely free.

We must now notice briefly the appendix which M. Berty has added to his interesting volume. It consists of a few supplementary particulars referring to Jean Goujon, Pierre Lescot, the Hôtel de Chevreuse, the site of the Porte Saint Honoré, and, chiefly, to two very ancient views of Paris, which are still extant, and from which the topography of the metropolis, as it appeared in the olden times, may be to a very considerable degree identified. These views require to be described. The first is a painting on wood, four centuries old; it originally belonged to the Abbey of St. Germain des Prés, and is now preserved in the museum of the Louvre. "It measures" (we quote M. Berty) "one *mètre* (three feet) in height, by two *mètres* four *centimètres*, and represents the subject, frequently treated, of the descent of Christ from the cross. Around the body are grouped Mary Magdalen, Joseph of Arimathea, the Virgin, a holy woman, a man clothed in a red mantle, who is believed to be intended for an abbot of Saint Germain, and finally a kneeling figure,

representing, as we suppose, a female relative of the donor. In the background on the right is Mount Calvary; on the left is a landscape, in which we have no difficulty in distinguishing the Hôtel Bourbon, the Louvre, Montmartre in the distance, and, near, the monastery of Saint Germain. No one knows exactly who is the author of the picture, but it may be ascribed to some French artist who underwent the influence of the Flemish school."

The second painting we wish to notice is a reredos, likewise in wood, formerly belonging to the principal room of the Paris Parliament, and now exhibited in one of the halls of the Palais de Justice. "It represents the crucifixion of our Lord. On the left are Saint John the Evangelist, Saint Denis, and Charlemagne; on the right the Virgin, two other women, Saint John the Baptist, and Saint Louis. Behind the figure of our Lord is the city of Jerusalem: on the one side we find a certain monument, which we shall have to discuss by and by; on the other we see the Louvre, with the Hôtel de Bourbon and part of the Hôtel de Nesle. The painting is generally attributed to John Van Eyck; but Count de Laborde considers it to be the work of Hugo Van der Goes, whilst Dr. Waagen inclines rather towards Memling, and M. Wautens towards Roger Van der Weyden."

From an accurate study of this reredos, and a comparison of it with various other monuments of the same nature, M. Berty has been able to determine with the utmost certainty that it belongs to the middle of the 15th century, and that the topographical details it represents are minutely correct. Two steel engravings, made from drawings *traced* on the originals, place the reader in a position to form a very correct idea, both of the wooden picture of Saint Germain des Prés, and of the reredos to which we have just been alluding. In addition to these illustrations, M. Berty has added twenty other steel engravings and ten woodcuts. The panoramic views of the quais of the Louvre and of the Tuileries deserve particularly to be noticed.

In conclusion, this volume is accompanied by two sheets belonging to a large plan of Paris, which, when completed, will form a kind of pictorial index to all the details embodied in the work.

We have now given a tolerably correct notice of one of the most valuable instalments of the "*Histoire Générale*," published under the auspices of Baron Haussmann, the enterprising *Préfet de la Seine*. The only regret we have to express here is, that M. Berty should not have been spared to accomplish a work he began with so much success. The hand of death has struck him down in the midst of his labours, and it will be the duty of others to resume the task where he left it.

On some further occasion we shall endeavour to present our readers with a *compte-rendu* of the subsequent volumes belonging to this series. In the meanwhile, let us not forget to bestow their due amount of praise upon the members of the municipal commission, who have thus given a new impetus to the study of local history, archæology, and chronology. They set an example which other cities might appropriately follow; and at a time when the vestiges of the past are rapidly disappearing from amongst us, it is more than ever necessary that we should not allow ourselves, in the pride of our boasted civilisation, to forget altogether what we were in days of yore.

EARLY ITALIAN PAINTERS.^a

THE re-appearance of Mrs. Jameson's "Lives of the Italian Painters" is a remarkable confirmation of the judgment which those best qualified to give it have always expressed regarding the agreeableness of her style, and her happy art of making both intelligible and interesting to general readers a subject which in other hands might so easily have been made dry and repulsive. It also speaks well for the disposition of the educated classes to make themselves acquainted with the history of art in the country which witnessed its grandest developments, even though it may be given but to few to devote themselves to it as a study. It may not be known that this work appeared first in successive numbers of the *Penny Magazine*, and was reprinted in the excellent series known as "Knight's Weekly Volumes." It was subsequently published by Mr. Murray in its present form, with many corrections and additions by the accomplished authoress, but with the same woodcuts which had illustrated it on its first appearance, and a few additional ones from Kügler's "Handbook."

These illustrations were, on the one hand, too few, and, as far as the original woodcuts are concerned, too roughly executed to serve any very useful purpose. Mr. Murray seems, therefore, to us to have done well in substituting for them in this edition fifty-eight well-engraved and authentic portraits of the artists spoken of. In another edition we should hope to see the utility and popularity of this charming little work increased by the addition of special notices of the pictures in our National Gallery by the masters whose lives are contained in it.

A NEW HISTORY OF SAINT LOUIS.^b

HERE are certain historical personages who have the gift of attracting all thinking minds, and around whom a kind of halo reigns, undimmed by time. They stand as it were on a pedestal, and every century as it passes on, offers to them a tribute of admiration and respect. Alfred the Great, Joan of Arc, Henry of Navarre, may be named among these; and perhaps no character occupies a more prominent place on the whole list than that of Saint Louis. By the greatest piece of good fortune this monarch has also been associated with a biographer quite capable of doing full justice to the qualities of him whose career he chronicled, and the *naïve* memorials of the Sire de Joinville are as inseparable from the reign of Louis IX. as the pages of Tacitus from the life of Agricola.

^a "Memoirs of Early Italian Painters, and of the Progress of Painting in Italy. Cimabue to Bassano." By Mrs. Jameson. London: John Murray. 1868.

^b "Histoire de Saint Louis," par A. Félix Faure. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris and London. L. Hachette & Co.

On the present occasion, however, it is not to the mediæval historian that we would principally direct the notice of our readers; the subject of this review is a work of more ambitious pretensions, and which has lately been rewarded by one of the prizes which the French Institute has at its disposal. M. Félix Faure, author of the two excellent volumes now under consideration, has divided his narrative into ten books, the eighth and ninth of which are devoted to a short but very complete account of the legislative enactments made by Saint Louis, and to the progress of literature and science during his reign.

It is impossible, as M. Faure remarks, to imagine a happier concurrence of circumstances than that which attended the birth of Louis IX.

“Every kind of greatness surrounded his cradle; if his origin was illustrious, the present glory of his house stood likewise unparalleled. His father, who transmitted to him the blood of Charlemagne, mingled with that of the Capetians, seemed for a short time destined to wear on his brow the threefold crown of England, France, and Castille. Not only was Saint Louis the grandson of Philip Augustus, and the descendant of the Capetians, he likewise belonged to the race of Charlemagne—no slight advantage then. The idea that the throne was the lawful inheritance of the Carlovingian race exclusively, had survived even the triumph of Hugues Capet, and the establishment of his dynasty. That idea subsisted still, if not in the form of a settled opinion, at least as a recollection, in the memory of people living so late as the 13th century. Poetry, besides, had taken possession of the gigantic figure of Charlemagne, and increased still farther its proportions. The mighty emperor had become the legendary hero of the West.

“Charlemagne and his twelve peers, transformed by the Carlovingian romances—the most popular expressions of the heroic poems of the day, stood as the type, the ideal representation of royalty and of chivalry. For us, indeed, they seem superhuman and fabulous, not so for the men of those ages—the immense majority of whom accepted the metrical romances as the expression of historic truth. By his marriage with Isabella of Hainault, Philip Augustus had given to his posterity the double lustre, the double strength of representing at the same time the two royal races. For Isabella descended from Hermengarde, daughter of the unfortunate Charles, Duke of Lorraine, the last of the Carlovingians, who disputed the throne with Hugues Capet, and died a prisoner in a dungeon of the Castle of Orleans. The marriage of Philip Augustus with Isabella of Hainault, was considered by contemporaries as a return to the principle of legitimate succession.”

We have made this long extract from M. Faure's work, because the fact it illustrates has too often become lost sight of by modern historians. Let us now briefly notice the difficulties which stood in the way of Blanche of Castille when she assumed the regency. No opportunity seemed more propitious for the great crown vassals to recover their independence. The young monarch was only eleven years old, the Queen Dowager had no support in the kingdom, and her foreign origin had prevented her from obtaining in France that amount of sympathy to which her eminent qualities fully entitled her. Besides, where was the government? Louis VIII., whilst providing for the due succession of his eldest son, had, strange to say, completely neglected to state

who should be regent during the minority, and how the affairs of the kingdom should be carried on. No precedent could be quoted, and thus the queen assumed the reins of the empire, correctly speaking, without any legal right to do so, in a time and under circumstances when the most unquestionable, the most legally defined authority, was indispensable. The calm examination of this critical position is necessary if we would fully appreciate the admirable talents of Blanche of Castille, and her consummate skill as a politician. All this preliminary part of the subject is very well explained by M. Faure, who has most judiciously availed himself of the information given in the rhymed chronicle of Philip Mouskès, the *Scriptores Historiæ Francorum* of Duchesne, and other sources.

The crusades occupy, in the reign of Saint Louis, one of the principal places. It is curious to notice the variety of opinions which reigned amongst the French on that important point. No doubt most of the barons and the common people were actuated by strong religious feeling, took up arms with the greatest readiness, and made joyfully their preparations for a campaign, which, in their opinion, was to atone for their past misdeeds, and so procure for them the blessings of everlasting salvation. But the more prudent of the king's political advisers tried their best to dissuade him. Blanche of Castille, Gulielmus Arvernenensis, bishop of Paris, and many others, endeavoured to show that his subjects had the first and strongest claims on his vigilance; and that it was of the highest consequence not to leave the kingdom exposed to the ambition of foreign potentates, or the designs of ever-restless nobles. Louis was determined to go; and in a short time the motley host started for the Holy Land. M. Faure does not fail to remark as a sign of decay in feudal institutions the fact that many barons took a part in the expedition, not as free men, but as soldiers in the pay of the king. Of course they could most reasonably plead poverty as an apology for so doing; but it is nevertheless true that they thus abdicated in point of fact their independence, and that they yielded the very principle which was the keystone of the feudal system.

On the history of the crusades a number of authorities still exist in the writings of both European and Oriental chroniclers. M. Faure quotes constantly in his notes Makrisi, Gemal-Eddin, and Abumahassen, as well as Guillaume de Nangis, Matthew Paris, and the anonymous monk of Saint Denis. His text-book, however, is the chatty volume of the brave Sénéchal de Champagne, whose picturesque pages are no less remarkable for the general accuracy of the descriptions, than for the vividness with which they are painted and the shrewd observations they contain. The sad results of the crusade are sufficiently known, and it was not without a secret feeling of shame that the Egyptians saw themselves deprived, by the avarice and greed of their emirs, of the tremendous advantage they would have enjoyed if they had retained prisoners the King of France and his barons, the flower of the French nobility.

It is not necessary, perhaps, that we should give any details on the history of England during the 13th century, and on the period of civil wars which ended with the battle of Evesham. We must be satisfied with pointing out to the reader the seventh book of M. Faure's work,

where that interesting episode is treated in the fullest and ablest manner. Our author remarks that Simon de Montfort was honoured with the eulogies both of English and of French chroniclers. "Sicque labores," says Matthew Paris, "finivit suos vir ille magnificus, Simon comes, qui non solum sua sed se impendit pro oppressione pauperum, assertione justitiæ et regni jure." According to Gulielmus Arvernensis, he died a martyr to his plighted word, and many miracles were performed at his grave. "Porro corpus dicti Simonis monachi cujusdam abbatiae quæ vocatur Entesem (Evesham) juxta quam prælium commissum est, colligentes, in suam ecclesiam sepeliendum transtulerunt. Ad cujus tumulum, ut affirmant indigenæ, multi languntium sanitatis gratiam consecuti, Christem approbant ejus martyrium acceptasse." Guiart, in his "Branche aux Royaux Lignages," adds :—

" Sous un tombel de pierre dure,
Où Diex, qui bien connoist droiture,
A puis, car pas ne s'iert meffais,
Pour lui mains biaux miracles fais."

On the other hand, the chronicler Baudoin d'Avesnes represents Simon de Montfort as really wishing only to push on his own ambitious designs, endeavouring all the time to conceal them under a veil of anxiety for the prosperity of the commonwealth (*faisant semblant que c'est pour le profit du royaume*).

During an epoch of violence and misrule, when too often might was right, Louis IX., or as he is more familiarly called, Saint Louis, furnishes us with the bright instance of a king whose thoughts and actions were uniformly and exclusively directed towards the good of his subjects. "His reign," says M. Faure, "based upon the respect of justice, left the deepest traces both in France and in the whole Christian world. Whilst Saint Louis prepared and rendered inevitable all the social and political transformations which brought about modern civilisation as a result, his virtues gave in the eyes of men a kind of sacred character to royalty, which was to be the instrument of that long revolution. So momentous a change, like all changes, had its periods of violence and of untowardness, of repentance and of reaction. It could not have been otherwise, for even princes such as Saint Louis can only in the course of an ordinary life inaugurate the reforms which others must carry out. If it were different, we should never feel but the benefits of revolution ; or, rather, revolutions would exist no more. In their stead we should have the regular and peaceful course of a progress realised in the constant removal of national and social deficiencies, the correction of evil, and the strengthening of that which is good."

Time will not allow us to do more than glance at the two books in which M. Faure, as we have already said, describes the legislative enactments of Saint Louis, and the intellectual state of France during his reign. We must, however, take the opportunity of correcting here a mistake which many historians have committed respecting the code of laws generally known by the title of *Etablissements de Saint Louis*. The majority of writers who allude to it, reason as if it was a statute-book, binding not only the king's immediate vassals, but the whole of the realm. The full title of the code favours that supposition, and the preface with which it opens likewise bears that character. A short exa-

mination, nevertheless, of the book itself will show that in point of fact the *Etablissements* were, not a code promulgated by Saint Louis, but a series of decisions noted down from time to time by some law clerk, and which afterwards were put into a kind of shape, and published as being the laws confirmed in the court of parliament.

The history of science and literature during the 13th century is by no means devoid of interest. Paris retains still its high position as a centre of mental culture ; it is at the University of Paris that Alexander Halesius, Stephen Langton, Roger Bacon, Thomas Aquinas, Albertus Magnus, and so many other eminent thinkers pursue their different studies, and prepare themselves to defend the cause of Christianity from the metaphysical point of view. It is true that the worship of Aristotle has become almost universal, and that his authority is well nigh considered as equal to that of the Holy Scriptures ; but, at the same time, eloquent protests are made by Roger Bacon and others against the excesses of scholasticism. In the meanwhile Hugues de Saint-Cher, assisted by five hundred religious of the order of Saint Dominic, accomplishes his gigantic concordance of the Bible, and Stephen Langton applies himself likewise to the revision of the sacred text. M. Faure goes on to review the progress made in the various branches of scientific knowledge ; he describes in the most interesting manner the organisation and privileges of the University of Paris, and after a short but careful summary of the state of vernacular literature, he concludes with a sketch of the fine arts, dwelling particularly on the beautiful Sainte-Chapelle of Paris, that monument of the piety and enlightened taste of Louis IX.



Correspondence of Sylvanus Urban.

Sin scire labores,
Quære, age : quærenti pagina nostra patet.

[Correspondents are requested to append their Addresses, not, unless it is agreeable, for publication, but in order to facilitate Correspondence.]

DOCUMENTS SIGNED BY CHARLES II. AT ST. GERMAIN'S.

1. MR. URBAN, — Your readers will agree with me in thinking the two following documents, which I extract, by the kind permission of Sir Charles J. Palmer, Bart., from his muniment room at Dorney Court, worthy of being placed on permanent record in the pages of THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.—I am, &c.,

A BUCKINGHAMSHIRE ANTIQUARY.

“Charles, Prince of great Brittain, Duke of Cornwall and Albany, highest Captaine Generall of all his Majestie's Forces, raised or to be raised within the Kingdome of England, and Dominion of Wales, To our trustie and well beloved S^r Henrie Palmer, K^{nt} and to all others to whome these Presents shall come Greeting. Whereas our gracious and deare Father the King, by his Commission bearing date the 7th day of Novemb^r in the 20th yeare of his Ma^{ties} raigne, sealed with the great seal of England, for the causes and reasons therein mentioned, did give and graunt unto us full power and authoritie to raise and leavie within his Kingdome of England and Dominion of Wales and Towne of Barwick, such Forces, both Horse & Foot, as wee should think fit, and alsoe forces by Sea as well as by Land for the suppressing of such Rebels, or the resisting such Enemies, as should annoy or infest his Ma^{ties} said Realme, and Dominions, or the subjects thereof; and to give and graunt to such persons as we should think fitt our Commission to that purpose. Now knowe yee, That wee reposing speciall Trust and confidence in the said Sir Henrie Palmer K^{nt} and his fidelitie, and industrie for the King's Service, in and concerning the premises, Have authorized and appointed, and by these Presents do authorize and appoint the said S^r Henry Palmer K^{nt} to raise such forces by Land as well horse as foot, and such ships and Forces by Seas hee can be able, and then to arme, array, furnish and conduct against such other Forces as

are or shall bee raised against his Ma^{tie} or against those whoe doe or shall adhere unto him, or against such as shall refuse to assist his Ma^{tie} according to their dutie and allegiance in this his just cause. And whatsoever the s^d S^r Henrie Palmer K^{nt} or any other together with him, or as associated with him shall doe and performing premisses according to the tenor and authoritie of our said commission, shall and will ratifye and allowe by these Presents Given at St. Germaines under o^r hand and Seale the first day of May, in the 24th yeare of the raigne of our Royall Father and King.

