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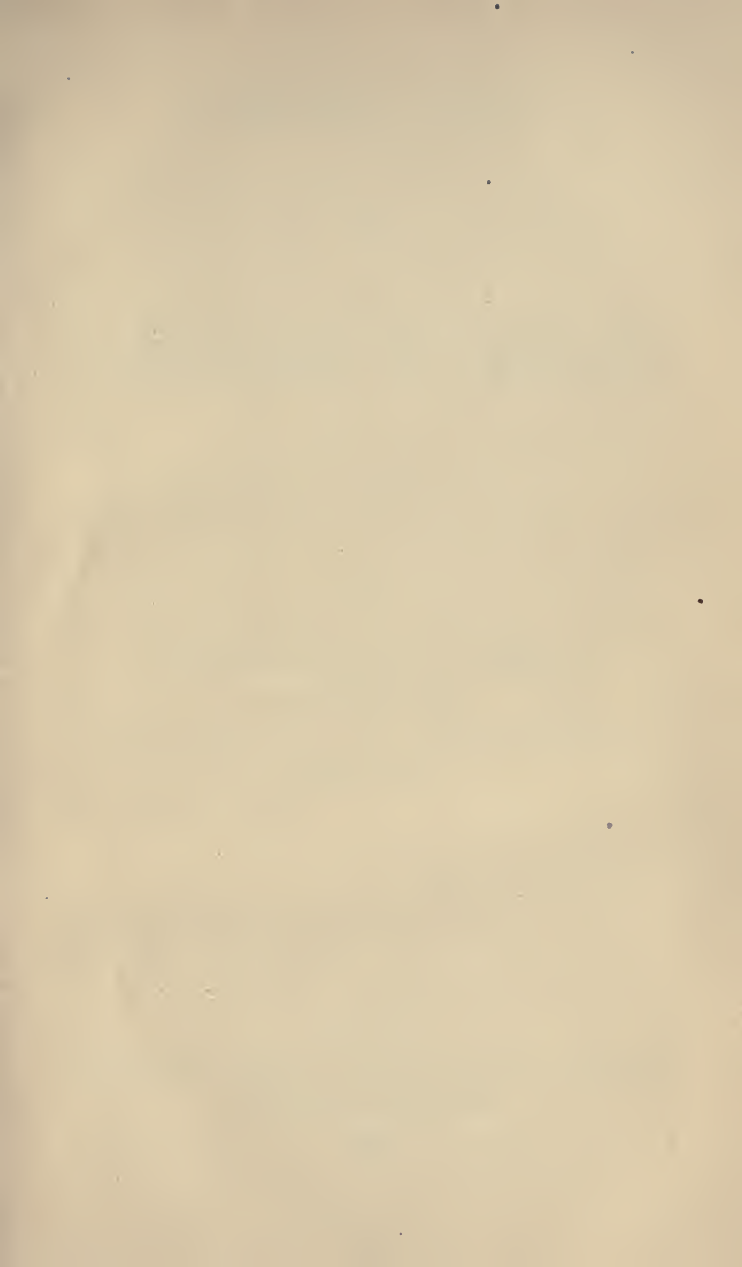

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A SECOND SERIES

OF

VICISSITUDES OF FAMILIES.

BY

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INTRODUCTION.

Causes of Family Decadence:—Endowment of Hereditary Honours—Ruin of Families in Ireland—Preservation of Ancient Title Deeds—Heir of M'Finnan Duff—M'Carthy More's Representative—Sir Audley Mervyn's Suggestion—Value of Tradition—Flowers of Finderne.

VICISSITUDES OF FAMILIES.

—— The jest at which fools laugh the loudest,
The downfall of our old nobility—
Which may forerun the ruin of a kingdom.
I've seen an idiot clap his hands and shout
To see a tower like yon stoop to its base
In headlong ruin; while the wise look'd round,
And fearful sought a distant stance to watch
What fragment of the fabric next should follow;
For when the turrets fall, the walls are tottering.

WALTER SCOTT.

THE decadence of noble and wealthy families is a fact of too frequent occurrence to be now a subject of doubt or dispute, but the cause of such decadence, though equally obvious, seems to have puzzled a host of enquirers: the whole matter is referable to a few general agents. Historically considered, the decay and extinction of great Houses may be mainly attributed to the Civil Wars, from Hastings to Culloden, and to the law of attainder, which, in England more than in any other country of Europe, undermined and overthrew the landed Aristocracy. So fatal, indeed, was the operation of that law, that, of the twenty-five Barons who were appointed to enforce the observance of Magna Charta, there is not now in the House of Peers a single male descendant! At the Norman Conquest, a great dispersion of families

occurred. Malcolm of Scotland gave protection to the Saxon exiles, and they availed themselves of it in such numbers, that in the words of Simeon of Durham, "they were to be met with in all the farm-houses, and even in the cottages."

Passing over the turbulent times of the early Plantagenets, the baronial contests, and the French wars—all more or less destructive of the ancient noblesse—we arrive at the most striking era of family decadence, that of "the Wars of the Roses." With regard to the Yorkists (who, by the way, were the Liberals of those days), it was their policy, De Comines asserts, to spare the common people, and to cut off the nobility and gentry : and thus the victors became enriched by the forfeited lands of the vanquished. Through these means, and the fearful loss of life in the battle-field and on the scaffold, very many of the chief historic houses were destroyed. Of the survivors, some that bore the territorial prefix *De*, dropped it, having lost the inheritance to which it applied; and others were so impoverished, that an act passed to degrade to a lower rank such of the nobility as had not adequate estates. Ruined lords and gentlemen went into exile, to be the miserable pensioners of foreign courts, or wandered in beggary and wretchedness through many of the countries of Europe.

The dynasty which succeeded in uniting the rival roses, was scarcely more favourable to the old nobility. It seems to have been the principle of the Tudor kings to break down the ancient families of Norman origin, and consequently, during their rule, the vicissitudes of the Howards, the Percys, the Cliffords, the Dudleys, the

Nevilles, the Staffords, the Courtenays, the Greys, and the De la Poles are full of melancholy and pathetic interest. The star of the Stuarts was unlucky to all within its influence. The great Civil War of Charles the First's reign ruined the Cavaliers—the men of pure blood, and long-derived lineage; and the devoted loyalty of the Jacobites dispersed through the armies of France, and Austria, and Spain many of the best-born subjects of King James. Where these causes for the decadence of families have been wanting, another not less efficient has occurred to produce the same results in that personal extravagance, so frequent amongst those of large fortune and high position; exposed as they are to a thousand temptations unknown to the low-born and the needy. Then there are the electioneering struggles, the rivalry of one great county House with another, and the efforts of the old gentry to retain their place above the new men advanced by trade or by professional success. Another source of family vicissitude has been overlooked, or misunderstood: the peculiar talents and disposition that have led to the aggrandizement of any one person are seldom repeated in his immediate successor. As a general rule, nature seems to delight in varying her creations, and rarely reproduces herself but at certain intervals. Thus it is not often that a miser is succeeded in the same line by a miser, a poet by a poet, or a commander by a son of the same military ability as his father. More usually in the miser's case, a spendthrift comes to scatter the hoards of his predecessor with reckless and unsparing hand:

> Riches, like insects, when concealed they lie,
> Wait but for wings, an din their season fly.

But, after all, I am inclined to think, that, in modern times, the main cause of the misery and deplorable fate that have happened to some of our most eminent families may be discovered in that part of the law of inheritance which, in the absence of direct heirs male, allows the estates to pass to an heiress, while the title to which they belong, devolves on a collateral branch that may be equally devoid of wealth or education; in other words, the property goes to one line, and the dignity to another, incapable of supporting it.

I have always considered that it would be of infinite advantage if means could be devised for remedying the evil in some way or other. But for the immense difficulty of rendering, even by legislative enactment, real property perpetually inalienable, it might be well that the crown made it a sine quâ non that every recipient of an hereditary title of honour should be required, before his patent could pass, to *endow* the dignity granted to him with a landed estate which could never afterwards be detached from it. A Baronet's qualification might be fixed at £500 a year in land, a Peer's at £2000. At any rate, a scheme like the following might be adopted. Each Peer or Baronet should be compelled, by statute, to contribute to government a proper sum (to be arrived at by actuarial estimate), so that out of the aggregate of such contributions, the administration of the day, or some public functionary, say the Lord Chancellor or Lord President, could allocate such annual payments, as it might be competent to pay, to Peers and Baronets in reduced circumstances, *for the maintenance of their dignity.* The great difficulty of all such legislation is to reconcile certainty of payment

to, and enjoyment by, persons who are in debt, and whose property, whether in globo or annual, would, of necessity, be liable to claims of their creditors. There appears, however, a way of conscientious reconcilement arising from the consideration of the nature of public dignities, and the requirements of the public service. It has been held in numerous cases, that such stipends, the enjoyment of which is necessary *for the maintenance of the public dignity,* or for the furtherance of the public service, cannot be taken by the creditors of the holders. Consequently, all that need be assumed as an argument for such legislation is, that it is due to the public service and dignity that Peers and Baronets should always, as such, have the right to receive out of a fund, constituted as suggested above, such annual income for the maintenance of their respective rank and position. The statute might provide for this, by an enactment following out the understanding already admitted by the law.

In cases where honours have been won by personal achievement, and where the distinguished men to whom such honours are given, have not the means to provide the required contributions, a power might be vested in the crown, to authorize a sufficient sum to be paid out of the exchequer to assist or enable a grantee of a peerage, or baronetcy conferred for public services, to contribute the necessary sum to the fund.

Grants were made in the cases of Nelson and Wellington, and such liberality in reward of merit might be made a general rule, with very immaterial loss to the national income, and with infinite benefit to the hereditary orders of the country.

In Ireland, family history and national history can scarcely be separated: the Vicissitudes of the one are the Vicissitudes of the other. Ireland is a country of ruins, and among the ruins may be classed the old aristocracy. I often, as I pass the roofless churches with their desecrated grave-yards, "where princes and where prelates sleep," think of the lines of Pope—

> "That grave where e'en the great find rest,
> And blended lie the oppressor and oppressed."

For here are mingled in one undistinguished mass the Irish, the Norman, the Elizabethan, the Scotch, the Cromwellian, and the Williamite, who have successively fought and bled for the possession of the neighbouring fields. The vicissitudes of family history in Ireland are ever recurring. The loss of records and the neglect and consequent destruction of monumental memorials evidence the constant revolution of property in that distracted land. What cares the purchaser in the Landed Estates' Court for the preservation of the tombstones of the old gentry in the neighbouring unwalled churchyard? What cared the Williamite for the bones of the Jacobite, or the Cromwellian for the relics of the Norman, or the Norman for those of the conquered Irish? Nowhere can we trace sepulchral brasses, and very rarely indeed, knights' burial effigies; but to supply this want in some degree, the remembrance of historic events and of historic names still retained among the people is something quite marvellous. During centuries of gloom and defeat, it was all that was left to them of better days, and, like the ivy that adheres to the ruined palaces and mansions of byegone prosperity

and pleasure, they clung to these memories with singular tenacity; and now, when an era of prosperity has at last opened on their country, they love to recall the old times again, and the old families which perished in the national struggle.

It is an interesting and well-authenticated fact, resulting from this same feeling for the past, that the descendants of the despoiled Irish have hoarded up with the greatest care their ancient title deeds.

Mr. Beltz, Lancaster Herald, mentioned having met in the year 1802, at Kenmare, the heir of M'Finnan Duff, a poor Kerry cottager, who had in his possession "the Proceedings of a Commission" of 12th Elizabeth for the partition of the estates between his ancestor and a rival O'Sullivan—family papers which had been preserved as a sacred heirloom through centuries of destitution and hopeless ruin. These parchments were so decayed that Mr. Beltz could not have deciphered them if he had not been familiar with the originals in the Exchequer. Crofton Croker likewise refers to this remarkable trait in the despoiled Gael, and states, in his "Sketches of the South of Ireland," that he knew a blacksmith, living in the West of Skibbereen, who claimed to be the representative of M'Carthy More, and who showed him the M'Carthy title-deeds. I myself have heard from a very old friend still living, that he well remembers his grandfather having told him that he had seen some of the ruined heirs of the dispossessed proprietors, with their deeds carefully tied up, wandering about the county of Tipperary. The parchments thus treasured were the only signs they had

left them to "shew the world that they were gentlemen."

At one time, it was proposed that when parties appeared before the Commissioners under the Act of Settlement to prove their innocency, and failed, their title deeds should be impounded. This was one of the suggestions urged in 1662 by Sir Audley Mervyn, Speaker of the House of Commons, who went up, attended by the whole House, to the Lord Lieutenant (Ormonde) to complain of the too great readiness with which claimants were allowed to establish innocency. Among other recommendations, was the proposal that where the party *failed*, the deeds he produced should be withheld from him.

Sir Audley said he remembered that in the north of Ireland the people had a practice of stuffing the skin of the calf, which they had taken from the cow, with straw (which they called a Puckan), and then of setting this before the cow, who would low over it and lick it, and in so doing would give down her milk. "These Deeds (wanting the Estate) were," urged Sir Audley, "like these skins stuffed with straw."

"But of what use are they, and what harm to leave them with the old proprietors?" was replied. "They will serve," answered the Speaker, "like the Puckan. The dispossessed will low over them, and lick them over and over in their thoughts, and in so doing they will give down a *memory of revenge*."

Tradition is confessedly the hand-maiden of history, assisting the annalist in his labours, and ministering ever to his wants. Tradition is the lamp which, with flicker-

ing but faithful ray, guides the genealogist along his misty path, and is ofttimes the only light to indicate the course he is to take. All this, tradition has been to me. In my researches into the Vicissitudes of Families, the village legend and the peasant's tale have been my constant helps. I am pretty well acquainted with England and Ireland, and in both, but especially in Ireland, I have found the local memories of the old races wonderfully vivid and wonderfully accurate; the details, sometimes exaggerated and sometimes partially forgotten, are of course frequently inconsistent with fact, but the main features of the story are substantially true, and are generally confirmed by the test of subsequent investigation. The original edifice stands boldly out, though additions may have been made to the architecture, or time may have mouldered a portion into decay. In this consists one great charm of an "old country." The boundless prairies, the interminable forests, the gigantic rivers of the far West are wonderful and grand, and strike the mind with awe, but the heart is untouched; whereas with us every vale, and hill, and stream can tell of days gone by, of a long succession of native heritors, and are replete with ancestral story. One little anecdote it may be permitted me here to introduce from the English side of the Channel, as peculiarly illustrative of the endurance of local tradition. The hamlet of Finderne, in the parish of Mickleover, about four miles from Derby, was, for nine generations, the chief residence of a family who derived their name from the place of their patrimony. From the times of Edward I. to those of Henry VIII., when the male line became

extinct, and the estate passed, by the marriage of the heiress, to the Harpurs, the house of Finderne was one of the most distinguished in Derbyshire. Members of it had won their spurs in the Crusades, and at Cressy, and at Azincourt. The sons were brave and the daughters fair: one, alas! was frail as well as fair, and the heaviest blow that ever fell on the time-honoured line was when Catherine Finderne, about the middle of the fifteenth century, consented to be the mistress of Henry, Lord Grey of Codnor. In the remarkable will of that remarkable nobleman, who, in 1463, obtained a licence from the king for the transmutation of metals, provision is made for his illegitimate issue by Catherine in terms which were, no doubt, deemed unexceptionable in those days, but which would be deemed highly offensive in our own. The territorial possessions of the Findernes were large: the Findernes were High Sheriffs, occasionally Rangers of Needwood Forest, and Custodians of Tutbury Castle, and they matched with some of the best families of their times. Finderne, originally erected *tempore* Edward I., and restored and enlarged at different periods, was in 1560 one of the quaintest and largest family mansions in the midlands. The present church, then the family chapel, had rows of monumental brasses and altar-tombs, all memorials of the Findernes. In 1850, a pedigree research caused me to pay a visit to the village. I sought for the ancient Hall. Not a stone remained to tell where it had stood! I entered the church—not a single record of a Finderne was there! I accosted a villager, hoping to glean some stray traditions of the Findernes.

"Findernes!" said he, "we have no Findernes here, but we have something that once belonged to them: we have *Findernes' flowers.*" "Show me them," I replied; and the old man led me into a field which still retained faint traces of terraces and foundations. "There," said he, pointing to a bank of "garden flowers grown wild," "there are the Findernes' flowers, brought by Sir Geoffrey from the Holy Land, and do what we will, they will never die!"

Poetry mingles more with our daily life than we are apt to acknowledge; and even to an antiquary like myself, the old man's prose and the subject of it were the very essence of poetry.

For more than three hundred years the Findernes had been extinct, the mansion they had dwelt in had crumbled into dust, the brass and marble intended to perpetuate the name had passed away, and a little tiny flower had for ages preserved a name and a memory which the elaborate works of man's hands had failed to rescue from oblivion. The moral of the incident is as beautiful as the poetry. We often talk of "the language of flowers," but of the eloquence of flowers we never had such a striking example as that presented in these flowers of Finderne:

> Time, Time, his withering hand hath laid
> On battlement and tower,
> And where rich banners were displayed,
> Now only waves a flower.

Tales of fallen houses have all their moral. Some warn against reckless waste, the gambling-table, the race-course, and the countless ills that profligacy entails. Some tell the story of electioneering ambition and ruinous

expenditure; some exhibit the picture of political and religious oppression, and some again of loyalty, right or misguided, but faithful even to the last; some, for the warning and instruction of mankind, prove that the mighty may be put down from their seats, and the lowly raised up; and some serve to suggest the ill luck that seems occasionally to be linked with a particular race, we know not why, unless it be from some hereditary failing reminding one of the observation of Cardinal Richelieu, who used to say that he would never continue to employ an unlucky man, because the ill-luck was pretty generally a thing of his own making.

These Vicissitudes, "moving accidents," as they are, of human life, afford lessons of wisdom of incalculable value: the experience of the past is a warning for the future:—Consilium futuri ex præterito venit.

Yet in commenting on such Vicissitudes, I cannot conclude without observing how all the greater on their account does the blessing appear that has fallen to the lot of those ancient families (and I rejoice to say there are many, many of them in this empire) which "have stood against the waves and weathers of time," have flourished from generation to generation, and still exist in all the splendour of untarnished merit and honour. Thankful, indeed, should be those descendants who have been thus Providentially favoured; those whom—to borrow the beautiful language of the Psalms—the Lord hath been mindful of, and blessed, as He blessed the House of Israel and the House of Aaron, being their help and their shield, and increasing them more and more, they and their children.

The Fall of Conyers.

——— I'll noble it no further.
Let them erase my name from honour's lists,
And drag my scutcheon at their horses' heels;
I have deserved it all, for I am poor,
And poverty hath neither right of birth,
Nor rank, relation, claim, nor privilege.

SCOTT.

THE ancient Hall at Sockburn in the county of Durham—"Tees-seated Sockburn, where by long descent Conyers was Lord," has mouldered to the level of its bounding pastures; a dying chestnut seems the last remnant of its thick defences of green; and the little rural church, where the old Lords knelt in life and slept in death, is a ruin in its lonely graveyard. The chapel-aisle retained, up to a recent period, a few of the Conyers' monuments; and broken panes of coloured glass, with brasses still unworn, forbade the disruption altogether of Conyers-memories from Sockburn; but a feeling of utter desolation now strikes the tourist on visiting the home of the Conyers's. All is gone. Not an acre of land in the county of Durham is held by one of the name; and of the old Hall, not one stone is left on another. A curious legend, which yet lingers about the place, alone connects the deserted spot with a recollection of its early owners. Sir John Conyers,

a doughty knight, is recorded to have slain a venomous wyvern, which was the terror of the country round, and to have been requited by a royal gift of the Manor of Sockburn, to be held by the service of presenting a falchion to each Bishop of Durham on his first entrance into the Palatinate.

Truly could the Conyers' say,

"By this sword we hold our land."

I do not ask the reader to pin his faith on the Norman name of Conyers being the veritable style of the dragon-slaying knight of Saxon times, much less that the falchion of Cœur de Lion's days, still preserved in the modern House at Sockburn, belonged to him.

But I would have him remember that the sword of the Conyers' was the title deed to their estate. In compliance with the tenure, when each new Bishop of Durham first comes to his diocese, the Lord of Sockburn, meeting him in the middle of Neashamford, or Croft Bridge, presents him with a falchion, addressing him in these words: "My Lord Bishop, I here present you with the falchion wherewith the Champion Conyers slew the worm, dragon, or fiery-flying serpent, which destroyed man, woman, and child; in memory of which, the king then reigning gave him the Manor of Sockburn, to hold by this tenure, that, upon the first entrance of every Bishop into the county, this falchion should be presented." The Bishop returns it, wishing the Lord of Sockburn health and long enjoyment of the Manor.*

* Longstaffe's History of Darlington.

Before the gift of Sockburn, it is asserted that Sir Roger Conyers was, in the Conqueror's days, made Constable of the Keep of Durham and all the soldiers there; and that his son, Sir Roger, was Constable by inheritance, "as by a deed is made mention in the time of Henry the First, which deed is yet to see, under a great seal, himself in complete armour, sustaining of his falchion and shield-at-arms, and amounted of his horse, being armed, and attired with all the furniture of the field, having a shaffron, and a plume of feathers, according to the course of war, and the Marshal office of a Constable." This is a gallant picture, and I wish we had better authority for it than the "Manuscript of John Calverley, Esq.," from which Randal had it. Certainly all the Constabulary rights had decayed when the Conyers's flaunted proudly at Sockburn.

Knightly and noble was this same race of Conyers: the Sockburn line, who displayed the simple bearing, "*az. a maunch or*," held broad lands by inheritance, and increased them by marriages with Northern heiresses. Sir John Conyers, of the time of Edward I., gained the hand and fortune of Scolastica, the richly-endowed, and, if one may judge from her name, "the learned," daughter of Ralph de Cotam: his grandson, another Sir John, married the co-heiress of de Aiton, whose mother was a Percy of Northumberland, and *his* son, Robert, took to wife the sole heiress of William Pert, whose mother was a Scrope of Yorkshire. Subsequent alliances with the Eures, Bigotts, Markenfields, Radcliffes, Saviles, Dawnys, Bowes', Bulmers, Widdringtons, and Simeons tended still further to elevate the position and grandeur of the house, until at length,

in the seventeenth century, ANNE CONYERS, the heiress of the last male descendant of the senior branch, married Francis, 11th Earl of Shrewsbury, and conveyed the Lordship of Sockburn to the historic name of Talbot; but the Talbots soon fell sick of the ancient acres of the Conyers's, and in about fifty or sixty years after, sold them to the Blacketts.

While the Sockburn stem was flourishing in Durham, an offshoot planted itself at Hornby, in Yorkshire. That grand old castle came to the second branch of Conyers, by the marriage of Sir John Conyers with Margery, daughter and co-heir of Philip, 6th Lord D'Arcy, the 4th in descent from the renowned Justice of Ireland, John, Lord D'Arcy, and passed in succession to their eldest son, Sir John Conyers, who was a Knight of the Garter, and whose son, William, became a Peer as Lord Conyers. This latter was a brave soldier, and shared in the victory of Flodden; but two generations more closed the male descent of this second family of Conyers, the Barony passing to the heirs-general, the D'Arcys, Earls of Holderness, and from them, through the Dukes of Leeds, to the present Lord Conyers. The male representation, however, vested in Conyers of Horden, in the county of Durham, sprung from a son of the Knight of the Garter, and enriched by an alliance with the heiress of Sir Robert Claxton, and was sustained with honour and dignity by them, matching with the Lumleys and the Harratons, and other county grandees, and receiving from Charles I. a patent of Baronetcy. The third inheritor of the title, Sir John Conyers of Horden, succeeded to the large fortune of his

uncle, Sir William Langhorne, Bart., whereby he became possessed of the stately seat of Charlton, in Kent, a splendid mansion, built originally for Prince Henry, the eldest son of James I., and considered one of the finest specimens of domestic architecture of the period; he got besides a very considerable estate attached thereto, and he further augmented his possessions by a property in Huntingdonshire, derived from his wife.

About this period, the Conyers's were thus dispersed: The heirs, or assigns of Anne Conyers, Countess of Shrewsbury, held Sockburn; Conyers D'Arcy, Earl of Holdernesse, and Baron Conyers, who represented the next branch, kept princely state in the Conyers' Castle of Hornby; and Sir John Conyers, the male chief of the whole family, who had quitted his northern and ancestral home of Horden, was sojourning in a far more genial climate—the courtly groves of Charlton.

This was the state of the family in the early part of the eighteenth century. After the fashion of melodrama, let us now suppose an interval of eighty or ninety years, and draw up the curtain on a new scene. It is no longer the grand old Hall of Sockburn, with its quaint avenues and its mediæval architecture; it is not Hornby's proud Castle, or Charlton's palace home, that the spectator sees, but a room in the workhouse of Chester-le-Street, in the very county of Durham where the Lords of Sockburn held such potent sway, and in that workhouse-room, among other parish paupers, is poor old Sir Thomas Conyers, the last Baronet of Horden, bearing up manfully and patiently against his bitter adversity. Fate seems to have done its

worst; but even in that moment of apparent hopeless suffering, the guidance of Providence leads one to the ruined gentleman's relief, one who has heart and hand open to afford it.

Robert Surtees, of Mainsforth, the all-accomplished historian of Durham, had been informed of this awful case of vicissitude, and lost not a moment in ministering to the wants and comforts of the descendant of one of those grand old Durham houses that his labours had so ably illustrated.

He appealed to the benevolence of the titled and opulent; but, without waiting for the receipt of any subscription, he hastened personally to aid the sufferer, and to raise him from his humiliating situation.

It was on the 26th February, 1810, that Mr. Surtees proceeded to the workhouse. His own grey head uncovered, he accosted Sir Thomas with cordiality and respect, simply stating the purport of his visit. The old man was at first much affected, but soon a dormant sense of pride seemed to be awakened, and he said, "I am no beggar, Sir; I won't accept any such offers." Mr. Surtees gently soothed this temper, assuring him that the gentlemen by whom he was deputed were actuated by no motive which could be offensive to him, but only by feelings proper to their rank and his own; and that by acceding to their wishes, he would only evince his own sense of that propriety, and prove that he, in their situation, would have felt and acted as they now did.

Thus his scruples were gradually overcome, and he consented to the proposed arrangement, with many expressions

of gratitude to those who had so kindly interested themselves in his situation.

Immediate enquiries were made for more comfortable and respectable accommodation than the workhouse could afford; but no narrative of mine can give to the details the freshness of description with which the philanthropist himself tells the sad story. Here are Mr. Surtees' own letters:—

To the Editor of the Gentleman's Magazine.

"Mainsforth, co. Durham.

"Mr. Urban,

"You have lately called attention to the claims of an unfortunate Baronet, Sir Charles Corbett; give me leave, through your pages, to solicit some degree of favorable regard to the still more humiliating situation of another ancient Baronet, the decayed representative of one of the most honorable houses in the North."

Mr. Surtees then enters into details of the Conyers family in its various branches, until the creation of the Baronetcy in 1628, in the person of Sir John Conyers, of Horden, and proceeds thus:—

"His, Sir John Conyers', successors resided on property acquired by inter-marriages in the south, 'till the extinction of the elder line in the person of Sir Baldwin in 1731; when the estates fell to heirs-general, and the title, without support, fell to Ralph Conyers, of Chester-le-Street, *Glazier*, whose father, John, was grandson of the first Baronet. Sir Ralph Conyers intermarried with Jane Blakiston, the eventual heiress of the Blackistons of Shiel

dion (who represent those of Gibside), a family not less ancient, and scarcely less unfortunate than that of Conyers. He had by her a numerous issue, and was succeeded in title by his eldest son, Sir Blackiston Conyers, the heir of two ancient houses, from which he derived little more than his name. Sir Blackiston was early placed in the navy, where he reached the rank of Lieutenant, but quitted it, on obtaining, through the generous patronage of the Bowes family, the honourable and lucrative post of collector of the port of Newcastle. With a view to the support of the title, Sir Blackiston was induced at his decease to leave nearly the whole of his property, which was considerable, to his nephew and successor, Sir George, whose mother was a Scotch lady of Lord Cathcart's family. In three short years this infatuated youth squandered the whole fortune he had derived from his uncle, in scenes of the lowest dissipation; and at his death, the barren title descended to his uncle, Thomas Conyers, who, after a life, perhaps of some imprudence, certainly of much hardship, after an unsucessful attempt in a humble business, and a subsequent service of several years at sea, is now in his 72nd year, solitary and friendless, *a pauper in the parish workhouse of Chester-le-Street.* When I add, that if any credit be due to physiognomy, Sir Thomas has received from nature, in his fine, manly figure and open, expressive countenance, the native marks of a gentleman,* and

* "The late generous Earl of Scarborough, the only patron whose kindness Sir Thomas ever experienced, proposed to solicit for him the place of a poor knight of Windsor. How far such a removal at his present advanced age might add to his comforts

that he bears his lot with a degree of fortitude equally removed from misplaced pride or querulous meanness, enough, I hope, will have been said to interest some benevolent minds in his favour. Accustomed to a life of hardship and labour, he wishes for neither affluence or luxury, but his present humiliating situation he feels severely. A trifle would prove sufficient, and a trifle would surely not be ill-disposed in enabling him to pass the few days which he has still to number in decent comfort and respectability. The writer of this article is willing and desirous to contribute his mite, and will pledge himself both for the literal truth of the statement, and for the proper application of any sums contributed for the purpose mentioned. He therefore gives his real name and residence.

"Yours, &c.

"ROBERT SURTEES.

"P.S. In justice to the officers of the workhouse, it is proper to mention, that Sir Thomas receives every degree of attention compatible with the rules of the place, that he has a separate apartment, and is provided with decent clothing."

seems doubtful; but it is apprehended that for £60 or £70 a year, or even less, board and lodging might be procured for him in some respectable private family. And I beg to add, Mr. Urban, that I will willingly contribute £20 a year to this purpose. I have a few promises of annual guineas, which will raise this to £36. Of the present application, the object of it is ignorant; and it would be cruel to acquaint him with it, unless something be effected for his relief.

"R. S."

Within a few months after this appeal was made, Mr. Surtees again addressed the Editor of the "Gentleman's Magazine":—

"Mainsforth, 17th April.

"Mr. Urban,

"I lately solicited through your pages the public attention to the reduced state of Sir Thomas Conyers; and I anticipated the pleasure of recording in your next monthly number the success of my efforts, and of expressing the old man's grateful and overflowing feelings to his benefactors. It is now my less pleasing task to record the unexpected termination of those endeavours. On the 1st of March (although the proposed amount of the subscription was not then filled) Sir Thomas was removed to a situation of ease and comfort,* which he was destined to enjoy but a short time. His strength had been for some time declining, and his constitution, naturally vigorous and robust, sunk under the increasing burthens of age and infirmity. For the last fortnight he had medical assistance, but the springs of life were exhausted, and on the morning of Sunday, the 15th, he arose evidently weaker, and, under the awful impression of approaching dissolution, passed the day in religious exercises, and in taking an affectionate farewell of his friends and relatives.

"At six in the evening, his usual hour of retiring to rest, he expressed a wish to be removed to bed, and almost

* "At the house of Mr. Wm. Pybus, in Chester-le-Street, whose respectful and affectionate treatment of the old Baronet deserves the highest praise."

immediately expired, without pain, and without a sigh. His mental faculties remained unaltered, and the closing scene of life, chequered by more than ordinary vicissitudes, was serene and unclouded. In him (the last male heir of a long line of ancestry, whose origin may be traced to a period of high and romantic antiquity) the name and title expires, and the blood of Conyers must hereafter flow undistinguished in the channels of humble and laborious life. Sir Thomas has left three daughters, married in very inferior situations, and it is trusted his benefactors will not think the residue of their contributions ill applied in placing some of his numerous grandchildren in the decent occupations of humble life.

"I subjoin an account of the benefactions already received; but exertions have been made by several friends, of the effects of which I am not yet aware.

"Yours, &c.

"ROBERT SURTEES."

	£	s.	d.
The Bishop of Durham	10	0	0
Sir Thomas Sheppard, Bt.	5	0	0
George Anderson, Esq., Newcastle-on-Tyne	5	0	0
Sir Thomas H. Liddell, Bart.	10	0	0
Sir H. Vane Tempest, Bt.	10	0	0
Wm. Radclyffe, Esq., Rougecroix . .	2	0	0
Rev. John Ward, Mickleover, near Derby .	2	0	0
James Hammett, Esq.	1	1	0
E. A. and E. H.	2	2	0
R. Surtees	20	0	0
	£67	3	0

One short note more from Mr. Surtees closes the correspondence:

"Mainsforth, 21st May.

"Mr. Urban,

"I must request your insertion of the following subscriptions, which, as they have been received since Sir Thomas Conyers's decease, will be applied to the service of his descendants:—

	£	s.	d.
Sir Henry Hetherington, Bart.	10	0	0
Thomas Harrison, Esq., Stubhouse, co. Durham .	15	0	0
Thomas Wilkinson, Esq., Oswald House, Durham	1	0	0
Sir Joseph Andrews, Bart.	2	2	0
Sir Montagu Cholmley, Bart.	5	0	0

"£100 5s. have been subscribed, and the following sums have been expended: Clothes and linen, £15; debts discharged, £5 4s. 10d.; lodging, and a gratuity for trouble, £8 8s.; medical attendance, £4 13s. 6d.; funeral expenses, £19 19s. 6d. Some trifling articles have not been brought into the account. £47 remain for the service of the family, when the whole of the subscriptions shall have been received.

"Yours, &c.,

"Robert Surtees."

A few lines more, and my tale of the "Fall of Conyers" is told.

Magni stat nominis umbra! The poor Baronet left three daughters, married in very humble life: Jane, to

William Hardy; Elizabeth, to Joseph Hutchinson; and Dorothy, to Joseph Barker, all working-men in the little town of Chester-le-Street.

A time may yet come, perchance, when a descendant of one of these simple artizans may arise, not unworthy of the Conyers' ancient renown; and it will be a gratifying discovery to some future genealogist, when he succeeds in tracing in the quarterings of such a descendant the unsullied bearing of

CONYERS OF DURHAM.

The O'Connors of Connorville, co. Cork.

THIS family held at one time a high social position, and were remarkable, moreover, for eccentricity and talent. In the reign of William III., I find the name of Cornelius Connor in the list of claimants at Chichester House, Dublin; his claim referred to an interest in the lands of Kiltamra and Carrigdangan, in the Barony of Muskerry, part of the confiscated estate of the Earl of Clancarthy.

There is a story, that the father of Cornelius having lost his life when his son was an infant, by the brutality of a party of Cromwell's soldiers, the widow fled, carrying with her the child, to the town of Bandon, where she took a small house, in Gallow's-hill Street. The little Cornelius was duly trained in the religious and political principles then prevalent in that town; and (saith the legend), further to conciliate the anti-Irish spirit that predominated in the politics of the place and period, his time-honoured patronymic of O'Connor was clipped down into the English-sounding Conn*er*. I do not vouch for the strict truth of all the particulars of this story, which rests on the oral tradition of persons whose accuracy was

impaired, perhaps, by the long lapse of time, and also, perhaps, by a little propensity to romantic embellishment. It is said that the mother of Cornelius, anticipating from the troubled condition of the country that flight might become necessary, had wisely provided for such a contingency by quilting a large number of gold coins into her dress, and that with the money thus secreted, she supported herself for a considerable time after she settled in Bandon. Cornelius married in due time, and became the father of "Daniel Conner, of Bandon-bridge, merchant," who made considerable purchases of land. It may be worth mentioning, as a specimen of the rate at which landed property was then sold, that in March, 1702, Mr. Conner purchased 744 acres of the lands of Curryleagh and Polerick, in the Barony of Muskerry, county Cork, for £429 6s. 9d. At the same time he purchased "the Castle, Town, and Lands of Mashanaglass," in the same Barony, consisting of 567 acres, for the sum of £988. Mashanaglass was part of the confiscated estate of Donough M'Carthy, Earl of Clancarthy. At a previous period, namely, in November, 1698, Mr. Daniel Conner had obtained, "by deeds of lease and release," a good part of the forfeited estate of one Justin M'Carthy, from Henry, Viscount Sydney, afterwards Earl of Romney, to whom it had been granted by King William the Third.

This Daniel was the father of a numerous family. His son, George Conner, founded Ballybricken, beautifully situated near Cork harbour. He married Elizabeth Southwell, and was father of Maryanne Conner, who, in 1778, married the second Lord Lisle, of Mountnorth, county

Cork. The present Lord Lisle descends from that marriage.

William Conner, son of Daniel, of Bandonbridge, married in October, 1721, Anne, daughter of Roger Bernard, Esq., of Palace Anne, brother of Judge Bernard, of the Common Pleas, founder of the Earl of Bandon's family. William settled at Connorville, then called Ballyprevane, in 1727. He built Connorville House, and planted the domain. The mansion was large and commodious. The offices nearly surrounded two courts, and were on a scale of such magnitude as to resemble rather a village than the establishment of a country gentleman.* Here William Conner resided for many years, in the style of a person of affluence.

His son, Roger Conner, married Anne Longfield, sister of Richard, Viscount Longueville. Roger kept open house, according to the fashion of wealthy Irish squires of his day. He had high notions of his own dignity. At a Cork assize he walked across the table in the court-house, in presence of the judge, conceiving that his personal importance gave him privileges from which meaner mortals were properly excluded. The judge, who did not know him, gave him a sharp reprimand. Shortly afterwards, the judge received, to his great surprise, a note from Mr. Conner, which was handed to him by Lord Longueville, requiring either an apology, or "satisfaction" at twelve paces. The judge was a man of peace; and, as no hostile meeting occurred, it is not improbable that he apologized.

* This description rather applies to a later period. The offices were much enlarged in the succeeding generation.

A pun of this fiery gentleman's is recorded. Being asked by a guest at his table what description of wine they were drinking, Roger replied that it was *Pontick** wine, thereby implying that it had not been paid for. The family had now for some generations been known as Conners. Roger one day communicated to his sons that their true name was O'Connor, and that the later designation had been adopted from politic motives in the previous century. He had five sons; of these, the three elder, Daniel (born in 1754), William, and Robert (the founder of Fortrobert), declared that they would not resume their ancient name; but the two younger, Roger and Arthur, thenceforth called themselves O'Connor.

When Roger Conner was gathered to his fathers, his fourth son, Roger O'Connor, resided at the family mansion of Connorville. The family were so wealthy, that the other brothers were handsomely provided for with landed estates. The two who assumed the name of O'Connor espoused ultra-patriotic political doctrines; the three who remained ungraced with the Milesian O continued sturdy partizans of Protestant ascendancy. Robert of Fortrobert, in particular, was distinguished for his Orange zeal. He procured a man named Cullinane to give sworn evidence of treasonable acts against his brother Roger, who would have been hanged on Cullinane's testimony, if the credit of the witness had not been shaken by the affidavit of a gentleman named Spear. Robert built the spacious mansion of Fortrobert on the top of a hill adjoining the domain of Connorville. It is described by Mr. Daniel

* *'Pon tick.*

Owen Madden, in an amusing account of the agitation of the period, as being fit for a man of six or seven thousand a year. It is now, I believe, almost in ruins. Robert, although not in the army, had military tastes, which he gratified by commanding a corps (which he is said to have pronounced *corpse*) of cavalry-yeomanry. I have been told that he entertained exaggerated notions of the efficiency of this formidable "corpse," and that he sometimes frightened his wife by threatening to invade France at their head, seize Bonaparte, bring him to Ireland captive, and suspend him in an iron cage in the hall at Fortrobert! He was in constant communication with the Government at Dublin Castle, to whom he furnished such representations as he thought proper of the state of the country, and of the measures required to overawe the population. He accompanied one of his political epistles with a map of the barony in which he resided; and in the map the domain of Fortrobert occupied so large a space as to leave but little room for the estates of all the other proprietors. On the part of the map in front of the mansion was written by the loyal owner, "The finest station in the Barony for cannon!" He added a tremendous oath to give force to the hint, which, however, was not adopted by the Government. Indeed, his political correspondence was a curious affair. One of his epistles to the authorities at Dublin Castle, composed, it may be presumed, in a very genial mood, commenced with the words, "My dear Government." Another epistle he displayed to Sir Francis Burdett, who at that time advocated "radical" politics. "Well, Sir Francis, what d'ye think of *that?*" he complacently asked. "Ex-

cuse me, Conner," answered the radical Baronet, "I am not a judge of *music*;" for the blotched and clumsy manuscript, of which many of the sentences were underscored with numerous lines by way of rendering them emphatic, bore a comical resemblance to an awkward and imperfect attempt at musical notation.

Roger O'Conner, brother of Robert, was born on the 8th of March, 1763. There are some notices of him in the March number of Walker's Hibernian Magazine for 1798, at which period he was imprisoned in Cork gaol on a charge of high treason. The notices are the production of a very friendly pen. Here are a few extracts :—

"His father's family ranks among the first in Irish, as his mother does among the first of French families. The rudiments of learning he received at Lismore, under Dr. Jessop, from whence, in the year 1777, he entered Dublin College, *where he was allowed to be the best scholar in his division, and the most idle lad in his class.*"

We are hence to infer that his literary acquisitions were the fruits, not of labour, but of genius. Further on, his eulogist says :—

"In 1783 he quitted the Temple, and in Easter term of that year we find him called to the bar, which he never attended, being cursed, as he has often said, with too good an estate to make diligence at a profession necessary. But though he did not make a lucrative use of the bar, he generally attended at the assizes of Cork as an advocate (to use his own expression) unhired, in favour of the poor, where in numberless instances he succeeded."

We have next a sketch of his moral and physical qualities :—

"His friends represent him as affable, open, unsuspicious, hospitable, lively, witty, and generous to a fault. In person he is above the middle size, well-proportioned, strong, and active. His countenance is animated, his eye lively, quick, and penetrating; his appearance engaging and interesting."

When the disguised Marquess of Argyle, in Scott's "Legend of Montrose," sounds his own praises to Captain Dalgetty in the dungeon, that astute veteran exclaims, "I never heard so much good of him before. You must know the Marquess well—or rather you must be the Marquess himself!" On grounds similar to those of the sagacious Dalgetty, I have little hesitation in ascribing the above account of Roger O'Connor to Roger O'Connor himself, although, with becoming modesty, that gentleman did not append his signature to the description of his admirable and attractive qualities. He deemed it only right that his countrymen should derive the fullest possible advantage from his gifts and merits; and thinking, probably, that virtue, when on a throne, is more influential than in any humbler station, he aspired to the crown of Ireland. But he first tried his hand with the fair sex :—

"He married," says his biographer, "in the year 1784, Louisa Anna Strachan, eldest daughter of Colonel Strachan, of the 32d Regiment of Foot."

I have heard that Roger's conquest of this lady's heart was rapid. Visiting one day at the lodgings which her family occupied in Cork, he found her alone, and inquired

where her father and other relatives had gone. "They went on a party of pleasure," was her answer. "Suppose we get a chaise and follow them?" said Roger, who professed himself shocked at their having left Miss Strachan in solitude. She consented. Roger forthwith procured a carriage; they drove off, not to the party of pleasure, however, but to some accommodating clergyman, by whom they were speedily married. Mrs. O'Connor died in 1787, leaving two children: Louisa, since dead; and Roderick, who now, in his old age, enjoys large possessions in Van Dieman's Land.

Roger's second wife was Wilhelmina, daughter of Nicholas Bowen, of Bowenscourt, Esq., by Miss Deane, of Lord Muskerry's family. He married her in August, 1788, and by her had several children, among whom were Arthur, afterwards of Fortrobert, and the well-known Feargus O'Connor, whose chartist agitation in England is fresh in the memory of the reader.

Of Roger's conjugal and parental qualities his biographer already quoted speaks as follows: "He is the best of husbands and of fathers; indeed, with such a wife as Mrs. O'Connor is acknowledged by all to be, none but the worst of men could be other than the best of husbands. She is represented as a paragon worthy of imitation."

When the progress and success of the French Revolution, coupled with causes of domestic dissatisfaction, encouraged a portion of the Irish people to attempt resistance to the English government, the surging mass of national discontent necessarily drew within its influence many wild, adventurous, undisciplined spirits,

scantily provided with the ballast of steady, moral principles or political discretion. I have, indeed, no doubt that the part taken by Arthur O'Connor (younger brother of Roger), was honestly taken. He forfeited, by espousing the popular cause, all that selfish men hold most dear—wealth, patronage, and title. He was Lord Longueville's favourite nephew, and his destined heir; and his Lordship had sufficient influence to have obtained for him a peerage, had Arthur been a pliant disciple of the school of Pitt and Castlereagh.

Roger's insurrectionary plans, his design of fortifying Connorville to resist a descent from the king's troops, the failure of that design, his imprisonment in various jails, his wild and inflammatory publications, are already known to many of my readers; and the narrative of them in even moderate detail would occupy too much of my space. His object in joining the insurgent councils, was, I believe, to wield the Irish sceptre. He claimed to be descended from the royal O'Connors. In a book which he published, entitled "Chronicles of Eri," the frontispiece presents his likeness, with his hand upon the Irish crown, and the legend inscribed underneath, "Chief of a prostrate nation." His son Feargus records that at a later period he exclaimed, in what we must suppose to have been a fit of patriotic frenzy, "My arm is yet young enough to wield the sword to recover my country's crown." His hatred to British domination naturally extended itself to the article of taxes. During the continuance of the dog-tax, the collector called on him one day for payment of the usual imposts. Roger returned as meagre a list of

taxable articles as possible. "Have you got no dogs?" inquired the collector. "Not one," answered the representative of ancient Irish royalty. Just at this moment a favourite dog came running into the court-yard, in which the collector and Roger were standing. The peril of detection was imminent, but Roger suddenly exclaimed, with well-feigned alarm, "A mad dog! A mad dog!" and forthwith he took refuge in the house, as if to escape from the rabid animal—the collector followed in terror of a bite—the dog was properly disposed of, and Roger, no doubt, kept the tax in his pocket.

When Bonaparte was said to meditate the invasion of Ireland, Roger determined to receive his imperial majesty with Irish hospitality. In order to entertain the emperor in a mansion not wholly unsuited to his dignity, Roger purchased Dangan Castle, in the county Meath, the family seat of the Earls of Mornington. Dangan was then a magnificent place. What it afterwards became may be learned from the following account, written by an eye-witness, who visited the park in 1843:

"Arrived at the margin of the demesne," says this writer, "we entered a narrow avenue by an iron gate, which was opened by a woman whose house was one of two or three low-thatched huts. There were no trees shading the avenue; but a high thorn hedge, bushy, wild, and lofty, skirted it on either side. When we had proceeded three or four hundred yards, the park, that had once been finely wooded, but which, like a bald head, with a tree here, and two there, and a few more stunted and denuded of their ornamental branches, beyond—this park,

with its fine valleys and finer eminences, once so magnificently wooded, now so shabbily bare, opened upon our view. The road went towards the left, and again wheeled to the right. On the brow of a gentle slope stood the castle, like a huge, ill-shaped barn—grey, treeless, shelterless, and in most part, roofless."

It had, in fact, been burned during the occupancy of Roger O'Connor. It was insured for a considerable sum; I have heard for £7000; Roger received the amount of the insurance, a welcome supply to a gentleman whose system of finance was none of the most thrifty, and who had perhaps been put to inconvenient cost in making preparations for a visit from Bonaparte. When the castle was burned, it needs not be said that Roger broke up housekeeping. He decamped from Dangan; and three of his sons, Arthur, Feargus, and Roger, bent their steps to Fortrobert, where they domesticated themselves with their uncle Robert, who had three daughters, co-heiresses. The sentimental reader will readily anticipate the result. Marriages followed in due course. Robert of Fortrobert died in or about 1820, and Arthur O'Connor, elder brother of Feargus, became, *jure uxoris*, the master of Fortrobert. He died in 1828, leaving two sons. Feargus O'Connor, by family arrangements needless to particularize, became the occupant of the house and demesne.

Feargus printed a sketch of his own career in successive numbers of a Chartist magazine, entitled "The National Instructor." To the student of human character, this autobiography is extremely amusing, from the personal traits unconsciously disclosed by the writer. The propen-

sity to boast is laughably manifest in every page; I might almost say in every sentence. Take a few passages as specimens: "My grandfather was the wealthiest man in the kingdom, and kept the most splendid establishment."—"The people not only loved, but adored, both my father and my uncle Arthur. They were, perhaps, two of the finest-looking men, the most eloquent men, and the most highly-educated men, in the kingdom."—"My uncle Arthur made the most splendid speech ever delivered, upon the question of Catholic Emancipation."—"I remember the time when my brother Roderick had four magnificent hunters, my brother Frank a splendid pony called 'Chick,' my brother Arthur as splendid a pony. . . . . . My brother Roger took his airing every day in a little chariot, a splendid covered carriage drawn by four goats magnificently harnessed." Of his progress at school, he says, "Although always flogged for not having my lesson, during the eight years I never missed the head premium in my class in everything." Of ancestral dignity—"My father was so proud of his descent from the Irish kings, that he would not allow a servant or labourer to call his sons or daughters 'Master' or 'Miss.' One day one of the labourers told my father that he wanted to see Master Arthur. 'Master Arthur!' exclaimed my father; 'you may as well say Master Duke of York, or Master Prince of Wales.'"

Of Feargus's forensic ability we have the following, among many other instances: "Twenty-three Irishmen were indicted for the murder of two policemen, Flint and Baxter. . . . . The whole onus of this important case was thrown on my

shoulders. The trial lasted thirteen hours, while single handed I had to contend against the six ablest barristers at the bar, when, to the great dismay and mortification of my legal opponents and the magistrates on the bench, I succeeded in acquitting every one of the prisoners." In another place we have an instance of Feargus's skill in horseflesh. Starting with a borrowed sum of sixty pounds to be expended in horsejobbing, he trafficked so well thereupon that in a few months he became the master of "seven splendid hunters and two grooms."

But, with all this brag and swagger, Feargus O'Connor was undoubtedly a very clever fellow. He had many capabilities, but his greatest talent lay in popular declamation. Like his father, he was exceedingly restless and ambitious. The achievement whereby he first acquired notoriety was his successful contest for the county of Cork in 1832.

In the summer of 1831 a great movement against tithes and the Union became general through Ireland; the whole kingdom was astir; eloquence was in popular demand, and everybody who could make a speech, or who believed that he could make one, gave the public the full benefit of his oratory on one side or the other.

The combination against tithes was unprecedented. Millions of people had confederated to pay no tithe, and to abstain from purchasing any property seized for tithe. Meetings to encourage opposition to the hated impost were everywhere held. Feargus had numberless opportunities for the display of his declamatory powers. Of his talents as a popular declaimer, I shall quote two de-

scriptions; the first from "Ireland and her Agitators," written by his relative, and (at that time) fellow-agitator, Mr. Daunt.

"Those who have not heard him in public," says Mr. Daunt, "and who have only judged of his abilities from his printed effusions, have invariably done great injustice to his powers. He was remarkably ready and self-possessed; hs was capable of producing extraordinary popular effect; he had very great declamatory talent; he had also great defects. As a stimulating orator in a popular assembly, he was unexcelled. It is true he dealt largely in bombast, broken metaphor, and inflated language; but while you listened, these blemishes were altogether lost in the infectious vehemence of his spirited manner. You were charmed with the melodious voice, the musical intonations, the astonishing volubility, the imposing self-confidence of the man, and the gallant air of bold defiance with which he assailed all oppression and tyranny. The difference between his spoken and printed harangues was surprisingly great."

Now hear Mr. Daniel Owen Madden's account of the orator's powers:—

"There was," says Mr. Madden, "a wild, Ossianic spirit about O'Connor's spirit-stirring effusions that was altogether different from O'Connell's wearisome blarney and incessant cajolery. As men of talent and mind, it would be absurd to institute any comparison between them; but, as Irish popular speakers, Feargus was in some respects superior to O'Connell. Though he had no poetical powers, he had strong poetical feelings, and to

these he often gave vent in speeches of a most romantic character, whose effect was not the less powerful because they would not bear the criticism of the closet. . . . . He played the part to perfection of an Irish chieftain, and addressed the repealers rather as his gallant clansmen than as his fellow-citizens or comrades. In truth, he was a picturesque agitator."*

In Feargus's character there was a strong infusion of romance. Adventurous and self-confident, he was incapable of being deterred from any political experiment by its apparent difficulties. It was said of him, that if the papal throne were vacant, he would offer himself with the utmost composure as a candidate for the popedom, if the notion caught his fancy. At the outset of his agitation, a seat in parliament for the county of Cork seemed almost as much beyond his reach as the papal tiara. He was nearly unknown; and with those who did know him, the penumbral shadow of some of his father's irregular exploits created a large amount of prejudice against the son. This prejudice Feargus soon neutralized, by the vivacity and frankness of his very ingratiating manners, and by his loud and constant declarations of unbounded fealty to O'Connell. He was full of frolic, told good stories, and threw himself *con amore* into whatever sort of merriment was going; and there is, perhaps, nothing that disarms your dislike so much as the sense of being amused. Fear-

* I have heard that Mr. Daunt contemplated writing a novel, of which Feargus O'Connor's adventures were to form the groundwork. The subject furnishes capital materials for such a book.

gus was uncommonly amusing. Queer stories were told about his skittish antics, and his reputation for frolic naturally served to promote his popularity.

Such was the whimsical genius who conceived the idea of wresting the representation of the largest of the Irish counties from the aristocratic families amongst whom it had come to be considered as a sort of heirloom. They had for a long time formed a powerful combination, of which the strength seemed the more impregnable from a continuance that almost amounted to prescription. Feargus was by no means disposed to yield them an inch on the score of dignity. He was well descended, and allied by blood to some of the southern noblesse. Many of his nearest relatives stood high among the landed gentry of the country. He was, on the whole, a decidedly interesting agitator. At Fortrobert, a large and gloomy mansion on the top of a commanding eminence, he seldom saw any other company than a very few intimate associates and relatives. A mystery seemed to overshadow him. The house he inhabited had been built by his uncle Robert, who, as we have already mentioned, was a man of ultra Orange politics, and during that gentleman's life had been the scene of many a Tory revel. Various questionable deeds, the result of over-zealous orangeism, were laid at the door of the defunct, of some of which Feargus was the historian. His ghost was said to haunt the neighbouring wood of Carrigmore, where, at midnight, it careered with lightning-speed at the head of a spectral hunt, with many a shrill whoop and view-hollow that curdled the blood of superstitious eld. Feargus, during the lifetime of the

phantom sportsman, had lived at various periods a good deal on his wits. He had once run away from his father's house, and spent a summer haymaking in Wiltshire. At another time he took a farm in the county Cork, on which he personally laboured with industry and skill. He always alluded to his father's pecuniary losses as having been incurred in the cause of Irish freedom, and boasted of belonging to a race which had furnished many martyrs to patriotism. He made a good deal of political capital out of the protracted exile of his uncle Arthur.

So Feargus issued forth from his fastness at Fortrobert, equipped with some qualifications for acquiring popularity. There was in his past career enough of mystery to pique the public curiosity. He was, through different ancestral lines, of "good ould blood." He was sprung from a family which furnished at least one respectable political martyr. He was a capital horseman and a desperate fox-hunter. His manners were very facetious. He was quite inexhaustible in thundering declamation. Voluble and vituperative, he assailed with unsparing abuse and comical sarcasm the parties obnoxious to popular hatred; and the Catholic populace soon became enthusiastic in favour of the gallant Celtic prince, the descendant, as he boasted, of the Ard Righ Roderick, who exhorted them in words of fire to struggle for their creed and country. The hustings of Cork afforded an opportunity for ancestral boasts too tempting to be resisted. He informed the electors that he was desirous, by his candidature, to afford them an occasion of ejecting from the representation the *new* families; *videlicet* the Shannons, Kingstons, and Bandons; and he told Lord

Bernard on the hustings, that the best feather in his lordship's cap was some ancient connection with the O'Connor family.

While thus confronting the county aristocracy, he was anxious to cultivate the regard of the Catholic clergy and the democracy. He talked of convoking a meeting of the Catholic priesthood of the county under his own presidency, in order to deliberate upon measures for securing the perpetual exclusion of Whig and Tory from the representation. To enlarge his influence, he got up a public entertainment to himself at Enniskean. The "Great Public Dinner to Feargus O'Connor, Esq." was duly advertised in the Cork newspapers. The sale of tickets was at first very slack, and the dinner-committee was penuriously stingy. Feargus was, therefore, obliged to purchase the eatables and drinkables; but he was indemnified for this outlay by a brisk demand for tickets on the day of the dinner. Mr. Daunt presided; the speeches were partly in Irish, partly in English; the eloquence was of the most patriotic and fiery description; the farmers were enchanted; it was midnight when the guest and chairman left the banquet-hall amid the rapturous cheering of the company. Their grooms had, it seems, got engaged in the noisy festivity; not a horse was forthcoming but a veteran hunter of Daunt's; the chairman, the guest, and a newspaper-reporter all mounted the animal—and in this primeval fashion they cantered briskly on to Fortrobert, O'Connor making the moonlit welkin ring with his boisterous music. The next publications of the Cork news-

papers contained a magnificent account of the Great Enniskean Demonstration.

Feargus now went ahead. Many of the Tory squires, who had at the outset considered his success impossible, began to entertain doubts on the subject. His style of public speaking was canvassed by the fox-hunting gentry, some of whom pronounced him "a devilish fine fellow." It was also a subject of discussion how he raised the sinews of war. It was known that his father wasted his own patrimony in a wild career of extravagance. Mr. Hedges Eyre, of Macroom Castle, saw Feargus flourishing a huge bundle of bank-notes on a race-course, and expressed his unsophisticated wonder where the d—— he got them!

As the autumn advanced, the agitators redoubled their activity. Meetings multiplied; the electors were exhorted to stand by their colours, and assured that if they deserted Ireland at her need, "they would deserve to be dragged upon hurdles to the gallows, as their fathers before them had been, by the old hereditary enemy." Exhortations such as these were unquestionably very effective. O'Connor was a Protestant, but he took the Catholic populace by storm, by vigorously denouncing the detested tithe-system, and telling piquant stories of Protestant ecclesiastical mismanagement. He boasted that he "had made the tear of bitter disappointment fall in the very pulpit." He professed himself conscientiously anxious to relieve the religion he belonged to from the clog of the tithe system. On the other hand, nothing could be more profoundly deferential than his demeanour towards the Catholic clergy.

"The revered and saintly pastors of the Irish people"—"the venerated guardians of the people's faith"—epithets such as these he was accustomed to bestow upon them in tones of affectionate and reverent enthusiasm. He made it his boast that he was personally acquainted with a greater number of Catholic priests than any other layman in Ireland; and his unctuous manner seemed to imply how profoundly he appreciated the happiness and honour of so great a privilege. Nor did he forget to cultivate the regards of the fair sex. At the close of a public meeting (I think at Millstreet) he declared that as the men had had the day to themselves, the evening should be given to the ladies; whereupon he called for music, got up an impromptu dance, and led off with the innkeeper's wife.

The autumn passed. Winter advanced, and the election for the county was at hand. O'Connor's colleague was Mr. Garret Standish Barry of Lemlara, a Catholic gentleman of exemplary character and ancient descent. He, too, had tried his hand, during the summer and autumn, at the work of agitation. He had attended several of the meetings where congregated thousands welcomed Feargus with their boisterous acclamations. The contrast between the candidates was amusing. Mr. Barry was respectfully received, as a Catholic candidate recommended by the priests. Feargus was greeted with enthusiasm, as the gallant champion of the people's rights, the hero who struck terror into their tyrants, and who vowed to achieve their deliverance. Feargus's daring defiance of all conceivable opponents, and his vehement denunciations of English misrule, contrasted laughably with the quiet, mouselike

demeanour of his undemonstrative colleague, who, when O'Connor had wound up a stormy oration in the midst of vociferous applause, was wont to address to the electors a few quiet, gentlemanly sentences, in which any strong political predilection was not easily discoverable. The personal appearance of the candidates completed the contrast. Mr. Barry had neat, and rather formal features, and a pair of trim, black whiskers. The shaggy honours of Feargus's head were foxy, his face was ugly, and his countenance haggard.

To understand fully the sources of O'Connor's popularity, the reader should bear in mind that at the period of his agitation there existed in Ireland a widely-spread hostility to the legislative union. The Irish people, deprived of their resident legislature, felt precisely as the English people would feel, if labouring under a similar deprivation. If any neighbouring nation contrived to annihilate the parliament at Westminster, and to exercise legislative power over England, it will be readily owned that the first instinct in every Englishman's mind would be to recover for England her national power of self-legislation. As Englishmen would feel in such a case, so did Irishmen feel; and to that feeling Feargus addressed himself with great inflammatory talent. It is true, that his attempts to reason the question of repeal were contemptible, for he was destitute of the requisite information on the subject, as also of natural logical power. But his fiery invocations of the Spirit of Liberty, and his passionate exhortations to the people to resist all oppression, were little impaired by the orator's lack of nearly all

the constitutional and statistical knowledge that bore upon the question.

At length the day of battle arrived. The county Cork election commenced towards the end of December. There were pitted against each other two forces, apparently very unequal. O'Connor's force was the freize-coated host. They had been previously untried. They were greatly in the power of their landlords; and some doubts were felt whether landlord influence might not warp their fidelity to the promises they had freely and willingly tendered to O'Connor in his canvass. Feargus spoke for an hour on the day of nomination with his wonted energy, and ended by parodying Burns;

> "Now's the day and now's the hour,
> See approach the Tory power,
> Tithes and Slavery!"

While the candidates and their friends harangued within the court-house, the streets of Cork presented an exciting spectacle. Apparently interminable detachments of the country voters who had travelled all night, streamed into the city, each band headed by its parish priest; and it became a somewhat difficult task to provide accommodation for the enormous concourse. Some of them slept in the large Lancasterian school-room; others were placed in the apartments of the south monastery. Next day the voting went on vigorously. The landlord power of the county continued to put forth its utmost strength against the popular candidates. But in vain. "Fargus," as the multitude pronounced the name of their favourite, "had

promised to vote for repale and against tithes;" and for "Fargus" the people were resolved to incur whatever martyrdom their landlords might think it proper or expedient to inflict. Meantime every ordinary ruse was attempted to secure the defeat of O'Connor, or at least to diminish his majority. Various sham candidates were set up to spin out the time, and successively vanished. "Fargus" was especially the mark for the enemy's hostility, a comparatively small amount of which glanced off from him to his colleague. Whigs and Tories felt that if the task of dislodging them from the representation had been left to Mr. Barry, they might have retained their parliamentary influence in the county till doomsday.

Feargus was the idol of the southern and western electors in particular. But in the eastern part of the county Mr. Barry had mustered some ardent supporters on his own account. It was the policy of the popular party, when the strength of their electoral force had been sufficiently ascertained, to divide their votes between O'Connor and Barry, instead of plumping for O'Connor, as had been at one time proposed. A farmer, with whom the idea of "Fargus" was predominant, came up to be polled, and tendered his vote for "Fargus O'Connor and Ould Ireland."

"You can vote for Mr. O'Connor, and for any other candidate," said the assessor; "but there is no candidate here of the name of Ould Ireland."

"Then I votes for Fargus O'Connor and Barry," said the elector, adopting the correction.

At the close of the struggle, the sheriff declared O'Con-

nor and Barry elected, the former by a majority of over a thousand. The triumph astonished the vanquished party quite as much as it chagrined them. It was gained, undoubtedly, by clerical co-operation. But the Catholic clergy of the county would not, I believe, have thus combined, if they had not been, at the outset, incessantly stimulated to work the cause among their flocks by the indefatigable zeal and industry of O'Connor. He gave life and cohesion to the popular party. He rallied their detached forces, taught them the extent of their power, and led them to victory. The landlords, whose fiat had been previously decisive in the choice of representatives, were unspeakably puzzled to find their influence annihilated. The dismay and anger of the beaten party were expressed with the bitterness usually incident to such a predicament. Mr. Hedges Eyre paced the Conservative clubroom, muttering with oaths, "not loud but deep," that the county was disgraced for ever.

Feargus was now in great feather. He issued a formidable programme of his intended parliamentary labours. He promised "to sit with the Speaker and rise with the House." His success in the election for the county filled his mind with vague and gorgeous visions of yet loftier achievements. His ambition pointed to the leadership of the entire popular party in Ireland, and he soon attempted to unhorse O'Connell, with the view of getting into the saddle himself. O'Connell had, of course, too firm a hold on the popular confidenee to be shaken by a political adventurer of yesterday; and although Feargus was a second time returned for Cork county, yet he injured his own

popularity very much by his efforts to promote disaffection to O'Connell. At last he so completely lost influence in Ireland as to be unable to get up a parish meeting.

Having alienated his Irish friends by his selfish and impolitic course, he next turned his regards to England. He joined the Chartists, first as a disciple; but he soon found means to acquire the confidence of their body, which his great abilities for declamation enabled him to improve to the utmost. He established the *Northern Star* newspaper in Leeds as the organ of Chartism; and its sale, for a time, reached a fabulous amount. I have heard that once, for a few weeks, it beat the *Times*. It is now defunct.

Among the innumerable *ruses* by which Feargus gained the favour of the English working classes, was the characteristic expedient of presenting himself at a public meeting arrayed in a fustian jacket, the working man's livery, in which, he said, he worked as hard as any of his audience, for *he*, too, was a "working man," and his work was to liberate the masses from their bondage. His speech and his jacket were probably of the same material; but doubtless his semi-pantomimic dexterities helped, for a time, to increase the influence which he derived from his abilities as a declaimer, and his mental and physical energy.

When he established the Chartist Land Company, a belief was universally adopted by his English admirers, that the purchasers of shares, or allotments of land, would make fortunes by the speculation. Bitter disappointment and a vast deal of personal suffering were the principal

results of the experiment. There was also a religious sect got up in connection with his English movement, called the Chartist Christian Church, which, as we see nothing now of its doings, has, I presume, been wound up by the directors.

Feargus, deserted by the thousands with whom he once was popular—Feargus, stung to the quick by the failure of successive schemes—Feargus, assailed on all sides with the clamorous outcry of crowds whose money had been swallowed in the ill-starred Land Scheme, had no source of consolation to fall back upon. He had long ago squandered all his private means. No further supplies could be got from the exhausted credulity of the Chartists. His newspaper lost its circulation. He went mad, and was confined for nearly two years and a half in Dr. Tuke's asylum near Chiswick: his removal from which to private lodgings probably hastened his death, which occurred on the 31st of August, 1855.

Fortrobert is a wreck, and the direct heir to that once handsome mansion and domain retains not an acre of his patrimony. Connorville has, many years since, passed away from the family of O'Connor. It was bought by James Lysaght, Esq., in the Court of Chancery, and sold by him in 1853 to the Earl of Norbury. The old house no longer stands, and the old trees have long ago been felled. But although my narrative records the decadence of the immediate families of Connorville and Fortrobert, it must be observed that several other branches of the race, as well as many descendants, through female lines, from Daniel Conner, of Bandon bridge (temp. Wil-

liam the Third and Anne), retain their position among the gentry of the south, with sufficient means for its support.

I may remark, that since Feargus O'Connor's death, some of his Chartist disciples, whose allegiance has survived every shock, have erected a monumental statue of their Chief at Nottingham, for which town he was member of parliament from 1847 to 1852.

The last William Wray of Ards.

> "An old Song
> Of an old worshipful gentleman who had a greate estate,
> That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate,
> And an old Porter to relieve the poor at his gate,
> Like an old Courtier of the Queen's,
> And the Queen's old Courtier."
>
> OLD SONG.

SOME time after the quenching of the great Rebellion in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, more than half a million of acres in the north of Ireland were at the disposal of the English Crown. Part of this territory had been the property of the O'Niells, and the numerous branches of that great and ancient family, and part of the O'Donells, who held princely pre-eminence in Tyrconnell, or Donegal. After the later insurrection of Sir Cahir O'Dogherty, another chief of Donegal, and its suppression in the year 1608, the whole county fell to the King, under the law of forfeiture or escheat. At the same time, five other northern counties suffered a like doom :—namely, Tyrone, the Principality of O'Neill,—Derry, O'Cahan's county,—Fermanagh, Maguire's county,—Cavan, O'Reilly's county,—and Armagh, the property of the Clanbrassil O'Neills, and the

O'Hanlons; these chiefs and their followers were put under attaint, and their lands forfeited: hence arose, in 1610, the Plantation of Ulster with English and Scotch settlers, who were generally soldiers of fortune, professional adventurers, or cadets of good families.

Many of them found their way into Donegal, and these may be distinguished into two kinds, viz., those who arrived on the suppression of O'Donell's rebellion at the end of Elizabeth's reign; and those who "settled" under James I. in 1610; the former were almost all of English descent, whereas the latter were Scotch. In Donegal the chief families of the former were the Gores, now Earls of Arran, the Brookes, now represented by Sir Victor A. Brooke, Bart. of Fermanagh, the Harts of Doe Castle, the Sampsons, at present extinct, and the Wrays of Castle Wray and Ards. Old Fynes Morison tells us that of these families, Sampson, Brooke, and Hart alone brought to Ireland one hundred halberdiers at their own expense to aid the Queen: they therefore may be said to have earned what they got. Sampson had a vast tract of wild mountain range lying on the sea, and now comprehending Horn Head, and Ards. Hart was his neighbour at Doe Castle: and Brooke had Donegal town and Castle, and a fine acreage south of Muckish, and Lough Salt mountains, and near what now is the village of Letterkenny. To John Wray 1000 acres of Carnegilla, near the same town, were assigned, or probably had been purchased by him from Sir John Vaughan, who was the original patentee, a Welchman by birth, and an architect by profession. Mr. Wray was a branch of the Wrays of Ashby; they were

formerly of Durham, from whence they removed to Glentworth in Yorkshire. In 1660 they were created Baronets, but the title became extinct on the death of Sir William James Wray in 1809. Their escutcheon is azure on a chief or, three martlets gules; their motto, an ancient French poesie, and play upon their name, "*et juste et vray*." One of this family, Sir Christopher Wray of Glentworth, was Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, M.P. for Boroughbridge, and Speaker of the House of Commons *temp*. Eliz.: he died 1592. In his Latin epitaph at Glentworth, there is an allusion to his motto; he was "re justus, nomine verus;" he left behind him good advice as to how an estate was to be kept: 1st. by understanding it—2nd. by not spending till it comes—3rd. by a quarterly audit—4th. by keeping old servants: all of which sapient rules his later Irish descendants were ever disregarding to their own detriment, which was a negative evidence of the excellence of their ancestor's counsel.

Little is known of John Wray of Carnegilla, the first settler from England, but his son Henry Wray had a further grant from the Crown, in 1639, of the lands afterwards called Castle Wray, a beautiful spot sloping up from the green braes of Lough Swilly, and now in the possession of Francis Mansfield, Esq., a descendant of Captain Mansfield, who obtained "1000 acres in Killeneguirden," in the plantation of 1610. This Henry Wray had married a daughter of Sir Paul Gore, by his wife Isabella Wicliff, a niece of the great Earl of Strafford: and probably he obtained this grant through the Earl's paramount interest with his royal master Charles I. Henry Wray's son was

William Wray, who was living at Castle Wray in 1689, when his name appears in the "Act of Attainder" by James the Second, in common with all the prominent gentry who held the Protestant Faith.* He appears to have been a wise and prudent man, and bent upon staying at home, and improving his estate; accordingly we look in vain for his name among the valiant Donegal gentry who buckled on their broadswords and went off to fight King James's army at Derry in 1689.

Among these were *Stewart* from Lough Swilly—*Forward* from Coolemacurtaine—*Nesbitt* from Tully-Idonnell—*Mansfield* from Killigordon—*Babington* from Castle Doe—*Hart* from Culmore Fort—*Sinclair*, of the stalwart Caithness race, from Holyhill—*Vaughan* and *Groves* from Castle Shanagan—*Colquhoun* from Letterkenny—*Knox* from Glenfin and Carhewenancannah, an awful territorial title to spell or speak, with which I close the catalogue. Wray does not appear among the belligerents: he had married a Miss Sampson, and migrated into the very depths of the northern Donegal Highlands, where he purchased the singularly wild, romantic and beautiful estate of Ards, probably from his wife's family, who some time afterwards, in 1700, sold the promontory of Horn Head, with its glorious sea cliffs and sublime views, to Mr. Stewart, ancestor of the present proprietor, the Rev. Charles Stewart. At Ards, Wray built him a good and large mansion on a sunny bank facing the sweet south, and running down to meet the purple rocks, and white strands, and clear blue waters of Sheephaven; and here he lived in

* See Archbishop King's State of the Irish Protestants under King James II., Appendix, page 8.

a princely way, amidst his woods and pleasure grounds and many retainers, enjoying a climate like that of Italy for softness, where, sheltered from the north and east, the myrtles and geraniums grow richly in the open air, and beds of rhododendrons and fuchsias stretch down to meet the kisses of the Salt Sea.

On William Wray's death in 1710, his widow, who had been his second wife, erected to his memory a mural tablet which is still to be seen amid the ruins of Clondehorky Church; it contains in itself a pedigree and a picture, and is an odd specimen of the style of that day. In gallantry to the gentle widow whose piety devised it, I must attribute the bad spelling to the ignorance of the sculptor, unless, perhaps, the lady's tears had blinded her eyes when writing it, and thus injured her orthography. Probably Miss Sampson, Wray's first wife, had brought him a wing of the Ards estate, which had been her father's. His second lady, Angel Kilbreth, was sister to Colonel James Galbraith, who was M.P. for the borough of St. Johnston. Another sister was married to Mr. Sinclair, of Holy Hill, county Tyrone. This Colonel Galbraith was an ancestor to the Honourable Sir Galbraith Lowry Cole, the late Lord Enniskillen's brother, and the family is now represented by Samuel Galbraith, Esq., of Clanabogan-Omagh, county Tyrone. An old Scottish race were these Kilbreths or Galbraiths, and governors of Dunbarton Castle at the time of Queen Mary's escape from Lochleven. Wray's *eldest* son, Henry, succeeded to the Castle-Wray property. He married Eleanor Gore, sister to the first Lord Arran, and from him lineally comes the present Mr. Wray, of Oak Park, near the town of Letterkenny,

who represents the family; but my business is more with the younger branch, which in the person of William's *second* son, Humphrey, appears to have inherited Ards, and to have been a careful man, as he left his son an immense estate; indeed, something little short of a principality in territorial extent.

Humphrey's wife had been Miss Brooke, of Colebrooke, county Fermanagh, and grandaunt to the late Sir Henry Brooke, Bart. Of this lady we know but little, nor is there any record of the doings of her husband among the traditions of the neighbourhood; but their son, "OLD WILLIAM WRAY OF ARDS," is the remembered hero of many a strange recital mingled with a hue of sorrow for his fallen fortunes, and a romantic interest in his having been the last of the old branch of the Wrays, that reigned and ruled at beautiful Ards for so long a time.

I have said that he had inherited a splendid rental and a wide-spreading property; his house and demesne, of great beauty and extent, lay along the north strand of a bay of the Atlantic Ocean; woods waved all behind, and on either side of the old mansion, while the offices occupied a spacious square, and contained, besides the ample stablery and coach-houses, a number of shops, such as tailors, saddlers, shoemakers, carpenters, slaters,—in short, a little world of artizans, to supply the numerous household; the nearest mart being twenty miles distant, and only accessible by a road over a steep mountain. The place was an oasis in a desert; all outside the park gates was mountain heaped upon mountain, stony valleys, huge grey boulders standing up like sentries on the road side; blue tarns, white strands dotted with dark pebbles, and broken tracts

of brown bog, redeemed at intervals by patches of vivid verdure, virgin soil, which no spade had ever violated; here, too, were stretches of natural wood, reliques of the old forest: the dwarf oak; the rowan, with its red berries; the birch, with its pale stem; the silver ash, and the thick hazels; and the holly, growing most luxuriantly amidst fantastic rocks, and glittering greenly in the sunbeams. Here ran many a bubbling runnel, thundered many a torrent from its gully on the hill-side, and glittered many a lake far seen between the clefts of the mountains; among which, pre-eminent for its wild and romantic beauty, lay Glenveagh Lough, or the Lake of the Valley of the Deer, glancing like silver, or blackening like ink, as it alternated in sunlight or in shadow; deep, narrow, sublimely solitary, it runs up between the precipitous wall of Dooish Mountain, whose summit rises two thousand two hundred feet above the glen, and on the other side the steep rocks, and green declivities, and wooded precipices of the Glendowan Mountain, and Lossett, which signifies light. Here, at the time of which I write, the red deer ran and haunted these wilds in troops, sporting amidst the ancient oakwood of Mullanagore, part of which still remains, or slaking their thirst in the Burn of Glenlack, which rolls and whirls adown the mountain for six hundred feet, or listening under the greenwood tree, and in the silence of the summer morning, to the roar of waters, where, across the lake, the Derrybeg Torrent is precipitated over a cliff of one thousand feet, and after raving amidst the the lower levels, where the trees and brushwood half conceal its glancing waters, hurries into the tranquil bosom of lovely Glenveagh, and is at rest. A more exquisite

gem of mountain, lake, waterfall, and woodland beauty, the wide world could scarce produce.

To the left of Ards rose Lough Salt with its volcanic crater, and large deep lake on the summit, along whose stony rim for a mile lay the only road by which Ards could be approached from the south. To the right and landward of Ards soared the great mountain of Muckish, with its declivities, precipices, and its hundred spurs broken into unceasing hill and hollow, through which grey boreens, or bridle-paths, were seen to wind like serpents in the grass. More westerly still, uprose the three giant mountains, Dooish, Altan, and the silvery cone of Arigle, or "the white arrow," with all their peaks and precipices, their shadows, and solitudes, only broken by the wild bark of the golden eagle. To the east of the demesne lay the sea, of great depth and exquisite colour, bluest of the blue. It was, indeed, and is to this day a complete solitude, but abounding in the wildest and most original scenery, little known and seldom visited, but replete with all that could charm the tourist, and delight and satisfy the eye and pencil of the artist. Here, amidst his woods, and wilds, and sea-cliffs, and mountains, reigned William Wray in feudal state, and with an assumption of power which his neighbours seemed to allow him. His heart was kind, his purse was long, his step was high, and his hand was open. He was profuse, proud, energetic, jealous, stately, hospitable, eccentric, and exclusive. Tradition tells us that he had twenty stalls in his stables, kept ready for the horses of his guests, and twenty covers on his table for their masters, yet the diffi-

culty of reaching Ards was what would never come into the computation of modern diners-out, and was opposed to all the facility and luxury of present travelling. At that time there was but one available road from Letterkenny, the frontier town, to Ards, and this had been made by William Wray himself, and with such zeal, that he caused his labourers to work at it all night by torchlight. It runs straight up and over Lough Salt, a mountain one thousand five hundred feet high. Wray paved most of it with square flags, and set up huge milestones all along it, and resting-places, as trophies of his engineering prowess. When the guests who were invited to Ards arrived at Kilmacrennan, a village at the foot of the mountain, the postilion unyoked the horses and replaced them with bullocks, which animals were regularly provided by William Wray, and which slowly but strongly dragged the carriages up the great mountain; and as the equipages emerged at the other side of Lough Salt, and became visible to the northern region beneath, tradition has it that the Master at Ards from his own lawn took a telescopic observation at the distance of fourteen miles; and computing that the company would not complete the rest of their journey under four hours more, and being a man given to punctuality, *he ordered dinner accordingly.*

He was, indeed, a perfect Martinet; one day, walking in his pleasure-ground, he cried to his gardener, "John, I cannot get on;" to which the other answered, "I do not wonder at it, sir, for there is a straw in your path;" which being removed, the old gentleman resumed his walk.

He was very dignified in his appearance and manner, and

once in the Grand Jury-room at Lifford, when a young fop, desirous of knowing the hour, turned to him and said, "And what are you, sir?" he struck the floor with his gold-headed cane, and answered, "I am William Wray of Ards, sir." Yet with this characteristic of hauteur, he was most kind to the poor, and would suffer the fishermen, if it blew hard from the north or west, to run their smacks close in under his very windows for shelter, and to coil their cables and hawsers round the stems of the great trees which grew close to the sea, and which remain till this day. Squeamish and fastidious, he could not bear to see any one eat egg or oyster before him; and once, when his daughter after breakfast had the good sense with her own gentle hands and a damask napkin to wash up some extremely costly and beautiful cups and saucers, he was so hurt and mortified, that he indignantly ordered his horse and rode into Dunfanaghy, four miles off, where he breakfasted at an inn; and this he continued to do for some months, till time had effaced the recollection of the indignity.

One would be inclined to accuse the man who acted thus of folly; but such conduct was rather the result of pride and eccentricity, fostered by the solitary magnificence in which he lived, and the station in which his wealth and birth had placed him, and which the neighbouring gentry who ate his mutton and drank his claret did not dispute. He was undoubtedly a man of wondrous activity, enterprise, and public spirit. The causeway up the steep of Lough Salt he made at his own expense. The mile-stones were seven feet high and four broad—the last was

standing some twenty years ago. There was something of the ancient Roman in the man's works, bold and massive. A second road he constructed over Mongorry Mountain, between Letterkenny and Raphoe, with incredible trouble and cost. No hard Whinstone rock, no shaking bog, no hill-side torrent, ever could turn our rectilinear road-maker one foot from his straightforward course. He would blast the first, pave the second, and bridge the third; and on the map of the recent Ordnance Survey, the engineer's rule could never draw a straighter line than the delineation of this long road presents. It is now quite forsaken, only cattle-drivers make use of "ould Willie Wray's road," the present generation having discovered that it is wiser, if not shorter, to skirt the base of a hill than to scale the summit, a process endangering the breaking of your horse's wind in the going up, and the breaking of his knees, or your own neck in the coming down. Mr. Wray was a great loyalist, and zealous for king and constitution; and on one occasion suffered severely in his purse through a headlong act of arbitrary enthusiasm for——the Excise of the country! A small brig was at anchor, becalmed in the bay; she had a low hull, rakish masts, and smart rigging, altogether a suspicious craft. William Wray determined to pay her a visit, and getting into his grand pinnace with a number of his men, boarded her. He found her cargo consisted entirely of tobacco; her skipper was sulky, and would not produce his papers; and the upshot of the matter was, that Wray, as a magistrate and magnate of the county, took upon him to legislate *suo arbitrio*, and

under the impression that the tobacco was smuggled, the skipper a contrabandist, and the king's majesty defrauded, he sent on shore for all his boats, barges, corrais, and sailors, and before the sun was kissing the fiery wave behind Torry Island, he had landed all the tobacco on the seabeach, and heaping it together, set a torch to the pile and burned it, producing such a smoke and such a smell amidst the glades and sweet dells of Ards as never was till then or ever will be again, though the whole population of Donegal were to turn out and assemble there with cigars in their mouths. Under cover of the smoke the captain returned in a rage to Derry, and the damages and law costs he obtained at the next assizes against the too adventurous Willie were fully six hundred pounds.

William Wray's mother had been Miss Brooke, of Colebrooke, and through her he was widely and wealthily connected in Donegal and Fermanagh. His wife was Miss Hamilton, of Newtown Cunningham, county Derry; she was daughter to a Dr. Hamilton and a Miss Cunningham, and sister of Sir Henry Hamilton, probably of the Abercorn family. The great mansion where this family resided is a prominent object in the village at this day, though almost a ruin; it is a grey and massive pile, and looks like an old baronial keep of other times. Sir Henry had five sisters besides Mrs. Wray: one was married to Mr. Olphert, of Ballyconnel; a second to Mr. Benson, of Birdstown; a third to Mr. Smith, of Newtown Limavaddy; a fourth to Mr. Span, of Ballemacool, near Letterkenny; and a fifth to Mr. Stewart, of Ballygawley, direct ancestor of Sir John M. Stewart, Bart.; the sixth was

the Lady of Ards, and wife of William Wray. Besides all these family ramifications, Wray was allied by blood or marriage with the Gores of Magherabeg, the Stewarts of Horn Head, the Mansfields of Killygordon, the Galbraiths of St. Johnston, the Babingtons of Urney, the Sinclairs of Holy Hill, the Lowrys of Pomeroy, the Eccles of Fintona, the Knoxs of Rathmullen, the Perrys of Mullaghmore, the Moutrays of Favor Royal, the Boyds of Ballycastle, &c. &c., all families of ancient settlers in Donegal, Tyrone, and the county of Antrim.

One of his daughters married her kinsman, Richard Babington; and two gentle scholars, brothers, coming up from the south of Ireland, James and Joseph Stopford, sons of James Stopford, Bishop of Cloyne, and nephews of the first Earl of Courtown, bound the north and south together in kindly ties by wooing and wedding Anna and Angel Wray, two of the lilies of Ards, which had flowered in William Wray's paternal garden; another daughter was united to Mr. Atkinson, of Cavan Garden, the head of an old family in Donegal. Thus his connection was as extensive as his fortune, and as wide as his expenditure; and possessing the very spirit of Irish hospitality, and guest and kinsfolk being ever ready to accept his invitations, and bringing with them crowds of servants, no doubt profligate and wasteful, it is little wonder that all these gatherings and entertainments produced their inevitable results in pecuniary difficulties, then gradual decadency, and eventually something tantamount to absolute and irretrievable ruin. Yet there is no record of anything coarse or vicious in the extravagances which

beggared the Master of Ards. One hears nothing of hard drinking, or loud swearing, or boisterous revels in his courtly mansion. William Wray was a gentleman—a high Irish gentleman—too proud to be popular, and too eccentric to be understood; he could not be estimated by the unimaginative and matter-of-fact people among whom he dwelt; the shrewd and money-loving northerns called his unbounded hospitality, riotous living, and his diffuseness, they termed madness; but had these things been done in France in the fourteenth century, and chronicled by such a pen as that of Froissart, *he* would have classed him with such entertainers as Phœbus-Gaston Count de Foix, and pronounced upon him as a courteous and liberal, a bountiful, and most gentle host. Yet he had not many near neighbours in that wild country; there was a Mr. Olphert, a cousin of his own, at Ballyconnell, who spent much of his time in crossing from Ballyness to Tory Island, a distance of ten miles, and a navigation accompanied with extreme peril. This he accomplished not in a twelve-oared boat, broad bottomed and skilfully manned, to meet the raging of the tremendous sea which runs in that stormy Sound, where the Atlantic beats around the Horn, and breaks in thunder and in foam up its black sides: but in a little corrai, or long basket, made of twigs of twisted osier, and covered over with a cow-hide, so as to keep out the water, and pulled by two men: nay, the story has it, that Olphert often put to sea in the corrai by himself, and with a favourable tide and wind, accomplished the voyage *solus cum solo*. Probably this daring navigator was a fisherman, for salmon are in great abundance in the deep blue

water around the mural cliffs of Horn Head, where the finest and rarest fish are taken, and where occasionally a giant whale on a *lark* from Greenland is seen to lie at his ease, and spout in the cool summer evening. Olphert being such a passionate philo-marine, and so original in his nautical habits, had probably little intercourse with the Master of Ards, savewhen they met in the Grand Jury-room at Lifford. The sea scenery on this part of the coast, to the east of Bloody Foreland, is sternly magnificent; the cliffs at Horn Head, embracing eight miles in extent, are matchless for size, shape, exquisite colouring, and peculiarity; the Horn curls over the ocean from a height of one thousand perpendicular feet; along its ledges, all the way from brow to base, in summer, sit millions of rock-nesting birds of the gull tribe, &c.; auks, sea parrots, petrels, &c., while a pair of noble eagles—great birds—are generally found building in the precipitous face of the cliff, or floating and wheeling over the green and heathy hollows through which the Horn is approached. Far out to sea lies the Island of Tory, with its lofty, black, and broken cliffs, resembling a huge old castle, with round towers and rugged battlements, and long, dark, steep walls of rock standing out in its utter solitude in the midst of the vexed Atlantic, an object of intense interest, and most picturesque in its outline.

Between Balliconnell and Ards is Horn Head House. Here lived, in the year 1700, Captain Charles Stewart, a man of ancient Scottish blood, being of the Darnley Stewarts, and having their motto, "Avant Darnley," engraved on the old silver seal which hung on his watch chain. He

had been an officer in King William's army, had obtained from him a grant of lands in the King's county, but migrating northward in 1700, he purchased from Mr. Sampson, Wray's father-in-law, the promontory of Horn Head, &c., and there built a substantial and good house, which from that time to this has ever preserved its name for generous and refined hospitality. With this gentleman Wray had an extraordinary quarrel in 1732, which, as illustrating the tone of the times, and the peculiar idiosyncrasy of the Master of Ards' character, I will sketch for the public. At the time the feud took place William Wray was a young man—Stewart was bordering on seventy, and his strength broken with gout and illness. Three years before, at Horn Head, "they had sworn a friendship," probably post prandial in its nature, and over a bottle of claret, and nothing interrupted the harmony of their intercourse, until one day, Wray, walking on some of the silver strands which lined his verdant park, discovered a girl gathering oysters, whom he recognised as one of Stewart's tenants. This monstrous outrage on the sovereignty of his sway and the sanctity of his premises Wray highly resented, and told the offender that he considered it a crime for any one to gather there but himself or his servants. This of course was reported to the stern old Williamite, who next day dispatched his pinnace with twelve men with pistols, and armed to the teeth, commanded by Stewart's son, and "ready," so Wray writes, "by your direction to use me, I know not how." This public affront awakened Wray's loftiest indignation, and on the 9th of November he challenges Stewart, tells him

he "must have speedy satisfaction; that he was concerned to do so with a man of his years, but that his (Wray's) *honour* was at stake. Be master of your own weapons, fix the time and place; you must come alone as I will, as the sooner this affair is ended, the sooner will revenge cease. WILLIAM WRAY."