Charles II

“Charles Prince of great Brittain, Duke of Cornwall and Albanie, highest Captaine Generall of all his Majesties Forces, raised, or to be raised within the Kingdome of England and Dominion of Wales, To our trustie and well beloved S^r Henrie Palmer K^{nt} and to all others to whome these presents shall come Greeting. Whereas our most gracious and deare Father y^e King, by his commission under the great Seale of England, bearing date the 7th day of November in y^e 20th yeare of his Ma^{ties} raigne, for y^e causes and reasons in the said commission mentioned, hath constituted and made us his highest Captaine Generall under his M^{tie}. And hath thereby given unto us full power and authoritie to raise such forces both of horse and foot by land, and such other forces by Sea, as wee should think fitt, and them to arme, arraye, order and conduct by such Commanders and other officers as wee should make choice of att any place or places, within his Ma^{ties} Realme of England, Dominion of Wales, and towne of Barwick, against any invaders or rebels as there should bee occasion. And whereas

many of our Father's subjects, have been and yet are in Actuell Rebellion against him; And wee being well assured of y^e fidelities, industries and good discretions of y^e said Sr Henrie Palmer K^{nt} dwelling in the countye of Kent have by vertue of y^e said commission to us granted as aforesaid given and granted unto him the said St. Henrie Palmer K^{nt} full power and authoritie to raise such forces by land, as well horse as foot, and such Shippes and forces by Sea, as hee could bee able; and them to arme, array, furnish, and conduct against such other Forces as were or should be raised against his Ma^{tie} or against those whoe did or should adhere unto him, or against such as should refuse to assist his Ma^{tie} according to their dutie and allegiance in this his just cause, as by our said commission bearing date att St. Germaines the first day of May in the 24th yeare of his Ma^{ties} raigne it doth and may appeare. And whereas by y^e Lawes and Statutes of England, all the Subjects of that Realme, are bound by their allegiance and dutie to assiste their Souveraigne to the best of their power against all his Enemies and Rebels, And for whatsoever they should doe or attempt to that purpose, they ought to be protected. And whereas the said Sr Henrie Palmer K^{nt} hath according to his dutie and in pursuance of his Ma^{ties} Commission to us, and of our said Commission granted to him as aforesaid, acted some things whereof hee is or may be doubtfull, whether they were done by him in such manner and order as in strictnes of lawe they may bee justified, and therefore hee hath humbly besought us that wee would be pleased soe farre to interpose and mediate with o^r Royall Father, That what hee or any of those whoe reallye and truly assisted him

for his Ma^{ties} service did doe or performe, with a real intention of tending thereunto since the date of our said Commission to him the said Sr Henrie Palmer K^{nt} granted as aforesaid may bee soe favourably interpreted as that it may noe waye tend to his or any of their prejudices. Nowe knowe yee that wee being desirous to give encouragement to all such gentlemen, and others, as in these tymes of triall shall shewe their fidelities to us and to our Fathers Service, doe hereby declare, That wee doe and shall allowe and approve of all and whatsoever y^e s^d Sr Henrie Palmer K^{nt}, or any other who hath joynd with him, have done or endeavoured to doe in any of the premises eyther by land, or by Sea, as far as our said commission from our said Royall Father, or our said commission to him can extend unto. And further if in anything which doeth or may concern y^e premises or any part thereof, hee or any of them have done anything which in strictness of Lawe may be construed to bee illegall, and soe might turne to his prejudice, or the prejudice of any of them, WEE doe hereby promise upon our word and Honour (which wee esteeme at a high valewe) so to interpose with our s^d Royall Father, as to obtaigne from his Ma^{tie} his full and gracious pardon, for and concerning all or any such failings, misdemeanors, or Errors, which hee or they, out of their zeale to his Ma^{ties} Service, have committed, omitted or done. Given under our hand and Seale the 10th day of August in the 24th yeare of y^e raigne of our Royall Father y^e King.

Charles P

MORTIMER MAWLEY.

2. MR. URBAN,—I shall be glad of any information respecting the name of Mauley. Ainsworth, in his "Latin Dictionary," gives a short list of surnames derived from the Latin, in which are Mortimer de Mortuo Mari, and Mauley de Malo Lacu. Is there any known connection between the two? Mr. Eyton, in his "Antiquities of Shropshire," quotes "Domesday," "The same Ralph (de Mortemer) holds Melela;" and adds, "by Melela is undoubtedly meant Mawley, south-east of Cleobury." The castle of the Mortimers in Cleobury was destroyed by King Henry II.; but they were styled the Mortimers of Cleobury to a much later period, though their principal resi-

dence was at Wigmore. About half a mile south-east from where the old castle stood, there is on a precipitous bank, overhanging the little river Rea, on the Mawley estate, the site of a much stronger castle, of which the ditch is still very perfect, and some of the walls of which were standing in the memory of many now living. It is called Castle Toot; and such topographical works as mention it say its history is unknown. It strikes me that the Mortimers must have had a castle here after the one in Cleobury, which never could have been of much strength, was dismantled; and that it probably was called Mawley Castle, as an old farm-house, not a quarter of a mile

from it, is still called Mawley Town. As Melela or Malela (I think Mr. Eyton gives both) is mentioned in "Domesday Book," it probably was Saxon, and its belonging to the De Mortemers may have been a reason for writing it De Malo Lacu in Latin.

If any of your readers can inform me whether the family name De Mauley is so written, and whether there is any known connection with the Mortimers or with this Mawley, I shall feel much obliged.—I am, &c.,

30th April, 1868.

W. P.

SPURIOUS RELICS: A CAUTION TO ANTIQUARIES.

3. MR. URBAN,—It may interest your antiquarian readers to learn, that for some time past a few men have been actively engaged in this locality and other places in Surrey, in endeavouring to palm off upon the uninitiated a number of articles, which they allege to be of the highest archæological importance, and in every instance to have been dug up in the neighbourhood of the place visited. A description of one of these articles recently appeared in several local newspapers, from which the reader was led to conclude that a rare and interesting medal of Henry I., dated A.D. 1121, had been discovered, and was in possession of a person resident in Guildford, in whose house it was open to the inspection of the curious. The date alone was sufficient to disprove the genuineness of the medal described, as dates were not described upon the productions of the mint until at least three centuries after the above period. The article in question is a kind of badge of mixed metal, bearing on the obverse the head of the king, full-faced, with some unmeaning words in Runic characters, and

at the top the date in figures of the ordinary modern type, the whole being a palpable forgery. This is only one of many worthless imitations, including coins and pilgrims' marks, which these men, attired in the garb of labourers, have been offering to the public as genuine antiquities; and you will be doing good service by exposing the system. *Propos* of the subject, I may add that a short time ago, as some workmen were engaged in demolishing a bank near Chertsey, they dug up a gold coin, which proved to be an angel of Henry VI., slightly clipped, but otherwise in an admirable state of preservation. This, I am informed, is in the possession of Mr. Chapman, of Farnham, a collector of coins. The angels of Henry VI. are scarce, and differ only from those of Henry VII. in St. Michael having but one foot upon the dragon, which is the case on the coin alluded to. The unfortunate monarch was buried at Chertsey Abbey in 1471.—I am, &c.,

URBANUS SYLVAN.

Guildford, Feb. 1868.

THE BONITHON FLAGON.

4. MR. URBAN,—“The Bonithon Flagon,” described in the February number of your *MAGAZINE*, p. 179, and the brief family sketch, have quite as much interest for your readers in *New England* as in *Old England*. As early as February 12, 1629 (February 1, 1630, in new style), “The council, established at Plymouth, in Devonshire, for the planting, ruling, and governing of New England, in America,” granted territory to Thomas Lewis and Capt. Richard Bonython, who were at their own proper cost and charges to transport fifty persons “to plant and inhabit there.” The original parchment, yet extant in the archives of the Maine Historical Society, bears the signatures of “R. Warwick” and “Edward Gorges.” This was the foundation of the present city of Saco, and a copy of the patent is

contained in the appendix to Folsom’s “History of Saco and Biddeford.”

Bonython was born as early as 1593, came to New England not long after the date of his patent, and died about 1650. Of his children, *John* was born as early as 1615, and had children—John, Thomas, Gabriel, William, Winifred, and Eleanor; *Sarah* married *Richard Foxwell*, probably of Exeter, in Devonshire, who, in an action brought by him, in 1640, against Thomas Cannock, nephew of the earl of Warwick, and one of the colonists, declares “that he hath for these four years, or thereabouts,” lived in New England, within the patent of his father-in-law, Capt. Richard Bonython. He died about 1676 or 1677, when his estate was administered to by his son, Philip Foxwell.

Richard Bonython, the patentee, had

the energy, gravity, and decision, which eminently qualified him for the responsibilities of his new station; but his son John's violent opposition to the dominant opinions in New England gave him an uncomfortable life and an unenviable epitaph. The families of Bonython and Foxwell are extinct, except in the female line. Not a few of the names prominent in the days of Elizabeth, James, and Charles, had representatives in New Eng-

land; as Champernoon, Cutt, Edgecomb, Jordan, Winter, Howell, Trelawney, Treworgy, Jocelyn, and others, from Devonshire, Cornwall, and Somersetshire; but these were chiefly in the anti-puritan colonies on the coast of Maine, which, from a variety of causes, finally yielded to the opinions of their more potent neighbours.—I am, &c.,

J. WINGATE THORNTON.

Boston, U.S., March, 1868.

A CONTRIBUTION TO SHAKSPEARIAN LITERATURE.

5. MR. URBAN,—On a monument known as the Stanley tomb, in the Golden Chapel of Tong, Shropshire, is an epitaph which, as some good antiquarians assert, was written by Shakspeare in his youthful days. It is on Sir Thomas Stanley, who died in 1576, and is thus expressed:—

“Not monumental stone preserves our fame,
Nor sky-aspiring pyramids our name;
The memory of him for whom this stands
Shall outlive marble and Defacer's hands.

When all to Time's consumption shall be given,
Stanley, for whom this stands, shall stand
in heaven.”

Boscobel, where Charles II. was saved, is in the neighbourhood of Tong; and it is singular that Shropshire should be the place where sprung the Fitz-Alans, the progenitors of the Stuart family, and the same county that preserved their descendant.—I am, &c.,

W. H. CLARKE.

York, April, 1868.

“HORNING.”

6. MR. URBAN,—What is the allusion in the term “horning” (signifying to cuckold), so frequently met with in Shakspeare and subsequent authors, especially the dramatists? It was evidently well understood; and, from the fact of its being so often used, it would appear that our forefathers found in it something particularly piquant. With Shakspeare it seems to have been a stock joke—a point calculated at all times to tickle the fancy of the audience. For example, in the “Merry Wives of Windsor,” act ii., scene 2, *Falstaff* says, addressing *Mistresses Ford and Page*—

“Divide me like a bribe buck, each a haunch, I will keep my sides to myself, and my ‘horns’ I bequeath to your husbands.”

And in “Much Ado about Nothing,” act ii., scene 1—

“*Beatrice*. I will e'en take sixpence in earnest of the bearward, and lead his apes into hell.

“*Leonato*. Well then, go you into h—?”

“*Beatrice*. No; but to the gate; and then will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with ‘horns’ on his head.”

The curious may refer, also, to “Love's

Labour's Lost,” act iv., scene 1; act v., scene 1; “As You Like It,” act iii., scene 3; act iv., scenes 1 and 2; “Winter's Tale,” act i., scene 2; “Troilus and Cressida,” act iv., scene 5; act v., scene 7; and “Titus Andronicus,” act ii., scene 3.

I do not find it used in “Othello,” or in the poem of “Lucrece,” where the subjects so obviously admitted of its introduction. This fact, I think, would warrant the inference that it was only used in a jocular sense, and was here considered beneath the dignity of the occasion. Neither is it, I think, to be met with in “Hamlet” or “Lear,” to which the above remark also applies; nor yet in “Cymbeline,” “Pericles,” or most of the historical plays. I proceed to cite a few instances from later writers. In Webster's “Cure for a Cuckold” *Compass* says—

“Let fainting fools lie sick upon their scorns,
I'll teach a cuckold how to hide his ‘horns.’”

In “Vittoria Corombona,” *Frau de Med.* says to his sister *Isabella*—

“Now, ‘horns’ upon thee; for jealousy deserves them!”

From which it appears that the expression might be applied to a woman. In the same play, *Monticelso* says to *Camillo*—

"Go change the air for shame; see if your absence will blast your 'cornucopia.'"

This same mocking allusion exists to this day in the Italian '*cuerna de abundencia*,' horn of plenty, as applied to a cuckold. In Dryden, Chapman, Massinger, and Marston the term is commonly used. In the latter author's play of the "*Malcontent*" is the passage—

"Every cuckold hath sore eyes; for the roots of the 'horns' spring in the eyes," &c.

The same idea, more elegantly expressed, is to be found in Prior's poem of "The Turtle and the Sparrow." Burton, in his "*Anatomy of Melancholy*," when treating of the "Causes of Jealousy," says, quoting from a Latin author (he is addressing old men),—

"Marry a lusty maid, and she will surely graft 'horns' on thy head."

Two other similar quotations may be seen in his chapter on "Cures for Jealousy." But one of the most remarkable passages I have seen in connection with this subject is a note in the Rev. A. Dyce's edition of Webster's works on the passage in "Northward Ho!"—

"I will tell thee the most politick trick of a woman that e'er made a man's face look withered and pale, like the tree in Cuckold's 'Haven' in a great snow."

This note I shall make no apology for transcribing here *in extenso*. He says—

"A little below Rotherhithe is a spot, close on the river, called Cuckold's Point; it is distinguished by a tall pole, with a pair of 'horns' on the top. Tradition says that near this place there lived, in the reign of King John, a miller who had a handsome wife; that his majesty had an intrigue with the fair dame, and gave him as a compensation all the land on that side which he could see from his house looking down the river. He was to possess it only on condition of walking on a certain day to the farthest bounds of his estate with a pair of bucks 'horns' on his head," &c.

Others, he says, exist; but this is the version of the story that the watermen on the Thames even now repeat. Horn Fair is still held at Charlton (the boundary of N. S. 1868, VOL. V.

the miller's estate,) on the 18th October, in commemoration of the event.

Those whose reading has lain among our old plays will know how much more common, even than it had before been, this expression 'horning' became with the wits of the reign of Queen Anne. There is hardly a comedy of Congreve, Farquhar, Vanbrugh, or Steele that does not contain it; in some it is repeated *ad nauseam*; and it was still used in the same mocking, gibing sense.

There does not seem to have been in it a special allusion to the "horns" of any particular animal; that appears to be an indifferent point. Sometimes, and indeed generally, it was to those of the stag; but sometimes, also, it was to those of the bull or the goat—occasionally, of no animal at all. It might be to the moon, as is the case in one of the passages which I have marked from Burton; or to the coxcomb and "horns" which were formerly a necessary part of the equipment of the fool. An instance of this latter allusion may be seen in Marston's play of the "*Malcontent*," already mentioned.

We have, therefore, no clue to its origin in this particular. Neither does the number of the "horns" seem to have been an essential part of the idea contained in the phrase; it was occasionally the "horn" of the unicorn or the classical cornucopia that was spoken of. So here, again, we are at fault.

That the origin of this expression is very ancient I have no doubt. The Italians, Spaniards, and French have all got it to this day, and the Germans have an epithet which contains the same idea. I believe we ourselves borrowed it from the French; and that they, in turn, derived it from their Roman conquerors, who would, doubtless, sometimes give them practical examples of its meaning. How much farther back it might be traced I am not prepared to say. That it is not of modern introduction into the French language, I shall only cite one instance to show—from "*Rabelais*," lib. iii., chapter 25, where *Panurge* takes counsel of *Herr Trippa*, the astrologer, as to whether he might safely marry without danger of being made a cuckold. The latter, having cast his horoscope, tells him—

"Je te afferme que tu seras cocqu. Daduantaige seras de ta femme battu, et d'elle seras desrobbé. Car je trouve la septiesme maison en aspectz tous malings,

et en batterie de tous signes 'portans cornes,' comme Aries, Taurus, Capricorne et aultres."

This was written about the middle of the 16th century.

Did the expression take its rise from some mythological fable, which may itself have been founded on some real occurrence? Or, is it an ironical allusion to the "horn" as a symbol of power?

The German term applied to a cuckold, of which I have already made mention, is

"ochsen-krone." The idea here suggested seems to be that of bearing the burdens of another, the ox being formerly a beast of burden.

Allow me, in conclusion, to invite an expression of opinion on the subject of the preceding remarks from some of your antiquarian and philological readers.—I am, &c.,

W. A. P.

4 Wilton Street, Manchester.

BOWTELL FAMILY.

7. MR. URBAN,—Information is requested respecting the families of the father and mother of Grace Bowtell, who, in 1684, married James Walford, who inherited Harsted Hall from his uncle, Dr. Thomas Walford. Grace Bowtell was grandmother of Mrs. Gent, of Moynes, in Essex, who died in 1802. It is known that Grace Bowtell's mother, Elizabeth (whose maiden name is not at present ascertained), married for her second husband Arthur Tabrum, of Finchingfield, and died in 1700, leaving issue by him, Arthur Tabrum, of Yeldham, and by her first husband, Grace, Mary (married to Richard Patch), Frances, Susannah (married to Robert Felbridge), and Anne. The Bowtells, Walfords, and Tabrums were connected through the Desbroughs, or Disbrowes, with the family of Cromwell. A daughter of John Walford, by Jane Desbrough or Disbrowe, is stated to have married a "Mr. Bowtle," and to have left two daughters, Elizabeth and Jane; but this Mr. Bowtle does not appear to have been the husband of Mrs. Bowtell, whose second husband was Arthur Tabrum, of Finchingfield. It is singular that Thomas Walford, brother of Grace Bowtell's husband, should have married Mary, daughter

of Arthur Tabrum; and that Mary Walford, Grace Bowtell's sister-in-law, should have married Robert Tabrum, son of Arthur Tabrum, by his wife, to whom he was married before he became the husband of Mrs. Bowtell. From a pocket-book of Robert Symonds, among the Harleian Manuscripts, it appears that "one Bowtell, of Suffolk," accompanied Oliver Cromwell when, with Bowtell's sword, he raised the lid of King Charles' coffin, in order to see the king's body. It is not unlikely that this Bowtell was related to Grace Bowtell, who married James Walford, of Harsted Hall. Can any readers of THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE give information about the Bowtell family to one whose children descend from Robert Tabrum, of Shelly Hall, and Hatfield Peverel, Essex, who was a grandson of Grace Bowtell's mother; which Robert Tabrum had a nephew, Arthur Tabrum, of Shalford, who married Mary Walford, granddaughter of John Walford, by Jane, daughter of Valentine Disbrowe, son of General Disbrowe, by Jane, sister of Oliver Cromwell the Protector?

R. D. DAWSON-DUFFIELD, LL.D.

5, Belvoir Terrace, Cambridge.

"YORK AND CAERLEON."

8. MR. URBAN,—The inscription, "ditis," over the entrance to the well-cave at Pontefract, mentioned by Mr. Beardmore in the February number of THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE (p. 217), was "entirely obliterated" before 1807, the date of Boothroyd's "History of Pontefract" (p. 144).

Whatever the word—*qy*, only part of one—may mean, it is certain that the chamber itself is not older than the Middle Ages. From it there is a flight of fourteen steps, and then a *newel stair* of some fifty steps more down to the

water, which apparently stands at its old level. I inspected it four or five years ago, as well as an adjoining subterranean chapel under the roadway of Southgate, also hollowed out of the solid rock. You descend into this by a steep and narrow flight of steps under a trap-door in the pathway of the road. It was discovered "whilst making a sewer some years ago," and is more interesting than the well: the altar still remains, and there are two or three lockers and a shaft, but no architectural detail whatever. This curious

excavation somewhat reminded me of Wilfrid's Crypt in Ripon Cathedral, or that of St. Gervais at Rouen, though smaller than either. With an enclosed garden, it probably was the residence of an anchorite or chantry-priest, like Warkworth Hermitage, or St. Robert's Cave, Knaresborough; but without their architectural pretensions, and not, like them, in a cliff. It was, doubtless, the hermitage begun by Adam de Laythorpe and Robert his son about 1368; and described as being "in the venell of the Malfay Gate" 7 Henry IV., when Henry Manys,

of Pontefract, and Margery, his wife, and Joan de Laythorpe, Margery's sister, leased it for life to a certain William Porlington, probably with the stipulation to remember them in his prayers. In an adjoining garden, mentioned in the deed as an abuttal, Thomas Elys had licensed John Queyks to build a hermitage (*vide* Fox's "History of Pontefract," pp. 291, 2). This is probably the origin of the well-cave.—
I am, &c.,

A. S. ELLIS.

Brompton, S. W.

THE FRITTER-BELL.

9. MR. URBAN, — Some of your readers—or, perhaps, I may venture to say many—will be interested in learning that the ancient custom of ringing a bell at midday on Shrove Tuesday is still observed at All Saints', Maidstone, and is now known as the "Fritter-bell." This bell was originally rung to call the people together to confess their sins, as a preparation for the more solemn season of Lent; hence the name of the day, the Saxon word "shrove" or "shrive" meaning to confess. Whether the custom of ringing the bell on this day is still kept up in other places in England we are unable to say, but a few years ago it was observed at St. Nicholas' church, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, by tolling the great bell at noon. In the reigns of Charles I. and II. it seems to have been common everywhere. It is mentioned by Taylor, the Water Poet, in 1630, as the Pancake-bell. In "Poor Robin's Almanack" for 1684 we read in February:—

"But hark, I hear the Pancake-bell,
And fritters make a gallant smell."

In the year 1790 the custom was still practised in many places, as noticed in THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE for that year. Macaulay, in his "History and Antiquities of Claybrook, co. Leicester," published in 1791, says:—"On Shrove Tuesday a bell rings at noon, which is meant as a signal for people to begin frying their pancakes." It seems to have been the custom in England to have eggs and collops (slices of bacon) on Shrove Monday, or, as it was often called, Collop Monday, pancakes on Tuesday, and fritters on Wednesday. Selden, in p. 20 of his "Table Talk," has this passage relating to the season:—"So likewise our eating of fritters, whipping of tops, roasting of herrings, jack-of-lents, &c., they are all in imitation of church works, emblems of martyrdom." The Curfew Bell ceased to be rung at All Saints' in 1785. It is still rung in some places in this county.

I am, &c.,

W. D.

April, 1868.

TEMPLE BAR.

10. MR. URBAN,—Let me ask, through your venerable columns, what is to become of poor old Temple Bar? The highest veneration for the genius of Sir Christopher Wren and the traditions of the City, cannot conceal the fact that Temple Bar is in a most pitiable and poverty-stricken condition. The oaken portals which have been shut so many times in the faces of kings and queens, and only reopened at the dulcet persuasion of tabarded heralds, are getting rickety, and ere long may be found rotten; the scroll work is lamentably decayed; the lines of

the pediment are mouldering; the left legs of the statues of Charles and James, in sham Roman costume, have almost entirely disappeared. They have not been wilfully amputated by mischievous roughs, but seem to have perceptibly disintegrated and faded away like the flesh from the bones of the phantom horse in Bürger's "Lenore." Finally, the extensive demolitions of the foul and felonious tenements about Carey-street and behind Pickett's-place, necessitated by the clearance of the site for the new courts of justice, have now reached right up to the boundaries of the

City, and have left Temple Bar on one side as bare as a robin. The ancient and eccentric barber still keeps his little hutch of a shop in the Bar; but I fancy that he must soon be fain to find another seat for his industry. There used to be a perfumer in the Strand who displayed in his window a model of Temple Bar in scented soap. The actual Bar is much worse off than that model, which at least was protected by a glass case. There was somewhat of cruel satire in building this fabric of soap; for the real Temple Bar has never been washed—save by

London showers, which comprise more soot than clean water—within the memory of man or the record of tradition. The present condition of the time-honoured structure really calls for attention and discussion, and I hope that something will be done both to remove and to preserve it. Why not pull it down, and re-erect it as an entrance to the Temple? I hope, however, that before it is demolished, some good photographs of it will be taken.—I am, &c.,

RALPH DE PEVERELL.

April 24, 1868.

EXTENTES, OR ROYAL RENTROLLS OF JERSEY.

11. MR. URBAN,—I shall be sincerely obliged to any of your correspondents for the information as to where the first of

these documents, dated 1294, or a copy of it, is to be inspected.—I am, &c.,

J. BERTRAND PAYNE.

Conservative Club, S. W.

INSCRIPTION IN BENGEO CHURCHYARD, HERTS.

12. MR. URBAN,—The following inscription is given in a modern publication as taken from an old monument in the above church:—

“If life were merchandize which men could buy,

The rich would always live, the poor alone would die.”

The Rev. John Hannah, in his “Poems of Sir Henry Walton,” gives the following version of it:—

“If breath were made for every man to buy,

The poor man could not live—rich would not die.”

I am curious to learn the date of either, or of both of these epitaphs. Did Sir Henry borrow from Bengoe Churchyard, or the poet of Bengoe borrow from Sir Henry? Perhaps the present rector of Bengoe would kindly give the inscription in full with date, &c.

I am, &c.,

JAMES FRANKLIN FULLER.

Killeshandra, co. Cavan.

FAMILY OF HANBURY.

13. MR. URBAN,—Who were the descendants of Philip Hanbury generosus, baptised at Elmley Lovett, 15th May, 1582? He was of Trevethin, Monmouthshire, before 4th December, 1609. He married and had issue before 1623 (*vide* “Visitation of Worcestershire”). Also, what was the parentage of Richard Hanbury “senior generosus,” born 1610, of Panteague, co. Monmouthshire?

Wanted, also, an original survey of the manor of Eddlogan, dated 10th September, 1635, on which occasion Philip Hanbury, of Pantegue, was one of the jury, and Richard Hanbury was returned as a freeholder in Pantegue.

I am, &c.,

WM. ALLEN HANBURY.

Wellington, Somerset.

Antiquarian Notes.

BY CHARLES ROACH SMITH, F.S.A.

— Quid tandem vetat
Antiqua misceri novis ?

SCOTLAND.

A VERY interesting inscription on a large slab (9 ft. by 2 ft. 11 ins.) has very recently been discovered on the land of Mr. H. Cadell, of Grange, in the parish of Carriden, Linlithgowshire. It is as follows:—

IMP. CAES. TITO AELIO
HADRIANTONINO
AVG. PIO. P. P. LEG. II
AVG. PERMPHIIDCLII
FEC. ;

the meaning being that, at the spot where this memorial was set up the Second Legion, named Augusta, completed work of 4652 paces; dedicating this record to Antoninus Pius, the reigning emperor. It is in an ornamental panel, the central compartment. The two outer divisions are filled with sculptured figures under canopies. That to the left exhibits a horseman, with spear and shield, riding over a group of barbarians, two of whom have long rectangular shields, while the victor carries one of oval shape. The compartment on the right is filled with six or seven figures sacrificing before an altar, with three animals in the foreground—a ram, an ox, and what is probably intended for a pig, but it more resembles a dog. Behind this assembly is a banner, upon which is inscribed :

L E G
II
A V G.

thus completing the story told, in showing that the Second Legion had celebrated the termination of this important portion of the Antonine wall by sacrifices. This monument is one of the most important yet discovered along the line of this great barrier; and it is not without considerable artistic merit.

This slab was found upon an elevated spot called "Windmill-hill," above Bridgeness Harbour; and thus it is evidence in the inquiry respecting the termination of the wall, which is placed by some at Carriden, by others at Abercorn, some miles further down the Firth; but at the same time, it does not settle the disputed question. Gordon ("Itin. Septent.") says that all traces of the wall failed him at Carriden; but it is well known how thoroughly the works of man's hand get effaced by time in various ways; and there is no more effectual effacer of earthen structures than agriculture. Had the wall terminated here it would probably have been referred to in the inscription. At all events, the discovery will lead to a review of the ground, and of the arguments *pro* and *con*.

ENGLAND.

Yorkshire.—To the brief notice of Canon Greenwell's most recent discoveries, given in the last number of THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, may be added further details, afforded by the "Malton Messenger" of April 25th. The Kirby-Underdale tumulus, as before stated, was originally a British structure as shown by the interment now laid open, over which this immense mound was piled up. It was sufficiently extensive to contain full seventy Saxon burials of the corpse entire; and the objects found in the graves are thus catalogued:—5 iron swords; 40 iron knives; 12 iron steels for sharpening knives, &c.; 8 necklaces of glass and clay beads; 2 gold, 1 silver, and 1 ivory set in silver, pendants; 20 bronze buckles, some of which are gilt; 4 small bronze caskets, for thread and implements for women's work; a flint and steel; an oval carnelian highly polished, and set in silver; a silver brooch set with garnets; a silver fibula; a silver pin; 2 whetstones; several bronze and silver rings; 3 spindle whorls; 4 iron keys; a bronze bowl; 2 bone combs; a skeleton of a dog.

Exclusive of the general contracted state of the bodies when interred, there are several subjects for inquiry and comparison which will at once strike the archæologist, as, for instance, the "steels," as supposed, for sharpening knives, which, as Canon Greenwell observes, seem a novel discovery. They are described as having had wooden handles; and as "rounded square-ended implements," from 4 in. to 6 in. long, including the tang for the handle. The silver rings, it is stated, "which had a knot for the fastening, were not for the finger, but were worn suspended from the neck, in which position they were invariably found. One, moreover, had a small pendant hanging on it." The entire absence of spears, the common weapon of the Franks and Saxons, is peculiarly remarkable.

This county has also supplied an example of ancient sepulture which will exercise the skill of the archæologist to ascertain the precise date and the nation of the person interred. The facts of the discovery and the remains are under the consideration of Dr. J. Barnard Davis (one of the authors of the "Crania Britannica") from whose private correspondence I supply a brief notice. The grave, having no mound over it, was of an oval form, and about $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet broad. The skeleton showed that the knees had been drawn up. Upon the breast were three thin plates of bronze; an egg-shaped central one, or boss; and two flat, almost semilunar plates at the sides. Two semicylindrical pieces of bronze, each about a foot long and half an inch wide (one with a rivet in it to fasten it to wood); a circular plate of bronze, with a pattern on it, produced in the *repoussée* manner, about the size of half-a-crown; a double-edged iron sword, in a bronze scabbard; and the iron head of a spear. There were also sixteen wooden skewers made of small bones, no doubt, as Dr. Davis suggests, to secure the body in the skin of some animal, with the hair on the hide, as appears from vestiges on the scabbard. The shield, Dr. Davis thinks, must have been either square or oval, and not round, as some have supposed. The

scabbard terminates in an animal's head, with large eyes, and little pits, which have held enamels. Some have considered the remains as late British; and some Roman. Dr. Davis does not, however, it would appear, concur in either view. The skull, which is well preserved, indicates that the warrior was in the prime of life; and it presents all the characters of the Danish type.

Cheshire.—*Vid* Canada, by the kindness of Dr. McCaul, we learn that a Roman mosaic pavement has been found near the castle at Chester; and that in the centre is worked—

C. VTI . L . A . R .
PESCENNINI.

Dr. McCaul suggests that these lines give the name of the owner, Caius Utius Pescenninus, or Pescennianus, who was probably related to a family at Æsernia in Italy, one of whom was called Quintus Utius Pescennianus, and another Caius Utius. He also refers to the Chester sepulchral monument engraved in the "Collectanea Antiqua," pl. viii. vol. vi., considering that it records one of the same family.

Dr. McCaul is one of our most able foreign colleagues, and he has secured means to obtain early information in English archæology, which he comments on in the University College, of which he is the president; and among the latest English intelligence which has come under his scrutiny is that in our "Notes," in the March number of THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE. I may take this opportunity of informing him that it was the reading of *Dis Manibus Hardalionis* I questioned. The doctor suggests it may be *Pardalionis*, the Greek Π being used. The genitive case certainly is not usual in this position in our inscriptions, but I did not forget that it does occur.

Middlesex.—Stone Roman sarcophagi have recently been discovered near Bow. The details must be deferred to a future number.

Scientific Notes of the Month.

Physical Science.—Major Tennant, of the Indian Survey, reports to the Astronomical Society upon some observations of the zodiacal light made during the first two months of the present year. Upon no occasion was there any appearance of annularity; the shape of the nebula being always that of a long ellipse or parabola.—Questions have sometimes arisen upon the colour of sun-spots; but the point is a difficult one to settle, on account of the brilliancy of the solar disc, which kills colour and makes the spots look black; while the fact of observations being made through coloured glass renders any specific tint they might present undiscoverable. But Mr. Broughton lately told the Manchester Philosophical Society that from observations made without shaded glasses, and by casting the sun's image upon a screen, he had come to the conclusion that the spots have a red colour. The writer has at times noted an apparent purple tint in the spots, but has generally attributed it to the effect of contrast.—Dr. Weisse, of Vienna,

calls attention to four solar eclipses that are to occur during this and the next two years. The first is the total eclipse of August next, which well-equipped expeditions have been sent to India to observe ; the second is an annular one that will be visible in the South Atlantic, at the Cape of Good Hope, and in Madagascar, on Feb. 11, 1869 ; the third, total, on Aug. 7 of the same year, in which the shadow traverses the north of China, Siberia, Behring's Straits, and North America, the totality enduring four minutes ; and the fourth, occurring on Dec. 21-22, 1870, with a totality of two and a-quarter minutes, and visible from parts of Spain and Portugal, Algiers and Greece, and at Constantinople, Sebastopol, and Taganrok.—The meteorologists are doing their best to dispel the belief in the moon's influence on the weather. Mr. Dines lately communicated to the Meteorological Society the results of an examination of forty years' records of rainfall kept at Cobham Lodge, Surrey, undertaken to test the truth of the popular supposition that the age of the moon has some connection with rain and rainy days. He said that his collation left him with the decided opinion that "the fall of rain is in no way influenced by the changes of the moon, or by the moon's age."—Those who are interested in the composition of meteorites will find the results of several recent analyses, by M. Daubree, in the reports of several meetings of the French Academy of Sciences before and after March 30.

Geology.—M. Silvestri has been analysing the volcanic products thrown up by Vesuvius. The lava is dark grey, sometimes green and red at the surface : it is crystalline in structure, and exerts an influence upon the magnetic needle. The densities of various specimens ranged from 2.46 to 2.81 ; water was present in some cases to the extent of 2 per cent. Three kinds of sublimates were noticed, all mainly composed of chlorides of sodium and potassium, but distinguished by different colours, due to varying proportions of chloride of copper. Iodine and bromine were sought for, but were not detected.—Captain Hutton reports upon a geological survey of the Lower Waikato district of the north island of New Zealand. There is no probability of finding an alluvial gold district of any extent ; but there are other valuable deposits in the shape of a coal bed, estimated to contain 140 million tons of coal, all of which can be worked without lifting machinery, and considerable beds of limestone.—The value of geological surveys is proved by the results that have followed from them in the United States, where Government geologists are sent to make examinations wherever railways push their way across unexplored territory. In the regions of the Upper Missouri fields of lignite of surprising extent and value have, under these circumstances, been discovered ; and, moreover, there are adjacent deposits of excellent ore, which yields 70 per cent. of metallic iron. These announcements point to the possibility of the north-western States becoming at some future time the centre of mining and manufacturing industry.—Mr. Croll renews the subject of geological time, in a communication to the *Philosophical Magazine*. His immediate object is to assign probable dates to the Glacial and Upper Miocene periods. Only a part of his paper has as yet appeared, so we are unable to give the conclusions at which he arrives.

Electricity.—A continental telegraph engineer, M. Cauderay, has made known a curious fact touching the influence of static electricity upon smoke. He finds that when a jet of smoke is directed against the conductor of an electrical machine the solid and liquid corpuscles are drawn towards the conductor and precipitated upon it like a dust film. Tobacco smoke blown through a tube against the machine shows the effect very well.—Another curious fact is announced by M. Gerard. If a metallic ring,—made of wire, the diameter of which varies regularly, so that at one side of the ring it is very thin, and at the other side relatively very thick—be suspended over an electro-magnet, it will begin to revolve. The author offers no explanation of this phenomenon, but he says that he sees in it the germs of a new system of telegraphy.—Professor Guthrie, of the Royal College, Mauritius, has invented a new form of voltastat and voltmeter. The electric current decomposes water in a sort of barometer cistern, and the generated gases, by pressing upon and altering the level of the surface of the liquid, vary the distance between a pair of platinum electrodes through which the current passes; so that the instrument acts analogously to the governor of a steam-engine. The pressure upon the water likewise drives mercury up a tube, and the height of the column gives an indication of the constancy of the current.—A Spanish observer, Senor Landerer, points out the important fact that if the zinc plates of a battery be coated with wax or varnish upon the sides not presented to the copper plates, the expenditure of the former metal will be lessened by about one-half. He says that only the zinc surface facing the copper is effective in producing a current, and that the back of the plate is merely eaten away by the acid without benefit to the battery.

Chemistry.—Mr. Chandler Roberts has brought forward some interesting observations on the occurrence of organic appearances in colloid silica obtained by dialysis. The structures in question indicate a vegetable growth, analogous to the markings seen in moss agates and Mocha stones, and the author concludes that they are due to the growth of fungi or mildew in the partially solidified jelly; the spores of organic life being probably derived from the atmosphere. Apropos of such spores, we may note that Mr. Dancer and Dr. Angus Smith have been microscopically examining the air of Manchester, and have detected them in startling abundance, as many as $37\frac{1}{2}$ millions being estimated as the number existing in about 2500 litres of atmosphere.—The chemists of Glasgow have combined to form a society, with Dr. Anderson for President. The first formal meeting was held on the 6th of April.—Mr. Chance lately delivered an interesting lecture to the Chemical Society on the manufacture of glass, historical and practical. He entered at length into the merits of the various descriptions of sand and alkaline ingredients used in glass making, and gave analyses of the glass of the present day, compared with specimens of that made in the 12th and 16th centuries. The actions of heat in causing devitrification, and of light in discolouring glass, were entered into, and questions of permanence were discussed. The manufacture of soluble glass was also described.—At another sitting of this body, Professor Guthrie brought forward his “Graphic Formulæ,” which he stated to be founded on a

principle somewhat similar to the system proposed by Dr. Crum Brown. He proposed to adopt a set of pictorial symbols by which to represent the elements themselves, and to arrange these in a geometrical fashion to indicate the compounds formed by their union. Hydrogen was to be represented by two dots, oxygen by a horizontal dash, chlorine by a pothook, iodine by a triangle, and so forth; compounds being represented by combinations of the symbols. The system was adversely commented upon by the generality of the members present.—M. Martin proposes to preserve meat by means of ether. The flesh is placed in tin boxes, together with tufts of cotton wool soaked in sulphuric ether: the cases are soldered down, and exposed to solar heat; the meat becomes impregnated with the vapour, and will remain for several months unchanged; but it has a peculiar flavour when cooked, and it seems doubtful whether the process is applicable to food preservation. Reports from America speak highly of Professor Gamgee's preservative process, alluded to in these pages some months ago, and which consists in submitting the meat to carbonic oxide gas. We are told that some mutton that had been preserved here and opened in America four months after, was pronounced by a New York butcher to have been killed about two days.—It is said that chloride of copper is extensively and effectively used in Germany as a preventative of the cattle plague. It is sometimes administered internally, but generally in the form of a vapour: cotton wool is steeped in an alcoholic solution of the salt and fired, the beasts being so placed as to inhale the fumes. The litters are sometimes sprinkled with the solution as a further precaution.