Stewart's answer was immediate—having the same date —it is so spirited, and so like the neigh of an old war-horse that had probably heard the guns peal across the Boyne Water, that I will transcribe it all.

"Nov. 9th, 1732.—Sir, you say that you have received a deal of ill usage from me; I am quite a stranger to that, but not so to the base usage you have given me, and all the satisfaction you intend me is banter by your sham challenge. If you be as much in earnest as your letter says, assure yourself that if I had but one day to live, I would meet you on the top of Muckish rather than lose by you what I have carried all my life.

"Yours, CHARLES STEWART."

If we consider that the writer was near seventy years of age, and a martyr to gout, and that Muckish mountain is 2000 feet high, and so steep as to be almost inaccessible, we shall see what stuff these Boyne and Derry men were made of, and what soldiers of steel King William led to victory. Happily this duel never came off, some mutual friends, "Dick Babington" and "Andrew Knox," interfered, Wray explained, and Stewart apologized for calling his challenge a sham and a banter, and testifies to the

truth and honour of Wray; and thus the matter ended as it should do, in a renewal of good feeling.

All this took place when Wray was a young man, and probably unmarried. It is all but impossible to gather records of his domestic life; those who enjoyed his hospitality have long since passed away, and the peasantry, who are the usual depositories of the legendary stories connected with great families, though forming a fine and substantial yeomanry about Ards, yet are peculiarly matter-of-fact, common-place, and utterly wanting in the poetical element, so necessary to give the love for tradition, and preserve it from age to age. Besides, extravagance is always unpopular in the north, where the Scotch are so widely located, and where money is so highly valued, and that which we dislike and disapprove of we take no pains to keep in mind, and so the memory of the last William Wray of Ards is fast passing away with the works he constructed, the moneys he lavished, the eccentricities he exhibited, and the properties which he forfeited. A few strong facts stand above the surface of the stream—such as we have narrated; a few also remain of a sterner and sadder kind—such as his expenditure increasing as his income decreased: such as wisdom or frugality not resulting from advancing years; such as his son living in France, where he displayed even more than the hereditary habit of utter extravagance; such as his lady sinking and dying under the grief and sorrow of their ruin and their fall; and his own death afterwards in France: and finally such as the sale of the entire estate, house, demesne, and all appurtenances belonging to it in the year 1781, to meet

and defray the owner's debts, when it was purchased by Mr. Alexander Stewart, brother of the Marquess of Londonderry, from whom it has descended to his grandson, Alexander John Robert Stewart, who is the present proprietor of beautiful Ards, and the very noble estate attached to it.

The Family of Elwes.

And Elwes . . . .
Master of a comfortable hoard,
Appearing to be scarcely worth a crown.
PETER PINDAR.

MISERS' wealth seldom prospers. The pent-up stream, once the hand that stayed its course is removed, finds a rapid vent, and wastes and scatters its waters to the exhaustion of the original source. So it is with the treasures accumulated by avarice: seldom do they remain with the heirs of him who has worn his life away in their acquisition, and in very rare instances do they form the enduring foundations of a family's establishment. Warriors, statesmen, merchants, and lawyers—all have originated great and flourishing houses, but misers are rarely the patriarchs of families of enduring prosperity: the same remark may be made in reference to those who gathered gain by the slave trade: they never flourished. It has been ascertained as a positive fact, that no two generations of a slave dealer's race ever continued resident on the estate acquired by the unholy pursuit of their founder; and a similar observation applies, to a certain extent, to the profits of the usurer. A very learned friend of mine, deeply

versed in the vicissitudes of genealogy, assures me that he never knew four generations of an usurer's family to endure, in regular unbroken succession.

In giving my history of the Elweses, I shall for the present go no further baek than the time of Charles the Second, who conferred a baronetcy on Sir Gervase Elwes, of Stoke, in Suffolk. From the general character of the "merry monarch," and the way in which he usually dispensed his favours, we may safely infer, without any other ground, that Sir Gervase was a boon companion, and one more likely to diminish than to increase an inheritance. Such, indeed, appears from all records to have been the fact. The new baronet involved, as far as he was able, a noble patrimony, leaving little more behind him than the skeleton of an estate. Upon the death of this spendthrift, his successor and grandson, Sir Hervey Elwes, found himself nominally possessed of some thousands a year, but his annual receipts did not at the moment exceed a hundred pounds. He had, however, a fortune, and an ample fortune in his own peculiar habits, being to the full as penurious as his predecessor had been extravagant. On arriving at Stoke, the ancestral seat, he boldly declared that "he never would leave it till he had entirely cleared the estate." Extraordinary as such a resolution might have seemed at the time, and even impossible to be effected, he lived not only to realize it, but even to accumulate a great additional fortune over and above the lands he had inherited. But, in fact, he had received from nature all the qualifications requisite to form a perfect miser. In his youth he had been given over for a consumption, and though the disease in a great measure yielded to art, yet

it left him with impaired constitution, and without any of those dangerous passions which boil up in stronger bodies. Avarice remained the sole tenant of his bosom, and to that he was devoted with a cold exclusiveness that seems well nigh fabulous. He was, moreover, shy, timid, and diffident in the extreme. Friends he had none, and wished for none; nor did he possess the slightest taste for study of any kind; his great delight was to accumulate gold, and brood over his accumulations: next to that came partridge-setting, not so much from any love of sport, as because the birds sufficed to support himself and his narrow household for at least a portion of the year. Game was then so plentiful that he has been known to take five hundred brace of birds in one season. But this multitude mattered nothing to him. What he and his people could not consume was turned out again, for the miser could not give any thing away. It may be worthy of notice when depicting so singular a character, that his breed of dogs was remarkably good, that he at all times wore a black velvet cap much over his face, a worn-out full dress suit of clothes, and an old great coat over his knees. He rode a thin, thorough-bred horse; and the horse and his rider both looked as if a gust of wind would have blown them away together.

"When the day was not so fine as to tempt him abroad, he would walk backwards and forwards in his old hall to save the expense of fire. If a farmer in his neighbourhood came in, he would strike a light in a tinder box that he kept by him, and putting one single stick upon the grate, would not add another till the first was nearly burnt out."

"As he had but little connection with London, he had

always three or four thousand pounds at a time in his house. A set of fellows, who were afterwards known by the appellation of the *Thaxsted Gang*, and who were all hanged, formed a plan to rob him. They were totally unsuspected at the time, as each had some apparent occupation during the day, and went out only at night, and when they had got intelligence of any great booty.

"It was the custom of Sir Hervey to go up into his bed-chamber at eight o'clock, where, after taking a basin of water-gruel, by the light of a small fire, he went to bed, to save the unnecessary extravagance of a candle. The gang, who knew the hour when his servant used to go to the stable, leaving their horses in a small grove on the Essex side of the river, walked across and hid themselves in the church-porch till they saw the man come up. They then immediately fell upon him, and after some little struggle they bound and gagged him. They then ran up towards the house, tied the two maids together, and going up to Sir Hervey, presented their pistols and demanded his money. At no part of his life did Sir Hervey behave so well as in this transaction. When they asked for his money, he would give them no answer till they had assured him that his servant, who was a great favourite, was safe. He then delivered them the key of a drawer in which were fifty guineas. But they knew too well he had much more in the house, and again threatened his life unless he discovered where it was deposited. At length he showed them the place, and they turned out a large drawer where were seven and twenty hundred guineas. This they packed up in two large baskets and actually carried off—a robbery which for quantity of specie was

perhaps never equalled. On quitting him they told him they should leave a man behind, who would murder him if he moved for assistance. On which he very coolly, and with some simplicity, took out his watch—which they had not asked for—and said, 'Gentlemen, I do not want to take any of you, and therefore, upon my honour, I will give you twenty minutes for your escape; after that time nothing shall prevent me from seeing how my servant does.' He was as good as his word. When the time expired, he went and untied the man; but though search was made by the village, the robbers were not discovered. When they were taken up some years afterwards for other offences, and were known to be the men who robbed Sir Hervey, he would not appear against them. Mr. Harrington of Clare, who was his lawyer, pressed him to go to Chelmsford to identify their persons; but nothing could persuade him. 'No, no,' said he; 'I have lost my money, and now you want me to lose my time also.'

"Of what temperance can do, Sir Hervey was an instance. At an early period of life he was given over for a consumption, and he lived till between eighty and ninety years of age.

"Amongst the few acquaintances he had, was an occasional club at his own village of Stoke; and there were members of it two baronets besides himself,—Sir Cordwell Firebras and Sir John Barnardiston. However rich they were, the reckoning was always an object of their investigation. As they were one day settling this difficult point, an odd fellow, who was a member, called out to a friend who was passing, 'For heaven's sake, step up stairs

and assist the poor! Here are three baronets, with a million of money, quarreling about a farthing.'

"When Sir Hervey died, the only tear that was dropped upon his grave, fell from the eye of his servant who had long and faithfully attended him. To that servant he bequeathed a farm of twenty pounds per annum, to him and his heirs.

"In the chastity and abstinence of his life Sir Hervey Elwes was a rival to Sir Isaac Newton, for he would have held it unpardonable to have *given*—even his affections; and as he saw no lady whatever, he had but little chance of bartering them matrimonially for money. When he died, he lay in state, such as it was, at his estate at Stoke. Some of the tenants observed, with more humour than decency, 'that it was well Sir Hervey could not see it.'

"On his death, his fortune, which had now become immense, fell to his nephew, Mr. Meggot, who by will was ordered to assume the name and arms of Elwes; and who became 'Elwes the Miser,' *par excellence.*

"Thus lived, and thus died, Sir Henry Elwes, whose possessions at the time of his death were supposed to be at least two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, and whose annual expenditure was about one hundred and ten pounds. However incredible this may appear, it is yet strictly true. His clothes cost him nothing, for he took them out of an old chest where they had lain since the gay days of Sir Gervase. He kept his household chiefly on game, and fish which he had in his own ponds; and the cows, which grazed before his own door, furnished

milk, cheese, and butter for the little economical household. What fuel he did burn, his woods supplied."

The character which has thus been painted for posterity, —and as I believe in true colours,—is so dark, that we gladly look around for some redeeming traits, for some facts not at first sight observable, which may tend to soften the harsher features of the miser, and bring him within the scope of human sympathy. In his favour it may be remarked, that his vices were not altogether his own, that, to a certain extent, they were the result of circumstances. In the anxious endeavour to recover and restore his dilapidated estate, he had passed so many years alone, that he was no longer fit to encounter the wear and tear of the busy world. So extreme was his consequent shyness, that society, if it gave him little pain, most assuredly afforded him no gratification. Let it also be remembered that this singular being had the courage to live alone for nearly seventy years, without any solace from books or from the past.

Still more singular and complex was the character of the individual whom the capricious will of the defunct miser selected to succeed him in his vast property, to the injury of the male heir, who obtained only the barren title of which he could not be deprived. Of him I shall have to speak presently.

The fortunate inheritor of so much wealth was the nephew of Sir Hervey, and was at the time of his succession in his fortieth year. His father was a brewer of repute in his trade, whose offices and dwelling-house were situated in Southwark, which borough had at one time been represented in Parliament by his grandfather, Sir

George Meggot. These premises are now tenanted by Clowes, the printer.

The brewer prospered so highly in his business that he was able to purchase the estate of the Calverts, at Marcham, which is still held by his descendants; but he died when the future John Elwes was only four years old. Perhaps it was owing to this event, which left the child under the exclusive influence of his mother, that he subsequently became a confirmed miser; for the widow, true to the failing of her race, literally starved herself to death, although she had been bequeathed a hundred thousand pounds by her late husband.

At an early period of life Jack Meggot was sent to Westminster school, where he remained for ten or twelve years. There he appears to have acquired the repute of a good classical scholar; but it is a circumstance not a little remarkable, though well authenticated, that after leaving school he never indulged in study of any kind, or was even known to open a book. His whole library did not at any time exceed the value of two pounds, while, what is yet more strange, with all his love of money his ignorance of accounts was such, that he never knew anything of his own affairs.

The contemporaries of the young scholar at Westminster were Mr. Worsley, subsequently master of the Board of Works, and the great Lord Mansfield, who at that period had no hesitation in borrowing all that his youthful companion even then was inclined to lend. The disposition of his Lordship, however, in after-times underwent a change; the humour of the future Elwes always remained the same.

From Westminster school, Jack Meggot, as he was then familiarly called, removed to Geneva, where he soon entered upon pursuits more agreeable to him than study. The riding-master of the academy might boast of having perhaps three of the best riders in Europe,—Mr. Worsley, Sir Sydney Meadows, and Jack Meggot. But the last-named was reckoned the most desperate of the trio. The young horses were always put into his hands, and he was the rough rider to the other two.

During his sojourn at Geneva he was introduced to Voltaire, but neither the genius nor the character of this celebrated writer seems to have made much impression upon him. If he alluded at all to the great exile, it was with no more interest than he would have felt in speaking of the most obscure individual, while for the horses in the riding-school he retained a minute as well as lasting recollection.

But these halcyon days soon passed. He had to return to England; and, as he was designed for his uncle's heir, it became requisite that he should without farther loss of time be introduced to Sir Hervey. But for this ceremony considerable tact and the outward degeneration of his usual habits were utterly indispensable. True it was that he had inherited the spirit of saving from his mother, but to natural avarice was joined a love of pleasure that would have been ruinous to his prospects had the fact become known to the old miser. Then, too, the enormous appetite for which he was noted amongst his acquaintance would have given no little disgust to one who could dine upon half a partridge. Nor would his usual dress be less a

subject of offence, seeing that it was not only unpatched, but even fashionable. Being forewarned of the perils that lay in his path, our gambler and horse-jockey took the necessary measures for avoiding them. To conceal the enormity of his appetite, he used, prior to his avuncular visitations, to pick up a substantial dinner with some acquaintance in the neighbourhood, and having thus satisfied the first inordinate cravings of hunger, he afterwards sate down at Sir Hervey's table with so modest an appetite as greatly conciliated the esteem of his worthy host. Upon these occasions a partridge, a small pudding, and a potatoe, constituted the repast, and, to complete the scene of penury, this pittance was devoured in the coldest days without fire; it being a fixed maxim with Sir Hervey that the act of eating was of itself quite sufficient to keep any reasonable creature warm.

Jack Meggot, having thus effectually disguised the extent of his appetite, next set about providing a masquerade, under which to hide his worldly habits, and show himself in a costume more appropriate to the character of a miser. The ruse he adopted for this purpose will be little novelty to the readers of play or romance, though it may be too much to say that it was actually borrowed from either. His plan was, when about to visit his uncle, to stop at a little obscure inn at Chelmsford, where he laid aside his worldly attire, and dressed himself in character for the part he had to play before his rich relative; that is, he indued himself in darned worsted stockings, a pair of small iron buckles, an old worn-out coat, and a tattered waistcoat. Thus duly attired, he was

always welcomed at Stoke, as a frugal exception to the general world of extravagance. There they would sit,—the frugal pair!—with a single stick burning coldly in the rusty grate, and occasionally, perhaps, a glass of wine between them, over which they discussed, with many a deep lament, the wasteful habits of their day. This interesting and ever-recurring topic would occupy them till the evening shut in, when they would retire to bed, "as it saved candle-light."

What a painful picture of human degradation! If extravagance be a fault, it is at least not without enjoyment; and if it ruins one, there can be no doubt of its benefiting many. But what is to be said for the miser, who saves only for the sake of saving, and accumulates only for the sake of accumulating? How is he better than the ignorant peasant who persists in piling up a heap of manure before his door, to the offence of sight, smell, and health, instead of scattering it over fields where it would be a benefit?

The nephew was assiduous in his visits to his uncle, and constantly accompanied him in his daily amusement of partridge setting. In this he proved an admirable assistant, for he was reputed to have some of the best setter dogs in England. Their colour was as peculiar as their breed, being of a black tan, while in form they were more like hounds than setters. As a proof of their strength and speed, their master was in the habit of telling how one of them followed him to London,—a distance of sixty miles,—and hunted all the fields that adjoined the road.

And yet, with all his outward seeming and his real

disposition to avarice, how far did the heir elect fall below the uncle's idea of a prudent economy, could he but have seen him in his blended character as it showed itself when away from Stoke. The acquaintances that the nephew had formed at Westminster and Geneva, combined with the natural influence of the large fortune inherited from his parents, opened for him the doors of rank and fashion, leaving him free to choose his own society. Of this advantage he did not hesitate to avail himself, and plunged boldly into the vortex of dissipation. "He was admitted of the club at Arthur's and various other clubs of the period; and, as some proof of his notoriety at that time as a man of deep play, Mr. Elwes, the late Sir Robert Bertie, and some others, are noticed in a scene in the *Adventures of a Guinea*, for the frequency of their midnight orgies. "Few men, even from his own acknowledgment, had played deeper than himself, and with success more various. I remember* hearing him say, he had once played two days and a night without intermission; and, the room being a small one, the party were nearly up to their knees in cards. He lost some thousands at that sitting. The late Duke of Newcastle was of the party, who never would quit a table where any hope of winning remained.

"Had every man been of the mind of Mr. Elwes, the race of innkeepers must have perished, and post-chaises have returned back to those who made them; for it was the business of his life to avoid both. He always travelled on horseback. To see him setting out on a journey was a

* Topham, "Life of Elwes."

matter truly curious. His first care was to put two or three eggs, boiled hard, into his great-coat pocket, or any scraps of bread which he found; baggage he never took; then mounting one of his hunters, his next attention was to get out of London into that road where turnpikes were fewest. Then stopping under any hedge where grass presented itself for his horse, and a little water for himself, he would sit down, and refresh himself and his horse together—here presenting a new species of Brahmin, and worth five hundred thousand pounds."

But if the delinquencies above narrated had ever come to the knowledge of Sir Hervey, it may well be doubted whether in his estimation they would have been atoned for by the habits of avarice that accompanied and intermingled with them. Of these, however, luckily for the future heir, the old man was profoundly ignorant. In his hermit life he took not the least note of what was passing in the world beyond his own bounds, neither admitting visitors, nor reading newspapers. At length he died, the worms claimed their own, and his funeral oration was summed up in few words—"Nobody would have lived with Sir Hervey if they could; nor could if they would." And excellent ground was there for such an epitaph. In addition to the general misery of his habits,—which, as we have seen, bordered close upon famine—his house presented exactly the same condition in which it had come down to him from remote ages. The furniture was most sacredly antique, not a room had ever been painted, or a window repaired; but, as time and accidents made them, so they remained, undisturbed by the hand of improvement or

renovation. In the beds above stairs, the worm and the moth revelled without control, and the roof of the entire building might have been adapted to the climate of Italy when its season was at the mildest.

At the time of his succeeding to this singular inheritance of decay and wealth, Mr. Elwes—for Jack Meggot had taken that name in obedience to Sir Hervey's will,—was in his fortieth year. I have already observed that the germs of avarice were latent in him; but although they would occasionally show themselves, it was always like those blossoms which no one expects will ever ripen into fruit. Now a change was rapidly coming over him. He had become thoroughly disgusted with noble gamblers, who never paid their losings; and with noble borrowers, who never returned their loans. It did not, therefore, cost him the slightest struggle to quit, and for good, the circle in which he had hitherto moved, that he might thenceforth devote himself to the pleasure of accumulating. Still he did not all at once realize the character of a perfect miser. On settling in Suffolk he began to keep fox-hounds, and his stable of hunters was said to be the first in the kingdom. Of the breed of his horses he could be quite sure, for he bred them himself; and, what never happens in the present day, they were on no account broken in, till they were six years old. This was the only instance of his sacrificing money to pleasure; and even here the one extravagance was considerably modified by the rigid parsimony of its details. Scrub, notwithstanding he had a separate character and occupation for each day in the week, might be said to lead a life of

happy indolence when compared to Mr. Elwes' huntsman. He was, in the truest sense of the word, a man-of-all-work, a more complete factotum than the versatile Figaro himself, and might have fixed a veritable epoch in the history of servants. In a morning he got up at four o'clock, and milked the cows, after which he prepared breakfast for his master, or any friends he might have with him. Then slipping on a green coat, he hurried into the stable, saddled the horses, got the hounds out of the kennel, when away they sallied forth to the field. After the fatigues of hunting he refreshed himself by rubbing down two or three horses as quickly as he could; then he ran into the house to lay the cloth and wait at dinner; then hurried back to the stables to feed the horses; and then diversified his day's amusement with an interlude of the cows again to milk, the dogs to feed, and eight hunters to litter down for the night. Yet with all this his master set him down as "an idle dog, who wanted to be paid for doing nothing." Alas! for poor Scrub!

Nor was this all the saving effected by Mr. Elwes in the indulgence of his favourite, nay, of his only luxury. In the summer, his dogs were, if I may use the phrase, billeted upon his various tenants, where they had no work, while they fared much better than in the parsimonious kennel of their master, and from these abundant retreats they were again collected before the commencement of the season. How sparingly the poor animals lived at home may be inferred from the fact that the whole of his fox-hunting establishment,—huntsmen, hounds, and horses included,—did not cost him three hundred pounds a year. Yet so valuable

were his hunters reckoned throughout the country, that for one of them three hundred guineas were offered, and for another two hundred and fifty; either of them an almost incredible sum in those days, when a very good horse might be purchased for fifteen pounds.

During the period of his keeping up this, for him, extraordinary establishment, which lasted for nearly fourteen years, Mr. Elwes resided mostly at Stoke, in Suffolk. Thence he made frequent excursions to Newmarket; but, true to the resolution he had once adopted, he never engaged in betting—a singular proof of his firmness of purpose. He was, upon the whole, the "tenax propositi" of the Roman poet, though, as we shall have occasion to see, the gambler's spirit was not quite subdued in him by the influence of avarice.

Thus far, though Sir Hervey and his nephew were both misers, yet they "wore their rue with a difference." The one was wholly and purely a miser, who appears to have had no other qualities or passions whatever, save the passion of accumulating. The other was of a far more complex character; and though in old age he became a fit rival to his uncle, still up to the present time, and for many years subsequent, the genius of parsimony held only a divided empire over him. His earliest biographer—for whose partiality some allowance must perhaps be made,—says of him "that his manners were such, so gentle, so attentive, so gentlemanly, and so engaging, that rudeness could not ruffle them, nor ingratitude break their observance. He retained this peculiar feature of the old court to the last. But he had a praise far beyond this;

he had the most gallant disregard of his own person, and all care about himself, I* ever witnessed in man."

Courtesy and resolution are not so wholly antagonistic to avarice that they may not exist together; but it is not easy to understand how generosity and the spirit of hoarding should exist at the same time and in the same individual. Yet such was the case with Mr. Elwes, who at this period of his life could be liberal even to excess, a fault which could never have been laid at the door of his uncle.

An inn upon the road, a turnpike gate, and an apothecary were all equally objects of his aversion. The first he avoided on his journeys by carrying in his pocket a couple of hard-boiled eggs, or fragments of dry bread, which, according to his dietary, afforded ample sustenance for the day; the second obstacle he overcame, like a prudent general, by turning the enemy's flank; that is to say, he left the turnpike on one side, and galloped over ditches however broad, and fences however high, without the slightest regard to the peril of his own neck; and the other members of the healing art it was not always so easy a matter to deal with them, yet he managed pretty well to keep them at arm's length; and there are some amusing anecdotes of his mode of action when other people in his state would have thought two, or even three, of the medical staff a very insufficient body-guard. Thus, on one occasion, he received a very dangerous kick from his horse, who fell with him in an extravagant leap. Any other than himself would have paused here, and thought

* Topham.

that sufficient for the day was the evil thereof; not so thought Mr. Elwes; he rode the chase through, with his leg cut to the bone, and it was only some days afterwards, when it was feared an amputation would be requisite, that he consented to go up to London, and, cruel necessity! part with money for surgical advice.

I have already noticed that the house he succeeded to at Stoke was in a strangely dilapidated condition; but things were in a much worse state at the one he had left behind him at Marcham. Of this a ludicrous instance is given by his nephew, Colonel Timms. A few days after the Colonel had visited him in his old abode, there fell during the night a heavy shower of rain, and the guest had not been long in bed before he felt himself wet through; and putting his hand out of the clothes, he found the rain was streaming upon him through the broken ceiling. So he got up and moved the bed farther on. But he had not long taken up his new position before he found that the change brought him no relief. Again he wheeled away the couch to another spot, but with no better result, till having thus traversed the length and breadth of the room, he at last got into a corner where the roof did not admit the rain. Upon telling his uncle at breakfast the night's "adventures,"—"Ay, ay," replied the old man, "I don't mind it myself, but for those who do, that's a nice corner in the rain."

In this, which may be called the second phase of Elwes' life, avarice had not as yet entirely subdued his better qualities and taken the exclusive possession. If the spirit of parsimony showed itself in a thousand ludicrous ways

to provoke scorn or pity, still he was not so wholly absorbed by this evil passion that he did not often show signs of a better feeling which turned aside the edge of judgment. He would upon occasion lend freely where the humour took him; and in these acts of benevolence he was never known to take advantage of those whom he so obliged, though no doubt in speculating he was often tempted into loss by his appetite for usurious bargains. A single anecdote of his generosity will serve to show that even now his heart was not altogether corrupted by the lust of Mammon. "When his (Elwes') son was in the Guards, the old man was frequently in the habit of dining at the officers' mess-table. The urbanity of his manners rendered him agreeable to every one, and in time he became acquainted with every officer in the corps; amongst the rest, with a gentleman of the name of Tempest, whose good-humour was almost proverbial. A vacancy happening in a majority, it fell to the turn of this gentleman to purchase; but as money is not always to be got upon landed property at the very moment it is wanted, it was imagined some officer would have been obliged to purchase over his head. Mr. Elwes heard of the circumstance, and sent him the money next morning. He asked no security. He had seen Captain Tempest and liked his manners, and he never once afterwards ever hinted at repayment. The obligation, however, was faithfully acquitted upon the death of the Captain, which happened shortly afterwards." But this in no wise takes away from the generosity of the lender, and it stands as one amongst the many contradictions of his character—a cha-

racter which more resembles the startling points of difference which the satirist loves to collect to oppose, so as to form an unwholesome glare, than the mingled creations of the dramatist or the romancer. It is difficult to understand how the same man should at the same moment be prodigal of thousands, and yet almost deny to himself the necessaries of life. Nothing but the genius of a Shakspeare could elicit a harmonious whole out of such antagonistic elements.

But though in the intercourse of private life he could occasionally show himself generous to excess, it was quite another thing in his money speculations. There he was for ever on the look-out for hazardous enterprises that might be supposed to hold out the prospect of unusual gains, and this propensity often made him the dupe of unprincipled adventurers, who knew how to tempt his cupidity by schemes of fair promise indeed, but ever sure to end in disappointment. Nor was this the only way in which his avarice laid him open to the arts of the designing. To make him a trifling present, or to do any sort of work for him gratuitously, was the surest road to his favour, even to the loosening of his purse-strings. Thus, a wine-merchant in a small way of business, with an eye to such a result, begged his acceptance of some fine wine—"And very fine it ought to be," would the old man say, when speaking of the transaction, "for it cost me twenty pounds a bottle."

The extent of his property in houses was so great that it naturally followed that all his houses would not be let at the same time. Some, as a matter of course, would re-

main unoccupied; and hence it was his custom, whenever he came to London, to take up his abode in the first one he found vacant. In this manner he travelled from street to street; for when any tenant wanted the particular house in which he was at the time, he made no hesitation in yielding it to the applicant, and betaking himself to some other. This was no great difficulty for a man who so little encumbered himself with furniture. A couple of beds, the like number of chairs, a table, and an old woman, comprised the whole of his household appointments. None of these, except the old woman, gave him any trouble, and she was afflicted with a lameness that made it no easy matter to get her into motion as quickly as he wished. Moreover, she had a singular aptitude for catching colds, and no wonder, considering what she was exposed to; for sometimes she was in a small house in the Haymarket, then in a great mansion in Portland Place; sometimes in a little room with a coal fire, at others in apartments of frigid dimensions, with oiled papers in the windows for glass, and with nothing to warm her save a few chips that happened to be left by the carpenters.

The scene which terminated the life of this poor drudge is not among the least characteristic anecdotes recorded of Mr. Elwes. Nor, strange as it seems, can its truth be doubted, since it comes to us upon the authority of Colonel Timms, a favourite nephew of the miser's, and one more inclined to soften than to exaggerate his uncle's defects.

Mr. Elwes had come to town in his usual way, and taken up his abode in one of his empty houses. The Colonel, who wished to see him, was by some accident in-

formed that the old man was in London, though of his actual whereabouts he could got no tidings. In this dilemma he inquired for him at every place where he was most likely to be heard of,—at Hoare's the banker, at the Mount Coffee-house, and at others of his usual haunts, but all to no purpose. At length, a person whom he met accidentally, recollected seeing the miser go into an uninhabited house in Great Marlborough Street. Thither accordingly the colonel repaired, and, to follow up the clue thus obtained, got hold of a chairman. But no intelligence could he gain of a *gentleman* called Mr. Elwes. A pot-boy, however, remembered that he had seen a poor old fellow open the door of a stable and lock it after him; and upon being further questioned, his description of the stranger perfectly agreed with the usual appearance of Mr. Elwes; and when the colonel, after repeated knocking, could obtain no answer, he sent for a blacksmith, and ordered him to pick the lock. This being easily accomplished, they entered the house together, and found all in the lower part dark and silent. On ascending the staircase, however, they heard the indistinct moanings of some one apparently in great pain. Following the sound, they came to a room, where, upon an old pallet-bed, stretched out the figure of the miser, who, to all seeming, was well nigh at the last gasp; but, upon some cordials being administered by an apothecary hastily called in, he recovered enough to say, "that he believed he had been ill for two or three days, and that there was an old woman in the house, who had herself been ill, but that he supposed she had got well and taken herself off."

At this intimation they repaired to the garrets, where they found the old woman, the companion of all his movements, associate of all his journeys, stretched out lifeless on the floor, with no better couch than a mere rug.

And yet this man was an indulgent landlord, under whom his tenants lived easily, only that when their dwellings needed repairs they must make them at their own expense. Not a shilling would he lay out, though by such ill-timed parsimony he often ran the risk of his property falling into utter ruin. If the tenant preferred going to some expense rather than remove, or see his abode tumble about his ears, well and good; if not, things must take their course: for as he never would even patch up any apartment where he had set up his staff, it could hardly be expected that he would concede to others the indulgences he denied to himself.

Who could believe of such a man that he was an earnest and upright magistrate, and when sitting on the Berkshire bench, distinguished himself no less by his zeal than by his intelligence. Yet such was the fact. And still more will the reader be surprized to find him figuring as a member of the House of Commons. On the dissolution of Parliament there was a considerable party ferment in Berkshire, to end which Lord Craven presented Mr. Elwes, upon an agreement between them that he should be brought in by the freeholders without any expense to himself. All the cost that he incurred was by dining once at the ordinary at Abingdon, so that he literally got into Parliament for the sum of eighteenpence.

Upon being thus exalted to a place in the legislature,

he again took up his abode at Marcham, and finding his time would be too much occupied for field sports, he gave away his dogs to certain farmers in the neighbourhood. At this period he was still in full possession of all his youthful activity; and preparatory to his appearance in Saint Stephen's Chapel, he used to attend constantly, during the races and other public meetings, all the great towns where his voters resided. At the different assemblies he would dance amongst the youngest to the last, after riding over on horseback, and frequently in the rain, to the place of meeting, his shoes in his boots, and his bag-wig in his pocket. At this time he was sixty years of age.

Though vanity could not in general be objected to Mr. Elwes, yet it appears that he was not a little proud of his parliamentary exaltation, though it made no difference in the general wretchedness of his attire. The only change in this respect was that he indulged himself in a particular suit for the Speaker's dinners, which served for all such occasions. The same, too, he wore at the table of the minister and the table of the opposition, so that the wits of the minority used to say, "that they had full as much reason as the minister to be satisfied with Mr. Elwes, as he had the *same habit* with every body." Still, with all his eccentricities, or, to give them a truer name, his vices of avarice, he was one of the most conscientious and independent members in the House. Wishing for no post, desirous of no rank, he was liable to none of those temptations which usually beset the people's representatives, and too often make them false to their engagements. What could

a minister offer to such a man, who would only have been embarrassed by office or dignities, since they would have taken him away from the privacy he so much delighted in. As an instance of this, he was unhappy for some days from hearing that Lord North intended to make a peer of him. "I really believe," says his biographer, "had such an honour fallen unexpectedly on his head, it would have been his death. He never could have survived the being obliged to keep a carriage, and three or four servants, all perhaps better dressed than himself."

Though in the early part of his parliamentary career he mostly voted for Lord North, yet he never scrupled to join the opposition when the measures of the minister went against his conscience. Hence many members of the opposition looked upon him as a man "off and on," or. as they styled him, "a parliamentary coquette."

In three successive parliaments Mr. Elwes was elected for Berkshire Upon the fourth dissolution of parliament, factions ran high amongst his former constituency, and re-election without a contest was not to be hoped for; but a contest would have cost money, and to such a waste of money the old man could not bring himself, although there was every chance of his being successful, so high was the general opinion of his parliamentary honour and independence. Thus terminated John Elwes's parliamentary career.

I now come to the third and last phase in the life of this singular individual. By this time he had lost much of the energy that had distinguished his green old age. He was no longer capable of field-sports, or the other violent

exercises which had once been his delight; while the more sober amusement of parliamentary duties,—for they were an amusement to him,—had been abandoned rather than risk the expense of a contested election. In this absence of everything else to occupy his attention, the master-passion of avarice assumed over him an absolute and undisputed sway. He was fast following in the traces of Sir Hervey, and from the two large fortunes that he possessed, riches rolled in upon him like a torrent. Had he been gifted with that clear and inventive head which knows how to employ as well as to accumulate, his wealth must in the end have been enormous. Unluckily for him, he knew scarcely anything of accounts, and, never reducing his affairs to writing, he was obliged to trust much to memory, and, what was still worse, to the suggestions of others. Hence, every person who had a *want*, or a *scheme* with an apparently high interest—adventurer, or honest, it signified not—all was prey to him; or rather all preyed upon him; for like the pike, he was caught by his own greediness. Topham reckons his losses in this way at no less a sum than a hundred and fifty thousand pounds. Nor was this the only evil arising from his excessive greed. The same appetite for gain made him still a gambler in spite of all his past experience and the desuetude of many years. He had for some time been a member of a card-club at the Mount Coffee-house; and by a constant attendance on this meeting, for a time consoled himself for the loss of his seat in parliament. The play was moderate, and he had thus an opportunity of meeting many of his old acquaintances from the House of Commons.

Moreover, he had the pleasure of enjoying fire and candle light at the general expense, an advantage which he, of all men, knew how to estimate; for, however regardless he might be of creature-comforts when he had to pay for them out of his own pocket, he was fond enough of such indulgencies when they were to be had at the expense of others. Thus he had an admirable taste for French dishes—at the table of another; no man had a better taste for French wines—when they did not come from his own wine-merchant; and he was very nice in his appetite—when he dined from home.

Had he been contented with merely saving, it would have been all very well. But he must needs attempt to acquire, and the instrument he chose to carry out this object was picquet, at which he was, or imagined himself to be, an adept. It was his ill-luck, however, to meet with a gentleman who had the same opinion of his own gambling talents, and, as the result showed, with much reason. After a contest of two days and a night, which Mr. Elwes continued with a perseverance that nothing but the intensest avarice could have inspired, he rose a loser, as it was generally thought, of at least three thousand pounds. It would seem as if this heavy loss sobered his appetite for card-playing. He now wished to revisit Stoke, but was detained in London by the expenses of such a journey, which he could no longer undertake in the cheap way he had hitherto done. All the horses that remained to him were a couple of worn-out brood mares; his old man-of-all-work was dead; and he himself had no longer the bodily vigour which enabled him to

ride sixty or seventy miles on the sustenance of two boiled eggs.

At length he was carried into the country, as he had been carried into parliament, free of expense, and that by a gentleman far inferior to him in wealth; but upon such points Mr Elwes never had the slightest delicacy.

On his retirement from parliament he was about seventy-five years of age, and thenceforward, as I have already remarked, he abandoned himself entirely to his passion, in which he began to equal, if he did not excel, his uncle, Sir Hervey. If a window were broken, a piece of brown paper was to be the substitute; if the roof decayed, to make it sound again was an extravagance not to be thought of. To save fuel, he would try to keep himself warm by pacing up and down an old greenhouse, or, when weary of this exercise, he would sit in the kitchen with his servant. During the harvest, he would glean the corn on the ground of his own tenants, who, by way of gratifying him, would leave more strays than usual, and never did any parish-pauper show himself more eager in the occupation. As the season advanced, his morning employment was to pick up any chips, bones, or other fragments that might help to supply the much-grudged, but indispensable, extravagance of a fire. One day, he was surprised by a neighbouring gentleman in the act of pulling down, with some difficulty, a crow's nest for that purpose. On his friend expressing a wonder that he should give himself so much trouble for so trifling an object, he exclaimed, in all the fervour of avaricious zeal, "Oh, sir, it is really a shame these creatures should

do so; only see what waste they make; they don't care how extravagant they are."

It affords no exception to his general habits of parsimony that he now indulged in the inordinate appetite which he had kept under restraint during the long sittings of parliament. If his voraciousness was great, it was at least gratified at the least possible outlay. To save himself from what he considered the extortions of a butcher, he would have a sheep killed, and go on eating mutton till the whole was consumed, no regard being had to the natural decay of the meat. When he occasionally had his river drawn, at which times cart-loads of fish were often taken, not one would he suffer to be returned to the water, observing that if he did, "he should never see them again." Game in the last state of putrescence, and meat that walked about his plate, he would continue to eat, rather than have any fresh provisions before the old were finished. Nay, he even began to think the luxury of sheets was too extravagant, and repudiated them accordingly. Of his economy with regard to food, and of his perfect indifference as to its quality, there are some instances more revolting, if possible, than even those I have just described. That men in a state of starvation should have recourse to such means for preserving life, no better being at hand, is natural enough; but the tale which excites sympathy in the one case, can only cause disgust in the other. Nature, however, seldom fails to avenge herself when her laws are set at nought. That the constitution both of his mind and body was seriously affected by this continued harsh treatment, became every

day more and more apparent to the few who had not yet wholly deserted him. His temper, hitherto so bland and amiable, began to grow as ragged as his clothes. The first symptom, however, of more immediate decay, was his inability to rest at night. Not unfrequently, he would alarm the house in the witching hour, by loud cries of, "I will keep my money; I will. Nobody shall rob me of my property;"—and when the frightened domestics hurried to their master's rescue, he would start from this fever of anxiety, and as if waking from a troubled dream, hasten back to bed in seeming unconsciousness of what had happened. Can it be, that the sleep of avarice is as terrible as that of murder?

Another proof of his decaying faculties was to be seen in his loss of memory, as well as of judgment or perception. In this enfeebled state it was that one of his kitchen-vestals, at whose fire he was in the habit of warming himself to save the expense of coals elsewhere, contrived to inspire the old miser with a tender passion. He would have married her, so captivated was he by her sympathy when all beside appeared to have deserted him, but happily his friends and relations got notice of this intent in time for its prevention.

Before closing this strange eventful history, I am tempted to relate one or two more anecdotes, which, however trifling in themselves, may yet tend in some degree to elucidate his character. For six weeks previous to his death the old man took to a habit of going to bed in his clothes, as perfectly dressed as during the day; and one morning he was found fast asleep between the blankets,

with his shoes on his feet, his stick in his hand, and an old tattered hat upon his head. Upon this circumstance becoming known, a servant was set to watch and take care that he undressed himself; yet so attached was he to this old habit, that he endeavoured to bribe his guardian; "he would leave him something in his will" if he did not attempt to interfere.

On the 18th of November, 1789, Mr. Elwes discovered signs of that utter prostration of the bodily powers which in eight days carried him to the grave. His appetite was totally gone, and he retained no longer anything beyond a dim sense of what was passing around him. Yet even in this last stage of feebleness, when the shadows of death were deepening fast, a spark of that kindly feeling which had animated him amidst all his parsimony, once again broke forth—his last coherent words were addressed to his son John, and expressed a hope that "he had left him what he wished."

Thus died this martyr to the love of money, when, according to the testimony of Dr. Wall, he might with common indulgence have lived for another twenty years, such was his muscular strength and the natural vigour of his constitution. By his Will, he bequeathed to his illegitimate sons, John and George Elwes, property amounting to nearly five hundred thousand pounds. The entailed estates fell to the son of Lieut.-Colonel Timms, of the 2nd troop of Horse Guards, his grand-nephew, John Timms, Esq., who assumed by royal license, in 1793, the names and arms of Hervey and Elwes.

In this distribution of wealth the only person who could

reasonably complain was his cousin, the heir male of the Elwes family, Sir William Elwes, (the grandson of the first Baronet, Sir Gervase,) who had inherited the barren title without any adequate means for supporting it. He resided in Syon Lane, Isleworth, in narrow circumstances, and died and was buried there in 1778, leaving by his wife, Johanna Rachael Bubulia, three sons, who proved their father's will in 1779, viz., William, his heir; Henry, Colonel of the 22nd Regiment; and Thomas. The eldest, Sir William Elwes, the fourth baronet, died an old bachelor in the same village of Isleworth in 1819, and was succeeded by his nephew (his brother, Colonel Henry's son,) who then became Sir William Henry Elwes, Bart., and was the father of the present head of the family, whose chequered life and whose struggles with the unmerited adversity into which he has been plunged by no fault of his own, form one of the saddest tales I have to recount of family vicissitude. His father's younger brothers were both military men; the elder, Lieutenant Henry John Elwes, of the 7th West India Regiment, died at Nassautown, New Providence, Bahama Islands, 12th September, 1807, in his twenty-first year; and the younger, Lieutenant John Raleigh Elwes, of the 71st Highland Light Infantry, survived only twelve days the wounds he received at Waterloo.

The biography of Henry John Elwes, or, as he is by right, Sir Henry John Elwes, Bart., will occupy a few brief lines only.

His mother, Anne Banatyne, was one of twins, and was brought up with her sister at Maulsley Castle, the seat of

Lord Hyndford, where it appears that Mrs. Nesbit, his lordship's aunt, had them carefully educated. But indeed the greater part of Henry Elwes' maternal relatives seemed, if of the middle class, to have belonged to its upper portions. The son of his maternal grandfather, by a second wife, John Banatyne, inherited the estate of Castle Bank, near Lanark, while this grandfather himself was a Deputy Lieutenant of the county of Lanark, and stood on an intimate footing with the Duke of Hamilton. His mother and sister, too, visited some of the best families in Lanarkshire, such as Lord Annandale's, Mr. Lockhart of Lee's, and Sir William Shaw Stewart's, and were often guests at the house of Mr. Owen of the Cotton Mills, who has since obtained so much notoriety by his benevolent, but singular, plans of socialism. It may seem strange that one so befriended by every circumstance of fortune could ever have fallen into the abject rear. Yet the change followed upon a single unadvised step as naturally as the night follows day. The two sisters were at a sea bathing-place, called Largs, where they mde the acquaintance of Mr. Elwes, at a ball given by the 71st Highland Light Infantry, and to which ball that gentleman accompanied his brother John Raleigh Elwes, with whom he then happened to be on a visit. The former, as his son afterwards described him, was a remarkably handsome man, strongly resembling George the Fourth both in look and size, and had the good fortune to captivate one of the sisters, much to the grief of her friends and relations, who seem to have had a far clearer insight into his character than the lady had.

Married to him, however, the lady was, for when did love listen to reason ?—Married and repented, the repentance following, and lasting long—as long as the poor woman's life—and not only so, but leaving an inheritance of bitterness to her son.

Many were the commissions obtained for the spendthrift by the mediation of his friends; but these were always forfeited by his running into debt, and being thrown into jail. Some slight degree of control was exercised over him by his mother, but now her death removed this last salutary restraint, and left him at full liberty to indulge in his worst passions. Abandoning Mrs. Elwes, he went to live with the wife of a ship's-captain; the result was, that the seaman went mad; so too did the forsaken lady; and strange to say, they both found shelter for a short time in the same lunatic asylum. The sailor, however, contrived to escape from his keepers and drowned himself. The poor lady lived long enough to die in her madness of a broken heart, her sole support during this period being a scanty annuity of thirty-five pounds per annum.