Photography.—M. Victor Fouqué publishes an historical work on the invention of photography, which he claims for Nicephore Niépce. He gives facts showing that twenty years before Daguerre made known his process Niépce had succeeded in obtaining pictures by the camera and making them permanent.—There has of late been a great hue and cry about the unhealthiness of photographic pursuits; but nothing very definite can be gleaned from the evidence that has been hitherto afforded; it consists chiefly of opinions drawn from isolated cases. No doubt ill-ventilated dark rooms filled with noxious vapours, disregard of cleanliness, and want of caution in handling poisons, bring evil consequences; but the same causes will produce like effects in any profession, and the calling must not be blamed for what is due to nothing else than the carelessness of its votaries. But whether their arts be healthy or not, there is talk of the photographers having a convalescent hospital on the finest part of the Sussex coast. It is said that Mr. Mayall has purchased an immense estate there, on which he intends to build a town. The medical profession want a hospital on the spot, and have applied to Mr. Mayall for a plot of ground to erect one, and he has consented to give them a site, on condition that one wing of the building shall be devoted to the reception of members of his profession. A noble example, worthy of emulation in other localities and callings.—Mr. Maclachlan has divulged a part of his secret means for reducing photographic operations to a certainty, and producing uniformly excellent pictures by the collodion process. The chief point of his method—as far as it is yet made known—lies in the use of a collodion and a

nitrate bath as nearly neutral as possible, the latter peculiarly prepared and involving delay and trouble in its preparation. Whether other photographers will have the time and patience to work his process as successfully as he has done himself, remains to be known; at present they have their doubts.

Miscellaneous.—An ingenious method of compressing molten steel for guns and other purposes, so as to save hammering, has been invented by M. Cazalat. At the upper part of the mould into which the metal is to be poured is a chamber containing a highly inflammable powder: when the mould has been filled it is tightly closed up, and a portion of this powder is allowed to fall upon the surface of the metal; it instantly ignites, and the gases generated exert a great pressure throughout the molten mass, expelling vapours from it and driving the molecules into close union.—Dr. Schlegel says that the light of a spirit-lamp burning common salt in its flame has long been used in China as a means of distinguishing persons affected with leprosy. The virus can be detected in the blood of a man who has been infected with the dreadful disease only a day or two. By ordinary daylight his skin would not look different from that of a healthy individual; but the monochromatic light, whilst it makes the healthy man's face appear deadly pale, turns the leper's as red as fire.—The Royal Society are memorialising Government to erect a statue to Faraday, in Westminster Abbey, at the public expense.—Professor Leone Levi has in preparation for the forthcoming British Association meeting, a paper “On the Progress of Science in the United Kingdom within the past thirty years, as evidenced by the number, strength, and activity of the learned societies therein instituted.”—We have before us the drawing of a hydraulic cow-milking machine, which is the latest offshoot of American constructive ingenuity! Small pumps draw the milk through india-rubber suckers, which move to imitate the action of a calf in sucking, or of a hand in milking. Speed, cleanliness, and comfort to the animal are the merits claimed for the invention.

J. CARPENTER.



MONTHLY GAZETTE, OBITUARY, &c.

MONTHLY CALENDAR.

April 25.—Return of the Prince and Princess of Wales from Ireland, and visit of their Royal Highnesses to Carnarvon.

April 26.—Laying of the first stone of the Keble College at Oxford, by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

April 27.—Conviction of Michael Barrett at the Central Criminal Court for murder, arising out of the recent attack on the Clerkenwell House of Detention.

April 28.—Trial of Burke, Casey, and Shaw for treason-felony at the Central Criminal Court. Burke and Shaw convicted; Casey acquitted.

April 30.—Defeat of the Government on the Irish Church question, and carrying of Mr. Gladstone's resolution, to the effect "that the Irish Church, as an Establishment, should cease to exist," by a majority of 65.

May 4.—Greystoke Castle, Cumberland, destroyed by fire.

May 6.—Great meeting in St. James's Hall of the supporters of the union of Church and State, to condemn Mr. Gladstone's resolution for the disestablishment of the Irish Church.

May 7.—Death of Lord Brougham, at Cannes, in the 90th year of his age.

May 9.—Respite of Barrett, the condemned Fenian.

May 13.—Foundation-stone of the New St. Thomas's Hospital, Lambeth, laid by the Queen.

APPOINTMENTS, PREFERMENTS, AND PROMOTIONS.

From the London Gazette.

CIVIL, NAVAL, AND MILITARY.

April 28. Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Napier, K.C.B., G.C.S.I., commanding her Majesty's Forces in Abyssinia, to be a G.C.B.

May 5. The Duke of Wellington, K.G., to be Lord Lieutenant of Middlesex.

The Earl of Haddington, to be her Majesty's High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

The Rev. Archibald Watson, D.D., to be one of her Majesty's Chaplains in Ordinary in Scotland, in the room of Dr. Robert Lee, deceased.

S. W. Blackall, esq., to be Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Queensland.

MEMBERS RETURNED TO PARLIAMENT.

April.

Chipping Wycombe.—The Hon. W. H. P. Carington, *vice* the Hon. C. R. Carington (now Lord Carington).

Cockermouth.—A. Green-Thompson, esq., *vice* J. Steel, esq., deceased.

Leominster.—Viscount Mahon, *vice* the Hon. Arthur Walsh, Ch.-hds.

May.

Kent (East).—E. Leigh Pemberton, esq., jun., *vice* Sir B. W. Bridges, bart. (now Lord Fitzwalter).

Stamford.—Charles John Talbot Viscount Ingestre, *vice* the Rt. Hon. Viscount Cranborne (now Marquis of Salisbury).

Radnorshire.—The Hon. Arthur Walsh, *vice* Sir J. B. Walsh, Bt. (now Lord Ormathwaite).

BIRTHS.

Feb. 13. At George Town, Cape of Good Hope, the Hon. Mrs. Henry Barrington, a dau.

April 5. At Malta, the wife of Lt.-Col. R. T. Glyn, 24th Regt., a son.

April 8. At Alipore, Calcutta, the wife

of A. G. Graham, esq., of Dunclutha, Argyllshire, a dau.

April 13. At Wychbold, Droitwich, the wife of the Rev. W. R. Morris, a dau.

At Firby Hall, Bedale, the wife of L. Hutton Potts, esq., a son.

April 14. At Houghton Hall, Durham, the wife of Charles Taylor, esq., a dau.

April 16. At Bangalore, the wife of Col. Barrow, R.A., a dau.

At Woolwich, the wife of Capt. Howel L. Jones, R.A., a son.

At Bradwell, Oxon, the wife of the Rev. F. T. Woodman, a dau.

April 17. At Torquay, the wife of the Rev. J. D. Hoysted, of Bradenstoke, Wilts, a son.

At Sherridge Lodge, Malvern, the wife of W. Coventry, esq., a son.

In St. George's-square, Pinlico, Mrs. Edmond St. John-Mildmay, a son.

April 18. At Yeatton, Hants, the wife of Major O. A. Grinston, a son.

At Uffculme, the wife of the Rev. H. B. Heberden, a dau.

At Andover, the wife of the Rev. J. Henville Thresher, a dau.

April 19. At Roade, Northamptonshire, the wife of the Rev. A. W. Annand, a son.

At Anstey, Hants, the wife of the Rev. A. W. Deey, a dau.

At Kettering, the wife of the Rev. H. Lindsay, a dau.

At Dorrington, Wilts, the wife of Col. H. Smyth, C.B., a son.

April 20. In Wimpole-street, Cavendish-square, the wife of W. H. Cooke, esq., Q.C., a dau.

At Holmside, Durham, the wife of the Rev. Earle McGowan, a dau.

April 21. At Cobham Hall, the Countess of Darnley, a dau.

In Lowndes-square, the Lady Constance Stanley, a dau.

At Cotgrave-place, Notts, the Hon. Mrs. R. Henley Eden, a son.

At Mattingley, Hants, the wife of the Rev. J. W. Blackwell, a dau.

At Charmouth, Dorset, the wife of the Rev. T. L. Montefiore, a dau.

At Brighton, the wife of R. H. Muskett, esq., of Hingham Hall, Norfolk, a dau.

April 22. At Boulogne-sur-Mer, the wife of Col. Scudamore, C.B., a son.

April 23. In Dover-street, the Hon. Mrs. George Howard, a dau.

The wife of D. W. Pack Beresford, esq., M.P., a son.

At Glangrwny, the wife of Col. Gwynne, a son.

At Rendham, Suffolk, the wife of the Rev. C. H. Marriott, a dau.

At Montrose, the wife of the Rev. J. Woodward, a son.

April 24. At Bruton, Somerset, the wife of Lieut.-Col. E. Hall, a dau.

In Berkeley-square, Mrs. Bingham Mildmay, a son.

At Upper Hardres, Canterbury, the wife of the Rev. F. G. Simpson, a son.

At Parkwood House, Fryern Barnet, the wife of the Rev. J. Thomson, a son.

April 25. At Flaxley, the wife of Sir T. H. Crawley Boevey, bart., a son.

At Dublin, the Honble. Mrs. Fitzgerald, a dau., which survived but a few minutes.

At Richmond, Surrey, Mrs. Leith Ross, of Arnage, Aberdeenshire, a dau.

At Tedstone Delanere, Herefordshire, the wife of the Rev. I. G. Smith, a son.

April 26. The wife of W. J. Marshall, esq., of Gidea Hall, Romford, a dau.

At Swavesey, the wife of the Rev. H. I. Sharp, a dau.

At Redgrave Hall, Suffolk, the wife of G. Holt Wilson, esq., a dau.

April 27. At Alderton Hall, Suffolk, the wife of Robert Last, esq., a son.

At Wern, Carnarvonshire, the wife of E. W. Mathew, esq., a son and heir.

At Kelshall, Royston, the wife of the Rev. G. R. Turner, a dau.

April 28. At Thurstaston, the wife of the Rev. J. Fuller, a dau.

At Farnborough, the wife of Major T. De Courcy Hamilton, V.C., a dau.

April 29. The wife of E. Starkie Benee, esq., of Kentwell Hall, Suffolk, a dau.

At South Banbury, Oxon, the wife of the Rev. W. Tebbs, a son.

April 30. At The Mote, Maidstone, the Hon. Mrs. John Marsham, a son.

At Stagden, Bedford, the wife of the Hon. and Rev. Alan Brodrick, a son.

At Dulwich College, the wife of the Rev. A. J. Carver, D.D., a dau.

At Balavil, Ross-shire, the wife of Major J. A. Grant, C.B., a son.

At Elstree Hill, the wife of the Rev. T. Podmore, a son.

At Cosham, Hants, the wife of C. Stirling, Commander R.N., a dau.

May 1. In Seymour-street, Portman-square, the Lady Georgiana Field, a son.

In St. James's-square, the Lady Emma Talbot, a son.

At Edinburgh, the wife of Dr. Fraser, C.B., Deputy-Inspector-Gen. of Hospitals, a dau.

In Delanere-street, Westbourne-terrace, W., the wife of the Rev. H. V. Piekering, vicar of Brandeston, Suffolk, a son.

May 2. At Barnstaple, the wife of A. L. Tollemache, esq., a dau.

May 3. In Great Cumberland-place, the Countess of Coventry, a son.

At Poundisford Lodge, Taunton, the wife of Capt. the Hon. R. H. de Montmorency, a son.

May 4. In Harley-street, Cavendish-square, the wife of J. Ashfordby Trenchard, esq., a son and heir.

MARRIAGES.

April 21. At Turin, H.S.H. Princess Margherita Maria Thérèse Jeanne, of Savoy, dau. of Ferdinand, Duke of Genoa, to H.S.H. Prince Humbert, eldest son of His Majesty Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy.

Feb. 11. At Allahabad, India, Capt. the Hon. J. D. Drummond, eldest son of Viscount Strathallan, to Ellen, second dau. of C. B. Thornhill, esq., C.S.I.

Feb. 13. At Canterbury, New Zealand, C. J. Harper, esq., third son of the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Christchurch, Canterbury, New Zealand, to Sarah, dau. of the late W. S. Cracroft, E.I.C.S.

At All Souls', Langham-place, the Rev. C. J. Ridgeway, of Malvern, to Susan Jane, only dau. of the Rev. G. S. Fitz Gerald, rector of Wanstead.

April 15. At St. James's, Piccadilly, Col. J. G. Lightfoot, C.B., to Mary Rolfe Adams, youngest dau. of the Ven. Archdeacon Robinson, Master of the Temple.

At Totteridge, Herts, S. B. Merriman, esq., of Tottenham, to Louisa Catharine, widow of John Lee, esq., LL.D.

April 16. At Felton, Northumberland, the Rev. A. B. Coulson, vicar of Carham, to Laura Georgiana, youngest dau. of the Rev. T. Ilderton, of Ilderton.

At Jersey, the Rev. F. W. Hudson, vicar of Great Wilbraham, Cambridge-shire, to Caroline Elizabeth, eldest dau. of the late C. Wm. Beauclerk, esq., of Winchfield, Hants.

At East Dereham, Norfolk, the Rev. J. P. Roberts, of Blyton, Lincolnshire, to Isabella Maria, only child of the late E. S. D. Long, esq., of Norwich.

At Bletchley, Bucks, Edward Hanslope Watts, esq., of Hanslope Park, Bucks, to Sophia Edith, third dau. of Richard William Selby-Lowndes, esq., of Bletchley.

At High Wycombe, Bucks, John Poyer Poyer, esq., B.A., only son of the late John Poyer Poyer, esq., of Henley, Barbadoes, to Teresa Caroline, only dau. of the late G. W. Shephard, esq.

At Convil, Caermarthen, Elizabeth Mary Anne, only dau. of William Bonville, esq., of Bryn Towy, to William Cookman, esq., of Kiltrea, co. Wexford.

April 21. At Torquay, the Hon. Alfred Hanbury Tracy, third son of the late Lord Sudeley, to Agnes Jane, eldest dau. of the late H. J. Hoare, esq., of Morden Lodge, Surrey.

At Smithstone House, Ayrshire, Eagle-

sham John, eldest son of J. Bell, esq., of Enterkine, to Margaret Crawford, eldest dau. of W. Cooper, esq., of Failford.

At Rusthall, Cornwallis R. Cartwright, esq., of Aynhoe, Northamptonshire, and of Sunbury House, Tunbridge-wells, to Jane, eldest dau. of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Trower.

At Sevenhampton, the Rev. Henry Coventry, second son of the Hon. W. Coventry, to Leila Louisa, second dau. of G. C. Colquhitt Craven, esq., of Brockhampton Park.

At Avon Dassett, the O'Conor Don, M.P., to Georgiana Mary, third dau., and at the same time and place, Wilfrid Francis Tempest, esq., of Ackworth Grange, Yorkshire, to Agnes Mary, fourth dau. of T. A. Perry, esq., of Bitham House, Warwickshire.

At Hartfield, Sussex, T. G. Freake, esq., of South Kensington, to Frederica Charlotte Mary, second dau. of Col. F. T. Maitland, of Holywych, Sussex.

At Cuddesdon, the Rev. S. H. F. Nicholl, rector of Llandough, Glamorgan-shire, fourth son of the late Right Hon. J. Nicholl, M.P., to Sarah Francis, dau. of the late Ven. Walker King, Archdeacon of Rochester.

April 22. At Nuns-cross, the Rev. George J. Brown, M.A., rector of Shipton-on-Cherwell, Oxon, to Isabel, younger dau. of Charles Tottenham, esq., of Bally Curry, co. Wicklow.

At Bywell-St.-Andrews, John Blencowe, eldest son of J. Cookson, esq., of Meldon Park, Northumberland, to Constance Jane, second dau. of G. Fenwick, esq., of Bywell, Northumberland.

At St. Stephen's, Westbourne-park, Henry Grantley, esq., to Ada Mary Susan, second dau. of the late Sir N. Leslie, bart.

At the Molyneux Church, William F. Spaight, R.E., to Ellen, second dau. of Thomas Crowe, esq., of Dromore, co. Clare.

April 23. At Southampton, G. H. Bolland, esq., Capt. R.E., to Catherine Eleanor, elder dau. of the Rev. J. W. Cary, D.D.

At St. James's, Paddington, T. A. Denny, esq., to Mary Jane, dau. of the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Wriothlesley Noel.

At Heacham, Norfolk, C. F. Neville-Rolfe, esq., of Heacham Hall, to Maria Bolton, second dau. of the Rev. M. Barnard, M.A.

At Tythegston, Glamorgan-shire, C. R.

H. Nicholl, esq., son of the late Right Hon. J. Nicholl, M.P., to Florence Emma, dau. of the Rev. C. R. Knight, of Tythegston.

At Sunninghill, James Cross, eldest son of J. Ormrod, esq., of Halliwell Lodge, Lancashire, to Edith, third dau. of J. Hargreaves, esq., of Silwood Park, Berks.

At Westdean, Sussex, Alfred George Drake, youngest son of the late Sir G. E. Pocock, bart., to Caroline Wentworth, youngest dau. of T. Wickham, esq., of Ham, Somerset.

At Arborfield, John, eldest son of John Simonds, esq., of Newlands, to Ellen Anne, only dau. of the Rev. Sir J. W. Hayes, bart.

At Sunbury, the Rev. A. Turner, M.A., to Emily Sophia, fifth dau. of W. Starie, of Sunbury, Middlesex.

At Amersham, George Shippen Willes, esq., of Hungerford Park, to Susan Emily, second dau. of T. Tyrwhitt Drake, esq., of Shardeloes.

At Halton Hologate, Lincolnshire, the Rev. Mark Warburton, rector of Kilmington, Somerset, to Annie Susannah, eldest dau. of S. Vessey, esq., of Halton Manor.

April 25. At St. James's, Piccadilly, the Hon. St. Andrew St. John, eldest son of Lord St. John, of Bletsoe, to Ellen Georgiana, youngest dau. of the late E. Senior, esq.

At Barnaby-in-the-Willows, the Rev. H. McNeill, of Gordenvale, co. Antrim, to Susan, only dau. of H. Gilbert, esq., of Barnby Manor.

April 28. At Thursley, the Rev. F. H. Gooch, son of the Rev. W. Gooch, rector of Benacre, Suffolk, to Catherine, only child of the late R. Paine, esq., of Dye House, Surrey.

April 29. At Alfreton, Samuel Charles, eldest son of H. Allsopp, esq., of Hindlip Hall, Worcester, to Georgiana Millicent, eldest dau. of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Palmer - Morewood, of Alfreton Park, Derby.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Henry Charles Finch, esq., of Redheath, Herts, to Catherine Sophia, elder dau. of H. S. Wilde, esq., of Boreham-wood, Elstree.