While such were the sufferings of the mother, it may be easily imagined what were the struggles through life of the son, although the future inheritor of a baronetcy. Often was the poor fellow glad to earn a morsel of bread by carrying out coals, until at the age of fourteen, finding he was absolutely without a home, he bound himself to a collier. But the coarseness of his companions gave him a distaste for this kind of life, and after twelvemonths' endurance of what to his previous habits was a martyr-

dom worse than poverty in its worst shape, he abandoned it for ever. At the time, his father was a prisoner for debt in Morpeth jail. He went to see the unhappy man, but, as may reasonably be inferred, with little profit either worldly or otherwise, and he then got a situation as under-boots at the Queen's Head, Morpeth. This was in the year 1826. After many years he quitted this service to become head-waiter at Wood's Cottage, where he remained four years, when, the head-waiter at Morpeth dying, he returned in that capacity to his earliest situation.

At the age of twenty-one he married a respectable young woman, named Matherson, and by her has had a large family, all of whom he has brought up in a way that reflects upon him the highest credit. Of his sons, the eldest, John, is a clerk in the Border Counties railway; the second, Henry Thomas, a civil engineer, died about two years ago; and the third, Robert, is serving the last year of his apprenticeship to a draper at North Shields.

But the day of railways now came on at express speed. The inn at Morpeth lost its attractions for the traveller, and Elwes, therefore, applied for, and obtained the situation of station-master at Longhirst in Northumberland. The salary was only one pound a week, and finding this insufficient for the support of himself and family, he took the house and grass-lands he now occupies, and better times eventually came upon him. The post-master of a neighbouring town (Long Horsley) died, and Sir George Grey, the then Secretary of State, procured for him the vacant situation. This post he has held for about nine years, and, true to the instincts of his gentle birth, has gained, by his

worth and excellent conduct, the good opinion of the clergymen and gentlemen of the county.

On one occasion, they signed and forwarded to Government a memorial in his behalf, with a copy of which I will close this strange, sorrowful, and remarkable story:—

"HENRY ELWES, the son and heir of the late Sir William Elwes, Bart., was known to us when waiter at an Inn in Morpeth, in which capacity he conducted himself, as we believe, with great propriety during many years. He has a wife and six young children; but from the reverses his family have met with, and the total alienation of their property, once very considerable, he has no resources, and no friends or connexions of his own who would assist him. As he has always borne a goood character, and we believe him to be a person of great respectability, we beg to recommend him for some situation which may enable him to earn a maintenance for his family, and afford him the means of educating his children.

(Signed.)

Francis R. Grey,* Rector of Morpeth.
William Lawson, Longhirst.
And. Robt. Fenwick, J.P., Netherton.
Robt. Green, Vicar of Long Horsley.
John Fred. Bigge, Vicar of Stamfordham.
M. W. Bigge, Banker, Newcastle.
W. M. Bigge, Lieut.-Colonel Northumberland Militia.
Charles Wm. Orde, J.P., Nunnykirk, Morpeth."

* The Hon. and Rev. Francis Grey, brother of Earl Grey, and brother-in-law of the Earl of Carlisle.

John Mytton of Halston.

"——— Herein Fortune shews herself more kind
Than is her custom; it is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty: from which lingering penance
Of such a misery doth she cut me off."

SHAKESPEARE.

THE extravagant fellows of a family have done more to overturn ancient houses than all the other causes put together, and no case could be more in point to establish the fact than the story of the unfortunate reckless man of whose sad history I am about to give a brief outline.

Shropshire stands high amongst our aristocratic counties: "the proud Salopians" are almost as exclusive as the German noblesse, and to be classed amongst their grandees is no mean distinction: the landed properties are very extensive, and their owners men of long-derived lineage.

Among these and in the first rank stood for centuries the MYTTONS OF HALSTON, representing, in the days of the Plantaganets, the borough of Shrewsbury in Parliament, and filling the office of High Sheriff of Shropshire

at a very remote period. So far back as 1480, Thomas Mytton, when holding that appointment, was the fortunate captor of Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, whom he conducted to Salisbury, for trial and decapitation; and in requital, Richard III. bestowed on "his trusty and well-beloved Squire, Thomas Mytton," the Duke's forfeited Castle and Lordship of Cawes.

Intermarriges with heiresses added greatly to the riches of the race. Reginald de Mytton, M.P. for Shrewsbury in 1373, won the well-portioned daughter of Sir Hamo Vaughan, Lord of West Tilbury, in Essex, and his son Thomas, the heiress of William Burley, of Malehurst, whose mother and grandmother were also themselves heiresses; but the grand alliance which brought broad lands and Royal blood to the subsequent Myttons was the marriage of Thomas Mytton, Esq., M.P. for Shrewsbury in 1472 (the only son of the heiress of Burley), with Eleanor, daughter and co-heiress of Sir John De Burgh, Knight, Lord of Mowddwy, in Merioneth, the son of Sir Hugh de Burgh, Knight, and Elizabeth his wife, sister and heir of Foulk, Lord of Mowddwy, a scion of the princely line of Powys. Through the heiress of De Burgh, the Lordship of Dinas Mowddwy, extending over upwards of 32,000 acres, came to the Myttons.

This Mowddwy, dignified with the name of *Dinas*, or city, still preserves the insignia of its power, the stocks and whipping post, the *veg vaur* or great fetter, the mace and standard measure. It is likewise the capital of an extensive lordship, and its powers over the surrounding district are very important.

As Lord of Mowddwy, Mr. Mytton used to nominate the Mayor, Alderman, Recorder, Magistrates and Attornies of his little Sovereignty. The Mayor tried and punished criminals, and the Recorder (in absence of the Lord) took cognizance of all litigated matters of property not exceeding forty shillings.

Augmented in honour and influence by this advent of Royal Cambrian blood, and this magnificent Cambrian estate, the Myttons continued in increased splendour to ally themselves with the great neighbouring families. Amongst others, with those of Delves of Doddington, Grey of Enville, Greville of Milcote, Corbet of Stoke, and Owen of Condover, and even the younger branches from the parent stem flourished in dignity. A descendant of one of these, Reginald de Mytton of Weston, held a great landed property in Shropshire, which is now in the possession of the Earl of Bradford, and another was the celebrated Sir Peter Mytton, of Lannerch Park, Co. Denbigh, Chief Justice of North Wales, and M.P. for Carnarvon.

Halston, to which the family transferred their seat from their more ancient residences of Cawes Castle and Habberly, is called in ancient deeds "Holystone," and was in early times a preceptory of Knights Templars. The Abbey, taken down about a hundred and fifty years ago, was erected near where the present mansion stands. In the good old times of Halston, before reckless waste had dismantled its halls and levelled its ancestral woods, the oak was seen here in its full majesty of form, and it is related that one particular tree, coeval with many centuries of the family's greatness, was cut down by the spendthrift squire in the year 1826, and contained ten tons of timber.

In the great Civil War, Mytton of Halston was one of the few Shropshire gentlemen who joined the Parliamentary Standard. Displaying in the cause he had espoused the most undaunted bearing, tempered with the greatest humanity, he rose to the rank of Major General, after a series of eminent services, including the capture of Wem, (the first place in Shropshire the Commons possessed,) of Oswestry and of Shrewsbury, of Ruthin and of Conway. In the line of politics he adopted, General Mytton was influenced by his connexion with Sir Thomas Myddleton of Chirk Castle; they married two sisters, and the two brothers-in-law went exactly the same length in opposition to the king, and no further: their hostility was levelled against prerogative, but they never contemplated the prostration of the monarchy, or the death of the sovereign. From this gallant and upright Parliamentarian, the fifth in descent was John Mytton, the eccentric, wasteful, dissipated, openhearted, and openhanded squire of Halston, in whose day, and by whose wanton extravagance and folly, a time-honoured family, and a noble estate, the inheritance of five hundred years, were recklessly destroyed.

John Mytton was born 30th Sept. 1796, the only son of John Mytton, Esq., of Halston, by Harriet his wife, daughter of William Owen, Esq., of Woodhouse. His father died when he was only eighteen months old; and I may here casually notice the singular circumstance, that for several generations the heir to the Halston estate had a long minority. At one time the succession devolved on a great grandson of the previous possessor. John Mytton's minority lasted almost twenty years, and during its con-

tinuance a very large sum of ready money was accumulated, which, added to a landed property of full ten thousand a year, and a pedigree of even Salopian antiquity and distinction, rendered the Squire of Halston one of the first Commoners in England; but a boyhood, unrestrained by proper control, and an education utterly neglected, led to a course of profligacy and eccentricity amounting almost to madness, that marred all these gifts of fortune. Young Mytton commenced by being expelled from both Westminster and Harrow, and, though he was entered on the books of the two Universities, he did not matriculate at either; the only indication he ever gave of an intention to do so was his ordering three pipes of port to be sent to him, addressed "Cambridge." When a mere child, he had been allowed a pack of harriers at Halston, and at the age of ten was as confirmed a scapegrace as ever lived. At nineteen he entered the 7th Hussars, and immediately joined his regiment, then with the army of occupation in France. Fighting was, however, all over; and the young Cornet turned at once to racing and gaming, in which he was a serious loser. His military career was of short duration. In four years he retired from the service, in consequence of his marriage, in 1818, with Harriet Emma, eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt-Jones, Bart., of Stanley Hall.

By this lady, who died in 1820, he had an only child, Harriet, married, in 1841, to Clement, youngest brother of the present Lord Hill. After his wife's decease, the course of extravagance which marked the career of John Mytton has probably no parallel. He would not suffer any one to advise him: his own violent passions and

his own heedless folly were the sole guides of his actions. After heavy liabilities had been incurred, but previously to the disposal of the first property he sold, Mr. Longueville, of Oswestry, his agent, assured Mr. Mytton that if he would content himself for the following six years with an income of £6,000, the fine old Shrewsbury estate—the earliest patrimony of his ancestors—might be saved, and besought him to listen to this warning counsel. "No, no," replied Mytton, "I would not give a straw for life, if it was to be passed on six thousand a-year." The result confirmed Mr. Longueville's apprehensions: the first acre alienated led to the gradual dismemberment of the whole estate; and from this moment may be dated the ruin of the Myttons of Halston.

It is not within my province, nor would it be to my taste, nor, I am sure, to the satisfaction of my reader, to follow step by step the gradual downward progress of this unfortunate man, who, with a heart naturally generous and nobly charitable, with talents only wanting cultivation, and with a spirit that retained to the last the innate character of a gentleman, forfeited all the numerous advantages he was born to, by an unrestrained submission to his passions and by a lavish prodigality, which makes one feel the force of a friend's remark, "that if Mytton had had an income of £200,000, he would have been in debt in five years." Most certain it is, that within the last fifteen years of his life he squandered full half a million sterling, and sold timber—"the old oaks of Halston"—to the amount, it has been stated, of £80,000!

Poor John Mytton found a kindly biographer in the late Mr. Apperley, whose "Life" of his ill-fated friend is

a very remarkable work, written with much of the graphic force and animation of style that have made Nimrod's pen so popular. To that volume, more appropriately than to this, the characteristic anecdotes of Mr. Mytton's sporting and gambling career belong, and the curious reader will meet with much to amuse and much to sadden him in the pages of those Memoirs. The coloured prints are quite curiosities in their way. One of the first gives a view of Halston, with its glorious plantations, and its noble sheet of water, through which, as the shortest cut, its eccentric owner is riding home; another illustrates Mytton's wild duck shooting: "He would sometimes," says Nimrod, "strip to his shirt to follow wild fowl in hard weather, and once actually laid himself down on the snow only to await their arrival at dusk. On one occasion, he outheroded Herod, for he followed some ducks *in puris naturalibus*—and escaped with perfect impunity." A third illustration commemorates a singular practical joke of the frolic-loving Squire. One evening, the clergyman and doctor, who had dined at Halston, left to return on horseback. Their host, having disguised himself in a countryman's frock and hat, succeeded, by riding across the park, to confront them, when, in true highwayman voice, he called out "stand and deliver," and before a reply could be given, fired off his pistol, which had, of course, only a blank cartridge. The affrighted gentlemen, Mytton used to say, never rode half so fast in their lives before, as when, with him at their heels, they fled that night to Oswestry.

Another of the prints exhibits Mr. Mytton, in hunting costume, entering his drawing-room, full of company,

mounted on a bear; and another exemplifies the old saying, "Light come, light go." Mytton travelling in his carriage, on a stormy night, from Doncaster, fell asleep while counting the money he had won: the windows were down, and a great many of the bank-notes were blown away and lost. The reckless gambler used often to tell the story as an amusing reminiscence.

One of the illustrations represents a scene which is scarcely credible: a scene in which Mytton is depicted with his shirt in flames. "Did you ever hear," enquires Nimrod, "of a man setting fire to his own shirt to frighten away the hiccup? Such, however, was done, and this was the manner in which it was performed:—'Oh! this horrid hiccup!' said Mytton, as he stood undressed on the floor, apparently in the act of getting into bed; 'but I'll frighten it away;' so seizing a lighted candle, he applied it to the tail of his shirt, and, it being a cotton one, he was instantly enveloped in flames." His life was only saved by the active exertions of two persons who chanced to be in the room.

There is one picture wanting, to point the moral of this miserable history—a view of the wretched room in the King's Bench Prison where this ruined lord of wasted thousands died.

I had nearly forgotten to mention Mr. Mytton's second marriage with Miss Giffard of Chillington, a marriage of much misery to the lady, which ended in a separation. But the crisis in the spendthrift's fate was now impending. The "Times" one morning published an advertisement of the sale of all the effects at Halston, in Shropshire; and very shortly after, Mr. Mytton fled to the Continent, to

escape his creditors. "On the 5th of November, 1831," says Nimrod, "during my residence in the town of Calais, I was surprised by a violent knocking at my door, and so unlike what I had ever heard before in that quiet town, that, being at hand, I was induced to open the door myself, when, to my no little astonishment, there stood John Mytton! 'In God's name,' said I, 'what has brought you to France?' 'Why,' he replied, '*just what brought yourself to France*'—(parodying the old song)—'three couple of bailiffs were hard at my brush.' But what did I see before me? The active, vigorous, well-shapen John Mytton, whom I had left some years back in Shropshire? Oh, no! compared with him, 'twas the 'reed shaken by the wind;' there stood before me a round-shouldered, decrepit, tottering, *old-young* man, if I may be allowed such a term, and so bloated by drink! But there was a worse sight than this—there was a mind as well as a body in ruins; the one had partaken of the injury done to the other, and it was at once apparent that the whole was a wreck. In fact, he was a melancholy spectacle of fallen man."

I will not pain myself or my reader with a recital of the scenes of suffering which followed, but hasten to the last act in this mournful drama of real life. Arrested for a paltry debt, he was thrown into prison in France. "I once more," writes Nimrod, "was pained by seeing my friend looking through the bars of a French prison window. Here he was suffered to remain for fourteen days; on the thirteenth day I thought it my duty to inform his mother of his situation, and in four days from the date of my letter she was in Calais." After a while, Mytton returned

to England, but only to a prison and a grave. The representative of one of the most ancient families of his county, at one time M.P. for Shrewsbury, and High Sheriff for Shropshire and Merioneth, the inheritor of Halston and Mowddwy, and almost countless acres, the most popular sportsman of England, died within the walls of the King's Bench Prison, at the age of thirty-eight, deserted and neglected by all, save a few faithful friends and a devoted mother, who stood by his death-bed to the last.

The announcement of the event produced a profound impression in Shropshire; the people, within many miles of his home, were deeply affected; the degradation of his later years, the faults and follies of his wretched life, all were forgotten; the generosity, the tenderness of heart, the manly tastes of poor John Mytton, his sporting popularity, and his very mad frolics, were recalled with affectionate sympathy. The funeral of the last Mytton at Halston, unprecedented in its display, will long be remembered. Three thousand persons attended it, and some of the first county gentlemen assembled to join in the *cortège*. A local paper thus chronicled the ceremonial:—

"A hearse with four horses (driven by an attached servant of the deceased), a mourning coach-and-four, and another carriage, formed the melancholy cavalcade through Shrewsbury. On the road to Oswestry, every mark of respect was paid; and at the Queen's Head the corpse was met by a detachment of the North Shropshire Cavalry (of which regiment the deceased was Major), who escorted them to the vault in the chapel of Halston, where the remains were deposited at three o'clock on Wednesday

afternoon. The procession was exceedingly well arranged, under the direction of Mr. Dunn, of London, assisted by Messrs. Hanmer and Gittins, of this town, and entered the domain of Halston in the following order:

Four Trumpeters of the North Shropshire Cavalry.
Captain Croxon and Captain Jones.
Thirty-two Members of the Cavalry.
A Standard of the Regiment, covered with crape.
Forty-two Members of the Cavalry.
Adjutant Shirley and Cornet Nicolls.
Mr. Dunn (undertaker) and Mr. Gittins.
Two Mutes.
Carriage of the Revds. W. Jones and J. D. Pigott.
Two Mourning Coaches-and-Four, with the
Pall Bearers.

Hon. F. Kenyon. A. W. Corbett, Esq.
R. A. Slaney, Esq., M.P. J. R. Kynaston, Esq.
J. C. Pelham, Esq. Revd. H. C. Cotton.

The Hearse, drawn by Four Horses, with
THE BODY,
In a Coffin covered with Black Velvet, with massive handles, richly ornamented, the Plate inscribed
'JOHN MYTTON, Esq., of Halston,
Born 30th of Sept. 1796,
Died 29th of March, 1834.'
(The Hearse was driven by Mr. Bowyer, the Deceased's Coachman, who, with Mr. M'Dougal, another Servant, Attended him in his last moments).
Mourning Coach with two Mourners, the Revd. E. H. Owen (Deceased's Uncle), and the Hon. and Rev. R. Noel Hill.

Mrs. Mytton's Carriage.

Lady Kynaston's Carriage, with Mr. W. H. Griffiths and Mr. Cooper.

Carriage of A. W. Corbett, Esq.

Carriage of the Rev. Sir Edward Kynaston, Bart.

Carriage of the Rev. E. H. Owen.

Carriage-and-Four of the Hon. Thomas Kenyon;

J. Beck, Esq., in his Carriage.

Dr. Cockerill and Lieutenant Tudor, in Carriage.

Carriage of T. N. Parker, Esq.

Carriage of W. Ormsby Gore, Esq., M.P.

Carriage of the Viscountess Avonmore.

Several Cars, &c., with Friends.

Mr. Broughall, Agent.

"About one hundred of the Tenantry, Tradesmen, and Friends on horseback, closed the procession.

"Among these were Messrs. Longueville, Cartwright, Bolas, Hughes, J. Howell, S. Windsor, J. Williams, Morris Griffiths, Venables, D. Thomas, W. Francis, R. Edwards, Farr, Blandford, Rogers, Davies, &c. &c.

"The Mutes were old men, brothers John and Edward Niccolas, of Whittington; the latter was mute at the funeral of the deceased's grandfather; John was mute at the grandfather's funeral, the father's funeral, and at that of Mr. Mytton.

"A mourning peal was rung at Oswestry, and the bells of Shrewsbury, Ellesmere, Whittington, Halston, &c. tolled during the day. The number of spectators was immense, and the road along which the procession slowly moved was bedewed with the tears of thousands who wished to have a last glance. Everything was con-

ducted with the greatest order; but there was a great rush to enter the chapel on the body being taken out of the hearse. The body was placed on a shelf in the family vault, under the Communion-table of Halston Chapel, surrounded by the coffins of twelve of his relatives."

The magnificent Lordship of Dinas Mowddwy, with its 32,000 acres—originally an appanage of the dynasty of Powys—inherited through twelve generations from a co-heiress of the Royal Lineage of Powys Wenwynwyn, had been bartered, it is alleged, in adjustment of a balance on turf and gambling transactions.

It became eventually the property of Mr. Bird of Manchester, and from him, in 1856, it passed to the present owner. All other family property Mr. Mytton sold, with the exception of a portion, Halston, that was entailed on his eldest son and namesake, by whom it was in a few years alienated. Mr. Mytton, junr., disposed of it to the late Edmund Wright, Esq., of Mauldeth Hall, the then head of the very respectable and wealthy mercantile firm of Wright and Lee of Manchester. Mr. Wright bought this last place of the Myttons for some £60,000, as a gift to his son, who is now in possession, and is the present Edmund Wright, Esq., of Halston Park. The career of the purchaser, Mr. Wright, senior, strongly contrasted with that of the unfortunate Myttons. While they, the lords of thousands, were spending, he was making and amassing; and he died enormously rich. His partner, and present head of the firm, now styled Lee and Co., is another instance of how, in this country, the spendthrift's tale may be ever met by that of wealth nobly won and enjoyed. The gentleman alluded to, Daniel Lee, Esq. of Springfield, near

Manchester, has achieved a high and popular position, not in business only, but in private life, where his hospitality and munificence show him to be truly worthy of his well-earned prosperity.

The story of John Mytton is not without its use and its moral: a warning to the extravagant, and a lesson to the profligate. It tells too of the instability of all human things. A family far more ancient, and apparently as vigorous as the grand old oaks that once were the pride of Halston was destroyed, after centuries of honourable and historic eminence, by the mad follies of one man in the brief space of eighteen years!

What a sad conclusion to the history of a very distinguished race, memorable in the days of the Plantagenets, and renowned in the great Civil War, is the following notice taken from "the Times" of Wednesday, 2nd of April, 1834.

"On Monday an inquest was held in the Bench Prison, on the body of John Mytton, Esq., who died there on the preceding Saturday. The deceased inherited considerable estates in the Counties of Salop and Merioneth, for both of which he served the office of High Sheriff; and sometime represented the borough of Shrewsbury in Parliament. His munificence and eccentric gaieties obtained him great notoriety in the sporting and gay circles, both in England and on the continent. Two medical attendants stated that the immediate cause of his death was disease of the brain, (delirium tremens,) brought on by the excessive use of spirituous liquors. The deceased was in his 38th year. Verdict—'Natural Death.'"

The O'Donells in Exile.

By foreign hands, thy dying eyes were closed;
By foreign hands, thy decent limbs composed;
By foreign hands, thy distant grave adorn'd;
By strangers honor'd, and by strangers mourn'd.

POPE.

THE most dangerous antagonist the English government ever had to contend with in Ireland—Hugh Roe O'Donell—was confined in the very Tower of the Castle of Dublin in which these lines are now written. This enterprising chieftain was the son of Hugh, Prince of Tyrconnell; his mother, "dark Ina," (*Inneen Dhu,*) of the great dynastic house of the Mac Donells of the Isles, was no degenerate descendant of a race remarkable for their indomitable energy.

Hugh Roe was born in the year 1571. In early life he displayed not only considerable genius and independence of spirit, but he made these qualities prized among his clansmen and countrymen, by the noble generosity of his manners, and the matchless symmetry of his form.

In former times, the O'Donells of Tyrconnel and the O'Neills of Tyrone were often addressed by the English

monarch as his equals, and aid against foreign foes was more than once asked of them, as peers in royalty, by English monarchs.

In 1244, Henry the Third, King of England, solicited help by a letter, still on record, addressed, "Donaldo Regi de Tirconell;" and some of the successors of the puissant Henry of England, and the scarcely less proud King Donell of Tyrconnell, interchanged these royal courtesies as peers in degree. It was not unnatural that the high-spirited young Hugh should desire to substantiate an independence so often and so distinctly recognized. He made no secret of his intentions, which were soon the theme of conversation throughout Ireland, and which, reaching the ears of the Lord Justice, alarmed in no light measure the royal council in Dublin Castle. Sir John Perrott, then at the head of the Anglo-Irish government, instead of courting the haughty young chieftain with honours and favour, framed a plot to seize him, which, though successful at the time, conduced eventually to render implacable the proud and injured youth.

In the year 1587, a ship, laden with Spanish wines, was fitted out and dispatched to one of the harbours of Tyrconnell. The vessel, with this well-chosen freight, cast anchor in Lough Swilly, near the castle of Dun-donnell. The captain, disguised as a Spaniard, proposed to trade with the wardens of the stronghold; they bought and made merry; the septs of the O'Donells, their fierce feudatories the MacSweenys, the O'Dohertys, in short, all the region around dealt with the crafty merchant. As was expected, the young prince of the country, then aged

sixteen, arrived with his train at the neighbouring castle of MacSweeny, who sent the captain notice of the arrival of his distinguished guest, and a request for some of his choicest wines. The captain replied, that his store for sale was exhausted; but that, if the young prince would come on board, he should share in some choice sack, destined as a present for the lord deputy. The unsuspicious young Irishman accepted; he and his followers drank as was the rude usage of even times more recent in his country. Their arms were removed; the hatches were closed down in the silent darkness of the night; the ship sprang her anchor, glided over the dark midnight waters of Lough Swilly, and when morning broke, was clear of the Lough, upon the open sea, on her way to Dublin. Thus was this notable scheme carried out, with success, indeed, for the time; but assuredly it contributed not a little to envenom the hostility to the English government in Ireland. During the three subsequent years of his imprisonment, in this very Tower where I write, the high-hearted boy grew into manhood, chafing wildly of the open hills that he was heir to, and ranklingly nurtured that mixture of fiercely vengeful and patriotic spirit which, from the moment of his definitive escape, three years later, made him, down to the hour of his death, a foe so implacable of the English name.

A fiery and impatient prisoner was he: in 1591, he managed to elude his keepers; but was betrayed again by a chief of the O'Tooles, in whose neighbouring mountain fastnesses he had hoped to find a friendly and safe asylum. Led back again a captive, though kept under stricter ward,

again he broke away from his bondage, and, travelling in the bleak wintry season, right on over the high and desolate hills of Wicklow, reached, with many difficulties, the fastnesses of Glenmalur, the residence of the famous Fiach mac Hugh O'Byrne. Hence the youth found means to pass into Tyrconnell, where, his aged father resigning in his favour, he was proclaimed by the tribes chief of his name, and the white wand, the simple sceptre of his sway, was placed in his hands, with solemn and time-honoured rites, by the Coarb of Kilmacrinan.

For the sixteen years following he was the scourge and terror of the Government. He kept his mountain territory of Donegal, in spite of Elizabeth's best generals; carried his excursions to the remotest parts of Munster, and made his power dreaded, and his name a word of terror, even in the rich plains of Meath, and to where the Shannon blends its waters with the Atlantic.

At last, the only military fault he was ever known to commit led to his total rout at Kinsale, in the early spring of 1601, by Lord Mountjoy, one of the ablest generals, and perhaps the wisest statesman ever sent by England to Ireland.

Hugh Roe, Prince of Tyrconnell, this bold and ill-fated chieftain, was the first exile of the O'Donells.

After the defeat of the Irish, and the inefficient force of their Spanish allies at Kinsale, he was so chafed with wrath and anxiety at the helpless condition of his cause, that for three days and nights, his native biographer informs us, "he could not sleep nor rest soundly." After that space, and after consultation with O'Neill, the asso-

ciate of his disaster, he resolved to sail for Spain to crave further succours of Philip III. In the known religious sympathies of the Spanish King, the exile set his trust; and, as the annalists quaintly tell us, "moreover, on account of that monarch's love for the Gaels, from their having primally come out of Spain to invade Ireland, as is manifest in the Book of Invasions."

To accompany him on this journey, he selected Redmond Burke, Captain Hugh Mostyn, and his Confessor the learned Flaheri O'Mulconry, who was afterwards Catholic Archbishop of Tuam, besides some of his own faithful people, clansmen of the Kinel-Conall.

"When this resolution was made public, piteous it was, and mournful to hear the loud clapping of hands, the impassioned tearful moaning and the loud wail of lamentation that swelled throughout the camp of O'Donell—and cause they had for this sorrow, if they but knew it—for never again did they behold as ruler over them, him who was then their ruler and earthly prince in the island of Erin."

On the 6th of January, 1602, O'Donell, with his brave companions, took shipping at Castlehaven, near Bantry; and on the 14th of the same month, he landed at Corunna, where he was nobly received by the Conde de Caraçeña, then Governor of Galicia, who invited him to lodge in his house. I learn from a private letter, written to Ireland on the 4th of February from Corunna, and printed in the Pacata Hibernia, that, "On the 27th of January O'Donell left Corunna, attended by many captaines and gentlemen of qualitie, and accompanied by the 'Earle' [of Caraçeña],

who evermore gave O'Donell the right hand, which, within his government, he would not have done to the greatest duke in Spaine; and at his departure he presented O'Donell with one thousand duckets, and that night the Irish Prince lay at Santa Lucia, the Earle of Caraçeña being returned; the next day he went to St. James of Compostella, where he was received with magnificence by the prelates, citizens, and religious persons, and his lodging was made ready for him at Saint Martins. The king, understanding of O'Donell's arrival, wrote unto the Earle of Caraçeña concerning the reception of him and the affairs of Ireland, which was one of the most gracious letters that ever king directed, for by it, it plainely appeared that hee would endanger his kingdome to succour the Catholikes of Ireland to their content, and not faile therein, for the perfecting whereof great preparations were in hand. O'Donell carried with him to the court, Redmond Burke, Father Florence, Captain Mostyn, and nine gentlemen more, where they were nobly received." "The Four Masters" record faithfully the princely welcome King Philip gave to the Royal exile. After a brief sojourn at Court, O'Donell was desired by the Spanish Monarch to go back and rest at Corunna till preparations were ready for his return to Ireland. At Corunna he remained until the month of August following. During these weary six months of waiting, the annalists tell us, as we might indeed imagine, how, "It was anguish of heart and sickness of mind to O'Donell, that the Irish should remain so long without being aided or relieved by him; and deeming the delay too long, in assembling the army that had been promised him, he pre-

pared again to go before the king," to know what caused the delay.—"When he arrived at Simancas, two leagues from the Court which was sojourning at Valladolid, God permitted, and the misfortune, ill fate, wretchedness, and curse attending upon the island of Heremon and the Irish of fair Banba in general, would have it that O'Donell should take his death sickness, and after he had lain seventeen days, he died on the 10th of September in the house which the king of Spain had in that town of Simancas.

"His body," continue the simple-minded annalists, "was conveyed to the king's palace at Valladolid in a four-wheeled hearse, surrounded by countless numbers of the king's officers of state, council and guards, with luminous torches and bright flambeaux of fair wax-light burning on each side of him. He was afterwards buried in the monastry of St. Francis, in the Chapter, with veneration and honour, and in the most solemn manner that any of the Gaels had ever been buried."

And here the sorrowing annalists break out into a wail of wild pathetic eulogy: "Alas! the early eclipse of him who died here was mournful to many, for he was the head of conference and counsel of advice and consultation of the majority of the Irish, in peace as well as in war. A mighty and bounteous lord, with the authority of a prince to enforce the law, he was a lion in strength and force, with courage and stoutheartedness in deed and word, a Cæsar in command, so that none durst disobey him, exacting vigorous and prompt fulfillment of his commands; yet a dove in meekness and gentleness to bards, and churchmen,

and the learned, and all that had not incurred his displeasure, and who submitted to his authority; a man that struck all far and wide with the terror of his name, and that none could terrify; a lord, the expeller of rebels, the destroyer of robbers, the exalter of the sons of life, the extirpater of the sons of death, one that never brooked insult or injury offered without swift vengeance and atonement; a determined, fierce, and bold invader of districts; a warlike predatory and fighting plunderer of distant territories; the vehement, vigorous, stern and irresistible destroyer of his opponents, English and Irish; one that never in his life failed to do what was meet for a prince; a sweet sounding trumpet endowed with the gifts of eloquence and address, of judgment and counsel, and with an expression of amiability in his face that captivated every beholder."

The death of O'Donell seems to have struck the native Irish with dismay and hopelessness, "their characteristics," say their native Four Masters, writing within about twenty years from the time of Hugh's death, "and very dispositions were altered; for their bravery was changed to cowardice, and their magnanimity to weakness, their pride to servility, their success, valour, prowess, heroism, exultation and military glory, vanished after his death. They despaired of relief, so that the most of them were driven to seek aid and refuge from the foe and the stranger, while others were scattered and dispersed, not only throughout Ireland, but throughout foreign lands, poor, needy, helpless paupers; and others were offering themselves for hire as soldiers to foreigners; so that countless numbers of the freeborn

nobles of Ireland were slain in distant foreign lands, and were buried in strange places and unhereditary churches in consequence of the death of this one man who departed from them."

This celebrated Irishman was never married; and was consequently succeeded in his dignity by his next brother, Rory, who soon after making his submission to the government of King James the First, received with the title of an Earl part of the vast territory of Tyrconell, over which his forefathers for above eleven centuries had exercised sovereign sway.

He soon, with reason or not, suspected the government of plotting his ruin, and fled to the continent for safety, perhaps for succour.*

He bore with him his only son, Hugh, then aged but eleven months. With them fled the Earl's brother, Cathbar, together with his only son, Hugh, aged about two years and a half, and Cathbar's young wife, the sister of the chivalrous Sir Cahir O'Doherty chief of Innishowen. With them too fled their sister, the Lady Nuala O'Donell, wife of her valiant but turbulent kinsman, Sir Niall garbh O'Donell, who, after refusing from the government the title of Baron of Lifford, died in the Tower of London, having lain there for a quarter of a century, a state prisoner of the government in whose service he had often

* Macaulay affirms that Earl Rory fled to the court of Madrid; but this was not the fact. The fugitive never set foot on the soil of Spain. He landed in France, proceeded to Brussels, and thence through Germany to Rome, where he died in the first year of his foreign sojourn.

risked life and honour against the cause of his tribe and his co-religionists.

Besides these there went forth several principal gentlemen of the same lineage, some of the leading feudatories of the chieftain's house, and some of the hereditary officers of his little court. Together with them, and for the same reasons, fled the chieftain of the once Royal line of O'Neill, and several of his noble adherents of the old lordly families of the North. "Would to God," exclaim mournfully the Four Masters, as they record this event, "that they might have dwelt in the inheritance of their fathers until their offspring had grown to manhood! Woe to the heart that meditated! woe to the mind that planned! woe to the counsel that decided the project which led to the company that went forth on this voyage! since there was no likelihood that they might ever, to the world's end, come back in safety to the principalities that had been delivered down to them, to the inheritance of their fathers."

The illustrious refugees, whose departure is thus mournfully chronicled, debarked in France, and passed thence to the Court of Brussels, where the Archduke Governor, and his consort the Infanta Isabella, received them with much compassion. From the Low Countries the unhappy wanderers continued their pilgrimage towards Rome, receiving everywhere from Catholic princes and churchmen the honours and expressions of sympathy considered to be due to their condition, their misfortunes and their cause. At Rome, Pope Paul the Fifth, the founder of the princely house of Borghese, welcomed the exiles with paternal affection.

It is more than probable that these banished princes hoped to obtain from the Pontiff exhortations at least to the Catholic Sovereigns to intervene with the English Government in favour of themselves, and of toleration for their creed; but the Pope's efforts, whatever they were, had little result beyond the limits of the Roman Court. Disenchantment of his dreams, or despair for his native land and tribe, rapidly bore down the generous Tyrconnell. In the course of the ensuing summer, the gallant chieftain died at Rome, broken-hearted, in the prime of his days, aged only thirty-three years; and beneath a simple slab of white marble, in front of the high altar of St. Peter's, in Montorio, above which was enthroned, then, and for nearly two hundred years after, the greatest and last of Raphael's works, his divine Transfiguration, lies entombed all that was mortal of the last princely O'Donell that had actually reigned over Tyrconnell.

His brother, Cathbar, though in the flower of life, being only in his twenty-fifth year, survived him but for a few brief weeks. Sorrow and disappointment had done their work upon his genial Irish heart too. In the early autumn the pilgrims might be seen once more approaching in procession the fresh grave, and depositing therein Cathbar's mortal spoils, amidst sobs that had a long echo among the widowed hills and broken tribes of his native Tyrconnell.

From the hour of their flight the power of the O'Donells that had endured so long was crushed in Ireland. The plantation of Ulster was devised and carried out; and the lands of the kingly O'Donells and O'Neills, and the

broad heritable domains of their feudatories, were declared forfeited to the Crown. Around them gathered a brood of "young eaglets" from England and Scotland; and upon the vast lands of the O'Donells, whose principality of Tyrconnell alone, without reckoning the adjoining territories over which these princes claimed and exercised an ancient superiority, comprised, as we learn from the Ordnance Survey, more than one million, one hundred and sixty-five thousand acres, many a thrifty Scot and enterprising English younger son's posterity has grown to time-honoured wealth, and blossomed into fresh honours.

Earl Rory, we have seen, left an only and infant son, named Hugh, subsequently Hugh Albert, or Albert Hugh. He lived in Spain and the Low Countries, and styles himself, in existing documents, of almost regal character, Earl of Tyrconnell and Donegal, Baron of Lifford, Lord of Sligo and Lower Connaught, and Knight Commander of the Order of Alcantara. He rose to be a general in the Spanish service, married the daughter of a Knight of the Golden Fleece, of a now extinct house in the Low Countries, hardly second at that time to any subject family on the Continent, Anna Margaret, daughter of Maximilian de Hennin, Count de Bossut, and a near kinswoman of the last eccentric Duke of Guise.

When Earl Rory died, this only son was aged about two years and a half. For some few years I lose sight of both him and his cousin german, Hugh, son of Cathbar; but in all probability they were confided to the charge of Cathbar's youtful widow, the Lady Rose O'Doherty, who married secondly Owen Roe O'Neill, the famous general of

the confederate Catholics, in the war against the Parliamentarians. It may be presumed that she brought back these children from Rome to the Archducal Court at Brussels; for from the "Livre des Depenses de l'Archiduc Albert," Governor of the Low Countries, which is preserved in MS., and which extends over the years between 1612 and 1618, I learn that from 1615 the "Conde de Tyrconnell" and Don Hugo O'Donell were in the receipt of a modest pension from his Imperial Highness. As both boys were called Hugh, there was added to the name of him who was chief of his house that of the Archduke his protector, who was in all likelihood his godfather in confirmation; and henceforward this Hugh is equally styled Hugh-Albert or Albert-Hugh. About this time he was attached as page to the Court of the Infanta Isabella, the consort of Archduke Albert.

That the two young O'Donells were brought up at the University of Louvaine is clear, from the authority of Vernulæus, who, in his Academia Lovaniensis, enumerates among the men of distinction that were educated in that celebrated school, "Albert Hugh O'Donell, Earl of Tyrconnell, Baron of Lifford, Lord of Lower Connaught, of the ancient stock of the Kings of Ireland; and Hugh O'Donell, paternal cousin german of the aforesaid Albert, died a captain during the siege of Breda."

The Irish naturally cherished a generous memory of this heir of one of their most famous chieftains. The court of Spain was fully alive to the political importance of the exile. Even at the cautious Roman Court there appears to have been some that partook in a measure of

the illusions of the native Irish, that the exiled O'Donells and O'Neills might one day be placed by circumstances in a position to renew the stern struggle for their faith and lands, in which fate had declared against their fathers. In 1641, when the Irish rose in arms to oppose the Parliamentarians, many an anxious eye was turned towards Albert Hugh, the banished heir of Tyrconnell, who was then a Spanish general of reputation. His military rank and experience, his undoubted claim to the position of chief, though not senior of his clan, the popular belief that he was alluded to in the "old rhyming prophecies," which for ages had such a strong hold upon the Celtic imagination, and even still are not forgotten—all contributed to make some of the ablest of his countrymen look anxiously for his return to his native land. He seems, indeed, to have craved permission of the Spanish court to place himself at the service of his country; but owing to the war with France, in which he was employed, this permission was refused; and he died, or, as some say, was drowned in 1642, the year following that in which his country had again taken up arms.

A most romantic tale is told of the sister of Hugh-Albert.

The Abbé Macgeoghegan, who wrote more than a century after, gives the young lady's own story, as related in a pamphlet which he refers to, as printed in Brussels, in 1627, in Spanish, and reprinted in Paris, in French, in the next year. His statement is as follows: "When Earl Rory fled abroad, his Countess was enceinte: she sought to follow her husband into foreign lands, but was

prevented by the Viceroy, who sent her under sure escort to England, where she brought forth a daughter, baptized by the name of Mary. The King was informed of the circumstance, and, though he had persecuted the father, he took this infant under his protection, and commanded that she should be called Mary Stuart, instead of Mary O'Donell.

When Earl Rory died in Rome, his widow obtained leave to return to Ireland with her daughter, into whose mind she instilled the principles of a strict Catholic, reminding her of her father's sufferings for that faith. At twelve years of age, Lady Mary was recalled to England by her grandmother, the old Countess of Kildare, who was a daughter of the renowned Lord Howard of Effingham. She was presented to the King, who assigned her a dowry; and the old Countess of Kildare, who was very rich, declared she should be her heir. Thus, the protection of the monarch, her own illustrious birth, and a brilliant fortune, all combined to make her hand sought by many lords of the first distinction in England. One in particular of her most assiduous suitors, a very wealthy nobleman, had won the favour of her grandmother, the old Countess of Kildare, but the young lady would not marry a Protestant. The old Countess pressed his suit with her; and this occurring just at the moment when Sir Cahir O'Doherty, a great feudatory of her house, had risen in arms, and when many leading Irish persons, her kinsmen, had been arrested, made her additionally nervous about her own fate. These prisoners, who were brought to England, contrived to elude their gaolers, and reached Flanders. She was

suspected of complicity. A nobleman of the Court advised her to change her religion in order to avoid suspicion, and to marry some Protestant person of distinction, who might serve as her protector, insinuating that nothing else would satisfy the King and Lady Kildare her grandmother. In fine, she was summoned to give an account of her conduct before the council.

In this conjuncture, confiding her secret to a valet, whose fidelity and discretion she knew, Lady Mary O'Donell and a Catholic lady, her companion, disguised as men, and attended by their trusty servant, fled on horseback to Bristol, where they took shipping, landed at Rochelle, and proceeded through Paris to Brussels, to the Earl of Tyrconnell, who presented her to the Infanta, that princess receiving her with all imaginable affection and distinction. She soon, momentarily, became quite a celebrity for her courageous resolution; and even the Sovereign Pontiff, Urban VIII., Barberini, whose nephew founded the princely house of that name, addressed, on the 13th of February, 1627, a congratulatory and encomiastic brevè to the fugitive maiden.

It is unfortunate to have a doubt to cast upon this romantic tale: but history will have its victims. In the Archive Chamber of St. Isidore's in Rome, there is an original letter, dated from the Low Countries, on the 29th of July, 1631, and written to Father Luke Wadding by the Earl of Tyrconnell himself, to the effect that "Having heard that some woman in man's clothes is travelling through your parts by the name of my sister, defaming

me and my house, with inconsequent snares and inventions, I hold it well to supplicate your paternity, as my very particular friend and patron, to procure the arrest of that woman, not alone in consideration of my honour, but that of our nation, in order that her mysteries and snares may be discovered." Seven months later, I find by an original letter which she addressed on the 9th of February, 1632, to Cardinal Barberini, nephew of Pope Urban, and which, from the place where it is now to be found, was evidently sent to Wadding for his opinion of her statement, that she was then living for some months in great misery in Rome: having left Flanders and "having married Don John Edward O'Gallagher, a principal gentleman of Ireland my country, I am now," proceeds the suppliant, "for several months in Rome, the womb of Holy Church, with my said husband, a young lady that came with me from Flanders, and the nurse of the infant boy, to which, by God's good will, I gave birth in Genoa, in extreme want, and in such a state, that if it were not for Cardinal Ludovisi, the protector [of Ireland], and Cardinal de Bagno, who are charitable to me as far as they can, I should perish with the others of hunger, cold, and infinite other sufferings. The Cardinal protector excuses himself for that maintaining at his sole charge the Irish College, and never refusing and giving constant help to the others of our nation, besides his great allowances to every pious institution in Rome, he cannot duly provide for my wants; so that reduced to this most wretched state, and in two miserable little rooms provided for me by the almoner of the said

Cardinal protector, *enceinte* for some months, burthened with the above family, I can have recoûrse to none that can more fruitfully help me. I cast myself at the feet of His Holiness and of your Eminence, imploring both the one and the other, by the bowels of the mercy of God our Lord, to deign to use your clemency and piety towards me, reduced as I am to this utter wretchedness, though of royal blood, as is known to the world, and educated like a daughter in the Royal Court of England." This letter, now for the first time printed, is signed in a magnificently bold and finished hand of the time, "MARIA STUART O'DONELL;" and it is worthy of remark that the signature of Earl Albert-Hugh, to the very letter in which he suggests her being arrested, bears the most striking resemblance to her handwriting.

I have never been able to discover any further traces of this mysterious and interesting lady. I never saw a copy of the pamphlet which Macgeoghegan quotes as his authority; but the fact of Earl Rory's wife being a kinswoman of the royal family of England, seems to add probability to the statement of the young lady. Perhaps her sympathetic countryman, "Don John Edward O'Gallagher," whom she married, may have won her heart too easily in Flanders, or that at all events he was not deemed a suitable match by her brother: family quarrels, consequent upon a *mesalliance,* may account in some degree for the discrepancies that I have touched upon.

Albert-Hugh does not appear to have had any issue, and with him consequently expired the inheritance of the for-

feited Anglo-Irish earldom, which, however, be it borne in mind, was in a *junior* line of the House of O'Donell.

The next remarkable representative of the house in Spain was also named Hugh, and bore, with the sanction of the Spanish Crown, the title o Conde de Tyrconnell in that kingdom. He was probably the testamentary heir of Hugh-Albert, for though born in Ireland, he possessed property in Spain, and possessed also and transmitted the family papers of Earl Rory and his son, including the original letters patent of James I. for the earldom, which, with the great seal of Ireland still attached, remains among the muniments of Count Maximilian O'Donell in Vienna. This Hugh, whose memory has long been hardly dealt with by his countrymen, is commonly known in Ireland by the name of "*Balldearg* O'Donell, or O'Donell of the Red Spot," for many of the genuine O'Donells have a curious red blood-mark beneath the skin, usually on the side; and the "old rhyming prophecies" spoke of an O'Donell with the red mark, who was to be a mighty champion of the Irish race. He was the son of John O'Donell, an officer in the Spanish service, and of Catherine O'Rorke, of the old princely lineage of Brefnay. His grandfather was Hugh O'Donell, of Ramelton, who was a person of weight among the Catholic Confederates in the great civil war, and who, from documents of the time, appears to have been looked up to as "the O'Donell" from 1642, or at least from 1646 to 1649, in which year he died. Hugh of Ramelton was son of Conn, who was the son of Calvagh, Prince of Tyrconnell, the eldest son of Prince Manus, the common ancestor of the principal ex-

isting branches as well as of the still more distinguished junior line, which was illustrated by the chivalry of Red Hugh, and by the calamities of Earl Rory and his children; and here I may remark, that in all the transmissions of native dignities, the line of hereditary succession gave way to the "worthiest elder of the blood," a point that should never be lost sight of in the modern and ancient bickerings about the claims to the representation of the Celtic chieftainries.

In the Spanish service, Balldearg had risen to the rank of a brigadier, and commanded an Irish regiment in the Spanish pay, when the news of the Jacobite war in Ireland sounded in his heart like the trumpet call of duty. Already he had frequently offered his services to the Stuarts, when Charles and James were still, like himself, in exile. He now craved permission of the Spanish monarch to go and serve his lawful king in Ireland. It was refused. Listening to no voice but the cry of his patriotic conscience, he fled from Spain like a deserter; but addressing an eloquent justification of his act to the Spanish government, and taking shipping, he reached Cork just four days after the battle of the Boyne had struck dismay into the adherents of James. On the fugitive king he waited in Kinsale Harbour, on board the vessel that bore that luckless sovereign to France. By His Majesty he was recommended to the famous Richard Talbot, Duke and Earl of Tyrconnell, and by Talbot, as Viceroy, was given a commission to raise five thousand men. "If you can collect fifteen thousand," added Talbot, "the King will be the better served, and your

country the more grateful." Armed with this authority, Balldearg, by the sole magic of his name, raised, in the space of six brief weeks, eight regiments of foot and two of horse. If these fresh levies were ill armed, and consequently remained during the war less efficient than they might have been, it must not be imputed to O'Donell, but to the jealousy of that knot of narrow-minded men, who renewed, in this most critical conjuncture, the internecine animosities of the old English Pale against the ancient native houses, thus damaging fearfully the cause which they had not only sworn to defend, but for which they in truth made otherwise such noble sacrifices. It is told by Macaulay, in his glittering language, how O'Donell looked upon himself as no less royal than James, and it is hinted that his object was to found a Celtic monarchy, of which he was to be the sovereign. Right royally proud of his regal blood O'Donell doubtless was: but his nature seems to have been less open to narrow jealousies than those of his rivals. His insular prejudices had been mitigated by a foreign education, and many years of foreign service, during which his views had become more just. It was not he that revived the jealousies of Celt and Norman then. He came to bind Celt and Norman together, for the nation's sake, in the cause of James.

When fate declared against that monarch, when the fight at Aghrim was lost and Galway had fallen, and Limerick was about to surrender, terms were generously offered by Ginkel to O'Donell. The chieftain refused as long as a ray of hope remained, but his memory has been

stained in Ireland for having, in that supreme hour, while stipulating favourable and honourable terms for his faithful followers, accepted what was miscalled in his country a "pension" from the victorious party. The simple truth is this: he had abandoned his fortune and position in Spain, he had no fortune in Ireland, having given to his brother, who was King James's Lord Lieutenant of Donegal, whatever fortune he may have been entitled to, and even that was doubtless exhausted by the sacrifices made to serve King James. He could not enter Spain, where he had forfeited his rank, and was liable to be treated as a deserter, for having gone, contrary to the king's will, to serve his native monarch. He could not, like other adherents of the fallen cause of James, and like that monarch himself, accept the pay of France, for France was then the foe of Spain, and to Spain O'Donell and his family were bound by the fealty of gratitude for nearly a century of protection, as well as by the fealty of military honour, for he had sworn to her allegiance. He stipulated from William, the ally of Spain, for the pay of a brigadier, which was his Spanish rank; and instead of going to fight for the Dutch, as he has been supposed to have done, he retired to the Spanish low countries, thence to Spanish Italy, and at length to Barcelona, and after serving for the space of five or six years as a volunteer with Spanish troops, he was rewarded for his constancy by being restored to his Spanish military station, and soon after, promoted to that of Major-General, and sent to a command in the Low Countries.

Of this maligned chieftain I here lose all further trace.

Two of his grandnephews, sons of Hugh, the son of his brother Conall, rose to high rank in the Austrian service: the one called Conall in his native tongue, and Charles or Charles Claudius abroad, became General of Cavalry and Governor-General of Transylvania, and was made a Knight Grand Cross of Maria Theresa, the most rigorous military order in Europe, for his able conduct of the famous winter retreat of Torgau, in the Seven Years' War: he died unmarried about the year 1771. He was one of the handsomest men of the Court of the great Empress-Queen. His brother John, a man of the most extraordinary bravery, and a Lieutenant-General during the Seven Years' War, was also decorated with the cross of Maria Theresa, and died leaving a daughter, who was brought up under the direction of the Empress, and became the wife of Francis Joseph Count O'Donell, her kinsman, a man of considerable talent, who died Minister of Finance in Austria about the year 1807.

Henry, the father of Francis-Joseph, was the founder in Austria of the paternal line of the present O'Donells in that country. He was a General officer, and a Knight of Maria Theresa, and married a Prineess Cantacuzeno, the granddaughter of a Hospodar of Wallachia, of a house that bear for arms the full escutcheon and achievement of the Byzantine Emperors from whom they descend.

The son of Francis-Joseph, named Maurice, married Christina, daughter of Prince Charles de Ligne, died a Lieutenant-General, and was father of the amiable and distinguished Major-General Count Maximilian

O'Donell, whose good fortune it was to save, some years ago, the life of his young sovereign from the hand of an assassin, a deed for which almost every court in Europe vied in showering its starry honours upon him, so that he possesses at present no less than thirty-nine orders of knighthood, and which was rewarded moreover by the Emperor with a patent empowering him and his posterity to impale the escutcheon of Austria and the eagle of the Empire with that paternal coat of O'Donell, of which evidence might be adduced that would prove it to be the most ancient hereditary family shield in Europe.

From Joseph, brother of the above-named Count Henry, the Spanish O'Donnell, LEOPOLD O'DONNELL, DUKE OF TETUAN, derives his lineage, as appears minutely detailed in the pedigree of the O'Donnells on registration in Dublin Castle. Among the other descendants of Joseph were many men of distinguished merit, and famous all in their day; but already my Celtic predilections have led me perhaps to exceed my limits and the patience of my reader.

In this brief record of an illustrious exiled house, whose later achievements adorn, unluckily, the page of foreign, instead of domestic history, I have found the most efficient aid in the learning and research of my accomplished friend, Charles, Count MacDonnell, who has, for this purpose, placed at my disposal the numerous and very valuable Collections he has formed in illustration of the English, Irish, and Scotch families, who are settled in such honour abroad.

The House that Jack Built.

Chi tróppo in alto sale
Presto in giù cade.

The county of Westmorland — the Switzerland of England—has natural beauties in great and charming variety. Her fine meres and waters, her green luxuriant gills, and her lofty range of fells are themes of every one's praise. In the midst of this "continual feast of nectared sweets, where no crude surfeit reigns," have lived Langhorne, Patteson, Thompson,* Mrs. Hemans, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Wilson, Talfourd, De Quincey, and many others whose muse derived inspiration from the sublime and beautiful around them.

But, as if it were by a law of compensation, no county is so barren of material for a work like this. Family vicissitudes, by which I mean the ups and downs of families, seem almost unknown here. Scores of *Worthies* have elevated themselves, and their families with them, from a lowly condition of life to one of distinction; but, once raised to eminence, they seem to bid defiance to

* The Author of the "Fables of Flora."

those influences which overwhelm so many elsewhere. Like their very mountains, they seem, in most cases, to resist all change. The *haute noblesse* of Westmorland are few and far between. Of these few, some have been swept away, without leaving a wreck behind: others endure in all their ancient grandeur and prestige. The Parrs of Kendal Castle, for instance, are gone for ever, and of their great stronghold the last battlement is fearfully tottering under the infirmities of age; yet the Howards of Levens, the Stricklands of Sizergh, the Musgraves of Hartley, and the Lowthers of Lowther are there still, coeval with, and not unlike, those stately oaks and elms that crown their parks and shelter their Halls; and which Time has only served to imbed more deeply in the ground, adding firmness and strength to the various branches they have thrown forth. And as with her nobility, so is it with the class next in social rank —the *statesmen;* the peculiar name given to those who live upon and cultivate their own *estates;* being, probably, a corruption or abbreviation of the compound term *estates-men.* Amongst these, too, (by far the largest class) there is to be found the same remarkable family solidity and durability. The Addisons and Dents, and Halls, and Wilsons, and Fishers, and Robinsons, and Thompsons live where their ancestors lived five or six hundred years ago, with little vicissitude, beyond what Time necessarily brings.

In the list of *statesmen* I do not overlook the partial alterations which emigration has made: by this agency one great name has been given to the new world: the

ancestor of the illustrious George Washington, who emigrated from Dillicar, near Grayrigg, in Westmoreland, about the year 1651.

Now, the reasons why society in this province has undergone so little change—so little as compared to other places, and so little as compared even with her fair sister —*cannie Cumberland*—afford abundant matter for philosophical speculation. A good deal, however, lies plainly on the surface, and needs no ghost from the grave to tell us it may be referred to her physical seclusion; for until the beginning of the reign of George the Third, Westmorland was really cut off from the rest of the kingdom in a southerly direction. Highways and byeways she nominally had; but they were, at best, but sheep-tracks guarded by turnpike gates, until MacAdam visited them in the following reign; and her bleak fells seem to have served as so many barriers against those social and political floods which have from time to time swept without resistance over other parts of the kingdom. Another cause which, no doubt, contributed largely and materially to the permanence of Westmorland families was this;—the *statesmen* had the sterling good sense to be quiet in political matters, and to leave the two great Barons of Lowther and Thanet to fight the county battles: thus, by their discretion, keeping their estates and families together, instead of destroying both in pursuit of an *ignis fatuus,* which, even in Cumberland, has led many a noble race to utter ruin. The *customary tenure* of property (there commonly called *Tenant-right*), and the law of primogeniture (to which the *statesmen* cling with almost religious attachment), have, undoubtedly, con-

tributed their respective shares to this remarkable state of things. Be the reasons, however, what they may, the fact is so, and, as recently enunciated by a distinguished person, *facts have an inexorable logic*—facts are stubborn things.

The narrative I am about to give does not record the fall of a Parr, a Veteripont, a Clifford, or a Howard. Yet it is the partial history of one who saw and experienced as much of life as most men, and who has left behind him an example pregnant with instruction and interest. It is, in short, the story of "the House that Jack Built."

In the vale of the Eden, about the middle of what is known as the bottom of Westmorland, as contradistinguished from the Barony of Kendal, stands the neat little market-town of Appleby—said to be the old Roman station of *Aballaba*—whence probably it took its appellation. It is the chief, though not the largest, town in the county, and was one of the oldest boroughs in the kingdom. Its great antiquity, however, did not save it from the vandalism of our age; and Schedule A. of the Reform Bill of 1832 is graced with the name of the constituency that first sent Pitt and Canning to Parliament. The site of Appleby is exceedingly beautiful. The town is on the slope of a steep hill, and consists of one wide street running from the top to the bottom of it, flanked at each end with a Doric pillar, called a cross, bearing patriotic mottoes — "Maintain your loyalty" — "preserve your rights," and the like. Here and there, from this main street are narrow lanes, called *weinds*, jutting out towards the river Eden, which

sweeps majestically in a semi-circle round about. The Castle, the seat of the Earls of Tufton, and once the famed abode of "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother," with its grove of many sycamores and ashes, crowns the hill. Within its court-yard rises a stately tower, still bearing the marks of those religious fanatics who, in Cromwell's time, thought they did God service by turning his temples into stables, and by battering to the ground the mansions of the great. The landscape is truly grand. Wild Boar Fell is a fine object; Cross Fell, when the helm-wind is on, looks sublime; Saddlebank and Helvellyn blend their sunlit summits with the sky, and distance lends enchantment to the view of the Cheviots.

Now, after feasting to your heart's content on this lovely scene, aim for the High-street, which I have just described, and about the middle of it, on the right as you descend towards the low cross, you will see, for you cannot miss it, a large oblong-square, whitewashed mansion. Should you ask any native what that odd-looking place is, the answer will be — "Thaat pleaace? wya! it's t' hoos et Jack belt."—*Anglice*, "That place? why, it's the house that Jack built." Should you enquire further, as probably you would be inclined to do, who Jack was? the answer would be—"Jack? Wya! Jack Robeson, te be suer!" Now, John Robinson, for that was the name he actually received at baptism, as attested by the certificate, was born in Appleby, about the year 1727. His lineage is not recorded in the books of the Norroy King-of-Arms, nor yet in Tara's Psalter. He was simply the son of a thriving tradesman, to wit, as the lawyers say, of

one who kept a small shop, dealt in everything from sugar to a shoe-tie, and was thriving on its profits.

By means of the excellent free grammar-school of his native town, Jack managed to get the rudiments of education. Public opinion seems much divided as to the degree of instruction he received. If it be true, that he became an attorney, and was a gentleman by act of parliament, when Sir James Lowther first took a fancy to him; if that be so, it may fairly be inferred that he did, at school, make some progress in scholastic knowledge: but there seems to prevail a well-grounded belief that he was, as a mere boy, taken into the service of the House of Lowther; and that when Sir James came of age, and began to look after his own affairs, he discovered in the lad in his office a most expert arithmetician. Certain it is, that from the moment the eye of Sir James rested upon him, his advancement was assured. He rose so rapidly, that the pen that attempts to describe his ascent fails in speed to follow him. I must be content, therefore, to consolidate his honours, by saying that, in a very short space of time, he was M.P. for the county of Westmorland, and afterwards for the borough of Harwich; Lieutenant-Colonel of the Westmorland Militia; Secretary to the Treasury; and lastly, Surveyor-General of His Majesty's Woods and Forests. There is an accepted, but erroneous tradition that his rocket-like ascent gave rise to the household phrase—"As soon as you can say Jack Robeson;"—an error, undoubtedly, for the saying is to be found in books written before Robinson was born. In all probability it came to be fathered upon him, or rather

attached to his name, from the following circumstance. When Jack was Secretary to the Treasury under Lord North's Administration, he took a very active part in politics. The H.B.s of the age caricatured him as *the political ratcatcher*, and at one time he performed those delicate and mysterious duties which the *Hayters* and *Jolliffes* of our own day are said to discharge for their respective parties; in other words, he was a parliamentary *whip*. Now, Brinsley Sheridan being very much distressed at the bribery and corruption that had prevailed at a general election just over, was hurling his anathemas at the heads of those seated on the opposition benches, (of course those on the same side with himself were incapable of doing any wrong in this respect,) when the cry arose, "Name! name!" Sheridan turning round, and looking Jack somewhat impudently in the face, exclaimed, "Name! ay, I could name him as soon as I could say Jack Robeson." This was, no doubt, the occasion that gave rise to the notion that the saying had its origin in Mr. Robinson's rapid rise from obscurity to wealth and power.

When Sir James Lowther first resolved on making Robinson member for the county of Westmorland, he found it necessary to confer upon his *Jack-boot* (as he was sometimes called) a sufficient qualification to enable him to sit in the House of Commons. This qualification (until abolished in 1858) was in England for a knight of the shire, £600 a-year; and £300 a-year for a borough member. Property worth £600 a-year had consequently to be conveyed or transferred to Jack, to qualify him as a knight of the shire. Where there's a will there's

a way. It was no sooner said than done. Jack was now M.P. for his native county; and then it was that he built the house in Appleby, which has been partly, but very imperfectly, described.

To call it either a Dotheboys Hall, a ladies' seminary, a workhouse, or a house of correction, or a house of a composite order, would convey an imperfect idea of its size, shape, or general appearance. No description does so well as the common one—that it's "the house that Jack built;" for none but Robinson would have dreamt of building such a fabric. Here, when he was in the north, he lived, in almost regal splendour. Whether Sir James got jealous of him on this account, or had just cause of quarrel, is not certainly known: the estrangement took place about the time when Sir James withdrew his support from Lord North, on the American question, and it may be, as some say, that Jack refused to be dictated to. However, of a truth, they did quarrel, and Jack then exchanged his seat for Harwich, which he represented many years. Sir James, immediately, demanded a return of the property qualification conferred upon Robinson when he was elected member for the county. This Jack refused to restore, putting forward a counter claim of as large an amount. It is commonly reported that he challenged Sir James. The barbarous practice of duelling was, no doubt, very common at that period; but the fact was that Sir James, and not Jack, sent the challenge. The late Colonel Lowther acted as Sir James' next friend; and so determined was he, for some reason or other, to become the principal instead of the second in the affair, that he told Jack to his face that

he was a scoundrel, and that he had come on purpose to tell him so. Such a fire-eater was not a man after Jack's own heart, and he very wisely declined to have anything to do with either of them. The matter ended in Jack's disposing of his property in Appleby, and above all, by selling his property of Burgage tenure to the Earl of Thanet, Sir James's political rival, who thus got an equal footing in the town with the house of Lowther, and equally divided the interest, until the Reform Bill of 1832 annihilated the whole.

In 1788, Pitt made Robinson Surveyor-General of His Majesty's Woods and Forests. This office brought him into immediate relation with the Royal Family, especially with George the Third, with whom he was a special favourite. "When he died"—(says his learned biographer, Mr. Serjeant Atkinson; Worthies of Westmorland)—"there were upwards of three hundred letters in his writing desk written to him by his sovereign, some on agricultural matters, but many on the American War; letters proving alike the unbounded confidence placed in his head and heart; and that George the Third, as a farmer and as a politician, was one of the ablest men of the age in which he lived." His biographer tells an anecdote of Jack which shows more fully his status at Windsor Castle. "The king was once obliged in the chase to cross Wyke Farm"—(Robinson lived at Wyke House, near Brentford)—"but on riding up to one of the gates he found it locked. He hailed a man close by, but the fellow seemed lazy or unwilling to do as he was bid. 'Come, come,' said the king, 'open the gate.' 'Nay, *ye mun gang aboot,*' was the answer.

'Gang aboot!' replied the king; 'open the gate, man— I'm the king!' 'Why, may be,' said the chap, 'but ye mun gang aboot, if ye ert king,' and sure enough the king was forced to gang aboot, which in plain English means that he was obliged to go round nearly the whole enclosure of Osterley Park. Whether Nimrod lost his temper or not is unrecorded; but that he was not in at the death may be taken for granted, without any record of the fact. Robinson came home in the afternoon, and was told of his royal master's disappointment; and being assured of the fact by the offender himself, he instantly ordered horses to his carriage, and drove post haste to Kew. He was admitted as usual without ceremony, and the king, laughing, greeted him thus: 'Ah, Robinson! I see you are in distress—be of good cheer! I wish I had such fine fellows in my pay as *auld gang aboot*. Tell him from me that I shall always be glad to see him.' Robinson was at ease; and *auld gang aboot* very soon and very often found a more direct path than around the palings of Osterley Park to Kew Palace, where he always met with the kindness which his sturdy honesty and practical good sense was sure to meet with under the roof of one who himself had so large a share of both. The king never saw friend Jack afterwards without enquiring affectionately after *auld gang aboot*."

I have noticed the autograph letters on agricultural matters found amongst Robinson's papers after his death; and it is not unworthy of note that the king used to sign the name of *Ralph Robinson* to his agricultural letters in Arthur Young. Sight-seers who drive from Windsor to

Virginia Water, will also be pleased to remember that they ride through a forest of trees planted by the direction and under the eye of Jack Robinson. He used to boast that he planted nearly twenty thousand oaks in Windsor Park.

Jack was now in the meridian of his glory—the child of fortune, the companion of princes, and the influential Member of Parliament. As Secretary to the Treasury, he enjoyed a retiring pension of £1000 a-year, and he held in addition the lucrative appointment of Surveyor-General of His Majesty's Woods and Forests. He had besides kicked away the ladder by which he rose to power, and so freed himself from the political tyranny of Sir James Lowther. With such advantages and *prestige*, it will not be a matter of surprise to find that his only child, a lovely and accomplished daughter, was wooed on every hand. So, indeed, it was; and Mr. Nevill, afterwards Earl of Abergavenny, carried off the fair prize. Jack had thus ennobled his family. A patent of nobility for himself seemed alone wanting to fill up the measure of his good fortune, and bets ran high that he would get one.

But the height of his prosperity had been attained: nothing further remained in store for him but the bitterest adversity and the severest trials. Robinson's fall was as rapid as his marvellous rise. I have already stated that he was His Majesty's Surveyor-General of Woods and Forests (an office now merged in the General Board of Works). At the time he held this office there was, strange to say, no fixed salary attached to it, nor yet was

the Chief Commissioner entitled to what is commonly called a commission. It seems to have been a *quasi*, or sort of commission measured in amount by the will of the minister. When he asked to have his accounts audited, he was told to wait; when he asked for money, he was told to help himself. This he did, but being in constant expectation that his accounts would be properly audited and the just balance admitted, he only took what he thought sufficient for his immediate wants, and which was far, very far, below the amount he believed was due to him. As if he had a presentiment of danger, however, he never ceased to importune Pitt for a settlement. At last some busy-body in the House of Commons enquired why public auditors should be paid out of the public purse for doing nothing, and threatened to apply for a Committee on the Woods and Forests generally. The effect of this threat was the ruin of Jack Robinson. He had now reached the venerable age of three score years and ten, and had during the period of his official life been immersed in political rather than financial details. Those who know the difficulty there is in rendering a strict and rigid account of every halfpenny paid and received during a course of ten or twelve years in the ordinary concerns of life, can form a good notion of the difficulty, if not impossibility, of rendering one for a period so long and in matters so multitudinous as those Robinson had to deal with. It is said that vouchers were even called for in proof of the payment of turnpike tolls! And these were no trifles in those days, when he had to post to Windsor and Kew (not to mention

other places) several times a week. To add to the difficulty of such a mode of audit, the delay in calling for a settlement had deprived him of the right or power to call upon others to render their accounts to him. Robinson was assisted in his endeavours to make out his statement by his able and confidential old clerk, Thornborough; but he had not strength of mind or body to carry him through. Weighed down with this unexpected and heavy calamity, and seeing no end of it but poverty—a poverty not springing from extravagance or inadvertence of his own, he sunk beneath it, a broken-hearted man.

After his death, Thornborough, to his infinite credit, pursued the matter, and in the end proved beyond all controversy the cruelty and injustice of the treatment of his master. He clearly established the fact that the Government was Robinson's debtor to a large amount, and thereupon, the title to Wyke House, being freed from Exchequer claims, passed to the Earl of Jersey, the noble owner of the adjoining estate of Osterley Park. Robinson died in December, 1802, in Harwich; but where he was buried does not appear to have been ascertained with any degree of certainty. The belief, however, is, that his remains lie with those of his daughter, the Countess of Abergavenny, at the corner of Isleworth churchyard. On her tomb is written—

MARY NEVILL,
COUNTESS OF ABERGAVENNY,
Died 26th Oct. 1796,
Aged 36.

When a man rises in the world, especially to the great social and political height that Robinson did, it is natural to expect to see his family, even to a very remote degree of consanguinity and affinity, rise also. Robinson had two brothers; one became a bencher of Gray's Inn, and Recorder of Appleby, and the other attained the rank of Rear Admiral in the British service. A sister married into the Chaytor family, now of the county of Durham, but formerly, it seems, from Appleby.

But Robinson's relatives of a more remote degree do not seem to have risen much above the horizon of their own primary condition. About thirty years ago, two of the family, father and son, the only ones of the name, lived three or four miles from the county town, on a small piece of land belonging to the father. Their vicissitudes are not without interest. The father was a remarkably fine man, full six feet three inches in height, of powerful form, and honest, good-humoured appearance. In an evil hour he turned smuggler. The Excise detected him and he fled. His property was seized and sold to satisfy the requirements of the Excise laws, and the son was driven to a trade for a living. The whereabouts of the father was long unknown; indeed, at this moment it is known to very few. Not long ago, one who was acquainted with him of old was struck with the stalwart frame and front of a Guardsman on duty at the foot of the royal staircase. The recognition was mutual. Under what name he serves his queen and country is not material to enquire; for his loyalty, like his manhood, is inferior to

none. I have mentioned that the son, upon the father's flight, took to a trade. He may any day be seen plodding his weary way, with lap-board and goose over his shoulders, to some lone farm-house for a day's work in the art and mystery of a tailor.

The House of Rothes.

"The bonnie House o' Leslie."
OLD BALLAD.

No Scottish family can boast of more ancient nobility, or more wide-spread fame, than that of Leslie. Like many of the greatest houses in Scotland, it is not of native origin, but followed the stream of foreign colonization in the times of Edgar, Alexander, and David. The first of the race is said to have settled in the district of Garioch during the reign of King William the Lion; and he took the name of Leslie from the lands which were originally assigned to him.

The Leslies have indeed been great during all the succeeding ages of Scottish history; and their renown has not been confined to their native country; for noble Leslies are to be found in Germany, France, Russia, and Poland. Leslies held high commands in the army of Gustavus Adolphus; and the German Emperors maintained Leslies among their distinguished generals.

After holding a high rank for many centuries among

the Barons of Scotland, George Leslie of Rothes was created an Earl, previous to 1458; for in that year a charter was granted to him by the Crown of extensive estates, in which he is mentioned as Earl of Rothes and Lord Leslie.

The grandeur of this house reached its culminating point in the person of John Leslie, sixth Earl of Rothes, son of the fifth Earl, by Lady Anne Erskine, daughter of John, eighth Earl of Marr. He was born in 1630, and succeeded to his titles and estates when he was eleven years of age. Having neither father nor mother, and having been betrothed in childhood to Lady Anne Lindsay, daughter of John, seventeenth Earl of Crawford, he was admitted as a member of that powerful nobleman's family, and was there brought up under the influence of the most rigid puritanism. Crawford was at the head of the Covenanting party, and was all-powerful among the Presbyterians; and it is probable that the exaggeration both in politics and in religion, which young Rothes witnessed in his early youth, inspired him with disgust at religion altogether, and rendered him in after-life a ready instrument of despotism.

His education was, unfortunately, very much neglected, and he owed everything to his own quick parts and lively talents. He was an amiable man, of genial and kindly disposition; and if he had been trained in a more enlightened school, he might have turned out a better member of society.

When he was twenty years of age, he left his guardian's tutelage, and fixed his residence with great splendour

at Leslie, the mansion of his ancestors. From the year 1650, he began to take a very active part in the political destinies of his country, and continued to be a leader of the high royalist cause during the remainder of his life. As soon as Charles the Second arrived in Scotland from Holland, Rothes was among the first to join him, and was most favourably received by the King, whose habits and temper were congenial to his own. He carried the sword of state at that King's Scottish coronation.

In 1651, he raised a regiment of horse among his own Fifeshire vassals and dependents, and fought at the unfortunate battle of Worcester, where he was taken prisoner, and sent to the Tower. He was not set free until 1655, when Elizabeth Murray, Countess of Dysart, (afterwards the wife of Lauderdale), who was seldom insensible to the attraction of a handsome young man, and who had obtained a very remarkable influence over an excessively ugly old one in the person of the Lord Protector, obtained his freedom as the result of a double intrigue. He remained unmolested in Scotland until 1658, when he was imprisoned in Edinburgh Castle. He was soon, however, liberated, and fled to King Charles, at Breda, where he remained with him until the Restoration.

Rothes was a man of pleasure, and of very little moral principle. He was a high aristocrat from feeling, and was personally a devoted friend of the king. He was lively, clever, and possessed of a most insinuating address. It may, therefore, be imagined that he was just the man that suited the merry monarch; who was accordingly no sooner restored to his throne, than he heaped honours and

posts upon young Rothes. In fact, he entrusted him, for a time, with the chief direction of state affairs in Scotland. In 1661, he was made President of the Council; and in 1662, King's High Commissioner to the Parliament. His father-in-law, Lord Crawford, was now entirely in the background, and his office of Lord High Treasurer was conferred upon him. He was also appointed General of the Forces, and in 1664, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal.

Having no very well-defined views in religious or ecclesiastical matters, he was much guided in his conduct as regarded them by Sharpe, Archbishop of St. Andrews, and he commenced a coure of severity against the abettors of Puritanism. At the same time, he gave unbridled license to all sorts of dissipation, which made his enemies ironically remark that, as King's commissioner, he felt himself in duty bound, in every respect, to represent his Majesty!

It generally happens in religious controversy, that the secular arm is steeled by the ecclesiastical against those who have incurred censure. The "odium theologicum" is the strongest of any; and in all persecutions, churchmen have been the most intolerant. So it was in the present case. Rothes was stimulated to severity, contrary to his easy epicurean nature, by Sharpe. But he was, after all, a bad persecutor, as is shown by one or two trifling though curious anecdotes. The Duchess, who was daughter of the rigidly Presbyterian Earl of Crawford and Lindsay, had been educated to entertain the utmost reverence for those whom her lord was now called on to pursue even to the death. She, true to her family prin-

ciples, made a point of conscience and of honour in sheltering, concealing, and supporting a number of the proscribed covenanting ministers and preachers. This was well known to Rothes, who used to make a joke of it, and was in the habit of giving the Duchess fair warning; coming to her in the morning, he says, "My Lady Duchess, my hawks are to be abroad to-night, so pray keep your blackbirds safe in their cages!" On this, the Duchess used to hang out a large tablecloth from the window of her own chamber, which, being seen from afar, served as a signal to the covenanting zealots to keep within their caves and fastnesses.

One day Archbishop Sharpe was visiting the Duke at Leslie, and had occasion to complain bitterly of two of the principal burgesses of one of the Fifeshire towns, Dunfermline or Kirkaldy (whichever was nearest to Leslie), as malignant and dangerous fanatics of whom the country would be well rid. His Grace said that he would punctually attend to the Archbishop's advice. And he accordingly sent for them, and had them in waiting, well guarded, in front of his house, just as Sharpe drove off in his coach after dinner, with the comfortable conviction that the obnoxious covenanters were about to have a good spell of the Bass-rock prison, if nothing worse. As soon as the primate was gone, the Duke desired the two men to be taken into a room, where he soon after joined them, and found them trembling and with very sorrowful countenances. He sent for a bottle of wine; told them to cheer up, and began to talk to them about the markets and the state of trade, &c., and plying them well with wine, he

sent them home more than half-seas over! He was, in fact, much too jovial and debonnaire to be a persecutor.

However, he was led into such severe measures, that he incurred the disapprobation of the court which he so zealously served. But the crisis of his disfavour was occasioned by an accident, in which he had no share of blame. In 1667, a division of De Ruyter's Dutch fleet sailed up the Frith of Forth, and shot off a few harmless guns against Bruntisland, on the coast of Fife. Rothes was then absent on a progress in the north of Scotland. This was represented most falsely by his enemies, as a proof of gross negligence, and a strong push was made to deprive him of his power. The King consented, but resolved "de le laisser tomber doucement." The army was disbanded, so he ceased to command it, and he was deprived of his office of Lord High Treasurer. But on the other hand, he had just before been appointed Lord High Chancellor for life. And in 1680, he was raised to Ducal rank, being created Duke of Rothes, Marquis of Ballenbreich, Earl of Leslie, &c., &c.

He did not live long to enjoy these higher hereditary honours, for he died at Holyrood House on the 27th of July, 1681. His body was carried to the cathedral church of St. Giles, in Edinburgh, where the funeral ceremonial was conducted with a pomp and magnificence which had never before been bestowed on the remains of a subject. From St. Giles' it was re-conveyed to Holyrood House, with a luxury of lugubrious pageantry, and there it lay for some time in state; and from thence, with the same magnificence, it was carried to Leith, put on board a

ship, and conveyed to Leslie, where it was interred, with a continuation of the same magnificence, in his family mausoleum. An engraving of the superb funeral procession was made, and it is now valued as a curious record of the utmost extent of magnificence to which funeral rites had ever attained in Scotland.

The errors of the Duke of Rothes, both in public and in private, were those of a defective education. Old Lord Crawford had much to answer for in not caring more for the mental culture of his son-in-law. His redeeming qualities were ready wit, lively talents, and a genial temperament, which might have been moulded to better purposes. Bishop Burnett, who knew him well, and certainly was not partial to him, gives the following testimony as to his qualities:—"He had a ready dexterity in the management of affairs, with a soft and insinuating address. He had a quick apprehension, and a clear judgment. He had no advantage of education, no sort of literature; all in him was mere nature."

The Duchess is believed to have been a woman of sincere worth and piety, strong in the covenanting interest. It is a remarkable circumstance that there were a number of ladies of some of the most considerable families of Scotland, and all closely connected, who were celebrated for their strict religious principles, which seemed to have been hereditary. The two grandmothers of the Duchess of Rothes, the Lady Boyd, and the Marchioness of Hamilton, her mother, the Countess of Crawford, and her sister-in-law, also Countess of Crawford, all belonged to this very strict and devoted sect, to whom it is impossible to

deny the praise of zeal and sincerity, however much we may wish that these qualities had been united with a greater share of Christian liberality.

The Duke of Rothes' highest honours became extinct, but his earldom was inherited by his eldest daughter Lady Margaret Leslie, who in 1674, seven years before her father's death, had married Charles Hamilton, fifth Earl of Haddington. She died in 1700, and was succeeded by her eldest son, on whom the earldom of Rothes devolved; while, by a family arrangement, sanctioned by the Crown, the Earldom of Haddington was made to descend to second son.

In 1773, the Earldom of Rothes was inherited by another heiress, Lady Jane Elizabeth Leslie, who became Countess of Rothes on the death of her brother, the ninth earl. By her first husband, Mr. Evelyn, a gentleman of ancient family in the county of Kent, which reckons among its ornaments the author of Sylva, she had a son, George William, tenth Earl of Rothes, who succeeded his mother in 1810. This nobleman married in 1789, the Honourable Henrietta Anne Pelham, daughter of Thomas Lord Pelham, afterwards created Earl of Chichester, by whom he had three daughters, the eldest of whom was the unfortunate occasion of bringing the illustrious family of Rothes within the category of fallen greatness.

This young lady, the descendant of the noble blood of all the Leslies, the heir and representative of the great Duke of Rothes, who lived like a prince, and was buried like a king, condescended to stoop to a young gardener;

nay, more, made (as is reported) a most excellent, industrious, frugal, gardener's wife during many long years.

It is said that Lady Henrietta Anne Leslie, while yet quite a girl, conceived an attachment for a young workman whom she met in a garden where she occasionally walked. The attachment was mutual, and strictly virtuous; and in a very short time the noble heiress found means to make out a marriage with the object of her affection, without the knowledge of her family.

This most unfortunate step was one without remedy. Had it happened before the Union, instead of in 1806, the old Countess, who was still alive, with the concurrence of the heir-apparent to the earldom (the father of the young lady), would have resigned the family titles to the crown, and have thus procured a new patent, with the substitution of a different series of heirs, so as to banish the offending daughter for ever into that obscurity which she had taken for her portion. But this could not now be done, and the gardener's wife was the undoubted heir of the splendid titles and the entailed possessions of her race.

She, however, in the meantime, strictly conformed herself to her new circumstances; and from the period of her marriage in 1806 to that of her father, the tenth Earl's death, in 1817, she is said to have been a most happy and respectable woman, living contentedly in lowly circumstances, and supported by the honest industry of her husband.

In 1817, she became Countess of Rothes; and the young gardener, whose name was George Gwyther, thereupon assumed the surname and arms of Leslie. The

poor Countess did not live long to enjoy her new honours. She died in 1819, and was followed in ten years by her low-born husband. Her son and her grandson, too, are passed away, and the splendid honours of the House of Leslie have again devolved on a youthful Countess. It is only about a year since the young Earl died, and was succeeded in his titles and estates by his sister.

Let me conclude this article with an expression of most friendly and very sincere anxiety that this young lady may avoid the rock on which her grandmother made shipwreck. She has in a great measure the fate of a splendid title in her own hands. Her Earldom is not only one of the most ancient in the peerage, but boasts of many most illustrious alliances, and an uncommon share of historical importance, and her fine domain and Castle of Leslie are identified with many remarkable and striking events of feudal times. Let her carry these honours and possessions into some one of the noblest houses of Great Britain,—so that the ancient stem of Rothes may be invigorated by union with a Howard, a Sutherland, or a Hamilton.

The Lairds of Callendar.

"The rowan tree grows ower their wa',
The deer grass in their tower,
And the howlet, the bat, and the mowdiwart
Are rife in Burd Ellen's bower."

OLD BALLAD.

AMONGST the chief historical families of Scotland, few have risen at various periods to greater power and higher honours, or have possessed more extensive estates than the Livingstones, and few have fallen into more complete and disastrous decay. Acquiring in the male line three distinct earldoms, Linlithgow, Callendar, and Newburgh, and two viscounties, Kilsyth and Teviot, with numerous baronies and minor honours, Livingstone, Falkirk, Almond, Kinnaird, Campsie, and Flacraig, they almost rivalled in feudal power the mighty house of Douglas; but nearly the whole of their splendid inheritance has disappeared, leaving the present representative of the family in utter poverty, the trifling remnant of the great estates of his ancestors under judicial management, and his legitimacy and right to their unattainted baronetcy the subject of legal investigation. It is believed

that there is not now a single landed proprietor of the name of Livingstone (in the male line), with the exception of Sir Alexander Livingstone of Bedlormie, whose title is under question, in the possession of lands in the counties of Linlithgow and Stirling, where they were once so powerful. The titles of the Earldom of Newburgh, indeed, still remain, but in the person of an Italian Princess, Marie Cecilia Princess Giustiniani, and Marchesa Bandini, to whom they were recently (1858) adjudged by the House of Lords, and the heir of the Earls of Erroll and Kilmarnock still holds his unattainted earldom, and his great office of Lord High Constable of Scotland, in virtue of his descent from Lady Margaret Livingstone, his direct ancestress, the only surviving child of James Earl of Callendar and Linlithgow (attainted in 1715); but the whole of the wide-spreading lands and baronies have passed into other hands. The founder of the family in Scotland, Levingus, said to have been of noble Hungarian descent, settled in West Lothian towards the end of the eleventh century, and Livingston (the town or residence of Levingus), in Linlithgowshire, long continued in the possession of the senior line: "Thurstanus filius Levingi" is distinctly documented in 1128. Gradually we find the knights and barons of Livingstone and Callendar becoming prominent among the *Magnates Scotiæ*, filling the offices of Great Chamberlain of Scotland, Lord Justice General, Ambassador to England, Governor and Custodier of the king's person, and Regent of the Kingdom; their banner waving in every battle, and their influence acknowledged in every council. One is knighted under the

Royal Standard, and taken prisoner at the battle of Durham, 17th of October, 1346, another falls at Homildon, 14th of September, 1402, and Sir Bartholomew de Levingstone, the last of the elder line, is killed at Flodden, gallantly fighting by the side of his chivalrous sovereign on the fatal 9th of September, 1513. Long before this, the younger branch, that of Callendar, in which the representation of the main line eventually merged, had risen to great power, by the acquisition of that ancient Thanedom, partly by royal grant, and partly by a fortunate or judicious marriage. In 1345-46, Sir William Livingstone (grandson of Dominus Erchebaldus de Levingstone, Miles, who had been compelled to swear fealty to Edward the First) obtained the great Thanedom of Kallendar or Calynter, by charter under the great seal, on the forfeiture of Patrick de Calynter; but, in order to strengthen his right to these domains, or, it may be, to conciliate the numerous retainers of the former barons, or, perchance, under the influence of the grace and beauty, and in sympathy for the fallen fortunes, of the young lady, Sir William married Christiane de Calynter, the only child and heiress of the attainted Thane. By her he had two sons, the younger of whom, William, carried on the line of the family. Of the ancient Scottish Thanedoms, that of Calentyr, possessed by the Calentyrs of Calentyr, from a period prior to 1217, appears to have been the only one situated to the south of the Forth; and it was continued by the marriage of Christine de Calentyr and Sir William Livingstone in the possession of the lineal descendants of the original Thanes for the long period of five hundred years.

During the days of their feudal power, the Livingstones were not more remarkable for the extent of their estates and their almost regal influence, than for the great alliances which they invariably formed. The Laird of Callendar never seems to attempt to subdue (legitimately, at least,) the obdurate heart of any less stately damsel than the daughter of a great baron; all the Livingstone wives are of this rank,—Erskines, Crichtons, Flemings, Hays (of Erroll), Grahams (of Montrose and Menteith), Gordons (of Huntly), Douglases of the illustrious House of Morton, and the like. Even the cadet branches of Kilsyth, Teviot, and Newburgh follow generally this aristocratic rule, Newburgh, especially, carrying the same principle of action into foreign lands, and, in the course of comparatively a few years, intermarrying, in England, with the Howards Earls of Suffolk, the Brudenells Earls of Cardigan, the Lords Clifford of Chudleigh, and the Ratcliffes Earls of Derwentwater, and, in the States of the Church, with the Princely House of Giustiniani.

Sir Alexander Livingstone, the fourth of Callendar, was one of the jury on the trial of Murdoc Duke of Albany (1424); and, at the death of James I., was constituted regent of the kingdom, and guardian of the young monarch, James II. The Chancellor, Crichton, had, however, custody of the King in the Castle of Edinburgh; and it was only by a ruse that the deliverance of the sovereign was effected. The Queen Dowager (Jane Beaufort), who was a devoted adherent of Livingstone's, contrived to get access to her son, and conveyed him,

concealed in a chest, on board a vessel, then lying at Leith, which, with its royal freight, immediately set sail, and arrived at Stirling almost as soon as the Chancellor heard of the escape. At Stirling, their Majesties were joyfully received by the Regent, but the good understanding between the Queen and Livingstone was not of long duration, and in 1439 their animosities had reached to such a height that her Majesty was imprisoned by Livingstone's order. The dissensions, too, between the Regent and the Chancellor continued, till the increasing power and audacity of the young Earl of Douglas, sixth Earl and third Duke of Touraine, the greatest subject in the kingdom, forced them into a temporary reconciliation. Douglas, besides Galloway and Anandale, and other extensive territories in Scotland, possessed the Duchy of Touraine and County of Longueville, in France. In right of his duchy, he regarded himself as a foreign prince, independent of the laws of his country. He was attended by a constant train of one thousand horse, and his household displayed a regal magnificence, while he even created knights, and convened his great vassals in Parliaments. Soon after their reunion, Livingstone and Crichton, dissembling their intentions, asked the Earl of Douglas to sup at the royal table in the Castle of Edinburgh; the earl was fool-hardy enough to accept the invitation, and proceeded to his sovereign's presence. At first he was received with apparent cordiality, but shortly after he had taken his place at the board, the head of a black bull, the certain omen in those days, in Scotland, of immediate death, was placed upon the table. The earl sprang to his feet and

attempted to escape, but, being speedily seized and overpowered, he was hurried, along with his younger brother David, and Sir Malcolm Fleming, of Cumbernauld, one of his chief retainers, into the courtyard of the castle, where they were stripped of their armour, and all three in succession beheaded on the same block. The death of the young and princely Earl of Douglas excited universal detestation, and his untimely fate was lamented in the ballads of the time:—

> Edinburgh Castle, Toune, and Toure,
> God grant thou sink for sin,
> And that even for the black dinoure,
> Earl Douglas gat therein.