At St. James's, Piccadilly, Francis William Lowther, esq., R.N., to Louise Beatrice, the second dau. of E. Barrington de Fonblanque, esq.

At Eversley, Hampshire, the Rev. N. Neville, third son of the late T. Neville, esq., of Haselour Hall, Staffordshire, to

Teresa Jane Matilda, eldest dau. of Sir W. H. Cope, bart.

At St. George's, Bloomsbury, J. Williams, esq., of Gwernhefn, Merionethshire, to Elizabeth Kate, only dau. of E. K. Kynaston, esq., of Trewylan, Montgomeryshire.

April 30. At Maperton, Somerset, Sir R. G. Glyn, bart., to Frances Geraldine, youngest dau. of Major FitzGerald, of Maperton House, Somerset.

At Tramore, co. Waterford, John Marcus, son of P. M. Barron, esq., of Belmont-park, to Mary Madeline, youngest dau. of the late W. H. Barron, esq., of Hermitage and Lacken.

At St. James's, Piccadilly, Lieut.-Col. Walter B. Barttlelot, M.P., to Margaret, only child of the late Henry Boldero, esq., of St. Leonard's Forest, Sussex.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, the Rev. G. Chetwode, of Chilton, Bucks, to Elisabeth Sophia Ricketts, of Dorton and Boarstall, Bucks, widow of C. S. Ricketts, esq., R.N.

At Friston, Suffolk, the Baron de Bliss, of Brandon-park, Suffolk, to Catherine Eliza, eldest dau. of the Rev. R. Baker, M.A., rector of Friston.

At Christ Church, Lancaster-gate, Capt. St. George Caulfield D'Arcy Irvine, R.N., to Katherine, only dau. of the late Vice-Admiral Sir Horatio Austin, K.C.B.

At Cheltenham, Robert, eldest son of Henry Kyle, esq., of Coleraine, co. Londonderry, to Kathleen, second dau. of W. W. Carus-Wilson, esq., of Casterton Hall, Westmoreland.

At St. Peter's, Eaton-square, G. F. Hastings-Parker, Commander R.N., to Susan M., second dau. of the late W. R. Fryer, esq., of South Lytchett, Dorset.

At the British Embassy, Paris, Thomas Astell, eldest son of T. St. Quinton, esq., of Hatley-park, Cambs, to the Hon. Mary Eleanor Frances, dau. of Lord Kilmaine, and widow of Major George Bagot.

At Nun Monkton, Yorkshire, Thomas Wilson, esq., of Shotley Hall, Northumberland, to Elizabeth, dau. of the late Sir S. Cunard, bart.

May 2. At Cheltenham, the Hon. Montolieu Fox Murray, Lieut. R.N., eldest son of Lord Elibank, to Blanche Alice, eldest dau. of the late E. J. Scott, esq., of Southsea, Hants.

May 5. At Watford, Odo W. L. Russell, esq., youngest son of the late Major-Gen. Lord W. Russell, to Lady Emily Villiers, dau. of the Earl of Clarendon.

Obituary Memoirs.

Emori nolo ; sed me mortuum esse nihil æstimo.—*Epicharmus.*

[*Relatives or Friends supplying Memoirs are requested to append their Addresses, in order to facilitate correspondence.*]



THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.

April 12. At Hatfield House, Herts, aged 76, the Most Hon. James Brownlow William Gascoyne-Cecil, Marquis and Earl of Salisbury, Viscount Cranborne in the county of Dorset, and Baron Cecil Essendine, co. Rutland, in the peerage of Great Britain, K.G., &c.

His lordship was the only son of James, 1st Marquis of Salisbury, by Lady Mary Emily Hill, second daughter of Wills, 1st Marquis of Downshire. He was born April 17, 1791, and succeeded to the family honours on the death of his father, June 13, 1823. He was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Middlesex on the resignation of the late Duke of Portland; was made D.C.L. at Oxford in 1834; and was created a Knight of the Garter in 1842. He had been Colonel of the Herts Militia since 1851, and was Major of the South Herts Yeomanry Cavalry from 1847 to 1854. He was appointed a Deputy-Lieutenant of Argyllshire in 1859, and on the resignation of the late Lord Dacre was unanimously elected Chairman of the Herts Quarter Sessions; he was also High Steward of Hertford. The late Marquis of Salisbury accepted office in the Earl of

Derby's first Administration, in 1852, as Lord Privy Seal; and again in 1858-9 as Lord President of the Council.

The deceased nobleman was a staunch and consistent conservative in politics, and a defender of the agricultural interest. He supported the late Sir Robert Peel's Government up to the proposition to repeal the Corn Laws. He represented the borough of Weymouth from 1814 till his accession to the title.

The deceased Marquis was twice married: first, in 1821, to Frances Mary, only daughter and heir of Bamber Gascoyne, Esq., on which occasion he assumed the name of Gascoyne (she died in 1839); and, secondly, in 1847, to Lady Mary Catherine Sackville-West, second daughter of George John, 5th Earl De La Warr. By his first marriage he leaves surviving issue Lady Mildred, married to Alexander J. B. Beresford-Hope, Esq., M.P.; Lady Blanche, widow of Mr. James Maitland Balfour, of Wittinghame; Viscount Cranborne, M.P. for Stamford; and Lord E. Cecil, M.P. for South Essex. By his second marriage his lordship leaves issue three sons and two daughters.

Viscount Cranborne, who succeeds to the title and large landed property of the deceased, was born in 1830, and married, in 1857, Georgina Caroline, eldest daughter of the late Sir E. Alderson, one of the Barons of the Exchequer. He was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, and obtained a Fellowship at All Souls' in 1853. His lordship has been member for Stamford since 1853, and was Secretary of State for India under Lord Derby's last administration; but resigned, as he dissented from the Reform Bill of 1867.

The interment of the deceased took place in the family vault in Hatfield Church, the funeral being of a very private character.

THE BISHOP OF HEREFORD.



April 23. In Eaton-place, aged 75, the Right Rev. Renn Dickson Hampden, D.D., Lord Bishop of Hereford.

He was born in 1793, in the island of Barbados, where his father Renn Hampden, Colonel of the local Militia, resided.

He received his early education at Warminster, Wilts, and entered as a commoner at Oriel College, Oxford, in 1810, when Eveleigh was Provost, and Copleston tutor. He took his B.A. degree in Michaelmas Term, 1813, just half a year before his friend and contemporary, Arnold, obtaining a first-class in both the classical and mathematical schools. In the following year he gained the chancellor's prize for a Latin essay on the subject of "the Office of Ephor at Sparta," and was elected to a fellowship in his college, together with Thomas Arnold. In the common room of Oriel he found brilliant literary society in such men as Keble, Newman, Hawkins, Pusey, and Davison, who were all of them more or less his contemporaries, and, what was more, congenial spirits in Whately and Arnold, who were his fast friends through life, and in whose "Lives" and "Correspondence" his name figures constantly and prominently. Vacating his fellowship by an early marriage, he resided for a short time at Bath, and subsequently held the curacies of Newton, Faringdon, and Hackney. He returned to Oxford in 1828, and undertook the college tutorship. He now became examiner in the Schools (first in 1829-30, and again in 1831-32), and in 1832 was selected to preach the Bampton Lectures, when he chose for his subject "The Scholastic Philosophy considered in its Relation to Christian Theology." The subject was deep and abstruse, and such as none but a patient reader and laborious thinker like himself would have chosen; and the "Lectures," probably, were but partially comprehended even by the learned body to which they were addressed. The High Church or Tractarian school was then in its infancy, or, rather, in embryo—for it was not until the ten Irish bishoprics

were swept away by the radical and revolutionary Mr. Stanley, that it sprung, like Minerva, suddenly into existence, fully armed for the battle; and one of the first steps of the party was to get up a party cry against these Bampton lectures as heretical and Arian in their tendency. The panic in the University was increased by a mysterious rumour—which may have had in it some truth—to the effect that in composing these Bampton lectures Hampden had been largely helped by the late Mr. Blanco White, who, to say the least, departed widely from the orthodox creed of Oxford in his later years; a rumour, however, which received public contradiction from Archbishop Whately. However, in spite of their unpopularity in the University, their author was nominated in 1833 by Lord Grenville to the Principalship of St. Mary's Hall, and in the following year he was appointed by a board composed exclusively of the resident authorities of the University to the professorship of Moral Philosophy. The lectures which he delivered in this capacity had the merit of being clear and simple, and many an Oxford man has found them in their collective form very useful helps towards a first-class in classical honours.

In 1836, on the death of Dr. Burton, the Regius Professorship of Divinity fell vacant, and Lord Melbourne, anxious to help forward all the aspiring liberals of the two Universities, recommended Dr. Hampden to the crown for the appointment. The High Church party put forward all their strength, and, aided by some of the Evangelicals, tried to affix an University censure upon him, on account of the heterodoxy of his Bampton lectures. In this they succeeded; but the crown persisted in the nomination, and Dr. Hampden became Regius Professor.

At Oxford, Hampden was never generally popular as a tutor. He was an immense reader, and a profound and original thinker, but had little about him of the practical man. A student and a scholar, he loved to pore over his books, more at home in the ponderous tomes of mediæval church history and scholastic theology than in matters of everyday life. Thoughtful and taciturn, he failed to win the hearts of his pupils like the genial and generous Arnold, or to amuse and puzzle his friends and acquaintances like the jocose and lively Whately.

Many Oxford men will remember his courses of lectures on divinity, heavy, dull, and deep, which they were obliged to attend before offering themselves to a bishop as candidates for holy orders; but few, we venture to say, will at this day remember much of their contents. Dr. Hampden was not happy in his delivery, and all his learning failed to gain that interest which a single lecture from an Arnold or a Wilberforce would have secured. His divinity lectures, therefore, if they have done little good, have done little harm to the existing generation of the clergy, who, so far as they have adopted large views and a liberal creed, have drawn them from other sources than the Regius Professor of thirty years ago.

In 1847 died the Archbishop of York, Dr. Vernon-Harcourt, and the translation of Dr. Musgrave to the metropolitan see from Hereford left a mitre at the disposal of Lord John Russell, at that time Premier. Great was the outburst of High Church indignation and Evangelical wrath when it was announced that the mitre was destined for the head of Dr. Hampden. An agitation was commenced; an opposition was speedily organised; the church unions denounced the new appointment; quiet rural deans, comfortable country rectors, venerable archdeacons and canons, all joined in the cry. Even the bishops signed a sort of "round-robin" expressing their objection to the appointment; and the Dean of Hereford, Dr. Merewether, went so far as to vote against Dr. Hampden's election when the *congé d'élire* reached the cathedral. But all was in vain. Lord John Russell had made a most unfortunate appointment, but the honour of the crown was at stake, and it must be maintained; and so Dr. Hampden was consecrated. The only effect of the agitation, so far as we remember, was to exasperate the High Church party, and to irritate the religious world, which was scarcely pacified or reconciled to Lord John Russell even by the merit of his next appointment, that of Dr. John Bird Sumner to the see of Canterbury, in succession to the venerable and amiable Dr. Howley, whose death in the spring of 1848 was probably accelerated by the agitation of the "Hampden question."

It was the fate of Dr. Hampden to be always in hot water; and it will be within the memory of some of our readers how

for a year or two, during the height of the Tractarian controversy, the University of Oxford was distracted by a long-continued squabble between Dr. Hampden, as Regius Professor, and a certain Mr. Macmullen, of Corpus College, the professor doing his best to force out of the latter an avowal of his belief in some extreme Anglican doctrines, and the latter doing his best to checkmate the professor. Dr. Hampden managed for the time to prevent the obnoxious Tractarian from taking his B.D. degree; and Mr. Macmullen quietly exchanged the Anglican for the Roman Catholic Church. This passage of arms raised much "bad blood" in the University at the time, and Dr. Hampden's best friends think, or at all events thought, that Oxford might well have been spared the encounter.

As the coronet often proves an extinguisher to an active and prominent leader of the House of Commons, so does a mitre to an active and zealous clergyman. Dr. Hampden's case forms no exception to such a statement; and in the remote diocese of Hereford he was "buried alive." We wish we could in justice say that he was indefatigable in his diocese, or use any of those commonplaces which imply activity and zeal. As we have already said, he was a student and a scholar *pur et simple*, and was not meant for a bishop. This Dr. Hampden knew and felt, and he must have often longed to exchange his palace at Hereford for the stall at Christ Church which he enjoined with his professorship. Those of his clergy who saw him spoke well of his personal kindness; but he shut himself up in his library, or in his palace with his family, and was not fond of mixing with his clergy. Hence he never got over the unpopularity which attached to his consecration, and his name cannot be mentioned side by side with such prelates as the hard-working Lonsdale and the paternal Sumner. He will, however, long be remembered by his learned articles on Aristotle, Socrates, and Plato, in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," which are of the highest value to the student, and simply exhaustive of their respective subjects. His Bampton lectures, though so violently attacked, have been but little read; and even some of those bishops who objected to Dr. Hampden's consecration were obliged to own that they never had really studied them; while to most of the country clergy

they were, and are, as strange and unknown as the Koran or the Targums.

Bishop Hampden had a paralytic seizure about two years before his death, which incapacitated him from active mental work. He married, April 24th, 1816, Mary, only daughter of Edward Lovell, Esq., and by her, who died in 1865, he had a family of one daughter and three sons—Edward, Prebendary of Hereford and rector of Cradley, Herefordshire; Charles John, a barrister of law, of Lincoln's-inn; and Grenville, of Trinity College, Cambridge. The Bishop was buried at Kensal Green.—*Times*.



LORD FORBES.

May 1. At Richmond, Surrey, aged 69, the Right Hon. Walter Forbes, Lord Forbes, in the peerage of Scotland, Premier Baron of Scotland, and a baronet of Nova Scotia.

His lordship was the second but eldest surviving son of James Ochoncar, 18th Lord Forbes, by Elizabeth, eldest daughter and heir of Walter Hunter, Esq., of Polmood, Peebleshire, and of Crailing, Roxburghshire. He was born at Crailing House on the 29th of May, 1798, and succeeded to the title as 19th Lord on the death of his father in 1843. He was a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant for Aberdeenshire, and a very munificent supporter of the Episcopal Church in Scotland, and he may be said to have been almost the founder of St. Ninian's Cathedral at Perth. He was formerly a lieutenant and captain in the Coldstream Guards, and was one of the youngest officers, if not the very youngest officer, on the field of Waterloo, having joined his regiment only a few weeks previously. His lordship was head and chief of the noble Scottish house of Forbes, a surname assumed from the lands of Forbes, in the

county of Aberdeen, granted by Alexander II., about the middle of the 13th century, to the progenitor of this noble family. The date of the creation of the title is not precisely known, but it was about the year 1440. Standing as it does, however, first on the Union roll, the barony of Forbes takes rank before all the lords of parliament. The baronetcy of Nova Scotia was conferred in 1628.

The late Lord Forbes was twice married: first, in 1825, to Horatia, seventh daughter of Sir John Gregory Shaw, Bart., which lady died in 1862; and secondly, in 1864, to Louisa, second daughter of the late James Ormond, Esq., of Abingdon, Berks. He had issue by the former, seven sons and one daughter, and by the latter two sons. His eldest surviving son, the Hon. Horace Courtenay, Master of Forbes, who now succeeds to the family honours, was born in 1829.



LORD CALTHORPE.

May 2. At Elvetham Park, Hants, after a short illness, aged 78, the Right Hon. Frederick Gough Calthorpe, Lord Calthorpe, of Calthorpe, Norfolk, in the peerage of Great Britain, and a baronet.

His lordship was the third son of Henry, 1st Lord Calthorpe, by Frances, second daughter of Gen. Benjamin Carpenter. He was born 14th June, 1790, and succeeded his brother, George, as 4th Lord, in Sept., 1851.

The late Lord Calthorpe was M.P. for Hindon, Wilts, from 1818 to 1826, and for Bramber from 1826 to 1830; was for some years a metropolitan commissioner of lunacy; also for some time a councillor of King's College, London; and was appointed a deputy-lieutenant of Staffordshire in 1848, of which county he was high sheriff the same year.

The Calthorpes in the last generation were connected by ties of family and friendship with the Spooners, Wilberforces, Thorntons, and other families who took part in the abolition of the slave trade, and other religious and philanthropic movements.

The deceased nobleman married, in 1823, Lady Charlotte Sophia Somerset, eldest daughter of Henry Charles, 6th Duke of Beaufort, and by her (who died in 1865) he leaves issue three sons and six daughters. His eldest son, the Hon. William Henry Calthorpe (now 5th Lord), was born July 24, 1826, and is a deputy-lieutenant for Warwickshire and Staffordshire. For a few years (namely from 1853 to 1859), he was a lieutenant in the Gloucestershire Yeomanry Cavalry. He was elected M.P. for East Worcestershire in Feb. 1859.

SIR W. ABDY, BART.

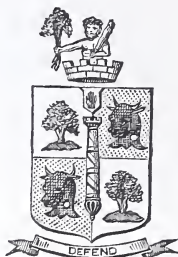


April 15. At his residence, in Hill Street, W., aged 89, Sir William Abdy, Bart., of Felix Hall, Essex. The deceased was the only son of the late Sir Wm. Abdy, Bart., Capt. R.N., by Mary, daughter of James Gordon, Esq., of Moor Place, Herts, and was born in 1779. He was educated at Eton, and succeeded to the title, as 7th Bart., on the death of his father, in 1803, and was an active magistrate for the county of Surrey. The family of the late baronet is one of considerable antiquity, presumed to have derived its surname from Abdy, in Yorkshire. An ancestor, Anthony Abdy, a lineal descendant of the Yorkshire house, settled in London, and became an alderman of the City. He died in 1640. Issue, besides one daughter, three sons, each of whom were created baronets. It was from the eldest of these sons, Sir Thomas Abdy, so created in 1641, that the late baronet was descended.

Sir William married, in 1806, Anne, natural dau. of Richard, 1st Marquis of Wellesley, from whom he was divorced by Act of Parliament in June, 1816; she married again, in the following month, to Lord Charles Bentinck, son of William,

3rd Duke of Portland, and died in 1842. As the late baronet has left no issue, the title becomes extinct.

SIR F. WOOD, BART.



April 21. At Rivenhall Place, Essex, of consumption, aged 34, Sir Francis Wood, Bart.

The deceased was the third, but eldest surviving son of the late Rev. Sir J. Page Wood, Bart., by Emma Carolina, youngest daughter of Sampson

Michell, Esq., R.N., of Croft West, Cornwall, Admiral in the Portuguese Service, and was born in 1834. He was educated at Trinity Coll., Cambridge, and succeeded to the title on the death of his father, as 3rd Bart., in Feb., 1866 (see THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, vol. i., n.s., p. 585). He was formerly, but for only a few months, in the 34th Regt., and was nephew of Lord Justice Page Wood. Although he had not since his accession to the title taken a very active part in the business of his county, from the one or two occasions on which he had appeared in public, it was predicted that he would uphold the popularity his family had hitherto enjoyed.

Sir Francis married, in 1854, Louise Mary, eldest daughter of Robert Hodgson, Esq., of Appleshaw, Hants, by whom he leaves issue, besides a daughter, Caroline Emma, a son, Matthew, born in 1857, who now succeeds to the title, as 4th Baronet.—*Chelmsford Chronicle.*

SIR H. D. CHADS, G.C.B.

April 7. At Southsea, Hants, aged 80, Admiral Sir Henry Ducie Chads, G.C.B.

The deceased was the eldest son of Capt. Henry Chads, R.N. (who died in 1799), by Susannah, dau. of John Cornell, Esq., and was born in 1788. He entered the Royal Naval Academy at Portsmouth in 1800, and embarked, in September, 1803, as A.B., on board the *Excellent*, in which ship he attained the rating of midshipman in August, 1804. In 1808 he joined the *Iphigenia*, and as lieutenant distinguished himself, in July, 1810, at the conquest of the Ile de Bourbon. He was appointed, in 1823, to the

Arachne, in which he proceeded to India, and there, on his own responsibility, joined in the expedition against Rangoon under Major-Gen. Sir A. Campbell, to whom, by his wonderful exertions, he rendered, as commander-in-chief for a considerable time of the flotilla on the Irawaddy, the most conspicuous and effective co-operation, insomuch that he was advanced to the post-rank July 25, 1825; confirmed in the command of the *Alligator* in April, 1826; and nominated a C.B. on the 26th of December following, besides calling forth the thanks of the Supreme Government in India and the praise of the House of Commons. In the *Andromache*, in company with the *Imogene*, he forced the passage of the Boca Tigris, in China, on the 7th and 9th of September, 1834. While in the same ship, in 1866-7, he was selected to act as commissioner for the suppression of piracy in the Straits of Malacca, where he destroyed several hordes of freebooters, and succeeded in clearing the coast of their presence. In 1844 he received the rank of Commodore, with directions to take charge of the squadron in the western part of India. He paid the *Cambrian* off on the 9th of August, 1845; and was next—from the 28th of August in the latter year until he attained flag rank, on the 12th of January, 1854—employed at Portsmouth, as captain of the *Excellent*, gunnery ship, and Superintendent of the Royal Naval College. On the eve of the declaration of war against Russia, Feb., 1854, Rear-Admiral Chads was instructed to hoist his flag on board the *Edinburgh*, in which ship he sailed for the Baltic, as fourth (he afterwards became third) in command of the fleet under Sir Charles Napier. He returned to England, and struck his flag in December, 1854; and on July 5, 1855, as a reward for his services, was nominated a K.C.B. He was afterwards Commander-in-Chief at Cork, with his flag in the *Conway*, *Hogue*, and *Nile*, from April 1, 1856, until advanced to the rank of Vice-Admiral, in November, 1858. He became an Admiral in 1863, and was nominated a G.C.B., receiving also a good service pension, in 1865.

He married, in 1815, Elizabeth Townsend, eldest dau. of John Pooke, Esq., of Fareham, Hants, and by her, who died in 1861, he has left issue several children. His eldest son, Henry, a Capt. R.N., was born in 1819.

SIR J. SIMPSON, G.C.B.

April 18. At Horringer, near Bury St. Edmund's, aged 76, General Sir James Simpson, G.C.B.

The deceased was a son of the late David Simpson, Esq., of Teviotbank, N.B., by Mary, daughter of John Elliott, Esq., of Borthwickbrac, N.B., and was born in 1792. He was educated at Edinburgh, and having entered the army in 1811, was soon introduced to hard service. He took part in the Peninsular war from May, 1812, and was present at the defence of Cadiz, and the attack on Seville. He was promoted to the rank of captain in 1813, and fought in the campaign of 1815, receiving a severe wound at Quatre-Bras. He afterwards served some time on the staff in Ireland, and subsequently held an important command in the Mauritius, where he won a high reputation as a regular and meritorious officer. He served under Sir C. Napier throughout the Indian campaign of 1845, where he also distinguished himself, and won high esteem from Lord Ellenborough, the then Governor-General. On the outbreak of the Crimean war, in 1854, he was sent out to discharge the important duties of chief of the staff, and was subsequently appointed, much against his own inclination, Commander-in-Chief, as successor to Lord Raglan. Being a very active and painstaking officer, he did his best in that very arduous position; but, two unsuccessful assaults upon the Redan having taken place, he was subjected to severe strictures. His merits were nevertheless recognised by the Government of the day, and he was promoted to the rank of general and decorated with the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath. Soon after receiving these marks of royal favour he resigned the command, and was succeeded by Sir W. Codrington. In 1863 he was appointed colonel of the 29th Regiment. He had received the Turkish Order of the Medjidie, the Grand Cross of the Military Order of Savoy, and the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour. Shortly after the close of the Crimean war, General Simpson took up his residence at Horringer, where he lived in retirement until the time of his decease.

Gen. Simpson married, in 1839, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Robert Dundas, bart., of Beechwood, Midlothian, which lady died in 1840.

MARSHAL NARVAEZ.

April 23. At Madrid, aged 68, Ramon Marie Narvaez, Duke of Valencia, President of the Council of Ministers at Madrid.

The deceased was born at Loja, Andalusia, in August, 1800, and early entered military life, joining the Walloon Guards as cadet, after the return of Ferdinand VII., the father of the present Queen. At 20 years of age he obtained the rank of officer, just at the period when the constitutional régime was re-established in Spain. He attained distinction and promotion rapidly, as well by his daring as by his skill, and when the war of Liberation came, it found him already high in command. At the commencement of the Carlist war he took side with the Queen, and was rapidly promoted for the ability he displayed in the first contest with the Carlist troops. But when the last hope of the Carlists was extinguished, then arose that unhappy feud which for so many years disturbed the tranquillity of Spain — the quarrel with the Queen Mother. Narvaez warmly espoused the cause of Christina. Opposed by Espartero, he joined the ranks of the disaffected, and assisted in 1841 in the organisation of an insurrection for the overthrow of Espartero, which, however, failed, and compelled Narvaez to fly from Spain. Two years later he had better fortune. A movement, principally organized by Narvaez, was set on foot, which led to the downfall of Espartero, and brought back his rival in triumph into Spain, finally procuring for him the title of Duke of Valencia. Queen Christina returned, and Narvaez was made Prime Minister. In 1846 another turn of the wheel took place, and Narvaez was displaced, finding a post at Paris as ambassador. The following year found him again in power, and this time apparently more firmly than ever. So the rest of his life alternated. The retirement of Espartero only made way for a more dangerous rival, O'Donnell, who by his campaign in Morocco eclipsed the memories of Narvaez' previous exploits. But O'Donnell in his turn succumbed to a Pronunciamento, and Narvaez reigned in his stead. His last appointment as Prime Minister dated from 1866. Since that year various attempts have been made to unseat him — military émeutes, street risings, and party votes —

but they have all signally failed. Both O'Donnell and Prim, the idol of the Spanish soldiery, have taken part in them; but Narvaez has been more than a match for his enemies. The most serious affair, perhaps, was the last rising in Madrid, when Narvaez was compelled to place himself at the head of the royal troops, and received a severe wound in quelling the insurrection. Narvaez was undoubtedly loyal to his Queen, a fine soldier, and a true patriot from his own point of view; but, judged from our standpoint, he was a thorough reactionist, a foe to liberty, a man of *coups d'état*, of extreme rigour, opposed by instinct to the constitutional system which the best friends of Spain had been endeavouring to plant upon Spanish soil; and by no means a friend to the policy of this country, as his intrigues in regard to the Spanish marriages, and his treatment of our minister, Sir Henry Bulwer, clearly prove. By his death the Queen of Spain has lost a loyal and dutiful subject, and a soldier prepared for any emergency.

PRINCE GORTCHAKOFF.

Lately. At Moscow, aged 79, Prince Gortchakoff, formerly Governor-General of Western Siberia.

The deceased, Peter Dmitrievitch Gortchakoff, was born at Moscow in 1789. His father was more renowned in the fields of literature than in those of war; but the military tastes of the son led him to look to the army from the very first as his future profession. The prince's early education, as also that of his brother Michael (afterwards Field-Marshal and Governor of Poland), was completed under the supervision of his mother at Dresden, famous at that time for the skill of its engineers and artilleryists. In 1807 he entered the Artillery of the Imperial Guard. The young soldier's career of active service commenced very early; in the second year of his military life he was in action against the Finns, and in 1810 he joined the army of Moldavia, proving his courage and ability in many severe battles, especially those of Rustshuk and Shumla. At the close of the Turkish war he returned to St. Petersburg, and took part in the editing of the *Military Journal*; but his respite from warfare was doomed to be of no long duration. The great national struggle of 1812 com-

menced, and the prince was again in the field under Wittgenstein, with whom he shared all the vicissitudes of that Titanic conflict, wherein, as in the crowning struggle of Homeric warfare, the embodied powers of nature fought side by side with the race of mortals. He was selected to bear to the Emperor Alexander the details of the passage of the Beresina, and accompanied his leader through the famous campaigns of the two following years, which resulted in the invasion of France and capture of Paris by the allies.

After the restoration of peace in Western Europe, Gortchakoff joined the army of the Caucasus; and here the good fortune which directed his path amid the dangers most congenial to his daring spirit befriended him once more. For some time past the South had been unusually quiet; but those ominous symptoms which are to a revolution what the first heavy drops are to the thunder-storm, now began to give warning that a great outbreak was at hand. In 1820 the storm burst. Mingrelia, Imeritia, and Georgia rose as one man; Russian forts were stormed and burned to the ground, isolated detachments surprised and cut to pieces; bands of mail-clad horsemen swept through the southern valleys, carrying havoc in their train; it seemed as though the iron grasp so long maintained by Russia upon the throat of her prostrate enemy was about to be relaxed at once and for ever. But the insurgents had to deal with a resolution as unbending as their own. Yermoloff, who at that time commanded in the South, placed a large force and a formidable train of artillery at the disposal of General Veliaminoff, with orders "to quell the revolt forthwith, at any cost;" and well were those orders obeyed. Every step of the advance was dyed in blood; but numbers and artillery prevailed, and the flame of rebellion was trampled out. This consummation was greatly aided by Prince Gortchakoff, whose personal persuasions kept to their allegiance the wavering chiefs of Gouria, while his arms subjugated the district of Batchin. At the storming of the hill-fortress of Minad, the prince had the good fortune to capture some important documents, setting forth at length the plans of the insurgent leaders, and proving the complicity of many powerful chiefs who had hitherto masked their treachery under a show of redoubled zeal.

These brilliant services were rewarded with the well-merited rank of Major-General, and the governorship of Imeritia.

Prince Gortchakoff's great talents for administration were eminently displayed in his five years' government of this important province, which owes to him its improved communications with Redout-Kaleh and the East, through the mountains between Suram and the Kvirilsh valley. In 1824 he was again called upon to display his courage and promptitude in the suppression of the Abkhasian revolt—a desperate but premature effort which was speedily crushed. His success on this occasion was rewarded with a diamond-hilted sword of honour from the hand of the Emperor.

In 1826, Gortchakoff was appointed Quarter-Master-General of the second army, in which capacity he took part in the Turkish campaign, commanded a separate division under Brailoff, and distinguished himself before Shumla, where the Emperor Nicholas commanded in person. Not less brilliant was his share in the famous campaign of 1829, in which Count Diebitch forced his way from the Danube through the heart of the country, took Adrianople and menaced the capital itself; though these triumphs were dearly purchased by the loss of 60,000 men, of whom at least two-thirds perished by disease. At the close of the campaign he was appointed one of the commissioners sent to treat with the Sultan, but his appointment was cancelled by the Emperor, who replaced him by Count Orloff.

In 1836 Prince Gortchakoff was made Governor-General of Western Siberia, and by his fifteen years' rule of that vast region left in the minds of the inhabitants a *souvenir* of lasting gratitude. It was at his instance that the transfer of the seat of government to Omsk (a most wise and beneficial measure) was carried out; while the increased facilities afforded for colonisation, and the alleviations of the recruiting system (till then an intolerable burden upon so thinly-peopled a country), are equally traceable to him. He gave the fullest encouragement to cultivation, to the rearing of bees, and the working of metals. The resources of the country were largely developed by his judicious and unremitting exertions; the establishment of the Siberian Cadet Corps was only one of the fruits of his able administration; and he was applying himself

with unflagging energy to the task of establishing order among the Kirghiz tribes, and securing the peace of the southern frontier, when the state of his health, which had begun to give way beneath the pressure of his manifold and continuous labours, compelled him to quit his post and settle at Moscow, where he devoted himself entirely to his family.

Here, at last, it seemed as if this stormy existence had found rest; and his warmest admirers could have wished no better close to such a career than a peaceful death in the arms of his native Moscow, surrounded by the children who loved and the friends who revered him. But it was not to be. The war of 1854, which summoned so many Russian veterans anew into the field, called forth Gortchakoff, now a grey-haired man of sixty-five, to his last struggle in the ranks of his countrymen. He reached the Crimea in time to take an active part in the battle of the Alma, where he headed in person the Vladimír regiment of foot, hazarding his life so undauntedly, that of all his attendant officers only one survived, and he himself had a horse killed under him. During the retreat upon Sebastopol, Gortchakoff had the command of the entire land forces under Mentchikoff as Commander-in-Chief, after which he was appointed to the command of the Sixth Corps of infantry.

In 1855 the prince quitted the service, and became a member of the Imperial Council. On the fiftieth anniversary of his entering the army, he was made commander of the regiment which he had led so bravely at the Alma, and held this appointment to the end of his life, during the last five years of which he continued to reside at Moscow.—*Athenæum*.

SIR JOHN MORILLYON WILSON, C.B., K.H.

May 8. At Chelsea Hospital, aged 85, Sir John Morillyon Wilson, C.B., K.H.

The deceased was a son of the late Rev. John Wilson, Rector of Whitchurch, Yorkshire, and was born in 1783. He entered the navy as midshipman, and served on the coast of Ireland during the rebellion in 1798; in the expedition to the Helder in the following year; and in

1801, in Egypt, where he received a medal from the Captain Pasha of the Turkish fleet for having saved the lives of a boat's crew belonging to a Turkish man-of-war. While midshipman he received three wounds, the last, a severe one, on the head, which produced total deafness, in consequence of which he was invalided, and quitted the navy in 1803. After the restoration of his health, in the following year, he entered the army as ensign in the Royals, and in the 3rd battalion of that regiment served at Walcheren in 1809, where he was twice wounded during the siege of Flushing. He afterwards served in the Peninsula, and was at the battles of Busaco, the retreat to the lines of the Torres Vedras, at the actions of Pombal, Redinha, Condeixa, Casal Nova, Foz d'Aronce, and Sabugal, the blockade of Almeida, and the battle of Fuentes d'Onor. He next proceeded, in 1812, to North America to join the 2nd battalion of the Royals, then quartered in Canada, and with that gallant corps was in the attack made on Sackett's Harbour and Great Sodus, where he received a severe bayonet wound. He was also in the actions at Black Rock, Buffalo, and the battle of Chippewa, in which he received seven wounds; and, being left on the field of battle, he fell into the hands of the enemy, which caused his detention for some considerable time. During his career in the two professions he had received thirteen wounds, and it is said carries two balls lodged in his body to the grave. For his distinguished conduct and bravery at Buffalo and Chippewa, he obtained the brevet rank of major and lieutenant-colonel. Sir John had received the war medal and two clasps for Busaco and Fuentes d'Onor. He was Gentleman Usher of the Privy Chamber to Queen Adelaide from the time of her coming to this country till her death. For about thirty-four years he was adjutant, and since July, 1855, he had been major and commandant of Chelsea Hospital. He had received the Companionship of the Order of the Bath, and was a Knight of the Royal Hanoverian Order. Sir J. M. Wilson married, in 1824, Amelia Elizabeth Bridgman, dau. of Col. John Houlton, which lady died in 1864.

DEATHS.

ARRANGED IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER.

March 15. By the upsetting of a boat on the river Clarence, New South Wales, aged 37, the Right Rev. William Collinson Sawyer, Bishop of Grafton and Armidale, his second son, and female servant. The deceased was the eldest son of George Sawyer, esq., M.D., of Guildford-street, Russell-square, and was born in 1831. He was educated at Oriol Coll., Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1851, and proceeded M.A. in 1854; and was consecrated to the See of Grafton and Armidale (part of the diocese of Brisbane) on the 2nd of Feb., 1867. He left England in Sept., and landed on the 13th Dec. He had thus been only three months in his diocese, but during that time he appears to have won the respect and confidence of the clergy of that part of the diocese which he had had time to visit—the southern portion; and the zeal and activity with which he had set about his episcopal duties will long be remembered. The deceased bishop married, in 1855, Benigna, eldest dau. of the Rev. William Wilson, and granddaughter of the late J. F. Mills, esq., of Lexden Park, Colchester, who, with four young children, survives to mourn his untimely end.

April 5. At Malta, aged 34, Mark Noble, esq., only son of the late J. W. Noble, esq., M.P., of Danett's Hall, co. Leicester.

April 6. On board the *Surat*, on his passage homewards, Dr. Henry Joseph Herschel Griesbach, Surgeon in the Indian Army, Madras. He was the eldest son of the late Rev. W. R. Griesbach, vicar of Millington and Friday Thorpe, Yorkshire.

April 13. At Lower Sapey, Worcestershire, aged 48, the Rev. W. Rufford. He was educated at Magdalen Hall, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1844, and was appointed rector of Lower Sapey in 1846.

April 15. At Perceton House, Ayrshire, aged 67, Patrick Boyle Mure-Macredie, esq., of Perceton. The deceased was the younger son of the late Thomas Mure, esq., of Warriston House, Edinburgh (who died in 1806), by Helen, eldest dau. of the Hon. Patrick Boyle, of Shewalton, Ayrshire, and brother of the late George Mure, esq., of Herringswell Hall, Suffolk, whom he survived for only a month (see p. 684, *ante*). He was born in the year 1800, and having studied arts and law at the Universities of Edinburgh and Heidelberg, was called to the Scottish bar in 1822, his uncle, the late Right Hon. David Boyle (afterwards Lord Justice General) then

sitting on the Scottish Bench. He took an active part in county affairs, a leading one especially as chairman of the finance committee. He was an earnest promoter of the various enterprises for the spread of religion and education in the county, and more especially in his own neighbourhood. He also fostered a taste for the natural sciences, and was a member of the Royal Society of Edinburgh and several other kindred bodies. The deceased gentleman married, in 1835, Rachael Anne, only child of the late John Macredie, esq., of Perceton, whose name he assumed in addition to his own, and by whom, who survives, he leaves issue two sons and two daus. The remains of the deceased were interred in the churchyard of Perceton.—*Law Times*.