This tragedy was enacted on the 24th November, 1440, and for the moment it annihilated all opposition to the regency; but four years afterwards, William, eighth Earl of Douglas, having married his cousin, the fair Maid of Galloway, restored the fortunes of his house, and succeeded so far in influencing the young king, that Livingstone was attainted of high treason; Douglas boasting that he would hang his old enemy from the battlements of Livingstone's own castle, or, as he expressed it, "worry the tod in his ain den." This, however, was more easily said than done; and after many cruel scenes of mutual bloodshed, and alternate fields of victory and defeat, Livingstone regained the royal favour, and in 1449 was made Lord Justice General, and sent Ambassador to England the same year. Shortly afterwards this great and turbulent lord was peaceably gathered to his fathers. He was suc-

ceeded by his eldest son, Sir James Livingstone of Callendar, who had been appointed Captain of Stirling Castle, and tutor of James the Second, during the regency of his father. In 1453, Sir James was sworn a Privy Councillor, and appointed Master of the Royal Household, and Great Chamberlain of Scotland. He was afterwards created a peer of Parliament by the title of Lord Livingstone; the exact date is not known, but it was some time previous to 30th August, 1450, when the extensive estates of the family in Stirlingshire, West Lothian, and Perthshire were united into the one Barony of Callendar, by a royal charter in favour of James Lord Livingstone.

About a century after this, the Lord Livingstone of that day was constituted by Act of Parliament, 24th April, 1545, along with John Lord Erskine, governor and keeper of the infant Queen Mary, whom he accompanied in that capacity into France, in 1548, and died there about 1553. These lords received for their care of the young Queen, £80 a month from the last of November, 1545, to the last of February, 1548, when they sailed with her to France; and thanks were formally given to them in the Parliament held at Haddington, 20th July, 1548, for the manner in which they had executed their trust. The youngest daughter of this Lord Livingstone was one of the four Maries, selected and adopted by the Queen mother, Mary of Guise, from the noblest families of the land to be the playmates and schoolfellows of her royal daughter. In the plaintive words of the old melody—

> There was Mary Seton, and Mary Beaton,
> And Mary Fleming, and *me*.

Me being Mary Livingstone.

There is still to be seen at Westquarter House, the last remaining mansion of the family, a large, antique, and very beautiful cabinet, the doors of which are enriched with various flowers traced in bead-work, which belonged to the Queen, and was the united work of her four Maries. In her wanderings, adversities, and captivities, Queen Mary ever found these faithful attendants at her side; they accompanied her to France, attended her while she remained there, and returned with her to Scotland. Exchanging the brilliant gaiety of Paris for the fanatic gloom of Edinburgh, the true-hearted maidens never failed in their devotion to Mary Stuart: their romantic attachment to their royal and ill-fated mistress endeared them to the people; their memories have been united in the melody of many a ballad, and enshrined in the songs of their native land. The name of Mary Livingstone, traduced and calumniated by the harsh and unfeeling John Knox, yet lingers in the traditions of the neighbourhood of Callendar: she is still talked of as having married her father's "Galopin," or menial-groom, who is said to have treated her cruelly. This is no farther true than that she married John Sempill, of Beltrees, (John Sempill, *the Dancer*, as John Knox styles him,) a younger son of Robert, third Lord Sempill; that he may have held the situation of equerry to Lord Livingstone, then a great officer of state, and that hence he may have been denominated his "galopin," perhaps to heighten the story. But such appointments in the establishments of the greater barons were given to the younger sons of the noblest families; and this at least is certain, that Sempill was at one time an equerry or page in the royal

household: of this, the evidence still remains. By a charter, dated 9th March, 1564, ratified by Act of Parliament, 19th April, 1567, Queen Mary, "in consideration of the long continued services of *Mary Livingstone,* her Majesty's familiar servitrice, and *John Sempill,* son of Robert Lord Sempill, her daily and familiar servitour," granted to them the lands of Auchtermuchty and others, until they should be provided in an estate of £500 a-year. The story that the marriage was unhappy may be as apocryphal as that the husband was a groom.

Amid all the vicissitudes of fortune, William, sixth Lord Livingstone (the brother of the Queen's Mary), was the steady and unflinching adherent of his royal and hapless mistress; he joined her after her escape from Lochleven, fought gallantly for her at Langside, and, after that fatal day, accompanied her to England to share her captivity. Thither he was shortly afterwards followed, in the same loyal service, by his wife, a daughter of Malcolm, third Lord Fleming. On the 26th of February, 1569, Nicholas Whyte writes to Secretary Cecil, "the greatest person about her (Mary) is the Lord Livingstone, and the Lady his wife which is a fair gentlewoman."

The son of these faithful followers of an unhappy queen was Alexander, seventh Lord Livingstone, who married Lady Eleanor Hay, daughter of Andrew, seventh Earl of Erroll, and to their care the Princess Elizabeth, afterwards Electress Palatine and Queen of Bohemia, and her sister, were committed. The Queen of Bohemia has been usually regarded as the only daughter of James the Sixth; but it

appears from a charter of that king, erecting Falkirk into a free burgh or barony in favour of the Lord Livingstone, dated 13th March, 1600, that there was another daughter whose existence has generally escaped the notice of historians. This charter sets forth "the great care, extreme diligence and solicitude of our said trusty cousin and councillor Alexander Lord Livingstone, and Dame Helenor Hay, his spouse, in divers years by past with regard to our two legitimate daughters, by undertaking their education, in their own society. And also, we clearly understanding our foresaid illustrious, trusty cousin and councillor, to be justly due the sum of £10,000, money of this realm of Scotland, for the food, nourishment, sustenance and education of our said two daughters, and their body-servants, during the foresaid space: Therefore, in full satisfaction of the said sum, and for the good, faithful, long and honourable services to us and our most illustrious progenitors done and performed by the said Alexander Lord Livingstone and his predecessors in defence of the kingdom against all foreign and intestine foes, &c., we now give, grant and dispose to the foresaid Alexander Lord Livingstone," &c. &c. It is believed that this charter is the only document extant establishing the existence of another daughter of James the Sixth, besides the Princess Elizabeth. But although this charter bears to be "in full satisfaction" of all previous services, the royal gratitude did not stop here, and, the same year, in farther recognition and reward of the good deeds of himself and his predecessors, Alexander, seventh Lord Livingstone, was created Earl of Linlithgow, Lord Livingstone and Callen-

dar, on the 25th December, 1600, at the baptism of Prince Charles; and within little more than thirty years after (on the 19th June, 1633,) the third son of the first Earl, the Hon. Sir James Livingstone, who had won great military renown in the wars in Bohemia, Germany, Holland and Sweden, was raised to a separate peerage as Lord Livingstone of Almond, and on the 16th October, 1641, farther advanced to the dignity of Earl of Callendar.

But the sunshine of kingly favour was not limited to the main line of Livingstone; it shed its beams abundantly on the younger branches. In 1627, Sir John Livingstone of Kinnaird, descended from Robert, the second son of Sir John Livingstone, third Laird of Callendar, was created a baronet of Nova Scotia; his son and successor, Sir James, was one of the gentlemen of the bed-chamber to Charles the First, by whom he was created Viscount of Newburgh, 13th September, 1647: Lord Newburgh, faithful to his king, was excepted from Cromwell's Act of Grace, 1654, and fled out of England, and joined Charles the Second at the Hague. He continued with his Majesty during his exile, and on the Restoration was constituted Captain of the Guards, and created Earl of Newburgh, Viscount Kinnaird, and Baron Livingstone of Flacraig, to him and his heirs whatsoever, by patent dated 31st December, 1660. These titles are now vested, by a decision of the House of Lords, in the Princess Giustiniani, who has been naturalized by Act of Parliament, and is the present Countess of Newburgh. The history of the house of Newburgh is very curious, and would in itself form an interesting chapter in the romance of Peerage succession.

The Kilsyth branch was raised to the peerage as Viscount Kilsyth and Baron Campsie, 17th August, 1661, and the Teviot family (a cadet of Kilsyth) obtained a baronetcy 29th June, 1627, and the Viscounty of Teviot, 4th December, 1696. The Westquarter Baronetcy dates from the 30th May, 1625.

Thus far we have seen the Livingstones in their splendour, let us shortly contemplate them in their decline and fall. George, fourth Earl of Linlithgow, died in August, 1695, without issue, when he was succeeded in his titles and estates by his nephew, James, fourth Earl of Callendar, who, engaging in the rebellion of 1715, was attainted as Earl of Linlithgow and Callendar, and his whole lands and dignities forfeited to the Crown. He had married Lady Margaret Hay, daughter of the twelfth Earl of Erroll, by whom he had one surviving child, Lady Anne Livingstone, married to William, fourth Earl of Kilmarnock, and her eldest son, James, Lord Boyd, succeeded in her right to the Earldom of Erroll. The great Callendar property was sold to the York Buildings Company, a London incorporation which speculated largely in the purchase of forfeited estates; but "the Bairns of Falkirk," as they delighted to style themselves, and the other vassals and tenants of the Livingstones were a turbulent and unruly race, even under their feudal lords, and little inclined to yield "suit and service," and far less to pay rents, to an association of London tradesmen. To them, the York Buildings Company was as unintelligible as the impersonal "John Company Bahadoor" to the retainers of the Great Mogul. Accordingly, the Company soon discovered that

the only mode of deriving any thing from the estates was to transfer them to the heiress of the family, and a long lease was therefore granted to the Earl and Countess of Kilmarnock, who were thus re-established at Callendar, and might, like the Panmure family, under somewhat similar circumstances, have eventually recovered permanent possession of their original domains. This lease did not expire till 1773; but long before that, the Earl of Kilmarnock, not taught wisdom by the ruin of his predecessor, joined Charles Edward after the battle of Preston, was captured on the fatal field of Culloden, sent a prisoner to London, and beheaded on Tower Hill in 1746. On an eminence, or rather hill, above Callendar House, now crowned by a circular plantation, tradition still points out the spot where the last Earl of Kilmarnock, as he rode away to join the unfortunate Chevalier, lingering behind his armed and mounted followers, turned his horse round to take a farewell look at the grand old Livingstone estate, which he was never again to see. There is scarcely a finer view in Britain than that which this spot commands: far in the blue distance to the North rises the serrated semicircle of the Grampians, forming, with the broad-topped Ochills, and the waving westward sweep of the Campsie Fells, and the hills of Saline to the east, a magnificent mountain amphitheatre, the castled Rock of Stirling glittering in the centre, and the broad expanse of the Firth of Forth, more like a lake or inland sea than an estuary, stretching away towards the German Ocean: the rich and beautiful Carse of Falkirk is in the foreground, studded with villages and

church spires, and here and there an ancient feudal tower. The landscape is indeed wondrously attractive, combining every thing which wood, and water, and rock, and undulating surface can contribute to diversify and adorn the scene. One can fully comprehend the sad feelings of the gallant but vacillating Kilmarnock, as he lingered for the last time over this lovely prospect, and the noble domain mapped out before him, which he was about to imperil for what he must then have regarded as the cause of his legitimate sovereign.

The affairs of the York Buildings Company having fallen into disorder, the Estates of Callendar were brought to judicial sale, and purchased about 1780 by William Forbes, Esq., a great London merchant, and a descendant of the family of Forbes of Colquhany in Aberdeenshire. Mr. Forbes married twice—first, the beautiful Miss Macadam of Craigengillian in Ayrshire, but without issue; and secondly, Miss Agnes Chalmers of Aberdeenshire, and dying in 1815, was succeeded by his eldest son, the late William Forbes, Esq. of Callendar, M.P., and Vice-Lieutenant of the County of Stirling, who married in 1832 Lady Louisa Charteris, fifth daughter of the Earl of Wemyss and March, and dying in 1856, was succeeded by his eldest son, the present William Forbes, Esq. of Callendar, who, in addition to the ancient Thanedom of Callendar, and the Baronies of Hayning and Almond, the original domains of the Callendars and Livingstones, is the proprietor of extensive estates in the counties of Stirling, Ayr, and Kirkcudbright. Mr. Forbes married in 1859 Miss Rose O'Hara, daughter of the late John O'Hara, Esq. of Raheen,

in the County of Galway, and his wife, the Dowager Lady O'Donnell.

It has been handed down that for centuries "the Ladies of Callendar" have been remarkable for beauty. In this, the present proves the past. Thanks to these nuptials of 1859, the pre-eminence is more than ever preserved. The spell of loveliness still endures, its power enhanced, its charm unfaded.

Of the remaining two ennobled branches of the House of Livingstone, the conclusion is soon told;—the Viscount of Kilsyth was attainted for high treason in the same year with his chief (1715), and died at Rome, in January, 1733, and the Peerage of Teviot became extinct on the death of Viscount James in 1711.

With James, Earl of Linlithgow and Callendar, terminated the whole descendants in the male line of Alexander, seventh Lord Livingstone, and the representation and chieftainship of the race passed to the family of Westquarter, the descendants of the Honourable Sir George Livingstone, of Ogleface, the fourth son of the sixth Lord Livingstone. This branch, whose fortunes form a very singular episode in the Vicissitudes of Families, requires a Chapter to itself, the representative of Westquarter being now the heir male in general of the house of Livingstone, entitled, were the attainders removed, to the Earldoms of Linlithgow and Callendar.

The chief residences of the Livingstones were Livingstone, and Midhope Castle in Linlithgowshire, the Castles of Callendar, Herbertshire, Brighouse, and Haining in Stirlingshire; and the Viscounts of Kilsyth possessed, also

in Stirlingshire, the strongholds of Colzium and Kilsyth. Of these the largest and most important appears to have been the Castle of Callendar,—a place of considerable strength before artillery was invented; and even so late as the time of Cromwell, against whose troops it made a gallant resistance, a fortress capable of defence. It then occupied nearly the same site as that on which Callendar House now stands; it was encircled by a deep moat or fosse crossed by a drawbridge, and filled by the springs which now supply the ornamental sheet of water in the grounds. The space within the moat was surrounded by a high bastioned and curtained wall, and defended in front by a square tower or barbacan, the wide gateway of which afforded the only access from the castle to the park. The greater part of the present House of Callendar is said to have been built about 180 years ago, by Alexander, second Earl of Callendar, generally called the covenanting Earl. Herbertshire Castle, another strong embattled residence, remains to this day; it is one of the few genuine old Scotch castles still inhabited by a family of the higher ranks; though a very old building—indeed the date of its erection is not distinctly known—it is, even now, one of the most comfortable and well-arranged mansions in the county. Callendar House and Herbertshire belong to Mr. Forbes; they are both in perfect preservation, and fitted up with all the luxuries and comforts of modern life. All the other strongholds of the Livingstones are in ruins;—and for the rest—

> The Knights are dust,
> And their swords are rust,
> And their souls are with the saints, I trust.

The Lairds of Westquarter.

And yon auld tattered Carle wha sits
  In dule beside the kirkyard stone,
Sae bent and grey and crazed wi eild—
  Was ance the Laird o' Lamington.

OLD BALLAD.

IMMEDIATELY adjoining the park of Callendar, and separated from it by a little stream, which, rising in the upper part of Stirlingshire, and wandering through some of the most romantic scenery in Scotland, falls into the Forth at Grangemouth, lies the estate of Westquarter, which has formed a portion of the Livingstone possessions since the first settlement of the family in the district;—either held by the Chief, or—as far back as the year 1400—given off as the appanage of a younger son, and reverting to the head of the house on the failure of the cadet branch. Situated in a walled park of three hundred acres, diversified with rocky precipices, and undulating banks, clothed with magnificent timber, and uniting the stiff and stately avenues and terraces of former days with the winding approaches of the present, Westquarter is beyond comparison the most pictu-

resque residence in the eastern district of Stirlingshire, —in this respect—so far as regards the natural beauties of the landscapes which it encloses,—far surpassing the larger and more ancient place of Callendar. The house, which is of considerable size, built round and enclosing a central court, with its *porte cochère,* steep slated roofs and notched gables, is not unlike in extent and character some of the chateaux of the provincial noblesse in Normandy and Brittany. On the walls of the southern and more modern portion of the building are the dates 1626 and 1648, but the original edifice is much older than either of these. Though a large house, from the manner in which it is built, it looks much larger than it is in reality, and is certainly a stately and imposing mansion for the residence of a younger son: it contains some ancient arms, skull-caps, and coats of mail, some stern-looking pictures of the old Barons, and the cabinet of the four Maries already mentioned, said to have been the gift of the unfortunate Queen. The direct ancestor of the first Livingstones of Westquarter appears to have been Robert, the second son of Sir John, the third of Callendar, who was killed at Homildon in 1402. I afterwards find the estate in the possession of Sir William Livingstone, of Westquarter and Cultre, fifth son of the sixth Lord Livingstone, of whom the late Admiral Sir Thomas Livingstone was the heir of line, and it is now the property, under the Admiral's will, of his grand-nephew, Thomas Livingstone Fenton Livingstone of Westquarter, the heir of line of the Westquarter and Cultre branch, as well as of the Honourable Sir George Living-

stone of Ogleface, the first baronet. Throughout the contests between Charles the First and the Parliament, and during the time that Charles the Second was in Scotland, although the first Earl of Callendar was for a time a stout Covenanter, the Livingstones were—as afterwards in 1715 and 1746—the stanch adherents of the Royal family, to the great injury of their fortunes in the earlier of these periods, and to their utter ruin in the latter. This did not, however, prevent many of the family from signing the Covenant, though none of them, with the exception of the second Earl of Callendar, appear to have been very zealous in its favour. When the Convention of Estates decided to take the part of the Parliament against the King, it was a matter of agreement that the Solemn League and Covenant should be signed by both nations. In Falkirk this act was performed with great solemnity, on Sunday, the 7th of November, 1643. A table was set before the pulpit, on which the deed lay, and the elders were stationed at the various entrances of the church to usher in those who intended to affix their names. Amongst the elders who officiated on this occasion, the most prominent and highest in rank was Sir William Livingstone, or "*Wastquarter*," as the Session Records denominate him, and to him was specially committed the charge of the "North aisle." His covenanting propensities, however, were not strong enough to prevent "Wastquarter" from joining his kinsman, the Earl of Callendar, when it was resolved to raise a Scottish army, (known as the Engagement, or "Duke Hamilton's Ingagement,") to attempt the rescue of King

Charles. On this occasion, the Earl of Callendar being nominated (11th May, 1648) Lieutenant-General of the whole land and sea forces, his well-appointed army marched into England, and took possession of the town of Carlisle, of which important place the Earl received the commission of governor, and appointed Sir William Livingstone of Westquarter his Lieutenant-governor. The Earl was accompanied into England by a gallant band of his retainers, "the blade and buckler-loving Bairns of Falkirk," and his other tenants and vassals, and after the disastrous retreat, when at Warrington Bridge, on the 15th August, 1648, 10,000 Scotchmen threw down their arms, and yielded themselves prisoners of war, one glorious exception to the general cowardice was exhibited by the immediate followers of Lord Callendar;—they threw themselves round their chief, and cutting their way through the victorious republicans, returned unmolested to Falkirk. The Earl himself, on getting clear of his enemies, rode straight to London, whence he fled to Holland. So gallant and successful was this onslaught of the Callendar retainers, and so complete the escape, that the memory of the affair rankled long in the heart of the Protector, and when he published his Act of Indemnity in 1654, Lord Callendar was specially excepted from its provisions. On the return of the survivors of this gallant and devoted band to Falkirk, it is amusing to find that they were all severally summoned to appear before the Kirk Session to answer to the charge of having fought for their king and chief, in despite of the mandates of the Church, and that the heroes who had set at defiance the battalions of the Commonwealth, and had cut their way through Cromwell's

Ironsides, actually—at least eighty-five of their number, —submitted to Church discipline as sinners, and confessed their guilt, in the ignominious garb of penitents, at the command of the fanatical Kirk Session!

The founder of the present family of Westquarter in the male line was the Honourable Sir George Livingstone of Ogleface, (second surviving son of William, sixth Lord Livingstone,) who was created a baronet on the 30th May, 1625. Sir George appears to have been a prominent person at the court of James the Sixth—there are extant three commissions of justiciary by this king, appointing the Honourable George Livingstone his Majesty's Justiciary for the trial of various crimes. Two of them—one dated 1596, the other 20th August, 1597—are for the trial of sundry persons accused of the crime of witchcraft. Sir George became one of the adventurers for the plantation of forfeited estates in Ireland, and in 1608 he received a grant of 2,000 acres in the County of Armagh, where he died prior to June, 1628.

In 1645, the estate of Bedlormie was added to the possessions of the family, by the marriage of Sir George's grandson, Alexander Livingstone, Esq. of Craigengall, with Susanna Walker, the heiress. This marriage is entered into with consent not only of the bridegroom's father, but of "ane high and potent earl, James, Earl of Callendar," who advances the sum of 3,000 marks, to clear off the debts of Bedlormie, and to enable the estate to be settled, free of incumbrance, on his kinsman. But this is only one instance, amongst many, of the friendly interference and assistance of the Chief to promote the interests of his cousins.

Amongst the peculiarities of Scotch grants of peerage, one of the most remarkable is the power, occasionally conferred by the sovereign, enabling the peer in possession to designate and appoint his successor *in the dignity*. Of this, there is a striking instance in the Callendar succession, under which the Westquarter branch maintain that their right to the titles of Lord Livingstone of Almond and Earl of Callendar was not affected or injured by the attainder of the Earl of Linlithgow and Callendar in 1715. By a charter under the great seal, proceeding on a sign manual, dated at Auburn Abbey, in England, the 28th July, 1647, Charles the First conferred on James, then Earl of Callendar, the most ample powers (failing heirs of his body) of nominating and appointing successors to his estates and *titles;* and his Majesty did by his said royal charter "Will and grant, decree and ordain, that the person succeeding by the designation and nomination of the said James Earl of Callendar, named and designed as aforesaid, should for ever thereafter enjoy the honour, title, rank, and dignity of an earl, with the same place and precedency as the foresaid James Earl of Callendar possessed and enjoyed." This charter was ratified in Parliament on the 11th May, 1648; and in virtue of this charter and Act of Parliament, the estates and titles of Callendar were strictly settled and limited by Lord Callendar. The persons first favoured by this settlement were the family of Linlithgow, next the Livingstones of Daldeise, now extinct, and lastly, "the nearest lawful heirs male whatsoever of the said James Earl of Callendar." That character undoubtedly belonged to Sir Alexander Living-

stone (the father of the late Admiral), by whom a case was (in 1784) laid before Lord Kenyon, who gave it as his unhesitating opinion that Sir Alexander was not affected by the attainder of 1715, and was legally entitled to the earldom. Forming part of the evidence submitted to Lord Kenyon in support of the Westquarter pedigree, were several documents curiously illustrative of the relations subsisting in those days between the different branches of a Scottish house. In 1676, the exact degree of relationship betwixt the ennobled families of Linlithgow, and Callendar, and the Ogleface or Westquarter branch, appears to have formed the subject of some legal enquiry, and immediately formal declarations and attestations, under the hands and seals of both earls, are prepared, and are afterwards duly recorded in the Register of Probative Writs. That by the Earl of Callendar is as follows: "Wee Alexander Earl of Callendar Lord Livingstone and Almond, &c., Doth hereby testify and declare that Sir Alexander Livingstone, Knight, now of Craigengall, is lawful son and air to umquhile William Livingston, of Craigengall, who was lawful son and heir to umquhile Sir George Livingstone, of Ogleface, Knight, the which Sir George Livingstone was next brother german to umquhile Alexander Earl of Linlithgow, our grandfather. Written by William Duncane, our servant; given under our hand at Callendar, this twenty-ane day of October, 1676 zeiris, Before thir witnesses Normand Livingston of Milnhill, and William Duncane above written." The attestation by the Earl of Linlithgow is precisely in the same terms, and is dated from the Castle of Midhope, this 20th September, 1676.

There were two other documents also laid before Lord

Kenyon, which are strikingly indicative of the strong bonds by which families of the same race were then held together in Scotland, and of the grave and stately intercourse which took place betwixt the chief and the cadet houses of his name. The future lot and career in life of the young Laird of Bedlormie had evidently been the subject of much anxious thought and consideration with his chief; for on the 27th of March, 1715, when men's minds were greatly occupied wth the rights and interests of higher dynasties than even that of Livingstone, the Earl of Linlithgow thus writes to his cousin of Bedlormie: "Sir, I give you the trouble of this upon ane occasion I'm very sorry for, I mean that of your son's going to sea again. I would gladly have you consider how few of our name there are now in Scotland, and that he is the nearest relation of the name I have, and should anything ail, my son and me must certainly succeed to the honours of Linlithgow. I cannot think that he will do anything that is disrespectful to you or his mother, and I am persuaded he will do all he can to oblige you both. By what I can learn from him, he would be satisfied with a very small thing to live upon here, and I am sure it will be more for your honour to have him at home, than he should go abroad again. This I hope you will think of, and your complying with my desire will very singularly oblige, sir, your affectionate cousin and humble servant,

"Linlithgow.

"I hope you will give my humble
services to your lady.

(Addressed) "To the Laird of
Bedlormie.

"Callendar, March
27th, 1715."

This application produced apparently no result, and his lordship finds it necessary to be more specific in stating what he wishes Bedlormie to do. In about a month after, he writes the following: "19th April, 1715. Sir, I give the trouble of this again, in favours of my cousin, who I assure you I think none of his friends have reason to be ashamed of. I am now about to make a proposal to you about him, which is, that you'll allow him fifty pounds sterling a-year, which I assure you I take to be very little for a gentleman to live upon, and I shall answer he shall not trouble you for anything else. I hope I need use no arguments to bring you into this measure, since I think an oldest son ought to be very dear to his parents. You may depend on it, I am resolved to do all I can to serve him, and I hope he shall yet be an honour to his friends and family. I am, sir, your affectionate cousin and humble servant,

"LINLITHGOW.

"I should gladly persuade myself you'll
comply with this request.

"To the Laird of Bedlormie."

An annual income of £50 sterling, even in those days, was certainly a moderate allowance for a gentleman of birth and quality, the eldest son of a baronet, and the next in succession but one to an ancient earldom; but money went far in the northern division of the kingdom at that period, and kinsmen and followers, not pecuniary means, gave importance and family influence.

The anticipations of Lord Linlithgow as to the failure

of the senior branches, were not long in being realized. In 1695, the Earl died without issue, and his nephew and successor, the Earl of Callendar, by the decease of his only son, James Lord Livingstone, on the 30th April, 1715, was left without a male heir, while his only surviving child, the Countess of Kilmarnock, became, like her ancestress Christiane de Calynter, a landless lady by the attainder of her father. The male representation of the family devolved, after the attainted Earl, on Sir George Livingstone, and in succession on his two brothers, Sir Alexander and Sir William; and at their deaths, on their nephew, Sir Alexander of Westquarter and Bedlormie. On this accession of Sir Alexander, (the father of the late Admiral Sir Thomas Livingstone), he took possession of a barren inheritance: with the exception of Bedlormie, at that time of very small annual value, strictly entailed and encumbered with family provisions, not an acre of the great estates of his ancestors remained; even Westquarter (though afterwards recovered, as having been illegally sold, contrary to the provisions of the deed of entail under which it was held) had passed into other hands, and had gone by purchase into the possession of Francis, seventh Lord Napier, whose family had taken up their residence in the Mansion House. Indeed, the history of the recovery of Westquarter is a romance in itself, and in spite of its apparent improbability, is generally believed to be true;—the tale runs thus:—Sir Alexander Livingstone, after the death of his uncle, by which event the succession opened to him, deemed it necessary to visit Edinburgh for the due arrangement of his affairs. He set out accordingly,

by post, from London, and, on his way, stopped at the inn at Belford, a small town betwixt Alnwick and Berwick, on a stormy Christmas afternoon. So tempestuous indeed was the weather, that the landlady besought Sir Alexander to proceed no further that evening. She explained to him that the next stage was a long one, that night was approaching, and the roads bad and hilly; that she had only tired horses in her stables, and that, besides, it was the custom of the house to entertain all the postilions, hostlers, and other servants at a Christmas supper. Thus urged, Sir Alexander consented to remain, only stipulating for some books and newspapers to pass the evening with. Unfortunately, the library of mine host of Belford was not extensive; the lady brought the Bible, the Pilgrim's Progress, and the Seven Champions of Christendom; and these not meeting with Sir Alexander's approval, he was informed that they exhausted the literature of the household, but that there were some curious old papers in a closet adjoining the sitting-room into which he had been ushered. In default of occupation more attractive, Sir Alexander began an examination of the closet, which, to his astonishment, he found to contain an ample store of law papers, legal processes, and other similar documents, all of them having reference to Scotch lawsuits. His curiosity was excited, and, his eye having caught the names of Livingstone and Westquarter, he continued his researches, and at last lighted on the title-deeds of the estate of Westquarter, which appeared to have been produced as evidence to instruct some statement of fact in a litigated

case. On applying to the landlady, she cleared up the mystery, by informing him that she was an Edinburgh woman—the daughter of a Scotch solicitor,—that she had married below her own condition in life, and that she had removed, with her husband, to Belford, to which place, at her father's death, she had brought many of his old papers, which as lumber had been thrown into the closet, where Sir Alexander had discovered them. Many others, she told him, had been destroyed, and, being supposed to be of no value, had been employed in singeing fowls, for pasting up crevices and cupboards, and for other household purposes. To the Westquarter documents Sir Alexander was made heartily welcome; his Belford Christmas night had indeed been for him a most fortunate occurrence, and he started for Edinburgh next morning, carrying with him the very title-deeds with which he was enabled to vindicate his right to the estate, and to *oust* Lord Napier from it. This curious story has been long current in Stirlingshire, on the authority, it is said, of Sir Alexander himself; and this much in corroboration is certain, that some title-deeds had disappeared, that Westquarter had been sold, that it was in the possession of the Napiers, and that it was recovered by Sir Alexander Livingstone, as having been, in violation of the family settlements under which it was held, illegally alienated. The estate thus regained, the price at which it had been sold—though far below its value—had to be repaid, and despite of counter-claims for rents levied and woods cut down, large sums had been expended by the Napiers on permanent improvements, which had also to be accounted for:—in

short, though the restoration of the property and residence did much for the position of the family, it added little or nothing to its immediate resources. As far as actual income was concerned, the nominal owner of Westquarter and Bedlormie was almost in as disastrous a position as his attainted relatives. To add to his comforts, Sir Alexander had married twice, his second wife being a daughter of the noble House of Cranstoun, at that time as impoverished as his own, and he had a family of nine sons and three daughters, with no means to maintain them in their station. As Sterne says, in the Sentimental Journey, "when States and Empires have their periods of declension, and feel in their turns what distress and poverty is," I stop not to tell what had gradually brought the House "of Westquarter" to this decay—but it was so. For his nine sons Sir Alexander could do little more than usher them into the world, and tell them to seek their fortune where they best might find it. Two of his daughters married in their own rank in life, another died young; the fates of the sons were various; none of them, however, left descendants except one—Thurstanus—to be more particularly referred to—at least none of them left a male heir. On the 17th September, 1782, Sir Alexander placed his third, but eventually eldest surviving son, Thomas, in the Royal Navy, on board the Frigate "Brune;" but the state of the family exchequer did not permit a similar start in life to be given to the younger brother, Thurstanus, who was entered, the following year (1783), at the age of fourteen, as an apprentice on board "the good ship, Mary Anne," a merchant vessel out of the port of

London. The future lots in life of these two brothers were widely different. Sir Thomas rose to the highest rank in his profession, Admiral of the Red in 1851, and succeeded to the estates of Westquarter and Bedlormie, which he cleared of all debt, and the former of which he greatly added to by purchase, and embellished : he married the only daughter of an opulent baronet, Sir James Stirling of Mansfield, and was so far recognised by Government as the heir and representative of the Earls of Linlithgow and Callendar, that they restored him (for his life only) to the offices, long hereditary in his family, of Keeper of the Royal Palaces of Linlithgow and of Blackness Castle, with the lands of considerable annual value which formed the appanage of the Keeper. Eventually, after a long career of worldly success, he died at Westquarter in 1853, a wealthy and prosperous gentleman. To the otherwise unbroken good fortune of Sir Thomas there was one drawback, and he felt it severely—he was childless; and in addition to this, he knew that on his death a dispute as to the succession must arise, disastrous and ruinous to his family, and inevitably resulting, in his view of the legal questions involved, in the utter extinction of the male line of his house.

The different career of his younger brother, Thurstanus, may to some extent be gathered from the following petition which he presented to the Trinity House in 1818. It is a sad and strange document as the application of a person who was at that time next in succession to an ancient Baronetcy, to considerable estates strictly entailed, and to the undoubted representation of two Earldoms, and who

was the lineal descendant, indeed, if he survived his brother, the lineal heir male, of a Regent of Scotland.

The Petition proceeds as follows:—

"To the Honourable the Master, Wardens, and Assistants of the Corporation of Trinity House of Deptford, Stroud—

"The Humble Petition of Thurstanus Livingstone, aged 49 years, residing at Rotherhithe Parish, where he has lived for nine years, and followed the occupation of a sailor—sheweth—

"That your Petitioner went to sea at the age of fourteen years, in a vessel out of the port of London, and served there as an apprentice to Captain James Innes, in the ship 'Mary Anne,' Jamaica trade, and latterly in the station of second mate and boatswain, on board the ship 'Kitty,' Captain Daniel Warren, master, in the Baltic trade, and in that capacity served for five voyages.

"That your Petitioner has a wife, Catherine Anne Livingstone, and three children under twelve years of age, incapable of earning their living, whose names and ages are, Alexander Livingstone, aged seven years; Catherine Anne Livingstone, aged four years; Thurstanus Livingstone, sixteen months.

"That your Petitioner is not now able to support himself and family without the charity of this corporation, having no property or income, and no pension or relief from any public charity or company, except from the Royal Chest of Greenwich, which is £8, for a disabled arm.

"Your Petitioner, therefore, most humbly prays, that

he may be admitted a Pensioner of this Corporation at the usual allowance.

"Your Petitioner will ever pray.

(Signed) "THURSTANUS LIVINGSTONE."

This melancholy application was successful, and Thurstanus received an annual pension of six pounds, which he drew till his death, in 1839.

The foregoing petition contains merely a very brief and imperfect outline of the various fortunes of Thurstanus; it sets forth, correctly, that he had at first entered the merchant service, and had never risen higher than to be a second mate and boatswain, but it omits that he had served for some years in the Royal Navy as a common seaman, and that on leaving the navy he had taken the command of a privateer,—apparently an enemy's ship. In his domestic circle, however, this part of his career was by no means shrouded in mystery: in the course of the voluminous proof in the lawsuit to be immediately mentioned, this part of his adventures is repeatedly spoken of. One of his old friends, James Gale, a turner at Rotherhithe, deposes, "I have heard Thurstanus Livingstone speak of a vessel of war in which he had been on board, but I can't tell the name of it. I have heard him also speak of the admiral, his brother, having the command of a vessel of war; and Thurstanus has told me that on one occasion while he, Thurstanus, had the command of a privateer, he fell in with a ship of war in the command of his brother, who chased him, but Thurstanus escaped." This is corroborated by another old friend, Robert Clack, "a

butcher to trade, in Adam Street, Rotherhithe." "Thurstanus told me," says his friend the butcher, "that the first cause of his falling out with the admiral was his leaving the Royal Navy and joining a privateer. He said that he was in action in a privateer, and wounded in the action."

The services of Thurstanus in the navy are distinctly recorded in the books of the different ships in which he served. His first appearance in the navy is on the 10th December, 1796, when he joins the "Sandwich" as an able seaman. Here he remains for only five months, being discharged on the 6th May, 1797, in consequence "of a lacerated wound in the right arm by getting it entangled in the mainstay tackle fall when assisting to strike Beer into the hold on the 24th of March, 1797;" and on the 5th September, 1797, the surgeon certifies that this "has deprived him of the use of his hand, for which he deserves six pounds a-year, and three pounds for present relief." He again enters the navy, 2nd April, 1809, in her Majesty's ship "Star," from which he is immediately transferred to the "Salvador del Mundo," in which he remains for two years and a half, when he is discharged as unserviceable on the 18th of November, 1811. After this he is employed in various capacities, "as a *ship keeper* to old Mr. Mangles, of Rotherhithe; and he also sailed as *cook,* being employed in that capacity by Captain Johnson, who was ship's husband for Mr. Mangles." In the concluding years of his life he seems to have eked out his subsistence as a turner and maker of yard measures, and he dies in 1839, in utter

poverty—"et sic decessit Thurstanus Filius Levingi"—the lineal descendant of a Regent of Scotland, who had imprisoned a Queen, and decapitated an Earl of Douglas!

Thurstanus left two sons and a daughter; the admiral died in 1853, without children; and then commenced the competition for the entailed estates of Bedlormie, which Sir Thomas had anticipated. Regarding the children of Thurstanus as illegitimate, on the ground that they were the offspring of his brother's second marriage with the sister of his first wife, Sir Thomas executed a deed by which he directs his trustees to entail the estate of Westquarter on his grandnephew and eventual heir of line, Mr. Fenton Livingstone, the grandson of his sister, Mrs. Fenton. Sir Thomas held both Westquarter and Bedlormie under settlements of entail, but the Westquarter entail was defective from the omission of a clause prohibiting the alteration of the order of succession. The Bedlormie entail, on the other hand, was altogether unassailable, and the succession was strictly limited to heirs male. While Westquarter thus passed immediately and without question to Mr. Fenton Livingstone, a competition arose betwixt Mrs. Fenton, Sir Thomas's sister, and her nephew, Sir Alexander Livingstone, as he then styled himself, the eldest son of Thurstanus, for the estate of Bedlormie, Mrs. Fenton claiming as Sir Thomas's sole heiress, on the assumption that the whole heirs male had failed, and that her nephew was illegitimate. In the lawsuit which ensued, and which is still pending, Sir Alexander maintained—1st. That as the eldest son of the only brother of Sir Thomas, who had

left male issue, he was the heir of the investiture, and entitled to the estate; 2nd. He denied that his father's two wives were sisters; 3rd. That whether they were sisters or not, was of no moment, that his parents were domiciled in England, had been regularly married *in facie ecclesiæ*, were both long since dead, and no attempt to invalidate their marriage having been made during their lives, it was impossible to question it now,—that he was legitimate by the law of England, and entitled to all the rights and privileges which legitimacy conferred; and 4th and lastly, he pleaded, that the marriage of two sisters in succession was not unlawful by the law of Scotland. After a long and elaborate litigation, a *unanimous* judgment was pronounced by the Court of Session (on the 27th of May, 1856), sustaining the third plea of Sir Alexander, "that being legitimate in England, the law of Scotland was bound to recognise the legitimacy so acquired, and consequently that he was entitled to succeed to the estate;" and thus entirely avoiding, and finding it unnecessary to give any judgment on the questions of fact and law, as to whether the two wives were or were not sisters, and whether the marriage of two sisters is or is not illegal by the law of Scotland. This unanimous judgment of the Court of Session was carried by appeal to the House of Lords, and there (in 1859) as *unanimously* reversed, the whole of the law lords concurring in holding that, while Sir Alexander Livingstone was undoubtedly legitimate in England, at least that his legitimacy could not be effectually challenged in England, yet if in point of fact his father's two wives were actually sisters, though

legitimate, he was not the issue of a marriage which the law of England regarded as lawful, and therefore they remitted back the case to the Court of Session, for farther consideration. Under this remit, two very nice questions, one of fact and the other of law, will fall to be determined; 1st. Were the two wives of Thurstanus Livingstone sisters? 2nd. Is the marriage of two sisters in succession unlawful in Scotland? On neither of these questions is it here intended to offer any opinion; the first is a question of fact, as to which farther evidence may be required, and the second is regarded as one of the nicest and most difficult of the "*Quæstiones Vexatæ*" of the law of Scotland. From the proof already given, it appears that Thurstanus Livingstone first married, on the 25th October, 1797, Susannah Browne, the widow of a ship carpenter, and again, on the 7th August, 1808, Catherine Anne Ticehurst, also a widow, and there seems in the proof abundant moral evidence to show that these two widows were the daughters of two persons of French origin, John Dupuis, a Spitalfields weaver, and of Susanna Dupuis, both of the parish of St. Matthew, Bethnal Green. Various marriage certificates have been recovered and produced, but there is no certificate of the *marriage* of John and Susanna Dupuis; and in the certificate of the burial of Susanna Dupuis, she is not described as the wife of John Dupuis, nor in that of John Dupuis is he described as her husband. Both these persons are understood to have been of French origin, and were of a class of life in France not always very particular in the observance of matrimonial ceremonies, and therefore, like the

hero and heroine of the "Bon Ménage" of Béranger, they may have been of those who

> Tous deux de leur plein gré,
> Pour se passer du divorce,
> Se sont passés du Curé.

The legality of a marriage with the sister of a deceased wife has never been the subject of a civil action before the Scotch Courts. The Scotch law of marriage is embodied in the statute 1567, cap. 15, which provides "that the halie band of matrimony be als lawful and als frie as the lawe of God has permitted the samin to be done;" and the immediately preceding statute (1567, cap. 14) expressly refers to "the Word of God as it is contained in the eighteenth chapter of Leviticus." The Confession of Faith of the Scotch Church (ratified by Parliament in 1690) indeed goes farther than this, and expressly declares "that the man may not marry of his wife's kindred nearer in blood than he may of his own, nor the woman of her husband's kindred nearer of blood than her own;" but though this may be taken as the authoritative construction of the Divine Law by the Presbyterian Church, and as such, in subordination to Scripture, the standard of faith to all Presbyterian bodies in this country; yet it may be seriously doubted whether a ratification by Parliament of articles of religious belief, can be regarded as rendering these conclusive as statutory enactments in the adjudication of civil rights.

Such, however, are the two points which at present await judicial disposal in this celebrated case, and according to the manner in which they may be determined will

depend the maintenance or extinction of the great historical House of Livingstone in the male line in Scotland. If the decision find that the widows Brown and Ticehurst were sisters, and that on that ground the second marriage of Thurstanus Livingstone was illegal according to the law of Scotland, and the children, who sprung from it, incapable of succession in Scotland, then the baronetcy of Westquarter and the dormant earldom of Callendar are extinct; while this somewhat anomalous result will also follow, that an English family of Livingstone, legitimate in England, will exist, the lineal legitimate descendants of the Scotch families on whom these titles were conferred, and yet with no right of inheritance in their honours, and thus legitimate in the country of their birth and of their adoption to every effect and purpose whatsoever, but not legitimate to the effect of succeeding to real estate or hereditary rank in the country of their origin, and in which their ancestors had held high position for many ages. If the representatives in the male line of the families of Linlithgow, Callendar, and Westquarter shall in this way be extinguished in the land of their fathers, it remains at least as some consolation to those who take an interest in matters of pedigree and descent, that of the heirs of line of Livingstone *two* still exist in possession of the dignity of the Scotch peerage, viz. the Earl of Erroll, the unquestioned heir of line of the Earls of Linlithgow and of Callendar; and the Princess Giustiniani, in her own right Countess of Newburgh, and *one* enjoying the rank and position of a landed gentleman, Mr. Fenton Livingstone, the heir of line of Westquarter.

The Bodice-Maker of Bristol.

> There is a tide in the affairs of men
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.
>
> SHAKESPEARE.

I HAVE often had occasion to dilate upon the decadence of families; but the following anecdote, though of no great interest otherwise, presents the reverse of the picture, and shows by what slight accidents a man may arrive at something like distinction without any particular exercise of talent, and indeed solely by the caprice of fortune.

My story not being of a very exalted nature, instead of seeking to garnish a humble dish with the sauce of fine words, I will commence in the good old fashion of the fairy tales. Once upon a time, it fell out that Prince George of Denmark, the husband of Queen Anne, was passing through Bristol, and stopped in his way to visit the Exchange, a place where, even in those days, your "merchants most did congregate," although a very different class of beings from the royal traders of our own age. He was attended only by one gentleman, without any outward marks to denote his rank, yet by some

means or other his name and quality transpired amongst the multitude, when commerce was awhile forgotten throughout the various knots or parties into which the assembly had, according to wont, divided itself, and a busy hum went round as when a hive of bees is disturbed by the presence of some unusual interloper. "Just stand aside," said a dapper little fellow to a pair of overgrown merchants who served to shut out from him the object of general curiosity, "you are so big all ways, there's no getting a sight of him."