April 16. At West Malvern, aged 74, the Rev. John Hothersall Pinder, canon of Wells Cathedral. The deceased was educated at Caius Coll., Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. 1816, and proceeded M.A. in 1824. He was for some years Principal of Codrington College, Barbados; and subsequently for many years a Canon Residentiary and Prebendary of Wells Cathedral, and Principal of Wells Theological College. He resigned the latter office, from increasing years, in 1865. He was well known as the author of a volume of "Sermons on the Common Prayer," "Sermons on the Ordination Services," "Sermons on the Holy Days of the Church," of a series of lectures entitled "The Candidate for the Ministry," and "Expository Discourses on the Epistle to Timothy." For the last three years he had lived in complete retirement at West Malvern. He was buried in the churchyard of that place, his funeral being attended by his old friend the Bishop of Barbados, and a large number of the clergy.

In Barnsbury-street, Islington, aged 82, John Broadbent, esq. He was a native of Kendal, and always took a lively interest in its domestic and archæological affairs. His memory was singularly tenacious, and the fund of interesting and diverting reminiscences, always at his command, of the men and manners of Kendal, during the latter part of the last and beginning of the present century—together with his intimate knowledge of the pedigrees of most of the families in the town—was inexhaustible. These he was fond of relating almost to the very last, throwing into their recital a vivacity and zest,

and giving them a keenness of relish withal, such as men forty years his junior seldom evince. His mother was one of the ancient family of Bellingham—long resident at Burneside Hall, Levens, and Helsington Laithes—a circumstance which induced him a few years ago to restore the tomb of Sir Roger Bellingham within the family chapel of the parish church, supplying the long lost brazen effigies and escutcheons, together with a brass plate containing a copy of the original inscription, the want of which had so often been deplored by the archæologists of this neighbourhood. About the same time also, he restored the quaint old town house of the Bellinghams in Stramongate—which, though it had never been out of the family, had become exceedingly dilapidated. Mr. Broadbent was of a genial and generous disposition, and a kind friend to the young men of Kendal who went up to London to push their fortunes.—*Westmoreland Gazette*.

April 17. At Richmond, Surrey, aged 74, Sir Thomas Newby Reeve. The deceased was the second son of Mr. Charles Reeve, of Southall House, Middlesex, and was standard-bearer to the corps of Gentlemen at Arms during the reign of William IV. and part of that of Queen Victoria, on whose coronation he received the honour of knighthood. He was a magistrate for Surrey, and married, in 1816, Frances Anne, only dau. of Mr. John Catling, of the Cloisters, Westminster, and of Lewisham, Kent, which lady died in January last.

At Long Benton, aged 68, the Rev. John Besley, D.C.L. He was educated at Balliol Coll., Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1821, and proceeded M.A. in 1826, and D.C.L. in 1835. He was appointed vicar of Long Benton, Northumberland, in 1830, and in the following year rector of Aston-sub-Edge, Gloucestershire. He was formerly Fellow of Balliol College, and sub-librarian of the Bodleian Library, Oxford, and at one time an assistant master at Rugby school.

Aged 86, Thomas Mason, esq., of Audenshaw Hall, Ashton-under-Lyne.

Aged 66, the Hon. and Rev. William Hugh Scott, rector of Maiden Newton, Dorset. He was the second son of Hugh, 4th Lord Polwarth, by Harriet, dau. of the late Hans Moritz, Count Brühl Von Martinskirchen, Saxon Minister in England, and was born in 1801. He was educated at Eton and Trinity Coll., Cambridge, where he graduated M.A. in 1827. He was appointed rector of Maiden Newton in 1837, prebendary of Salisbury in 1848, and was chaplain to the Bishop of

Salisbury. He married, in 1833, Eleanor Sophia, dau. of the late Rev. C. Baillie-Hamilton, and by her (who died in 1853) he has left issue five children.

At Edinburgh, Katherine, widow of Sir James Stuart, bart., of Allan Bank, N.B.

April 18. At Horringer, Bury St. Edmund's, aged 76, General Sir James Simpson, G.C.B. See OBITUARY.

At Haughley Park, Suffolk, aged 78, the Rev. William Henry Crawford. He was the eldest son of the late William Crawford, esq., of Haughley Park, by Elizabeth Dorothea, his wife, and was born in 1790. He was educated at St. Peter's Coll., Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1813, and proceeded M.A. in 1816; he married, in 1853, Laura, youngest dau. of the Rev. Charles Taylor, rector of Biddisham, Somerset.

At Lansdowne House, Richmond, S. W., aged 47, Henry Fenwick, esq., formerly M.P. for Sunderland. He was the eldest son of the late Thomas Fenwick, esq., of Southill, co. Durham, and was born in 1820. He was educated at St. John's Coll., Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1842, and proceeded M.A. in 1845; he was called to the bar at the Inner Temple in 1842, and practised on the Northern Circuit until 1851. He was a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant for co. Durham, and was M.P. for Sunderland in the Liberal interest from 1855 to 1866, in which latter year he was for a short time a Lord of the Admiralty. Mr. Fenwick married, in 1861, Jane Lutwidge, dau. of John Cookson, esq., of Meldon Park, Northumberland, by whom he has left issue.—*Law Times*.

In Norland-square, from the effects of a fall, Major N. Moore, late R.M.L.I.

At Lewisham, aged 78, Mr. George Miller, late Quartermaster of the 2nd Life Guards, in which regiment he served at Waterloo under the Duke of Wellington.

At Woodhall Park, Bedale, aged 68, the Rev. Richard Wood, M.A. He was educated at Corpus Christi Coll., Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1822, and proceeded M.A. in 1825; in 1829 he was appointed vicar of Wollaston with Irchester, Northants, and he was formerly incumbent of Askrigg, Yorkshire.

April 19. At Jersey, aged 80, Lieut.-Col. Fuller, C.B., late of Windsor.

At Marseilles, aged 61, Col. Thomas McGoun, Controller of Military Finance, Madras Presidency.

Aged 84, Rear-Admiral John Reeve. The deceased entered the navy in 1799, and was present at Copenhagen and Trafalgar under Nelson, and at St. Domingo

under Duckworth. He married, in 1818, Miss Emma Caplin, of Charlton, Sussex.

Aged 74, Elizabeth Lant, the wife of the Rev. C. G. Watson, rector of Melton, Suffolk, and youngest dau. of the late J. J. C. Bullock, esq., of Faulkbourne Hall, Essex.

At Ventnor, aged 24, Mary, dau. of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Robert Wesley, K.C.B.

April 20. At The Hermitage, Northumberland, aged 31, the Rev. William J. Allgood, youngest son of the late R. L. Allgood, esq., of Nunwick, Northumberland.

In London, aged 77, Lieut.-Gen. Wm. Booth, Col. 15th Regt. The deceased entered the army as ensign in 1806, and had seen considerable active service in India. He was present at the siege of Callinger, and was wounded at the assault; at the war of Nepal in 1814, including the sieges of Kolunga, Nahu, and Jetuck, and the Mahratta war in 1817-18, including the sieges of Singhur, Latarak, Pourunder, and Wursetta. He also served in the Burmese war in 1824-5, and was wounded at the storming of Martaban. In November, 1861, he was appointed colonel of the 15th Regt. of Foot, and he became a lieut.-general in 1863.

In Charles-street, Berkeley-square, aged 68, Major John St. Leger, late of the 14th Light Dragoons.

In Eaton-place, aged 19, George, eldest son of George Thornhill, esq., of Diddington, Hunts.

At Metz, France, aged 68, the Baron Tardif de Moidrey Melvil Wilson.

In Paris, aged 68, the Baron Vidil. The deceased, it may be remembered, was sentenced to a year's imprisonment in England some time ago for an extraordinary attempt to murder his son—an imprisonment which he actually suffered.

April 21. At Rivenhall-place, Essex, aged 34, Sir Francis Wood, bart. See OBITUARY.

Aged 67, the Rev. John Barber, M.A. He was educated at St. John's Coll., Cambridge, where he graduated B.A., in 1823, and proceeded M.A. in 1826, and was appointed in 1839 to the vicarage of Bierley, Yorkshire.

At Lavender Sweep, Wandsworth, aged 88, the Rev. Thos. Barker. He was educated at Queen's Coll., Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1802, and proceeded M.A. in 1806, and was for 60 years vicar of Thirkleby, and perpetual curate of Kilburn, Yorkshire.

At Nice, aged 70, Lieut.-Gen. Henry Coningham, Madras Light Cavalry.

At Oxton, Birkenhead, aged 43, Capt. R. A. Dagg, Adjutant on the staff.

At Cambridge, aged 63, the Rev. Edward Dodd, B.D., Fellow of Magdalene College. He was a son of the late Rev. E. Dodd, vicar of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and was born in 1805. He was educated at Shrewsbury, and at Magdalen Coll., Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1823, and proceeded M.A. in 1830, and was appointed vicar of St. Giles' with St. Peter's, Cambridge, in 1844. Mr. Dodd was distinguished for the active part he had always taken as a member of council in the Society for the Revival of Convocation, till its labours were finally crowned with success. Nor was he less warmly interested in the Church congress movement, which, beginning at Cambridge under the auspices of Archdeacon Emery and Mr. Beaumont, assisted eminently by Mr. H. Hoare and Mr. A. Beresford-Hope, has now received the almost universal sanction of the bishops and of the whole church. The deceased gentleman, who was highly respected, lived and died unmarried.

At Edinburgh, Robert Pringle, esq., of Symington, Writer to the Signet.

In Oakley-square, aged 47, Colin John Mackenzie, esq. He was the youngest son of the late Sir Colin Mackenzie, bart., of Kilcoy, Ross-shire, by Isabella, dau. of Ewen Cameron, esq., and was born in 1821.

April 22. At Woolwich, aged 89, Lieut.-Gen. George John Belson, R.A. The deceased entered the army in 1804, and served in the Peninsula and south of France from July, 1809, to the end of the war in 1814, including the retreat from Talavera, the action in front of Almeida, and the action of the Coa. He was present at the battle of Busaco, the actions at Pombal, Redinha, Casal Nova, Foz d'Arouce, and Sabugal; he took part in the battle of Fuentes d'Onor, actions on the heights of the Agueda; also in the sieges of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz, and the actions at Castrajon (where he was severely wounded), San Munos, San Milan, and Osma; he was also present at the battle of Vittoria, and the action with the French, June 28, 1813, in the morning before they entered Pampeluna, when he captured their last gun from Vittoria. He took part in the actions in the Pyrenees, also the passage of the Nivelle, Nive, and Gâve d'Oleron, and the battle of Orthes, besides various minor affairs and skirmishes. He retired on full pay in 1841, and became a Lieut.-Gen. in 1866.

At Southwell, Notts, Sarah Laura, wife of Sir Edward Hay Drummond-Hay. She was the second dau. of Lieut.-Col. James Livingstone, E.I.C., and was married to Sir E. H. Drummond-Hay in 1838.

At Turnworth, aged 68, William Parry Okeden, esq., of Turnworth, Dorset. He was the eldest son of the late D. O. Parry Okeden, esq., of More Crichel, Dorset, who died in 1833, by Mary, dau. of the Rev. J. Harris, of Sturminster Marshall, and was born in 1800. He was educated at Haileybury Coll., and served for twenty-five years in the Bengal Civil Service; he was a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant for Dorset, and served as high sheriff of that county in 1849. He married, in 1842, Julia Henrietta, dau. of E. Harris Greathead, esq., of Uddens House, Dorset, by whom he has left issue.

At Greenwich Hospital, aged 81, Commander John Pollard, R.N. He was born in 1787, and entered the navy in 1797, as first-class volunteer on board the *Havick*, and after subsequently serving on board the *Cambridge*, *Hercules*, *Culloden*, and *Canopus*, was transferred to the *Victory*, bearing the flag of Lord Nelson. On the return of the fleet from its pursuit of the combined fleets to the West Indies, Mr. Pollard was afforded, as signal midshipman, an opportunity of participating in the action off Cape Trafalgar. On that occasion, while standing on the poop, he was struck by a splinter on the right arm, and chanced to be the first officer who was there hit. A musket ball next passed through the shell of his spy-glass above his hand, and a second one shattered the watch in his pocket. Some time after the *Victory* had been in action with the French 74-gun ship *Redoubtable*, the officers and men around him beginning to fall fast, the attention of Mr. Pollard was arrested by a number of riflemen crouching in the tops of the *Redoubtable*, and directing a destructive fire on the poop and quarter-deck of the *Victory*. He immediately seized a musket, and, being supplied by the signal quartermaster with ammunition left by the Marines (who, from being picked off so fearfully, were ordered by Nelson himself from the poop to the starboard gangway), continued firing at the men in the enemy's tops till not one was to be seen. In the act of handing the last parcel of ball cartridges the quartermaster was killed on the spot, leaving Mr. Pollard when the action terminated the only officer alive of those who had been originally stationed on the poop, and thus originated the belief that it was he who gave the fatal blow to the man who shot Lord Nelson, and this fact was shortly after the action confirmed by his Captain, Sir Thomas Hardy, who sent for him into the ward-room, and in the presence of the officers congratulated him upon having avenged the death of their

immortal chief. On leaving the *Victory* the following month, he served successively in the *Queen*, *Dreadnought*, and *Hibernia*, and was made lieutenant and continued serving, with only an intermission of sixteen months, until 1814, during which time he saw much war service, and was engaged in many cutting-out expeditions. From 1836 to 1853 he served in the Coastguard, and the latter year, as a tardy recognition of his long services both in war and peace, was, as a lieutenant, appointed to Greenwich Hospital.—*Times*.

At Brighton, Mary, wife of John Richardson, esq., of Gartconnel, Dumbartonshire.

April 23. At Madrid, aged 68, Marshal Narvaez. See OBITUARY.

In Eaton-square, aged 94, Miss Copley, sister of the Right Hon. John Singleton Copley, late Lord Lyndhurst. The deceased was the last surviving child of John Singleton Copley, the well-known R.A. and historical painter. Of Mr. Copley's three daughters, two grew up to womanhood; of these two she was the younger. Her elder sister, Elizabeth, who married a Mr. Greene, died at Boston, Massachusetts, on the 1st of February, 1866, at the ripe age of 95. As Lord Lyndhurst had completed his 91st year when he died, the three children of the painter who survived infancy attained, jointly, the long period of 280 years—in this respect certainly like their mother, who died in 1836, at upwards of 90, having seen her son seated on the woolsack. Mr. Copley, though of Irish extraction and, as is well known, an American by birth, was a Royalist; and he abandoned his prospects in America on account of his loyalty to George III. Miss Copley, who was born at Boston, was brought over to England by her father when only an infant; she resided with her father, and afterwards with her distinguished brother, in George-street, Hanover-square, till Lord Lyndhurst's death; and she will be well remembered by many of those who were privileged to enjoy the society at Lord Lyndhurst's, where she was always lively and cheerful, and displayed a rich fund of anecdote and pleasant reminiscences. Her portrait, as a little child, playing with the future Lord Chancellor of England and her other brothers and sisters, will be remembered by all who saw the celebrated family group painted by Copley, which used to hang in the large drawing-room of Lord Lyndhurst's house in George-street, and formed one of the attractions at South Kensington during the Exhibition of 1862.—*Times*.

In Eaton-place, aged 75, the Right Rev.

Renn Dickson Hampden, Bishop of Hereford. See OBITUARY.

At Cherson House, Wood-green, aged 32, George Alexander James, esq., solicitor, of 22, Essex-street, Strand.

At New Brentford, aged 71, the Rev. William Lonsdale, D.D. He was the second son of the late Christopher Lonsdale, esq., of Arlaw Banks, Barnard Castle, Durham, and was born in 1796. He was educated at St. John's Coll., Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1819, and proceeded M.A. in 1828; he was chaplain of the Brentford Union, and Head Master of the Commercial and Collegiate School in Duke-street, Grosvenor-square.

At the Graig House, Monmouthshire, aged 79, Thomas Wakeman, esq. He was the only son of the late Charles Wakeman, esq., of The Graig (who died in 1836), by Anne, dau. of Thos. Davies, esq., of Chepstow; he was born in 1788, and was a magistrate for Monmouthshire.

April 24. At South Hylton, co. Durham, Eleanor, wife of the Rev. Joseph Law, and eldest dau. of the late Rev. James Manisty, B.D., vicar of Edlingham, Northumberland.

At Kensington, Anne, widow of the late John Leech.

At Dane Court, Thanet, aged 77, Robert Sackett Tomlin, esq. He was the eldest son of the late Robt. Tomlin, esq., of North Down, Thanet, by Sarah, dau. and heir of Richard Sackett, esq., of Dane Court, and was born in 1790. He was educated at King's School, Canterbury, and was a magistrate for Peterborough, and a J.P. and D.L. for Northamptonshire, and had been twice nominated high sheriff of that county. He married, in 1817, Elizabeth Ann, dau. of John Banks, esq., of Otley, Yorkshire, and by her (who died very recently) he has left with other issue, a son and heir, Robert, born in 1820.

Aged 73, Vice-Admiral Edmund Yonge. He was the youngest son of the late Rev. James Yonge, of Puslinch, Devon, by his second wife, Anne, dau. of Edmund Granger, esq., of Exeter, and was born in 1795. He entered the navy in 1808, and after serving for some time on the north coast of Spain, was employed among the Western Islands, and in the Channel. He subsequently served in the East Indies, South America, and in Western Australia, where he greatly distinguished himself. In 1834 he was on board the *Andromache*, when, in company with the *Imogene*, she forced the passage of the Boca Tigris, in China; and was subsequently employed on the Mediterranean and Lisbon stations. He married, in 1835, Jane Lee, second

dau. of John R. Bennet, esq., of Standwell, Devon, by whom he has left issue.

April 25. At Madeira, aged 22, Edmund Gladwin, younger son of the late E. B. Faunce, esq., of Sharsted Court, Kent.

At The Grove, Lawton, Cheshire, aged 77, Elizabeth, widow of the Rev. John Lawton, rector of Lawton.

At Mentone, France, aged 25, Mary, wife of Edward W. O'Brien, esq., of Cahirmoyle, co. Limerick. She was second dau. of the Hon. Stephen Edmund and Ellen Spring Rice, and was married to Mr. O'Brien in 1863.

At Newick, Sussex, aged 81, the Rev. Thomas Baden Powell, M.A. He was educated at Oriel College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1808, and proceeded M.A. in 1811. He was rector and patron of Newick, hon. canon of Chichester Cathedral, and was formerly Fellow of Oriel Coll., Oxford.

At The Grange, Hanham, Bristol, aged 80, the Rev. G. B. Tuson, B.D. He was educated at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where he took his degree of B.D. in 1825; in 1850 he was appointed rector of Little Stanmore, Middlesex, and he was formerly for many years chaplain of the Royal Artillery.

April 26. At Ballycroy, Mayo, Ireland, aged 61, Thomas Jacob Birch, esq. He was the second son of the late Wyrley Birch, esq., of Wretham, Norfolk, by Katharine Sarah, third dau. and co-heir of Jacob Reynardson, esq., of Holywell, co. Lincoln, and was born in 1806; he was educated at Eton and at Brasenose Coll., Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1828, and proceeded M.A. in 1830, and was called to the bar at the Inner Temple in 1830. He was a magistrate for co. Norfolk and Mayo, and was Recorder of Thetford from 1837 to 1866. In 1847 he was appointed judge of the Norfolk County Courts.

At Maydeken, Kent, aged 42, Colonel Charles Vernon Oxenden, Rifle Brigade, only son of the Rev. Charles Oxenden, rector of Barham.

April 27. At Dublin, aged 57, Robert Longfield, esq., Q.C., Law Adviser of the Crown for Ireland. He was the third son of the late Rev. Mountfort Longfield, vicar of Desertserges, co. Cork, by Grace, dau. of William Lysaght, esq., of Fort William and Mount North, co. Cork, and a younger brother of the Rt. Hon. Mountfort Longfield, LL.D., ex-Judge of the Landed Estates Court. He was born in the year 1810, and was educated at Trinity Coll., Dublin, where he obtained several honours during his undergraduate course; he graduated B.A. in 1831, and proceeded

M.A. in 1834, and was called to the Irish bar in Trinity term of the latter year. He was appointed a Queen's counsel in 1852, and in 1866 Law Adviser of the Crown for Ireland, an office worth 1,100*l.* per annum; he also held the appointment of chairman of the county of Galway, and the more important one of Law Adviser to the Castle, Dublin. In May, 1859, he was elected M.P. for Mallow, in the Conservative interest, and retained his seat in the House of Commons until the general election in 1865, having been throughout a staunch supporter of Lord Derby's administration. He was the author of several legal works, particularly on the subject of the law of landlord and tenant, and, jointly with Mr. J. F. Townsend, he published in 1843 a work on the "Cases in the Irish Exchequer, 1841-2." The family of the deceased is originally of Welsh extraction, being descended from John Longfield, of Denbigh, who, towards the end of the 17th century, settled in Ireland. Several members of the family have held high positions in Ireland, more particularly in the county of Cork, of which county Richard Longfield of Longueville, was high sheriff in 1758; he was afterwards M.P. for that county, and was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Longueville in 1795, and further advanced to the dignity of a viscount in 1800. His lordship was some time governor of co. Cork, and a representative peer for Ireland; but on his death, without issue, in 1811, his title became extinct, and his estates became chiefly vested in his cousin, John Longfield, esq., grandfather of the subject of this notice. The deceased gentleman married, in 1840, Charlotte, dau. of the late George Stawell, of Crobeg, co. Cork.—*Law Times*.

At The Close, Exeter, aged 77, the Rev. G. Maximilian Slatter, D.D. He was educated at St. Peter's Coll., Cambridge (B.D. 1827, and D.D. 1850), and was appointed priest-vicar of Exeter Cathedral in 1817, vicar of West Anstey, Devon, in 1819, and surrogate for the diocese of Exeter in the same year; in 1830 he was appointed dean's vicar and sub-treasurer of Exeter Cathedral.

Aged 73, the Rev. Thomas Thorogood Upwood, of Lovell's Hall, King's Lynn. He was the only son of the late Thomas Upwood, esq., of Lovell's Hall, by Anne, dau. of Joseph Hare, esq., of Bath, and was born in 1794. He was educated at Clare Hall and Pembroke Coll., Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1817, and proceeded M.A. in 1820; he was a magistrate for Norfolk, and formerly vicar of Terrington St. Clement, and rector of

Clenchwarton, Norfolk. He married, in 1822, Jane, dau. of the late William Stephens, esq., of Aldermaston, Berks, and by her (who died in 1853) had issue seven daus.

In Cumberland-terrace, Regent's-park, aged 58, John Howard Williams, esq., solicitor. He was born in 1810, admitted a solicitor in Trinity term 1836, and for nearly thirty years was a member of the old established firm of Winter, Williams, and Co., of Bedford-row. He was a member of the Incorporated Law Society, Solicitors' Benevolent Association, and a commissioner in Chancery. The deceased was of a most courteous and affable manner, and a painstaking and highly honourable and respected practitioner. He has left a widow, but no surviving issue.—*Law Times*.

April 28. At Woolwich, suddenly, Capt. John McNeill, R.A. He was the second son of the late Malcolm McNeill, esq., of The Corran, co. Antrim, and nephew to Lord Colonsay and Sir John McNeill. He was a highly promising young officer, and had only recently returned from India with his regiment.

At Lee Place, Charlbury, aged 72, Benjamin John Whippy, esq. He was the eldest son of the late Benjamin Whippy, esq., of Peachley (who died in 1821), by Mary, dau. of John Godfrey, esq., of Frome, Somerset, and was born in 1795. He was a J.P. and D.L. for Oxford, served as high sheriff of that county in 1855, and was a captain in the Queen's Own Oxfordshire Yeomanry Cavalry. He married, in 1828, Jane Susannah, second dau. of Benjamin Holloway, esq., of Lee Place, Oxon.

April 29. In Victoria-road, Stoke Newington, aged 83, John Burnet, esq., the celebrated engraver.

Aged 30, Lilia, the wife of the Rev. William Anthony Cass, incumbent of St. Michael's, Wakefield.

At Andover, Margaret Aletta, wife of Turner P. Clarke, esq., and eldest dau. of the late Major Webb, R.M.L.I., Chatham.

At Wyvenhoe Rectory, Essex, aged 78, Clara, widow of Gen. Latter.

April 30. At Pau, Basses Pyrénées, aged 88, Sir Samuel Benjamin Auchmuty, G.C.B. He was the second son of the late S. Auchmuty, esq., of Bryans-town, by Elizabeth Domville, only dau. of F. Savage, esq., of Ballygawly, co. Sligo, and was born in 1780. He was a general in the Army and colonel 7th Foot, and served in the West Indies and in the Peninsular war, in which he was Deputy-Assistant Adjutant-General; he was also present at Oporto, Talavera,

Orthes, Toulouse, and other engagements, and served in India from 1848 to 1852. He married, in 1817, Mary Anne, dau. of — Buchanan, esq.

At the Priory, Christchurch, Hants, Dame Augusta Elinor, relict of Sir G. E. Pocock, bart. She was the eldest dau. of the Hon. T. W. Coventry, of North Cray Place, Kent, and married, in 1830, to Sir G. E. Pocock, bart., who died Sept. 3, 1866.

At Stoke, Plymouth, aged 46, Major Heathfield James Frampton, late of the 50th Regt.

At La Fallie, Jersey, aged 84, Capt. William Ranwell, R.N. The deceased was born in 1784, entered the Navy 1799, and saw much service on the coasts of Cuba and St. Domingo. He subsequently assisted at the blockade of Brest, Rochefort, and Ferrol, and was employed in various parts of the Mediterranean. Capt. Ranwell, who filled for some time the post of Surveyor of Shipping to Lloyd's Register of British and foreign ships in the island of Jersey, married, in 1813, Eliza, eldest dau. of Edmund Champion, esq., by whom he has left issue.

Aged 62, the Rev. P. Herbert Symonds, M.A. He was educated at St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1831, and proceeded M.A. in 1833; he was formerly curate of Clehonger, co. Hereford, and was appointed rector of Church Withington, Hereford, in 1857.

At St. Angelo, Clarendon-road, Southsea, Hants, Mary, relict of Col. Jolliffe, Royal Marines, and second dau. of the late John Smith, esq., of Landguard, Isle of Wight.

Aged 55, the Rev. John Medows Theobald, of Henley Hall, Ipswich. He was educated at Jesus Coll., Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1834, and was for some time curate of Marks Tey, near Colchester.

May 1. At Richmond, Surrey, aged 69, the Right Hon. Lord Forbes. See OBITUARY.

At the South Kensington Hotel, aged 55, Albemarle Cator, esq., of Beckenham Place, Kent, and Woodbastwick Hall, Norfolk. He was the eldest son of the late John Cator, esq., of Woodbastwick Hall (who died in 1858) by Elizabeth Louisa, dau. of Sir R. Mahon, bart., and was born in 1813; he was educated at Winchester, and New Coll., Oxford, and was a J.P. and D.L. for Norfolk, and served as High Sheriff of the county in 1867. He married, in 1834, Elizabeth Margaret, dau. of the late John Blakeney, esq., of Abbert, co. Galway, by whom he has left issue.

At Paris, aged 63, Major-General C. H. Græme, late Madras Cavalry.

Aged 22, Elizabeth Maria, wife of the Rev. Sidney G. Gillum, incumbent of Tongham, Surrey, eldest dau. of the Rev. William and the Lady Maria Brodie.

May 2. At Elvetham, aged 77, the Rt. Hon. Lord Calthorpe. See OBITUARY.

In Berkeley-square, aged 75, Caroline, the Dowager Lady Wenlock. She was the youngest dau. of Richard, 2nd Lord Braybrooke, by Catherine, youngest dau. of the Rt. Hon. George Grenville, and was born Oct. 6, 1792. She married, in 1817, Paul Beilby, 1st Lord Wenlock, by whom, who died in 1852, she leaves issue the present Lord Wenlock and three other sons, and a dau.

Aged 77, George Portway, esq., J.P., of Bury St. Edmund's.

At Scarborough, suddenly, aged 68, Mr. Carmichael, artist.

May 3. At Brighton, aged 76, Charles Pitt Bartley, esq., solicitor, of Somerset-street, Portman-square.

May 4. In Blandford-square, aged 41, Thomas Edward Chitty, esq., barrister-at-law. He was born in 1825, and was educated at Oriol Coll., Oxford, where he took his B.A. degree in 1850, when he took a third class in classics; he was called to the bar at the Inner Temple in 1855, and at the time of his decease was clerk of assize of the Western Circuit.

At Woodvale, Cowes, aged 91, Admiral William Ffarington. He was the eldest son of the late William Ffarington, esq., by Anne Frances, dau. of Capt. W. Nash, and was born in 1777. He entered the navy in 1785, became a retired captain in 1846, and an admiral in 1862; he was a magistrate for Hants, and married, in 1813, Frances Anne, dau. of E. F. Green, esq., of Medham, I. of Wight, and by her, who died in 1865, he has left issue.

In Cambridge-street, Hyde-park-square, aged 37, Ernest Augustus Tweeddale, Commander R.N., youngest son of the late James Tweeddale, M.D., Surgeon R.N.

May 5. At Broadstairs, Major John Donovan Verner, late of the Royal Fusiliers.

May 6. At Castle Morres, Kilkenny, aged 54, John de Montmorency, esq., of Castle Morres. He was the eldest son of the late Harvey de Montmorency, esq., of Castle Morres (who died in 1859), by Rose Lloyd, dau. of the late Bishop (Kearney) of Ossory, and was born in 1814. He was educated at Trinity Coll., Dublin, and was a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant for co. Kilkenny, and served as high sheriff of that county in 1850. He was formerly an officer in the 12th Royal

Fusiliers. He married, in 1838, the Hon. Henrietta Emily, dau. of Standish, 1st Viscount Guilloimore, and has left, with other issue, a son and heir, Harvey John, late of the 2nd Dragoon Guards, who was born in 1840, and married, in 1867, Grace Kathleen, eldest dau. of Thomas Fraser Grove, esq., M.P., of Ferne House, Wilts.

At Holme Hall, near Bakewell, aged 78, Thomas John Gisborne, esq. He was the second son of the late Rev. Thomas Gisborne, of Yoxall Lodge (who died in 1846), by Mary, only dau. of Thomas Babington, esq., of Rothley Temple, and was born in 1789. He married, in 1814, Sarah, dau. of J. A. Krehmer, esq., of St. Petersburg, and by her, who died in 1863, has left issue.

May 7. At the Bush, Edinburgh, aged 78, Archibald Troiter, esq., of Castlelaw. He was the second son of the late Robert Troiter, esq., of Castlelaw, by Anne, only dau. of John Troiter, esq., of Cattleshiell, co. Berwick, and was born in 1789. He was educated at the High School and College of Edinburgh, was a magistrate for Midlothian, and formerly in the Bengal Civil Service. He married, in 1813, Laura Maria, dau. of Thomas Chase, esq., of the Madras Civil Service, and by her, who died in 1818, he has left issue.

At Cannes, France, aged 89, the Rt. Hon. Henry Lord Brougham. See OBITUARY, in our next.

At Watford Villa, New Mills, Derbyshire, aged 67, James Ingham, esq.

May 8. At Chelsea Hospital, aged 85, Sir J. M. Wilson, C.B., K.H. See OBITUARY.

Lately.—At Khandalla, India, Alfred Crawford Chilton Crane, Conductor of Public Works Department, youngest and last-surviving son of the late Rev. Robert

Prentice Crane, vicar of Tolleshunt Major and Heybridge, Essex, and formerly Chaplain at Rio de Janeiro.

At Howgell, Carlisle, aged 100, Mr. Joseph Henderson. He was, says the *Carlisle Journal*, the oldest blue freeman in Cumberland.

In Fitzroy-road, Regent's Park, Mr. Joseph Gander. He was "a sincere member of the sect called Muggletonians" for upwards of 60 years. There is, it is understood, only one place of worship in London connected with this extraordinary sect of religionists, and not three more in the whole of England. The sect was founded by Ludwicke Muggleton, an English tailor and fanatic of the 17th century, who wrote several books full of absurdity and blasphemy in reference mainly to the nature of Christ. They were burnt by the hangman, and the author was pilloried. He obtained a few followers, and they have remained few up to the present time. Muggleton died in 1697.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

In New South Wales, John Shaw Strange, the last of the convicts concerned in the celebrated Cato-street conspiracy.

At Gloster, New Jersey, Mrs. Maria Harding. This lady was one of the eyewitnesses of the execution of Major André. It was she who gave to Major André on the morning of the execution a handful of peaches. The Major carried the fruit some distance, and then gave it to a little girl. Mrs. Harding was accustomed to speak of this event, and to describe in enthusiastic terms the gallant bearing of the ill-fated officer, always concluding her description with the *naïf* comment, "Somehow, he did not seem to have any appetite."

REGISTRAR-GENERAL'S RETURNS.
BIRTHS and DEATHS Registered, and METEOROLOGY in the following large Towns.

Boroughs, &c.	Estimated Population in the middle of the year 1868.	Persons to an acre (1868).	Births registered during the week.	Deaths registered during the week.	TEMPERATURE OF THE AIR (Fahrenheit).				TEMPERATURE OF THE AIR (Fahrenheit).				Rain-fall in inches.
					Highest during the week.	Lowest during the week.	Weekly mean of the mean daily values.	Rain-fall in inches.	Highest during the week.	Lowest during the week.	Weekly mean of the mean daily values.	Rain-fall in inches.	
APRIL 11.													
Total of 11 large Towns.	5,922,998	47·8	3777	2584	66·6	24·5	43·0	0·42	3006	68·0	23·0	45·7	0·31
London (Metropolis)	3,126,635	40·1	2066	1274	66·6	32·9	45·7	0·39	1539	62·5	28·9	45·7	0·10
Bristol (City)	167,487	35·7	117	100	84
Birmingham (Borough)	352,296	45·0	250	141	62·0	31·0	43·9	0·33	163	65·3	27·8	45·0	0·14
Liverpool (Borough)	500,676	98·0	284	236	60·0	30·4	43·7	0·02	420	59·9	33·4	46·2	0·19
Manchester (City)	366,835	81·8	228	186	63·5	30·0	44·3	0·04	268	63·0	27·0	45·0	0·61
Salford (Borough)	117,162	22·7	74	61	62·5	29·8	42·5	0·04	82	61·5	27·8	44·1	0·38
Leeds (Borough)	236,746	11·0	99	94	62·0	24·5	42·1	0·56	228	68·0	23·5	46·7	0·31
Hull (Borough)	122,628	34·4	78	45	63·0	32·0	40·8	0·97	99	65·0	23·0	43·2	0·36
Edinburgh (City)	177,039	40·0	127	95	54·7	0·70	119	62·7	33·0	47·4	0·40
Glasgow (City)	449,868	88·9	334	216	53·4	28·9	41·6	0·73	456	58·8	33·5	48·5	0·30
Dublin (City & some suburbs)	319,985	32·8	120	136	134
MAY 2.													
Total of 11 large Towns.	5,922,998	47·8	4345	2740	63·8	30·5	48·3	1·17	2761	73·0	32·9	50·6	0·28
London (Metropolis)	3,126,635	40·1	2307	1378	63·8	41·7	50·2	1·47	1392	70·4	38·7	53·0	0·12
Bristol (City)	167,487	35·7	117	75	60
Birmingham (Borough)	352,296	45·0	255	127	59·4	41·6	49·3	1·34	281	69·3	39·4	50·8	0·13
Liverpool (Borough)	500,676	98·0	349	233	68·0	38·5	46·6	1·11	385	67·4	39·7	50·9	0·16
Manchester (City)	366,835	81·8	268	180	60·2	40·0	49·2	0·73	280	73·0	36·5	51·9	0·25
Salford (Borough)	117,162	22·7	93	67	59·3	36·5	48·2	0·78	87	69·0	34·7	49·6	0·28
Leeds (Borough)	236,746	11·0	212	103	60·0	30·5	47·2	1·26	195	70·5	35·5	50·5	0·10
Hull (Borough)	108,269	34·4	71	36	63·0	37·0	48·1	0·60	91	58·7	37·0	48·2	0·60
Edinburgh (City)	177,039	40·0	139	99	57·7	41·0	46·8	1·00	126	77	32·9	47·7	0·61
Glasgow (City)	449,868	88·9	411	262	55·2	37·9	48·5	2·25	411	59·2	37·8	47·7	0·29
Dublin (City & some suburbs)	319,985	32·8	123	180	63·4	35·5	49·6	1·21	185	67·1	37·8	53·4	0·29

METEOROLOGICAL DIARY, BY H. GOULD, late W. CARY, 181, STRAND.

From April 24, 1863, to May 11, 1863, inclusive.

Day of Month.	Thermometer.			Barom.	Weather.	Day of Month.	Thermometer.			Barom.	Weather.
	8 o'clock Morning.	Noon.	11 o'clock Night.				8 o'clock Morning.	Noon.	11 o'clock Night.		
Apl.	°	°	°	in. pts.		May.	°	°	°	in. pts.	
24	53	57	50	29. 54	cloudy, sho.	3	59	76	61	29. 86	fog, fair
25	47	53	52	29. 93	do.	4	50	61	49	29. 97	fair
26	51	59	51	30. 06	gloomy	5	51	56	46	30. 07	do.
27	52	61	43	30. 04	fr., h. rn., hail	6	48	53	45	30. 06	fair, cloudy
28	48	53	50	29. 90	cloudy, rain	7	52	62	49	29. 99	do., do.
29	56	62	52	30. 09	fair	8	51	70	58	29. 79	fair
30	58	65	56	30. 08	do., cloudy	9	50	68	56	29. 76	rain, cloudy
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J. B. HEWITT,

3, Crown Court,

Threadneedle Street.

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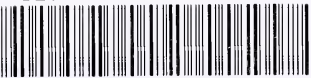
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