"Shall I mount you up on my shoulder?" replied the taller, with good-humoured mockery.

"As I hope for fair winds and the safe return of the good ship, Sally," exclaimed another, "the prince, to my mind, is just like one of ourselves, and I've half a mind to speak to him."

"Do so, neighbour," urged a fifth; "you who're an alderman of Bristol, are a match for any body, though it were Queen Anne herself."

Such, and such-like, were the murmured speeches that floated about amongst the busy people of the mart of Bristol, mingling with rather than interrupting their daily avocations. At length the afternoon came on, and the crowd began to disperse without any notice having been taken of the illustrious stranger, who no doubt thought the Bristolians of a very churlish, if not disloyal inclination. But, fortunately, to redeem the character of the good town, there was one silent observer of the day's transactions who at least had more moral courage than his neighbours. This was a certain John Duddlestone, by trade a bodice-

maker. He at once introduced himself to the neglected visitor, by bluntly demanding if he were not the husband of Queen Anne; and having received an answer in the affirmative, he went on to say, in his rough Bristolian dialect, that he had long waited to see if any of his fellow-townsmen would be bold enough to ask the Prince to dinner, and as the hearts of all had failed them, he had himself plucked up the necessary courage for the occasion.

The prince, who had previously ordered dinner to be prepared for him at the White Lion, nevertheless gave a gracious assent, and followed his unceremonious inviter. The bodice-maker having arrived at his own house, called out in a lusty voice from the bottom of the stairs to his wife above, desiring her to put on a clean blue apron, that she might be fit to receive Prince George, who was going to eat his pudding with them. The dinner proved to be as plain and substantial as the welcome was hearty, the novelty of manners, to which the Prince was altogether unaccustomed, lending a peculiar zest and flavour to the banquet. So much, indeed, was he pleased, that when about to depart, he invited his host to return the visit whenever he came to London, not forgetting to bring his wife with him. At the same time he presented the plain-spoken bodice-maker with a card that would be a sufficient "open sesame" to the doors of the royal palace.

It is probable that so homely and unambitious a personage as John Duddlestone would, in a short time have forgotten his royal invitation, or have thought of it only

as a subject for idle gossip amongst strangers, but that business, after the lapse of a few months, called him to London. On this occasion he was accompanied by his wife, most probably with some recollection of Prince George's invitation; and, soon after their arrival in the great city, they wended their way to the Palace: the card, when presented, procured for them instant admission, and they were at once brought before the Prince, who, with a recollection of the past that does not always appertain to the high and noble, received them with kind courtesy, and introduced them to the Queen herself. So pleased was the latter with the blunt novelty of her visitors' manners, that she took a gold watch from her side, and presented it to the wife, who, full of the pride of such a memorial, never failed afterwards to display it attached to her blue apron when she went to market. Nor did her Majesty stop here; she proposed to confer a pension upon the bodice-maker; but this he refused to accept, declaring that he had got the sum of fifty pounds out at interest, and moreover he well saw that Her Majesty could spare no money, when she had such a flock about her to support. Amused with this naïve trait, the Queen, who was as famous for her good-humour as for her love of good wine, bade him kneel down,—and before the Bristolian became quite aware of what was intended him, he rose up a knight.

From this day, the fortunes of Sir John went on increasing till he had amassed a very considerable sum, and had a baronetcy conferred on him in 1691-2. Would that my tale could end here; but the story of life is pretty

sure either to end or to begin in sorrow. All this wealth was embarked in merchandize, that was entrusted to the mercy of the salt seas; and before the ships that bore it could return, there came the tremendous storm of November, 1704, in which the whole was lost. From this blow Sir John never recovered, but continued to live in very reduced circumstances until the hour of his death; his grandson and heir, the second Sir John Duddlestone, held a humble appointment in the customs at Bristol; but of his descendants, if he had any, nothing has been left on record.

The Prime Minister Ward.

Suscitans a terrâ inopem; ut collocet eum cum principibus: cum principibus populi sui.—Psalm cxii.

Before I introduce to my readers the statesman and diplomatist, who, emerging from the obscurity of a Yorkshire cottage, swayed, for some years, the destinies of an Italian State, I must say a few words concerning the court which was the scene of his wonderful fortunes, and the royal family to whom he owed his elevation.

Without entering upon the early existence of Parma as a free state, or detailing its subjection by the Milanese Viscontis, its conquest by Louis XII. of France, and its annexation to the states of the church, I may begin my historical notice with the year 1545, when the ancestors of the youthful prince who has within the last few months been expelled from his dominions, began to reign. At that date, Pope Paul III. (Farnese) erected Parma into a Duchy, and for nearly two centuries after, the house of Farnese reigned. In 1731, it became extinct in the male line, but immediately revived in a branch of the Spanish Bourbons. The last Duke of Parma's daughter, Elizabeth

Farnese, was the second wife of Philip V., the first Bourbon monarch of Spain, and was mother of two sons, from whom the reigning families of Spain, Naples, and Parma are descended. Charles, the elder of the two, was originally appointed to succeed to his maternal grandfather's duchy; but when he ascended the Neapolitan throne in 1735, he ceded Parma to the house of Austria. However, in 1748, at the peace of Aix la Chapelle, it was restored to the Farnese-Bourbon dynasty in the person of the Infant Philip, younger son of Elizabeth Farnese and King Philip V., who accordingly became Duke of Parma and Placentia, and transmitted these territories to his descendants, Ferdinand and Louis.

In 1801, the latter was obliged to exchange his paternal dominions for a glittering bribe; and Parma and Placentia were incorporated, by the command of France, with the Cisalpine Republic. The Austrian Grand Duke of Tuscany was compelled to withdraw into Germany, where he was provided for, first with Salzburg, and then with Würzburg; and Tuscany, under the ancient classical name of Etruria, and with a royal title, became the compensation to the Bourbon prince for that which he had surrendered.

Louis, King of Etruria, had married, in 1797, his cousin Maria Louisa, daughter of Charles IV., King of Spain, by whom he had a son, Charles Louis, born at Madrid, in December, 1799, and a daughter, Maria Louisa Carlotta, born in October, 1802, at sea, in the voyage between Leghorn and Barcelona. King Louis was not destined long to wear the Etruscan crown. An early death cut

short his not very important life in 1803; and his able and accomplished widow became Queen Regent of Etruria, during the minority of her infant son King Charles. It seems only due to the historical fitness of things that gifts bestowed by a usurping power in France upon a descendant of Henry IV. should not prosper. The ancient crown of Lars Porsenna, thus unjustly bestowed by a Bonaparte on a Bourbon, soon turned out, like a malignant fairy gift, to be no better than a circlet of withered leaves. Queen Maria Louisa and the boy King, Charles Louis, found themselves suddenly discrowned in the fourth year of their joint reign, when, in 1807, Napoleon Bonaparte took possession of Etruria, as a portion of the kingdom of Italy. However, a crown was still held out to them, but it was that of a kingdom which was yet to be conquered. Napoleon consoled them with prospects of sovereignty. A portion of Portugal was to be theirs, and a fine sounding name was not wanting, for they were to be King and Queen Regent of Lusitania. However, thanks to Wellington and British arms, this monarchy remained distant and shadowy, like the fabled Atlantis. And as Napoleon found the claims of his royal protegès somewhat troublesome, he prudently cut the matter short by sending the young discrowned king to live with his maternal grandfather, King Charles IV. of Spain, then in exile at Naples, while he shut up the Queen Regent, with her daughter the Princess Carlotta, in a convent at Rome. Those were days in which Candide might have sat down to supper in the Carnival, not with six, but with twice six wandering monarchs in want of crowns. And during the

last half century there has never been a time when the various revolutions of Europe have not thrown more kings, grand dukes, and sovereign princes loose on the world, than Voltaire, in his wildest dreams of sarcastic imagination, could ever have conceived.

It is singular that, at this very moment, a princess and a prince of the illustrious house of Bourbon, and, moreover, recently reigning in Parma, find themselves almost in an identical position of humble dependence upon a Napoleon Bonaparte, with that which I have been describing. The Duchess Regent of Parma, herself a Bourbon, and heiress presumptive of the elder line of that great house, and her son the youthful Duke Robert, are now circumstanced almost exactly as were their ancestors and predecessors half a century ago.

The young Duke of Parma may be said to centre in his own person the presumptive heirship to the grandest and most ancient dynasties in Europe. His maternal uncle, the Duc de Bordeaux, being childless, he will, at his death, be the undoubted heir of line of the ancient French monarchy, through Henry IV. and the kings of Navarre, up to Louis X., who was the direct descendant, from father to son, of Hugh Capet. He will also be heir of the ancient Celtic kings of Scotland, through the elder line of Baliol, the sister and heir of that monarch having carried the right of representing the old Scottish sovereigns and the Royal Saxon line of England, through the families of Lindsay and De Coucy, into the house of Bourbon. He is also, in right of his paternal grandmother, Maria Teresa, Duchess of Lucca and Parma, coheir of the Stuart

line of kings of Great Britain; for she was one of the daughters and coheirs of Victor Emmanuel, King of Sardinia, who was the sole heir of King Charles I. Of all the Italian princes who have been driven from their thrones by the recent revolutionary movement, the misfortunes of none have excited so much sympathy as those of the young Duke of Parma and his mother the Regent.

But I have been insensibly led to the revolutions of a third generation; and I must return to the history of the young Duke Robert's grandfather, Charles Louis, King of Etruria, who, in 1807, was, together with his mother the queen regent, reduced to a similar state of discrowned exile.

The young King of Etruria continued to reside with his grandfather, the old King of Spain, in his exile at Naples, during the greater part of his early youth. When he was a lad of fifteen, the clouds which obscured his destiny seemed to clear away, with the downfall of him who had been the tyrant of his family. When Napoleon Bonaparte was driven from the throne of France, the chaos which he had produced among the sovereign houses of Europe was brought back to some degree of order, and the ancient landmarks of history were sought out and re-established. After thirteen years of banishment, the Grand Duke Ferdinand was brought back to Florence, no longer the capital of a new Etruscan kingdom, but restored to the house of Hapsburg-Lorraine. A retreat had to be found for the wife of Napoleon, who, after having filled the high position of Empress of the West, could not return to her place

among the unmarried daughters of Austria. It was necessary to give her a sovereignty, and nothing so convenient could be found as Parma, a shred of her husband's kingdom of Italy. In that principality she was accordingly installed as Duchess, in 1814, with the reversion of the succession to her son, the ex-King of Rome. Thus Charles Louis de Bourbon saw both the territory to which he was by birth entitled, and that over which he had for a short time reigned by the fiat of Napoleon, bestowed elsewhere, without a thought being wasted upon him. The claims of his family were, however, brought before the notice of the Congress of Vienna, and it was decided to give him and his mother a measure of compensation for their losses, by erecting Lucca into a Duchy, of which she was made the sovereign, with a reversion to her son, who, moreover, was to enjoy a revenue from Tuscany, in consideration of his claims on the crown of Etruria, besides an appanage from Spain as an Infant of that royal house. This arrangement took place in 1815. And it may be here stated, that two years afterwards, in 1817, an alteration in the succession to Parma was made in his favour, according to which the young ex-King of Etruria, Duke of Lucca, was called to the succession on the death of the ex-Empress Maria Louisa, instead of her own son, the young ex-King of Rome, the Duke of Reichstadt. These changes of boundary, title, and succession are very difficult to follow; and, fortunately, we have had little experience of them in our own country. But each generation has seen such alterations on the Continent as go far to destroy the feelings of nationality and loyalty. Thus,

while the ex-Empress of France, Maria Louisa, was seated at Parma, the ex-Queen of Etruria, Maria Louisa, was seated at Lucca, with the prospect for her son of the eventual succession to his own hereditary dominions. And it was arranged, that whenever that event should take place, the Duchy of Lucca should be united to the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, by way of compensation to the Grand Duke Ferdinand for his long exile.

The charming little sovereignty of Lucca, which was thus unceremoniously disposed of like an estate, first to one proprietor and then to another, may be looked upon as the garden of Italy. It stands pre-eminent in beauty and fertility, and in the industry of its inhabitants. The ancient capital of this fairy region is situated in a rich plain, watered by the Serchio, and surrounded by mountains. It is twelve miles from the sea, and ten miles north of Pisa. Its circumference is about three miles, and it is surrounded by broad ramparts planted with venerable trees. It is well-built, containing many stately houses, though the streets are in general narrow. The ducal palace is a magnificent pile. Lucca is rich in churches. The cathedral, which is of the eleventh century, is adorned with fine paintings, sculptures, and monuments, and possesses some valuable manuscripts as old as the seventh century. One of the most curious of the churches, is San Frediano, a most remarkable specimen of the Lombard style, and erected in honour of St. Fredan, a British prince, whose remains repose there. In early times, Lucca was an Etruscan city, and then a Roman colony. In the middle ages it was a Republic, often at war with Pisa and

Florence. At one time it was, along with Pisa, at the head of the Ghibeline party. It afterwards fell under the yoke of the Viscontis of Milan, and was restored to liberty by the Emperor Charles IV. in 1370. It was then subject to successive tyrants, and at last settled into an exclusive aristocracy, in A.D. 1556, by which only a certain number of noble families were eligible to office. These, in the year 1600, were one hundred and sixty in number; but in the course of the two following centuries they had dwindled to one half. From among these, a Senate, a great council, a Signoria, and a Gonfaloniere were elected. This government was swept away by the flood of the French Revolution. The ancient aristocracy was suddenly metamorphosed into a violent democracy, which, in its turn, speedily gave way to a despotism, under Eliza Bacciochi, the sister of Napoleon, who began to reign there as Grand Duchess, in 1805.

There is something utterly repugnant to our English ideas in a state being thus transferred like a farm, from one possessor to another, and it is difficult to conceive patriotism, loyalty, or even self-respect subsisting in the breasts of a people thus summarily disposed of. How was it possible for a Mansi, a Nobîli, a Bernardini, a Trenta, a Montecatini, or any of the families with whom resided the supreme power of the ancient republic, to offer a hearty allegiance to Eliza Bacciochi, when Napoleon imposed her upon them as their Grand Duchess? And, although the illustrious blood of the Bourbons claimed more sincere homage from nobles of ancient lineage, yet the Lucchese chamberlain, or equerry at a small ducal court,

might well be pardoned if he sighed for the old times when his fathers and grandfathers were members of the "Signoria" of their aristocratic republic. The republic of Lucca had existed during many centuries of peaceful though obscure self-government after the stormy civil wars of the middle ages. And it is difficult to see why, after the revolutionary wave of French invasion had subsided, it was not entitled to be restored to its former position. But it was destined to share the fate of its more illustrious sisters of Genoa and Venice, with this difference, that it continued to preserve for a few years longer its nationality, although under a new form of government, before it was merged in the larger state of Tuscany. In 1815, the nobles of Lucca, who had bent the knee to Madame Eliza Bacciochi, were called on to render a similar homage to Maria Louisa of Spain, and her son Charles Louis of Parma.

The young Duke of Lucca had no sooner attained the age of twenty, than his mother arranged a marriage for him, which seemed in all respects suitable, in point of age, illustrious birth, good education, and personal charms. The bride was Maria Theresa, one of the four daughters of Victor Emmanuel, King of Sardinia, who abdicated in March, 1821, in less than a year after his daughter's marriage, and died in 1824. The sisters of the young Duchess of Lucca were, Mary Beatrice, wife of Francis IV., Duke of Modena; Maria Christina, wife of Ferdinand II., King of Naples; Maria Anne (her twin sister), wife of Ferdinand, Emperor of Austria. Considerable interest is attached to those four young princesses, in the eyes of

Englishmen, from the fact that they are the heirs general of the royal houses of Stuart, Tudor, and Plantagenet. They had no brothers; and the uncle, in favour of whom their father abdicated the crown, died childless, and was succeeded by the late King Charles Albert, a very remote descendant of the house of Savoy, of the branch of Carignan, and in no way connected with the Stuart family, which, on the death of the Cardinal Duke of York, came to be directly represented by Victor Emmanuel, King of Sardinia.

The young Duchess of Lucca was just seventeen, at the time of her marriage, in the month of August, 1820; and in addition to the charm of the most regular beauty, she possessed that of innate, graceful dignity. It was impossible to conceive a more perfect specimen of high-born and high-bred loveliness. Her education had been very strict, and she was devoted to her religious duties, and pious observances, after the straitest forms of the Church of Rome. Her mind was noble and pure, and the only drawback to her many admirable qualities was that her piety partook too much of the character of asceticism. The young Duke, at the time of his marriage, was one of the handsomest princes in Europe. There is a very fine bust of him, which was taken at that time by Bartolini the sculptor of Florence, and which is a striking likeness, now in the possession of Mr. Hamilton Gray, and preserved at Bolsover Castle. The personal attractions of the Duke of Lucca were equalled by his talents and accomplishments. No one was better qualified to delight and to charm in the social circle. No one was gifted with more ready

wit, or lively conversational powers. No one was more popular among his friends, and no one possessed greater kindness of heart or amiability of manner. His learning, too, was very considerable, and he possessed such versatility of talent that he could at once quit the most gay and lively scenes of social enjoyment, and become absorbed in some abstruse branch of study.

The early married life of the Duke and Duchess of Lucca was one of much variety and gaiety. Connected by intimate ties of relationship with most of the Italian reigning houses, and with the Courts of Vienna and Dresden, they lived in a continual round of regal festivities; and their own Court at Lucca was much more splendid in consequence of their distinguished position, than, from the size or the importance of its territory, it had any right to be.

The late Emperor of Austria, Francis, was much attached to the Duke of Parma, and as he was brother-in-law to his son, he regarded him as a member of his own family, and accordingly Vienna may be said to have been his home even more than Lucca. There he generally spent the gay season of the year. He was also a frequent guest at the Court of Saxony, his sister, the Princess Carlotta, having married Prince Maximilian, brother of the King and father of the present Monarch by a former wife, a Prince old enough to be her grandfather. During the year of the Jubilee, 1825, the Duke and Duchess of Lucca passed some of the winter months in Rome; and in that remarkable season, they were the most distinguished among the illustrious strangers whom the holy year brought to the Eternal City. The Court of

Lucca, although on a small scale, was brilliant. The palaces were magnificent and spacious, and thronged with joyous inmates. The favourite residence of the Duke was La Marlia, a beautiful royal villa, distant a very few miles from the town, and during the intense summer heat he retired to the charming retreat of the Bagni di Lucca, where he had a handsome palace. On the 14th January, 1823, the Duchess gave birth to a son, Prince Ferdinand Charles, who, on the abdication of his father, reigned in Parma as Charles III., and who recently fell by the hand of an assassin.

Having thus understood the position of the sovereign into whose service Baron Ward entered, and in whose government he acted so conspicuous a part, we must, for a moment, quit the royal atmosphere of the palace of Lucca, and enter a lonely cottage in the parish of Howden, in the county of York. This was the abode of the humble ancestors of Thomas Ward; and it was the spot where he passed his early years, although not the place of his birth.

His grandfather, Thomas Ward, was a labourer of most respectable character in the parish of Howden, where all his sons and daughters were born, and where he himself lived long enough to receive frequent proofs of the attachment and bounty of his distinguished grandson. He and his wife were highly esteemed, both by their superiors and equals, and they maintained through life that character of honesty and integrity for which many of the English peasantry are so conspicuous. Old Thomas Ward was invariably treated with the utmost affection by his grandson.

He used to receive very kind letters from him; and when the Baron visited England in after-years, on the various missions with which his sovereign entrusted him, he never failed to spend a day or two at Howden, in order to show him dutiful attention.

Thomas Ward's son, William, was settled at York, as stud-groom to Mr. Ridsdale, the trainer. His wife's name was Margaret, and their son Thomas (the Baron) was born at York, in the year 1809. He had the misfortune to lose his mother when he was very young. His father married again, and we must presume that Tom did not find his home comfortable; for when he was seven years of age, he ran away from his father and step-mother, and went to his grandfather at Howden, where he remained five years. It was to this period of his life that he always reverted with the most affectionate interest; and here it was that he received his education. From seven to twelve, he was an attender in the church-school, and there he imbibed the sound religious principles to which he steadily adhered throughout his whole life. His conduct as a school-boy was good, and those who knew him well at that early period remember that he was distinguished, in his humble way, as an apt scholar; and that he received a Bible as a prize. When he was about twelve years old, he left Howden and returned to York, and here again his good conduct attracted the notice of his superiors: and he received another Bible as a gift from a lady who had noticed him as an orderly, well-conducted boy, who possessed considerable religious knowledge. On his return to York, he attended a National-school for a short time,

and afterwards went to Mr. Ridsdale's stables, where he did not continue long; for in the year 1823, he was sent out to push his fortune in the world.

He was then fourteen years of age, and an active, smart, clever little fellow, with uncommon shrewdness and dexterity, and with perfect good faith and honesty, founded on religious principle. He was altogether a firstrate specimen of a genuine Yorkshire boy. In the month of October, in the year 1823, he was sent with a horse to Vienna, and entered the service of Prince Aloys von Lichtenstein in the department of the stables.

Materials are wanting for a particular account of the earlier years of the Continental life of Tom Ward, and it is probable that they do not contain many interesting incidents. He continued for some time in the service of Prince Lichtenstein, and his moral conduct was uniformly good, while he distinguished himself by his knowledge of horses, and by his ability as a skilful trainer and fearless rider. He was very compactly built, and a light weight, and was frequently selected as a jockey to ride races. He gradually rose in the stables of his master, and he was at length induced to leave his service by the offer of a promotion into that of a Sovereign Prince and member of a royal house.

This was Charles Louis, Duke of Lucca, who lived more at Vienna than in his own dominions. Although a Bourbon and a son of France, he never cultivated any very intimate connection with Louis XVIII., or Charles X.; while he regarded the Emperor Francis as a father. Himself a great grandson of Maria Theresa, he was still more closely connected with the Imperial family through

his beautiful Duchess, who was twin sister to the wife of the son and heir of the Emperor. He thus was adopted as a son of the house of Austria, and regarded Vienna as his capital, while in common with his neighbours of Florence, Parma, and Modena, he looked up to the Austrian Emperor as the supporter of his sovereign authority, and respected him as his political chief.

The Duke of Lucca was extremely fond of horses, and as he was an *Anglomane,* it was necessary to have both horses and grooms from England. Being in want of a clever under-groom, Tom Ward was strongly recommended to him, and he considered himself fortunate in securing the services of so neat, active, and clever a lad. Little did either master or man, at that time, think of the close and important ties by which it was their fate to be bound together during so many troubled and anxious years!

I cannot tell the exact year in which Ward entered the Duke of Lucca's service. It must have been between 1825 and 1830. He was for some years in the Ducal stables, when his cleverness and good conduct attracted the favourable notice of his master. And as he was very fond of the English, he wished to attach Ward more closely to his immediate service; and notwithstanding his equestrian skill, he decided upon removing him from his stables, and making him his under *valet de chambre.* Ward owed this promotion entirely to his high character, integrity, and scrupulous English cleanliness. He had no personal advantages whatever, being quite devoid of that showy exterior which sometimes leads to

promotion in great houses. He was under-sized and by no means well made, except for riding; his face was plain, but with an expression in which there was a remarkable union of simplicity and shrewdness. His complexion was light, his eyes were grey, quick, and penetrating. He was thoroughly English in his air and manner, and in nothing more than in his extreme neatness in dress and cleanliness in person. The Duke had many opportunities of testing his integrity and moral worth; and as he was anxious to have a valet on whose sterling honesty he could quite depend, he was glad to transfer his little Yorkshire groom from the stable to the ante-chamber.

Ward's rise in the service of the Duke of Lucca was extremely gradual, and was the result not of capricious favour, but of the most well-grounded appreciation of his long-tried worth and his rare intelligence. From under-valet he was raised to the highest post in his master's dressing-room; and in the year 1836 he was his confidential attendant, in which important though humble capacity he continued for six or seven years.

The Duke was a frequent guest at the Grand Ducal Court of Tuscany. He was nearly connected with the reigning family, and the larger social circle of Florence formed a pleasant variety from his own smaller court. In the summer of 1838, he considerably enlarged the circuit of his travels, being attracted by the coronation of the Queen of Great Britain. He first attended the coronation of his own brother-in-law, the Emperor of Austria, at Milan, as King of Lombardy, and then he proceeded to England.

It may here be mentioned that there is no Imperial coronation of the Austrian Emperor. His imperial title is rather personal than territorial. The crown of the Western Empire (the Sacred Roman Empire) had during the latter centuries of its existence degenerated into an almost hereditary heirloom of the house of Hapsburgh, when it was rudely rent from the brows of Francis by Napoleon. Although Bonaparte created a new Western Empire, the successor of Old Rome was extinguished never to be revived. Yet Francis, who had been the representative of the Cæsars, was not to be cheated of his imperial dignity. He continued an Emperor, but his Empire was Austrian instead of Roman. Austria had never been more than a Duchy, to which, by way of eminence, the affix "Arch" had been added. The Archduke of Austria had no coronation, but on his accession was accustomed to receive the homage (Huldigung) of his states. But as the Austrian Emperor was the possessor of many crowns, such as those of Hungary, Bohemia, and Lombardy, it was decided that he should henceforth undergo the ceremony of coronation at Presburg for the Kingdom of Hungary, and at Milan for that of Lombardy, and at Prague for that of Bohemia.

After the coronation at Milan, the Duke of Lucca proceeded to England, and he was accompanied by Ward in his quality of first *valet de chambre*. He must at that time have seen at an awful distance some of those political notabilities with whom it was his fate, a few years after, to mingle in the associations of diplomatic life. At the Court of Great Britain the Duke was extremely well received, and

welcomed with the distinction due to his exalted rank; and during the months of his stay in this country, he had the opportunity, of which he fully availed himself, of mingling with the various ranks of English society, and with the manifold subdivisions of party, whether religious or political, by which that society is marked.

After a stay at Windsor Castle, and one or two visits with which he honoured country mansions, and a residence during some time in London, his Royal Highness returned to the Continent. The Duchess at this time preserved the grace and beauty for which she had been so pre-eminently distinguished, but her health was extremely delicate, and she mixed but little in society. Besides a princess, who died in early infancy, the marriage of the Duke and Duchess had produced only one son, the late unfortunate Duke of Parma. He was at this time a boy under care of his tutor Monsignore Diacchi, a Hungarian Ecclesiastic of considerable talent and worth.

Such was the scene into which the young Yorkshireman was introduced, and such were the actors among whom his lot was cast when he became principal valet to the Duke of Lucca.

It has been already stated that Ward had in his early years received a religious education, and that he did not fail to profit by what he had learnt. He always faithfully adhered to the Church of England. He was unlearned in doctrines, but he cultivated the fruits of sobriety, chastity, and honesty; and he regarded it as a point of duty and honour to remain faithful to the communion of the Church of England, in which he had been born and bred. There

never was a man less ambitious; greatness was thrust upon him without his either wishing for it or expecting it, and he pursued the quiet tenor of his way, always acting according to the dictates of his prudent integrity and shrewd simplicity, and adopting as his motto, "Honesty is the best and surest policy."

His extraordinary good sense and practical ability became gradually more and more apparent. The Duke soon began to see that his advice was good in matters far beyond the departments of his stables and his wardrobe. He accordingly consulted him in many perplexed and difficult cases as they happened to occur. And he invariably found such benefit from the advice of his new counsellor, that he began to regard him as almost infallible. Ward soon became the prime adviser in all that regarded the personal expenditure and the household economy of his master. Among the natives of Lucca the English valet was much more popular than is usually the case with the foreign favourites of princes. It was evident that he was acquiring a very great share of influence; but then it was quite as evident that he was not abusing that influence in order to compass any selfish ends. All that he did was characterized by straight-forward plainness and simplicity. He never boasted of favour, it was evident that he was always entirely actuated by a desire to promote the *really* best interests of his master, and the people soon learnt to distinguish between his sincere downright attachment to his duties, and the timeserving fawning of court parasites. As his influence increased, and as he was consulted on weightier matters, he obtained a growing esteem among

the people, and Signor Tommaso was one of the most popular personages in the ducal court. He never manifested the slightest wish to rise above the level of his early rank. He had married a young woman of Vienna, of excellent character, but of his own station in life, and he inhabited a neat little house in Lucca, in the vicinity of the palace. And when he was practically the keeper of the Duke's privy purse, and his adviser in some of the most important concerns, he went about his humble duties with the same modest and unassuming demeanour as when he had no other occupation than that of overlooking his master's wardrobe and arranging his toilette. The knowledge that he possessed on the subject of horses, gained for him a considerable amount of influence; he became practically superintendent of the ducal stud, and almost every year he made journeys to his native Yorkshire, in order to purchase fine English horses. On such occasions he never omitted to visit his father, and his old grandfather and uncles at Howden.

Ward had been gradually advancing in the regard and confidence of the Duke and Duchess, when, in the year 1843, a circumstance occurred, which justly secured for him a lasting place in their favour, and which at the same time proved his capacity for diplomacy, and his remarkable aptitude in accomplishing difficult negociations. After the death of the Marquis Mansi, the management of the affairs of the Duchy of Lucca fell into bad hands; the revenue was misappropriated, the Duke's private funds were embezzled, and the finances had fallen into the most frightful disorder. This occasioned the utmost distress of

mind to the Duke; and his health and spirits were visibly affected. The anxious affection of the Duchess was on the alert to find, if possible, some remedy for the evil. And there was no one to whose advice she so readily had recourse as Ward. He was perfectly aware of the course of nefarious transactions by means of which his master was impoverished, and plainly told the Duchess that there was no salvation from ruin except by the immediate removal of the obnoxious minister, and the adoption of a strict system of financial reform.

But it was easy to suggest. The difficulty was, to induce the Duke to take the decided steps which were necessary. A powerful minister was to be dismissed, and a complicated arrangement of embarrassed affairs was to be accomplished. The only way of getting the Duke to act, was by inducing some friend to take the responsibility and the trouble upon himself; and where was such an invaluable friend to be found? The Duchess and her faithful counsellor went over the different princes with whom her family were intimately connected, and she found difficulties and objections to all. At last she fixed upon one of the Austrian Archdukes, who was Governor of Gallicia, and she decided that he was the man to help them out of their difficulties by his resolution in acting, and his prudence in advising, if he could only be induced to undertake the difficult task. It may be proper to explain that the prince thus selected was Ferdinand, cousin to the Emperor, brother to the Duke of Modena, and maternal uncle to the Duchess of Lucca, her father, Victor Emmanuel, King of Sardinia, having

married an Archduchess of Austria, the daughter of Ferdinand, a younger son of Maria Theresa. Her mind was no sooner made up than she resolved without delay to put her plans in practice. She told Ward that he must forthwith prepare for a journey to Gallicia. She feared to give him full instructions in writing, or to send by him any detail of circumstances to the Archduke, lest he should be robbed by the way, or examined at the frontiers which he had to pass. She ascertained that he was thoroughly acquainted with the posture of the Duke's affairs and alive to all their difficulties; and she therefore furnished him with a single line to the Archduke, informing him that the bearer was a person entirely in her confidence, and who had a most important communication to make to his Imperial Highness, and that every word that he said might be implicitly trusted.

The first difficulty to be overcome, was for Ward to obtain leave of absence from the Duke, whose health and spirits were such that he could ill dispense with his services. However, he entreated so urgently for leave of absence during three weeks, that his master was at length prevailed on to grant his request. It was next necessary to take measures to conceal the place of his real destination. Ward gave out that he was going to Dresden, and in order that this might be believed, he sent several letters addressed to his wife at Lucca, under cover to a confidential friend at Dresden, to be put from time to time into the post-office of that city, so that they might arrive at Lucca with the Dresden postmark.

When once he set out, he lost little time by the way. But after he had crossed the Hungarian frontier, and when

he was no longer in danger of having his papers seized, he spent one or two nights, instead of sleeping after his long day's journey, in writing out as distinct a statement as he could of the Duke's affairs, and of the shameful way in which he was pillaged, with a view to assist his memory in the conversation that he hoped to have with the Archduke. This statement he composed in German, which he spoke and wrote fluently, although with the Viennese dialect.

As soon as he arrived at Lemberg, the capital of Gallicia, he requested an audience of the Archduke, and delivered to him the brief credentials with which the Duchess of Lucca had entrusted him. When the Archduke desired to know the nature of the important communication that he had to make, Ward pulled out his statement, and began to explain it. The Archduke told him to leave the paper with him, and to call next day, when he would be better able to talk to him. And when, full of anxiety, he came at the appointed time, his Imperial Highness complimented him on the distinctness of his statement, but he demanded in what way all this concerned him, and how he could be instrumental in improving the state of the Duke's affairs? Ward therefore fully entered upon the mission with which he had been entrusted, and a very long conversation ended in the Archduke giving him the assurance that if he was requested by the Duke of Lucca so to do, he would formally enter upon the trust which the Duchess wished him to undertake, and endeavour to check the abuses of his master's financial administration, and put order into his affairs.

No sooner had this assurance been given, than Ward set out on his homeward journey, and in due time he arrived at Lucca. He first acquainted the Duchess with the success of her scheme, and he then hastened to present himself to his master, whom he found sunk in the lowest dejection, and who complained bitterly of his minister's conduct, of the embarrassment of his circumstances, and of his misfortunes. "Ah," said he, "I have no able and powerful friend who might help me to bear my burden!" Ward immediately caught at this idea, and suggested that some one of his princely relatives and neighbours might perhaps be induced to give him their aid. He began with some of those who were most nearly connected with his master by family ties, and proposed successively his brothers-in-law, the Duke of Modena and the King of Naples, his neighbour the Grand Duke of Tuscany, or the King of Sardinia. All were objected to, on different grounds. Ward next went warily into Germany, and spake of the King of Saxony, or Prince John, who were nearly connected with him. They would not do. Then he turned to Vienna, and among the Archdukes he named with considerable internal trepidation the Governor of Gallicia. "Ah," said the Duke, "*he* would do, if he could only be prevailed on to undertake the task." "Would your Royal Highness agree to put your affairs into his hands, if he would consent to take the trouble?" eagerly rejoined Ward. "Yes, I would, and gladly," said the Duke. "Then, I have the happiness of informing you that the thing is already agreed to; and the Arch-

duke only awaits your application to him, in order immediately to enter upon the arrangement of your affairs." The satisfaction of the Duke, the Duchess, and their faithful confidant, may easily be conceived. The arrangement of the Duke's embarrassments was immediately entrusted to the Archduke. The unfaithful minister was dismissed, and the rapid advance of ruin was arrested in good time.

The zeal and address which Ward displayed in the arrangement of this affair, procured for him an unbounded influence with his master, who, soon after this, strongly urged him to accept of a portfolio, and to assume the public position of a minister of state. This proposition Ward refused point blank. He said that it would make them both ridiculous; that he was an uneducated English groom, and quite unfit, in every way, to be elevated in the manner that his Royal Highness proposed; but that he had devoted his life to him, and could serve him in a private capacity quite as faithfully and as effectually as if he assumed the external badge of power. He had now the entire management of all the Duke's private affairs, and he was consulted by him in matters of state. But he held no ostensible position, and would not allow himself to be regarded otherwise than as the Duke's servant.

Some months after the final conclusion of this negociation, when the Prime Minister had been dismissed, and the finances of Lucca had been put on a better footing, in the autumn of the year 1844, Ward made one of his accustomed journies into Yorkshire to buy horses for the stud.

In this refusal to take office, which was not a mere feint, we may recognise the native of a free and yet an aristocratic country; for Ward carried about with him through life the most unmistakable type of an Englishman. In a despotic government, where the will of the autocrat is absolute law, a word or a nod can raise the most abject, and, decorating him with orders and titles, can elevate him above the noblest in the land. And in pursuance of this arbitrary system, of which we have the most full development in Eastern countries, but which we have seen in a modified degree under the various despotisms of Europe, the Duke of Lucca thought it neither strange nor unreasonable that his valet should, if he so pleased it, become a minister of state, and hold his head above all the native nobles. But Ward, with the intuitive sense of an Englishman, felt that this would not do. Though probably not well read in the constitutional history of his country, he yet felt as the mass of Englishmen feel, and the same cause which has prevented some of our most talented statesmen from gaining a thorough cordial influence over the English nation, made Ward refuse the glittering distinction that was offered to him. With the tact of an Englishman, he felt that position and station were wanted in order to give a fair field to talent, integrity, and honest ambition. And although his hesitation would have been better founded if it had applied to free England, than to an Italian people accustomed from time immemorial to bow to the caprices of rulers, yet it was not wholly mistaken; for it was impossible that the Lucchese

nobility who, one generation back, had been themselves the sovereigns of their republic, could regard with complacency the sudden elevation of an obscure foreigner, however great might be his personal worth.

Ward's reluctance to take upon himself the name and title of cabinet minister was persevered in for some time. But it was found to be inexpedient, and even impossible to carry on the government with the real and virtual prime minister holding the position of valet de chambre to the sovereign. The Duke, therefore, at length overcame his scruples, and elevated him to the position of minister of state, giving him the portfolio of minister of finance. At the same time, he created him a Baron.

In the year 1845, an auspicious event occurred in the ducal family, viz., the marriage of the only son of the Duke and Duchess, Charles, hereditary Prince of Lucca. This young prince was now twenty-two years of age; and he had grown up very different from what might have been expected, in the son of parents so distinguished for beauty and grace. His appearance was plain, and his manners were singularly undignified, as may be remembered by many of those who knew him during his visits to this country, where he astonished all who had observed the graceful demeanour of his mother, and the winning courtesy of his father.

The marriage which he now made was one well calculated to please a family who were themselves Bourbons, and connected with all the highest royal houses in Europe. The bride was Louisa of France, only sister of

the Duc de Bordeaux, and daughter of the Duc de Berry. Having been born in 1819, she was three years older than the Prince, and that was an advantage, considering his boyish temperament, which required guidance. The marriage took place on the 10th November, 1845. Nothing could be more gratifying to the Duke of Lucca, than this marriage of his son. The alliance was brilliant in point of rank and birth; and although the star of the elder line of the Bourbons was not in the ascendant, yet the last remaining scions of that magnificent race were invested with a grand historic interest. In the probable event of the death of the Duc de Bordeaux without a family, his sister Louisa will become heir-general of Hugh Capet, as well as heir-general of the ancient Scottish and Anglo-Saxon kings, through John Baliol's sister. The latter, however, is a curious point of illustration known and valuable to genealogists alone. But, even in the present day, when illustrious birth is made to yield to wealth and success, the representation in the female line of the mighty Capetian and Bourbon dynasty of French kings will add considerable illustration to a cadet branch of the family, which is the position of the present young Duke Robert of Parma, the Princess Louisa's eldest son.

The issue of his marriage with Louisa of France was two sons and a daughter. To the eldest was given the name Robert, unusual in his family since the times of Robert, son and successor of Hugh Capet.

I have followed Ward in the scenes of his early life, when he passed through the discipline of obscurity and

attained to a position of trust and importance. I have now to trace his course amid stirring events, in which he was destined to act a very conspicuous part; and I will, in the subsequent portion of the narrative, thankfully avail myself of some of his letters, written from the midst of his political vicissitudes. If I could publish them fully, they would redound still more to the honour of his disinterested modesty, rare good sense, and right feeling. But many details are involved in them which cannot, with propriety, be made public during the present generation. Enough, however, will appear in the extracts which I propose to give, to illustrate the excellence of his character, and the rare talent which he evinced for conducting the most difficult and seemingly hopeless negociations to a successful conclusion.

The reader must pardon the inaccuracies of the English, remembering that it is that of a Yorkshire groom, whose only college was the parish school at Howden. However, in the midst of a life of constant active exertion, he did not neglect his improvement in his native language as well as in German, Italian, and French. Were the letters written in 1839, when he was a valet, compared with those written ten years after, when he was a Minister of state, a considerable difference would be seen in style and orthography. His best language, however, was Italian; as in that he had been the most accustomed to converse with men of rank and education.

In considering the character of this man, even those who are not so intimately acquainted with him as to be able to judge of his higher qualities, must needs admit

him to have been a consummately clever fellow, who could apply all his native Yorkshire shrewdness to a new sphere, and turn to his sharp intelligence for guidance in novel and difficult circumstances. A certain freedom of speech, with a bold hardihood of character, based entirely on a conscious sense of honour attracted, at first, the notice of his master, who felt such pleasure in the open frankness of the man, that he frequently took opportunities of conversing with him and asking his advice. Ward always spoke out his mind, and by the force of strong native sense and unswerving determination, he impressed his master with the fact that his best counsels were to be derived from the truthfulness of his Yorkshire groom, and not from the flattery of the titled and decorated crowds that thronged his chambers of audience.

The groom was elevated to the post of personal attendant, then of intendant of his stables and household, then of comptroller of his privy purse, then of Minister of state, and, in fact, Prime Minister, with baronial titles and manifold knightly decorations. Such was the elevation to which Ward had ascended at the present epoch of his history. He was the trusted adviser of his master in the knottiest questions of foreign politics; the arbiter of the most difficult points of international policy with other states; and the highest authority in all home affairs. He was one of those men of action who speedily distinguish themselves whenever the game of life is to be played; quick to discern the character of those around him, and prompt to avail himself of their knowledge. Little hampered by the conventionalities which impose trammels

on men born in an elevated station and refined by elegant breeding, he generally attained his object by a *coup de main*, before others had arranged their plans to oppose him. To these qualities, so instrumental to his success, he added the most rugged, unyielding honesty; and a loyal singlehearted attachment to the person of his Prince. Strong in his own conscious rectitude, and in the confiding regard of his sovereign, Ward stood alone and fearless against all the wiles and machinations of his formidable rivals, who, although armed against counter wiles and counter machinations, were quite unprepared against straightforward honesty. He went right on to the point, even as the pebble from the shepherd's sling penetrated the skull of the mighty man of Gath.

Ward was thus, most honourably to himself, raised by his master to the important office of a Minister of state, with the finance department as his more peculiar province in the first instance. But he soon became virtually Prime Minister; and his diplomatic talent and address were such that all the arrangements between the Duchy of Lucca and the other Italian states were made under his immediate superintendence. In the year 1847, he succeeded in settling, very much to the advantage of the Duke of Lucca, a dispute between that Prince and the Grand Duke of Tuscany, of many years' standing; and having concluded a treaty for the acknowledgment of the Lucchese public debt, as well as the Customs Union between the two governments, he was decorated by his master with the first class of the order of St. Louis, and was created a Baron of the Duchy of Lucca. The Grand

Duke of Tuscany also made him a Noble of his States, and decorated him with the order of St. Joseph. An account of the conferring of these honours will be given hereafter, in the simple and naive words of the Baron himself. Meanwhile I may say that they were showered upon him without any solicitation on his part, and altogether unexpectedly. The first news that he had of his having been created a Baron was when he saw that title attached to his name in some public document. Believing it to be a mistake, he ordered it to be erased. And he was only induced to give a reluctant consent to the measure, when the Duke assured him not only that he had created him a Baron, but that, under the circumstances of his early obscurity and his present exalted position, it was absolutely necessary that he should hold some definite rank.

One day, about this time, when he entered the Duke's room, he found him occupied with a pencil and paper. "Ward," said his Royal Highness, "I am devising a coat of arms for you. As a mark of the esteem in which you are held by the Duchess as well as by myself, you shall have armorial bearings compounded of her arms and my own. I will give you the silver cross of Savoy with the golden *fleur de lis* of France in dexter chief." With many expressions of gratitude for the honour which was about to be conferred upon him, he asked permission to add something emblematical of his native country; and as he had heard that coats of arms sometimes had supporters, he would like to have the cross of Savoy and the lily of Bourbon supported by English *John Bulls!* "So be it,"

said the Duke, "you shall have two bulls regardant for your supporters." And thus the arms of Baron Ward may be found in "Burke's Peerage" among those of Englishmen who have obtained foreign titles:—On a field gules a cross argent, in the dexter chief, a shield azure surmounted by a royal crown, and charged with a *fleur de lis* or; supporters, two bulls regardant, proper.

In 1847 a remarkable event took place in the history of the Duke of Lucca. He put in execution the design which he had long entertained, of abdicating his crown. This measure he had contemplated at least twelve years before; and he always reverted to it whenever he found the burden of sovereignty peculiarly distasteful. But he had been hitherto prevented from accomplishing his object by the consideration of the duties incumbent on a ruler, and in consequence of the representations of his friends. Lucca was not to be his permanent possession. He knew that in the course of nature he must, ere long, inherit his birthright, the Duchy of Parma, which had so long been unjustly withheld from him; and he might well be excused if he was unable to feel the same interest in his Lucchese subjects with which they would have inspired him if he had been born their ruler, and if they were to become the subjects of his son after him. He also considered, and not unjustly, that since at no distant date they were of necessity to be united to the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, the sooner that transfer was accomplished the better. The health of the Archduchess Maria Louisa was declining. On her death he was to become Sovereign of Parma; he wished to be fairly rid of all the cares of one

sovereignty before he was called on to undertake those of another, and he considered that the treaties which he had just concluded with the Grand Duke rendered the present a favourable opportunity for resigning to him that which must, at any rate, soon be his in perpetuity.

Many arrangements were necessary with regard to the transfer of the Lucchese state. But they had been rendered comparatively easy in consequence of the political measures already alluded to, which had been so ably accomplished by Ward. And that indefatigable diplomatist was employed to conclude the transfer of the aristocratic old Republic from the dominion of the Duke Charles Louis to that of the Grand Duke Leopold. In all this, be it observed, the nobles and commons of the recently erected Duchy had no choice. There is something very repugnant to the ideas of an Englishman in the population of a state, which, only a generation ago, had been free and self-governing, being turned over like a flock of sheep from the hands of one despotic master to those of another. But I am describing Italy, and not England. And little as such an arrangement accords with our notions, it is probable that the people of Lucca were not worse governed by a Bourbon and an Austrian than they had been by a Gonfaloniere and Senate composed of their own nobles. No one that knows personally the Duke or the Grand Duke can deny them the praise of the most amiable and kindly disposition; and if they were despots, their desire, at least, was that their people should be happy.

The cession of the Duchy of Lucca to Tuscany was by no means an unfavourable arrangement either for the

people or their sovereign. The former were at once settled under the rule which was expected to be permanent. And the latter received such an indemnity as secured him against loss; while he continued to enjoy his own private income as an Infant of Spain.

The active agency of Ward was instrumental in the amicable settlement of these momentous changes, and he had just brought everything to a happy conclusion, when another remarkable vicissitude occurred in the fortunes of his master, which was immediately followed by a catastrophe no less sudden than it was overwhelming. No sooner was the Duchy of Lucca resigned into the hands of the Grand Duke Leopold, and Charles Louis, thus a second time discrowned, was beginning to enjoy the freedom of no longer reigning, than he was called to resume the sceptre of command over a more important sovereignty. The Archduchess Maria Louisa died, and he became Duke of Parma.

The resignation of the crown of Lucca and the succession to that of Parma were events that followed each other so rapidly that the Duke had no time to enjoy the repose of private life before he was called to take possession of his new states, and to be installed in the palace of his ancestors. But he was scarcely settled on his throne when the storm, which had been brewing in other parts of the Italian peninsula, burst forth there as elsewhere with such fury that he was speedily compelled to relinquish the sceptre which had just been put into his hands.

In the beginning of the year 1848 he was establishing himself at Parma, and Ward was still at Florence,

busily occupied with the concluding articles of the arrangement which had just been effected between his master and the Grand Duke of Tuscany. We will here allow him to speak for himself, and to give a sketch of his actual position, in an extract of a letter to his father.

Extracts from a Letter written by Baron Ward, from Florence, 12th January, 1848.

"Many have been the changes in my position of life since I saw you last, and your not writing was one great reason why I have abstained from doing so, as I must have spoke of all these affairs, and that might have appeared in the eyes of many, vanity. However, all has gone for the best, and I hope, with the help of God, in whom alone I place my confidence, all will continue so. I have had many changes in life, wonderful changes for a man of my humble education. When I returned last from England, the whole of the Duke's administration was confided to me. I was successful, and everything went well. Afterwards, a very serious question arose between the Duke of Lucca and the Grand Duke of Tuscany, which lasted for two years, and ended in a very disagreeable manner, by the Grand Duke protesting publicly. I at that time was confided with the finance department, as Minister of state and state councillor. Our minister of foreign affairs, who had treated the above affair, gave it up as impossible to make anything more out of it. My indefatigable spirit would not allow me to see a scandal of that kind given up so cowardly, and it was, at my request, confided to me. I was laughed at when I took it in hand

by all. Some said I was presumptuous, some said I was a fool, and some said I was an ignorant fellow. I let them all have their talk; and to work I went; and this was my first step as a diplomatist. I was so successful that in two months' time the Grand Duke was so convinced of his wrong, that he was obliged to withdraw his protest which had been publicly placarded by his government throughout this Duchy, and confirmed the Duke of Lucca's right to his credit against the Duchy of Lucca in two millions of livres. And in three weeks afterwards, I signed another treaty for a Customs' Union betwixt the two states, and was fortunate enough to succeed, as well as the raising of a public loan. All this went step after step, so quick that I had not time to look round me. The Grand Duke, as a demonstration of his satisfaction, decorated me with the Commander Cross of St. Joseph; and the Duke of Lucca with his Cross of St. Louis, first-class; afterwards with the title of Baron for me and my successors. And all at once I found myself launched into the world, without really knowing how I got there; and for why do all make such a fuss of me? Invitations on all sides, all admiring a wonderful talent that I know nothing of. After these affairs, and first as I was beginning to feel myself easy in financial matters for the state as minister, the Italian movement began: and again I found myself in the middle of the whole, how, I know not. But it has been the cause of my signing three more treaties. The Duke of Lucca abdicated in favour of the Grand Duke; and since, I have been the intermediator betwixt Austria and Tuscany, Modena and Tuscany, the

Dukes of Lucca and Tuscany and Modena. I have done nothing but travel about from one court to the other. And a few days ago, the Grand Duke of Tuscany has settled upon me a handsome pension for life, for my services rendered to his state. The Duke of Lucca, who is now Duke of Parma, has done the same. And now I am settling the liquidation betwixt the Duke of Parma and the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and I have four secretaries and ten writers at this present moment here at Florence under my direction to get done as quickly as possible; as the Duke of Parma wishes me to take part in his government there. However, I shall retire if possible; I have had enough of this life. They will finish me with fatigue, I have not a moment's rest, and have much to fear for my health, as really I feel I cannot go on this way. I thought it necessary just to give you a sketch of my past life, not for vanity's sake. I am, and I hope God will maintain me so, always the same, nothing has altered in me. Only I feel burdened by what many envy me for possessing. In it, law and honour will be my guide through life. Though humble, God has raised me above many thousands that sneered upon me. But he has likewise blessed me with a noble mind, and I feel his blessing in all I do. My path is straight forward, and here they call it talent."

It may be interesting to know that at this period, which was the commencement of his pecuniary prosperity, he was mindful of the wants of his poor relations. He had a family of his own to provide for, as prior to 1848 he had a son and a daughter, and in 1848 another child was

born to him. But no sooner could he be said himself to have an assured competence, than he hastened to place his father, grandfather, and other near relatives in a comfortable position according to their station. And the manner in which his assistance was bestowed proved his good sense. In 1848, besides a very handsome new year's gift to his father, he settled one pound weekly on him, payable every Monday morning. He sent considerable sums as presents to his old grandfather and brother, and settled a comfortable weekly allowance on them both; that to his brother being put into the savings' bank to accumulate, as he was at sea. He adopted Walter Ward, the son of his father's younger brother, and educated him and procured for him a commission in the Austrian army, which he left and then joined the German Legion, and is now at the Cape. The Baron was always most affectionately disposed towards his father, brothers, and uncles, and more especially towards his old grandfather, with whom he had passed so many years. The letters which he wrote to them were always expressive of much affection. In that addressed to his father, from which I have given extracts, I have limited these to his account of public matters as being alone of general interest.

When the death of Napoleon Bonaparte's widow opened to Charles Louis de Bourbon the succession to the dominions of his ancestors, he ascended a throne which had been already undermined. In Parma the emissaries of Charles Albert found men's minds too ready to receive impressions of revolt and sedition. In Placentia, all were gained over to the interests of Piedmont. In Pontremoli,

and Lunigiana, some wanted a republic, some were anxious of annexation to Tuscany, while a few were attached to their lawful sovereign.

The moral and religious condition of Parma were alike deplorable. While in other Italian cities there was a fair mixture of good and evil, at Parma there was a total deadness to religion, accompanied by a depravity of manners truly revolting. The Parmesans, soft and effeminate, gave little hopes of amelioration. The people of Placentia, on the other hand, though mutinous and revolutionary, had more strength of character, and might thus be moulded into something better. A strong hatred against Parma made them resolve not to submit to the same ruler, and led them into the arms of Piedmont.

It is, after all, impossible for the people of those states of Northern Italy to forget their historical antecedents. They are essentially republican. Sovereigns of foreign race have for generations attempted to establish the monarchical system; but they have fared no better than exotic plants in an ungenial soil. The people are equally incapable of enduring a monarchy even when constitutional, and of entertaining broad and enlightened views of patriotism. Their national sympathies are bounded by their respective municipalities. They hate all beyond their own town walls; and when they admit of a union with a neighbouring city, it is with the view of combining against a third odious to both.

Such was the state of the people of Parma, and such were their dispositions towards their native sovereign, when, early in the year 1848, he ascended the throne

which the death of the ex-Empress Maria Louisa had rendered vacant.

Charles Louis was no sooner established at Parma, than the fruits of the secret intrigues of Sardinia appeared in the disaffection of his new subjects, which received a sudden impulse from the Revolution in France. Ward was at that time in Florence, concluding the complicated arrangements incident on the recent cession of the Duchy of Lucca to the Grand Duke of Tuscany. No sooner did he hear of the political troubles by which his master was surrounded, than that faithful servant hastened to Parma, where he arrived just in time to witness that master's overthrow. The secret intrigues had been astutely devised, the revolutionary movement was violent and sudden, and the Duke's throne was subverted without giving him even the opportunity of resistance. Flight was the only course that was left; and attended by the faithful Ward, he suddenly quitted the capital where his reign had not extended over many weeks. They traversed a portion of Italy in disguise; and gaining the coast, they embarked and landed in the south of France, from whence they proceeded to Weistropp, a chateau and small estate which the Duke had purchased near Dresden, ten years before. The Duke now fixed his residence in this retired spot, where he could enjoy the tranquil life of an elegant scholar and country gentleman, diversified by the occasional intercourse of the Royal Family of Saxony, who were his near relations, and to whom he was much attached.

At Weistropp he remained almost continually during the remainder of 1848 and 1849, while the great struggle

in Italy was carried on, which ended in the confusion and defeat of Charles Albert, and the restoration of the ascendancy of the legitimate sovereigns. While the Duke remained at Weistropp, the Prince and Princess visited various countries, and spent a considerable portion of their exile in England.

From Weistropp, Baron Ward was despatched, in the summer of 1848, to fight his master's battles in the diplomatic circle of Vienna, and in the camp of Field-Marshal Radetsky. He displayed the greatest energy and the most consummate prudence in negociating for the interests of the Duke, or rather for those of his family. For the Duke himself had decided on abdicating his sovereignty to his son, and he only waited for the downfall of Charles Albert, and the restoration of legitimate authority in Northern Italy, in order to execute his design. Ward was invested with full powers to act for the Duke both at Vienna and in Italy; and he was, in fact, nominated as his *alter ego*, a degree of confidence which was indeed fully merited by him, but which has very seldom been extended by a prince to a subject.

During the autumn of 1848, he was busily engaged in negociating between Charles Louis (or Charles II. as he was called), the abdicating Duke of Parma, and his son, who ascended the tottering throne as Charles III. The act of abdication on the one hand, and that of acceptance on the other, are both countersigned by "Ward," who acted as prime minister both to the father and son. Part of the autumn of 1848 was spent by the Prince and Princess of Parma in the island of Arran, with the

Marquess of Douglas and his Marchioness, *née* Princess Mary of Baden. Ward came to England in order to arrange some of the necessary preliminaries with a view to the abdication. He followed the Prince to Scotland, and on his way thither he stopped at Bolsover Castle, to deliver a packet with which he had been entrusted by the Duke for Mr. Hamilton Gray. When invited to prolong his stay there, he stated that he was unable to remain longer than a few hours; as he was anxious to devote four-and-twenty hours to a visit to the village of Howden, where he wished to see his aged grandfather and other members of his family. And hereupon he opened a small portmanteau, which was literally filled with the insignia of different orders of knighthood which he had received from various sovereigns; the Grand Cross of St. George; the Grand Cross of St. Louis of Parma; the Grand Cross of St. Joseph of Tuscany; the Commander Cross of the Iron Crown. All these splendid decorations he intended, with pardonable vanity, to show to his Yorkshire kinsmen.

After having negociated the abdication of his old master, and been mainly instrumental in placing on the throne of Parma the youthful Charles III., he continued to be prime minister, with absolute power, during the years of that Prince's life and reign.

It was necessary to give this short sketch, in order to enable the reader to understand the extracts from a few of Baron Ward's letters with which I will conclude this memoir. They are addressed to an English gentleman, who, from his very old and intimate acquaintance with the Duke of Parma, had the best opportunity of

knowing and appreciating the sterling worth of Ward's character, having watched his progress from the time that he waited in his master's ante-chamber to that of his exaltation as unlimited prime minister.

LETTER I.

"WEISTROPP, 22d July, 1848.

"I kept the Duke at Parma as long as I could. Had he heeded my counsels throughout, I believe we should have been there still. However, it seems that Providence had ordained otherwise. The English Government has been very kind to us throughout the whole affair. I had been at Turin, treating the customs league, and there I had an opportunity of informing the English Government, and proving my statements, so that they had a clear view of the infamous conduct of the King of Sardinia. When all was beyond remedy, I was enabled, by the kindness of Sir George Hamilton, to snatch the Duke from their power, and by so doing I have embarrassed their whole policy, and, as I hope, saved all. I see nothing to be feared from Charles Albert's invasion, and really believe he will soon be driven home again. I hope that the Duke will benefit by this lesson; for out of all that numerous herd of courtiers fed by him, none came forward to share their fate with him; and it proves, at the end, that my poor humble Yorkshire breeding was the best nobility of that horrid lot! I was desired by the Court of Tuscany to take a part in their government, just at the moment of the Duke's fall in Parma. My answer to the Grand Duke was, that the more the Duke of Parma was sunk in mis-

fortune the truer I should stick to him, and that I hoped the Grand Duke would, in case of similar misfortunes, find men of his own who would do the same! The Grand Duke was highly pleased with the answer, and said, 'Ward, that is precisely the answer that I expected from you.'" In this letter Baron Ward describes, at great length, many important negociations which he had carried on between his master, while Duke of Lucca, and the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and the share which he had in the arrangement whereby the Duchy of Lucca was ceded to the Grand Duke on very favourable terms for Charles Louis. "The conclusion of this important affair made the Grand Duke settle an annual pension on me of 10,000 francs, allowing me to enjoy it when I liked, and to continue to serve the Duke and his son. Afterwards he conferred his Grand Cross on me, and the title of a Tuscan nobleman. The Duke of Lucca had given me his cross of the first class, and, unknowingly to me, had created me a Baron. Here you have a sketch of my romantic life; for I cannot term it otherwise for a national school-boy of York, who only had the benefit even of that up to his ninth year. To go on with my story: Unluckily for us, the Archduchess Maria Louisa, Duchess of Parma, died suddenly and unexpectedly. I was engaged in Florence liquidating the affairs of the Lucchese abdication. * * * The Duke did all he could to get me to Parma; and when the Grand Duke conferred on me the Grand Cross of St. Joseph, the Duke gave me the Grand Cross of Constantiniano of Parma. But that was not what would entice Ward. However, as soon as I heard of the fall of Vienna, I set out post immediately for Parma, to stand by the

Duke in such a needful moment. I was stopped on the road by Zambeccari's band of Crosciati; but when conducted to him, he most friendly told me he had heard so much good of me, he was sure I should do no harm. However, I arrived at Parma when the revolution had conquered, and I leave you to judge my mortification. However, I succeeded in compromising the Regency, so that the Duke and his family had their horses taken from their carriages, and were drawn in triumph through the streets. The Regency were baffled by this sudden change of public opinion, and begged me to become one of their members. This, of course, I declined. The Duke had unfortunately named a Regency before I arrived, and after he had done so there was no means of getting him away, as all Lombardy was in an uproar. Had the Duke not done this, or even afterwards, had he given the constitution and formed a new ministry, all would have gone well. But it was impossible for me to persuade him to this, so I had no other way than that of saving the family; and after having achieved the victory of public opinion, off I went to Turin, and arrived there before Charles Albert left for the camp. This step was, as I say, necessary in order to save the family; and I managed business so well there that I kept all alive for a month longer. Had Radetsky recovered in this time, you see my battle would have been most glorious. I bothered Piedmont with English interference to that degree that my passports were sent to me. Then I claimed my rights as an English subject, and obtained, in virtue of this, fifteen days' respite, under English protection, to remain at Genoa. This was all I wanted to save the Duke, and save him I did, from

Genoa, with Sir George Hamilton's assistance. I was excluded then from Piedmont and Tuscany. However, I had the comfort to be admired for my staunch conduct even by my bitterest enemies. You see I have done what I could to give you a brief sketch of what has occurred. But you find a great deal of ICH, which I could not avoid if I wished to give you a sketch of my romance, &c., &c., &c. The Duke will be highly delighted with your letter. His intention is about the end of August to visit England. He has already had a friendly invitation from the Queen."

LETTER II.

"WEISTROPP, DRESDEN,
30th July, 1848.

"You see the benefit of all that I did has vanished away like smoke, in the Italian revolutions; and it is a useful lesson for life, for from this we can learn how vain the things of this world are. It is not that I regret what has occurred to myself, for to me all that is beyond the necessaries of a humble, honest life, are accessories. It is for the Duke that I feel. It is for the misfortunes of a noble-minded prince, who, throughout all his life, has been involved in difficulties; and when we go to the origin of all, the cause generally applicable is overdone generosity and kindness. I believe that the Duke's family will, ere long, be reinstated in their dukedom, and here ends all my political career. I have resolved on retiring from court and state whenever that happy event is realised. I have lived fifteen years constantly among the Italians, and I am sorry to say, that out of thousands of pretended friends not one turned out staunch in the day of trouble.

Thousands the Duke has raised from nothing, and not a soul of them came forward, even to say 'Do you want any thing?' excepting Sebright* and Cotterell. After such experience, whenever fortune reappears favourable to the family, my duty is finished, and a tranquil life, after so much *burasco,* with my dear children, will be preferred to anything else this world can offer."

Letter III.

"Weistropp, 9th August, 1848.

"When his Royal Highness wrote to you of his coming to England, Radetsky had not driven Carlo Alberto out of the trenches on the Mincio. Now he has driven him beyond Cremona; and probably, at this moment Milan has been retaken. So you see all these events change the Duke's position, and we have for the present something more to do than to travel."

Letter IV.

"11th August, 1848.

"I find myself once more launched into business, and I have this day accepted the office of chargè d'affaires for Parma, at the Court of Vienna. So you see we intend having another struggle for my master, or at least for his family. All this good news, that would have warmed the hearts of thousands in his Royal Highness's position, has been the cause of damping his spirits. The remembrance of his past sufferings is so fresh, and the wounds are so

* Mr. Sebright for some years was Equerry to the Duke, who created him Baron de Everton. He is now British Resident at Santa Maura, in the Ionian Islands. Both he and Mr. Cotterell were independent English gentlemen attached to the Court of Lucca.

deeply engrained, that I fear he will never recover from them."

Letter V.

"Weistropp, 19th August, 1848.

"The affairs of Italy have travelled by steam. So quick have events thereon followed the other, that we are all in confusion how to act and what to do first. I came here just from Vienna, and I leave to-morrow for Italy, by Vienna, as Luogotenente for the Ducato di Parma, with unlimited power to act, as circumstances may appear necessary. The Duke will not come there until all is entirely settled. This is my mission; but mind, I have another which only needs filling up; and, if I can find the man to my fancy, I shall step back and place him in my shoes before I put them on. Only downright necessity will make me take this step, of re-entering into public affairs in Italy, for I am so sick and disgusted, that I shall be most happy to withdraw from the whole, and attend to the welfare of my family. However, I must fulfil my promise, save the Duke and his duchy, and see him once more righted. I cannot say for the present direct here or there, as it will be very difficult to know where I shall get to, and what may become of me for a time. I trust in God, and fear no man; and I doubt not but that I shall work my way through. The King and Queen of Prussia, as well as the King and Queen of Saxony, all paid the Duke a visit here yesterday. Please take no notice, should the Duke at this moment of excitement not answer punctually. And be so kind as to write to him often, as your letters do him much good."

Letter VI.

"Vienna, 18th December, 1848.

"When I arrived at Weistropp, I found the Duke in good health. The abdication of the Emperor only allowed me to remain twenty-two hours, as I was honoured with the mission of congratulating, in the Duke's name, the young Emperor on his accession to the throne; so I left for Olmütz, and from thence I was commissioned to go to Prague, where I was honoured with an audience of the Emperor Ferdinand and the Empress. From an interview with Prince Schwarzenburg, and the Russian Minister, Count Medem, I have the pleasure to announce to you that the Duke of Parma's affairs are in a most tranquilizing position, as Russia has pronounced positively in favour of the Duke's rights being respected, and Austria has given the assurance of having them respected. So much for poor Tom Ward's exertions! You see, sticking to right, and going straight forward, has the help of God with it at the end; and the feeble, with patience and perseverance, find protection."

Letter VII.

"Vienna, 6th Feb., 1849.

"Some days I am all in hope, and no sooner have I dreamt too pleasantly than up stirs some insignificant intrigue as small as a nut, and before I have well had time to observe it, it becomes as large and awkward as the Alps. I cannot describe my position to you, as it would lead me into a labyrinth of court intrigues that are only known in England from romances. I have just arrived

from Pesth in Hungary. I was honoured with the commission to be the bearer of the Duke's Grand Cross to Prince Windischgrätz, and the Commander Cross to the Colonel of the Regiment that bears the Duke's name, and six crosses of Chevalier of the first class to the staff officers, and three thousand francs to the soldiers of the regiment, they having distinguished themselves particularly in the last campaign. I was most cordially received by the Prince, invited to dinner among the warriors, and honoured with the place of distinction at the Prince's table."

Letter VIII.

"Weistropp, 2d March, 1849.

"The Duke has determined to abdicate in favour of his son. Convinced as I was that all opposition to this resolution was useless, I made my last journey to England, and came to a final accommodation with the Prince and Princess as to how this could be arranged when the moment was found favourable. Many obstacles of the greatest importance, which I cannot mention here, were necessary to be removed before a step of this kind could be thought of, and I leave you to judge what a difficult task I have had. God be thanked, I have got over the worst part of my labour. Providence has been far above our merits kind. Things have occurred which, to a certain degree, will justify the step that must be taken, and I have been successful in smoothing down the Austrian obstacles; and I hope that my dear Duke will be able to make an honourable retreat. Were it not for the immense attachment and gratitude I feel for all his kindnesses bestowed on me, it would have been impossible to have

carried it through. My trust in God has made me do what I really never could conceive to have succeeded in, driven on by the feeling of sooner die than be ungrateful. The Duke has been greatly and most unjustly calumniated; and all I can say in his favour is, that I know all the sovereigns in Italy, and that pretty well, and I do really and sincerely believe that he will prove one of the best among them. No one has ever taken the trouble to circulate what I saw the Prince do at Viareggio. A poor fellow was drowning in the sea, and the Prince begged two sailors, standing by, to jump in and save the man. The answer was, that it was impossible, as the poor man was in an underwater current. The Prince then threw off his clothes and jumped into the sea. The sailors cried out, 'He is lost.' A tremendous moment occurred betwixt him and the drowning man. But he had determined to save him, and he did so. I got up to the spot before the Prince was out of danger; and I wish you had seen the modesty of the young man. His words were, 'Dear Ward, pay these men, that they may be silent, and see this poor man, who I fear is dead, attended to, and say nothing to no one;' and with that he was gone. Any man capable of such a generous action is not to be despised."

LETTER IX.

"WEISTROPP, 17th March, 1849.

"I have received your letter of the 10th. The Duke happened to come into my room, snatched it up, and had the pleasure of its contents. He was sorry for the opinion you pass on his intended act of abdication, and I ventured to explain to him that many of his best friends would be

of your opinion, as he could not say that it was old age or indisposition that hindered him from performing the sacred duty which God had laid upon him. However, that was only repeating what I have said thousands of times and in thousands of ways, and I have painted futurity to him in private life with all the disagreeableness that I could think of. But he has suffered so much from the revolution of Parma, that he is horror-struck when you talk of his returning there."

The Duke of Parma had fully, and, as it has turned out, wisely, made up his mind to abdicate the crown in favour of his son. This step was opposed by many of his friends, but it is one of which he has never repented; and since the events of the past year, which have been so fatal to Italian dynasties, he may consider himself fortunate in having renounced voluntarily, from moderation and lassitude, that supreme authority which has been wrested from others by force.

Letter X.

"Vienna, 5th June, 1849.

"Events go by steam; and being reckoned among the fast locomotives, I am constantly at work. The grand essential thing that I have managed was, in spite of all diplomatic precautions from friends and enemies, to get the young Duke to take formal possession of Parma and Placentia. This is what we term now-a-days '*une faite accomplié.*' And it succeeding above all expectation, thereby became an incontestable *faite accomplié*, which so vexed many parties, who had their *arriére pensées*, that it may cost me all favours formerly bestowed on me. Never

mind about that! The cause I had so hardily fought for has succeeded. No one can, out of whatever new system of doing or thinking, dispute us our rights, as, if we go by legitimate right, we are incontestable; and if we go by the new theory of *faite accomplié,* we are more than safe, as no one could have been better received than the young Duke was, and, *nota bene,* under the most unfavourable circumstances. But I was determined to have the *faite accomplié* accomplished before the peace with Piedmont was concluded, as I was well informed what was going on in those quarters. Let them say what they will of Ward, they must own that he has *York'd* them all for once. I am at war, as I said above, with friends and foes; but I feel the comfort of having done my duty, acted entirely in accordance with my conscience, and have no one to fear but God, and He has conducted me through life, else I should never have had success. Though feebly placed, having no cannon and no soldiers, with God there is no need of them, as is evident in our case. I expect to be in Milan in a short time again, if the clouds clear away. If not, I have succeeded in assuring the incontestable rights of a family to whom I was, from a sense of gratitude, devoted; and I shall content myself with the day's work allotted to me being accomplished, and retire to rest. The young Duke did wonders at Parma, pleased everyone, was found in the eyes of all, sensible, active, honourable—*pieno di carattere.* He seems born for a sovereign. The tact which he displayed was like magic. He is now at Malghera with Radetsky, displaying as much courage as any common soldier. In short, he seems determined to make up lost ground."

LETTER XI.

"VIENNA, July, 1849.

"Since my return from Milan, I have had the satisfaction to hear repeated from Prince Schwarzenburg that the Duke of Parma and his government were much more noble-minded than the Duke of Modena. This was the complete success gained by perseverance when you know you have espoused a right and honest cause. And this has been my guide through life. Support what is right and just, and live and die by the consequences; and allow no one, high or low, to baffle me in my work, trusting solely to God, and fearing no man. This is the only way to succeed; as God alone can do and undo. Against His will, all the craft of man is useless; and with His support, the frown of thousands can do no harm. I have walked quietly through revolutions, and no one had the power to cry out against me, and I have all my enemies under my feet. Should I not therefore trust in God, and should I be so vain as to fancy this to be my work? No, it is God's work alone, and I am a mere tool that He has pleased to make use of; and a great blessing it is to be chosen as such. Think of a boy torn from school in the ninth year of his age, placed in livery stables without education; and then see him placed amidst the affairs of Europe, concluding treaties! and must not this be the work of God? Most certainly it is His work: and may I always be thankful to Him, and prove as worthy as we earthly beings can be for His bountiful kindness! I have been very busy here of late, and succeeded in all with great success; in short, gaining ground, day by day, with hard

work and constant attention to the important interests placed in my hands. His Majesty the Emperor has been pleased to confer on me the Knight Commanders Cross of his order of the Corona di Ferro. The matter caused some sensation amongst the diplomates; I being the youngest and the latest accredited. However, so it is, and I own that it gave me great pleasure, as Austria is so very particular as to conferring distinctions of the kind on foreigners."

Letter XII.

"Vienna, 20th July, 1849.

"The young Duke is doing wonders and gaining the esteem of all who approach him. He has not, as yet, taken the reins of government in hand. The peace not being concluded with Piedmont has caused the delay. However, he has grown impatient, and determined to assume his duties. As for myself, since I left England I have been very busy backwards and forwards betwixt Milan and here. However, successful in all. Prince Schwarzenburg was rather hard upon me about a month ago respecting a quarrel we have with the Duke of Modena. I was to have been silenced by force; the order was imperious. But Albion's sons do not understand any language but honour; so I made the affair short, and as a *sine qua non,* the free liberty to defend the rights of my royal master without any restraint, or else Ward retires from office. Ten days elapsed without an answer, and a hundred might have done so before I would have humbled myself. My straightforwardness at last gained the day. The Prince

sent for me, inviting me 'to have the kindness to come to him.' And ever since, I flatter myself that there is not a man in Vienna he esteems more. Since then I have concluded a treaty with the Minister Brück, in Milan, for the free navigation of the Po, as well as a postage convention, and also a military one. And I have now a very important business on hand which I hope will end equally successfully."

Letter XIII.

"Vienna, 29th January, 1851.

"I am now and then everywhere, but at present hard at work with the Austrian government to obtain the sums due to the government of Parma for the late war. Then this work finished (when is very hard to say), I am expected in Parma (and have been so for the last six months), to do wonders there. So the Duke and the ministers say; as if they have anything difficult all is referred to me, and I am become a real byword, 'Ma questo benedetto Ward quando verra?' After I have finished in Parma, I am bound from thence direct to Madrid, to regulate the royal family affairs. I am hard at work from morning to late at night, day after day. But God has blessed me with health and good humour, which makes toil less trouble. He has blessed me with the happiness of three dear children, and a good sensible wife. He has given me sufficient good sense to discern the vanity of this world, so that although placed in a most extraordinary position for one of my birth and education, it is all no burthen to me. I go my way straightforward, fearing God, and thanking him constantly for his bounties, and doing cheerfully my duty. I keep

as distant as I can from the rumour of society, as my business leaves me no time to cultivate it. So that I have sufficient time to enjoy my cheerful fireside. And only when my position does oblige me do I leave it. You must conclude that I am a happy man, and so it is. I am thankful to God, and happy as ever a man can be on earth. Not indeed without *desagrèmens* and disappointments; but these are all in business, and are often caused by my eagerness to arrive 'au fond d'une affaire' too soon. I never have any *desagrèmens* from society, I thank God, as I am always afraid and annoyed when I have to go up one step higher, fearing the consequences of falling from a slender ladder when too high up. As to titles and honours, I really do not know what to make of them, as they are of no use but for a show, such as a court ball; and those come seldom, so the whole gives little trouble. However, as you do interest yourself to know what is become of Tom Ward, I send you the top of one of my passports, which will save me the trouble of giving you the whole pedigree. The Duke has remitted to me a letter for Field Marshal Radetsky, recommending your protegè, which I will forward without delay."

Letter XIV.

"Vienna, 18th June, 1851.

"I thank God for his goodness in keeping me in the straightforward path of duty, as it is the only one in which to maintain intact a cheerful heart, and a real good will to meet all the fatigues and disagreements such a principle has to contend with. But assuredly it is ten

thousandfold recompensed when you look on after the thing is accomplished. I have had a hard fight with the government here, which has, by God's inspiration, often given me the opportunity to baffle all the learned men on the point of right, frequently with a simple exposé. And so I have brought them to a dead standstill, which you may suppose aggravated them, but at the same time gained me great esteem; and the word *Parvenu*, which is often a powerful weapon with a certain party, has vanished entirely, and in its place, on dit, 'C'est un homme qui possede des moyens.' 'C'est une tête qui voit clair,' which, with my simple straightforward system, gives me great strength, as I have a much larger field to work upon than many others have; as a sturdy direct blow is attributed to my want of primitive education; and so these can be dealt out in many instances very freely, and I can assure you to great advantage."

I might add extracts from many more letters of great interest. Enough, however, has been given to show the rare merit of this man, who united honesty and dexterity, simplicity and aptitude for diplomatic intrigue, in a way that has seldom before been seen. He even knew how to turn his early want of education and his presumed ignorance to the advantage of the cause which he had on hand and *at heart*. The heart was the great secret of his success. He regarded the interests of his master with a single-minded, generous devotedness, and espoused them with much more zeal than he would have bestowed on his own advancement.

Of the subsequent years of his life little more shall be said. He continued to be Prime Minister of Parma, with absolute authority, during the short reign of Duke Charles III. Although occasionally at Parma, he resided chiefly at the Court of Vienna, to which he was accredited as Minister Plenipotentiary by his master, and from which he governed the Italian Principality. It is not my purpose to enter upon the subject of the rights of the foreign reigning dynasties, or the alleged wrongs of the native Italians. Ward was the servant and the minister of the Duke; and his business was to govern the people of the Dukedom according to the best interests of his master. It is only natural to suppose that this government by a foreigner, in the interests of a foreign dynasty, and supported by a great foreign power, could not be popular with an excitable, discontented, mutinous people like the Parmesans.

In the beginning of the year 1854, Charles III., Duke of Parma, was suddenly removed from this world by a mysterious and violent death. One of the first acts of the Duchess, his widow, forced by its popularity among the subjects of her infant son, was to depose Baron Ward from his ministry, and send him into banishment. It is more than probable, that in the solitude of her dignified exile, amid the bitter experiences of the base ingratitude of those whom she tried in vain to please, this sorely tried Princess may have had time and occasion to contrast the sterling and disinterested devotedness of Ward with the miserable fickleness of those for whom she had to sacrifice him.

Ward was removed from the evil to come, and was

called to exchange this world for a better before the last fatal outburst of ruin upon the family to whom he had devoted the active energies of his virtuous and useful life. After he was so suddenly, and so harshly, sacrificed by the course of events and a vain attempt to conciliate popular favour, he entirely retired from public affairs. No man could more emphatically say, "Put not your trust in princes." And with the approval of a good conscience, he resolved to devote the remainder of his life to those occupations which seemed to have been his original destination, but from which he had so strangely been raised to fill the position of a statesman.

Prince Metternich truly characterised him, when, after the revolution of 1848, he visited that illustrious minister in his retirement at Brighton, by greeting him as a "Heaven-born Diplomatist."

The ingratitude of the people of Parma, to that friend whom Providence seemed to have raised up for the defence of the Regent and her family, was the signal for Ward's retirement into a private and comparatively humble station. He undertook a large farming establishment in the neighbourhood of Vienna, and spent his few last years in the enjoyment of domestic happiness with his wife and children.

In 1858, Baron Ward died at the age of forty-nine. And he has left us a memorable example, how integrity, talent, and courage can raise a man from the lowest position to ride on the high places of the earth, and to be an honour to his native country.

Vicissitudes of the Bonapartes.

——— Hic Cæsar, et omnis Iuli
Progenies.—VIRGIL.

NAPOLEON'S proud assertion, that he was "the Rodolph of his race," and that his patent of nobility dated from the battle of Monte Notte, must not be received as evidence of the humble origin of the Bonaparte family, but rather of the haughty mind of the ambitious Ruler of France, which could ill brook the idea of inferiority, even in this respect, to the other royal potentates. At the moment Napoleon uttered these expressions, the star of his destiny shone the brightest, and the great European sovereigns had yielded submission to one—

. . . . . . "Mightier far,
Who born no king, made monarchs draw his car."

From a remote period the Bonapartes, or B*u*onapartes according to the Italian spelling, (which the enemies of the first Napoleon affected spitefully to keep up as showing him not to be French), were of distinction in Italy; and so far back as the twelfth century, I find the name of John Bonaparte enrolled on the list of the gallant Knights of St. James of Calatrava. That celebrated order admitted within its community those only

who were of noble birth, and thus there is proof that the Bonaparte family held at that distant epoch no inconsiderable position in the world. The cradle of the race seems to have been at Treviso; but the tyranny of Alberic de Romano forced many of the name to migrate to Bologna and Tuscany, where they established themselves at Florence and San Miniato, and where they subsequently held high municipal appointments.

In the Golden Book of Bologna, the Bonapartes are inscribed among the patricians of Florence, and they appear also recorded in the Book of the Nobility of Treviso. The Bonaparte coat of arms may even now be seen over some of the old Florentine houses, and the family was still existent at St. Miniato at the opening of the present century. On his first triumphant return from Italy, Napoleon found in that little town the Canon Bonaparte, the last descendant of the San Miniato branch, and he was proudly acknowledged by the old ecclesiastic, who at his death, in 1803, made his illustrious kinsman his heir. Some of these Tuscan Bonapartes were authors of repute: one, Nicholas Bonaparte, wrote a play, entitled "La Veuve," the manuscript of which, and a printed copy, are preserved in the Imperial Library of Paris; and another, James Bonaparte, was the author of a "History of the Siege of Rome, by the Constable Bourbon," which siege he had himself witnessed, and which city, in an after-age, was to find another captor in his relative, Napoleon I., and a defender in his relative, Napoleon III. His book, written in Italian, is much esteemed, and was translated into French by Prince Napoleon Louis, eldest brother of the present Emperor.

In the Catalogue of the proscribed and exiled partisans of the Guelphs, in their feud with the Ghibellines, the Bonapartes are named; and from Gérini, I learn that these banished nobles proceeded to Sarzana and Genoa. Three of the latter line, Barthelemy, Martin, and Augustin Bonaparte, assisted as "Anziani" of the Republic, at the oath taken by the nobles to the Duke of Milan, in 1488; and a descendant of the former, marrying into the ancient house of Parenticelli, became mother of the Sovereign Pontiff, Nicholas V. It was in 1512, that Gabriel Bonaparte, of this, the Zarzana division of the family, went to Corsica, and fixing his residence at Ajaccio, founded the illustrious branch, for ever memorable as the parent stem whence sprung Napoleon and his dynasty. Gabriel's son, Jerome Bonaparte, was Chief of the Council Senators (Chef des Anciens) of Ajaccio, and was Deputy to the Senate of Genoa, in 1594. He left sons, of whom the eldest, Francis Bonaparte, Captain of Ajaccio, and Member of the Council of Ancients, in 1596, was father of Sebastian Bonaparte, a distinguished scholar, born in 1603, and of Fulvio Bonaparte, whose son Louis married Maria of Gondi. The son of Sebastian was Carlo Bonaparte, senator of Ajaccio, who had the nobility of his family recognised at Genoa, in 1661. His son, Joseph, also senator of Ajaccio, had a son, Sebastian Bonaparte, elected "Ancien d'Ajaccio," 17th April, 1720. He was father of three sons: 1. Napoleon Bonaparte, chief of the ancients of Ajaccio, a soldier of repute, whose only child, Isabella, was married to Louis d'Ornano; 2. Joseph Bonaparte; and, 3. Lucien Bonaparte, Archdeacon of the Cathedral of Ajaccio. The

second son, Joseph Bonaparte, was acknowledged in 1759 by the Bonapartes of Florence as a member of their family, and, like his ancestors, formed one of the council of senators of his native city. His son, Carlo Bonaparte, born 29th March, 1746, went to Pisa to study law, in accordance with the custom of the Bonapartes of Ajaccio, who never ceased to remember their Florentine nobility, and invariably sent their children to complete their education in Tuscany. Returning to his native country with the degree of Doctor of Laws, he commenced practice, and attained eminence as an advocate; but the times were too troublous then in Corsica to admit of his following the calm paths of professional life. He soon resigned the gown for the sword, and becoming the especial favourite of Paoli, he assisted in the gallant and patriotic stand made against the French for the independence of his country. At the disastrous termination of the conflict, he would fain have exiled himself with his kinsman Paoli, but was dissuaded from the step by his wealthy uncle, the Archdeacon of Ajaccio, and became in the sequel reconciled to the conquering party, and protected by the French Governor.

It was in the midst of the discord of fights and skirmishes of Corsica, that Carlo Bonaparte, who is described as possessing a handsome person and great vivacity of intellect, married Letitia Ramolini,* one of the most

* The mother of Letitia married for her second husband a Swiss officer in the French service, named Fesch, and had by him a son, Giuseppe, so well and so creditably known as the amiable and high-minded Cardinal Fesch, who was born the 3rd January, 1763, and was Archbishop of Lyons, and, at one

beautiful maidens of Corsica, and a lady of incomparable mental firmness. It should be here observed, as a fact worthy of note, that the imperial dynasty of the Bonapartes, up to the present day, has been particularly fortunate in this; that the ladies of their house, whether by birth or alliance, have been, often to a surpassing degree, remarkable for talent, beauty, strength of mind, and every gentler female qualification. During the years of Civil War, Letitia Bonaparte partook the dangers of her husband, and used to accompany him through all the toils and difficulties of the Mountain campaigns. On the establishment of the French ascendancy, Louis XV., desirous of reconstructing the Corsican nobility, issued a decree requiring all those who claimed to belong to it to prove their right, and in consequence, Carlo Bonaparte, having produced his documents, was admitted by the Council of Corsica to be noble by descent for more than two hundred years. He continued to adhere to the new state of things; acted as recorder of a tribunal in Corsica, and was representative for the nation, and a member of the General Assembly of noble deputies at the Court of the King of France. By his lovely and high-spirited wife (so well known as Madame Mère), who died at Rome in 1832, aged 82, he had a very large family; no less than thirteen children. Of these, five died in infancy; the others (of whom one became an Emperor, three became kings, and one daughter

time, Primate of Gaul. He died the 12th May, 1839, universally respected, and left the ex-King Joseph Bonaparte heir to a part of his property, having bequeathed the rest to the church of Lyons, and the town of Ajaccio.

was a sovereign grand duchess, and another a queen), were Joseph, Napoleon, Lucien, Louis, Jerome, Eliza, Pauline, and Caroline.

A German writer, Ferdinand Gregorovius, in his interesting work, "Wanderings in Corsica," which has been elegantly translated by Mr. Muir, describes most graphically the Corsican home where these children were born:—

"The narrow street of St. Charles, at Ajaccio, issues upon a little square. An elm stands there before an oldish three-storied house, the plaster of which has been coloured a yellowish grey; it has a flat roof, and a balustrade above it, a front of six windows in breadth, and doors that look greatly decayed. On the corner of this house you read the words, '*Place Letitia.*'

"No marble tablet tells the stranger who has come from Italy, where the houses of great men always bear inscriptions, that he stands before the house of the Bonapartes. He knocks in vain at the door; no voice answers, and all the windows are closely veiled with grey jalousies, as if the house were in a state of siege from the Vendetta. Not a human being is stirring upon the square; a deathlike stillness rests upon the neighbourhood, as if the name of Napoleon had frightened it into silence, or scared all else away. At length an old man appeared at the window of a house close by, and requested me to return in two hours, when he should be able to give me the key.

"Bonaparte's house, which has, I am assured, sustained but slight alteration, though no palace, has plainly been the dwelling of a patrician family. Its appearance shows this, and it is without doubt a palace compared with the

village cabin in which Pasquale Paoli was born. It is roomy, handsome, and convenient; but the rooms are destitute of furniture, the tapestries alone have been left on the walls, and they are decayed. The floor, which, as is usual in Corsica, is laid out in small hexagonal red flags, is here and there ruinous. The darkness produced in the rooms by the closed jalousies and their emptiness made them quite dismal.

"I entered a little room with blue tapestry, and two windows, one of which, with a balcony before it, looked into a court, the other into the street. You see here a wall-press behind a tapestried door, and a fireplace with a mantelpiece of yellow marble ornamented with some mythological reliefs. In this room, on the 15th of August, 1769, Napoleon was born. It is a strange feeling, hard to put in language, which takes possession of the soul on the spot hallowed as the birthplace of a great man. Something sacred, mystic, a consecrated atmosphere, pervades it. It is as if you were casting a glance behind the curtain of Nature, where she creates in silence the incomprehensible organs of her action. But man discerns only the phenomenal; he attempts in vain to ascertain the *how*. To stand in silence before the unsearchable mysteries of Nature, and see with wonder the radiant forms that ascend from the darkness, that is human religion. For the thoughtful man nothing is more deeply impressive than the starry sky of night or the starry sky of history. I saw other rooms—the ball-room of the family, Madame Letitia's room, Napoleon's little room where he slept, and that in which he studied. The two

little wall-presses are still to be seen there in which his school-books stood. Books stand in them at present. With eager curiosity I took out some of them, as if they were Napoleon's; they were yellow with age—law books, theological treatises, a Livy, a Guicciardini, and others, probably the property of the Pietra Santa family, who are related to the Bonapartes, and to whom their house in Ajaccio now belongs."

Napoleon, Emperor of the French, and King of Italy, was the second son of Carlo Bonaparte. On the events of his wonderful career I need not dwell. Instead of furnishing materials for a few pages of my little volume, the vicissitudes of Napoleon Bonaparte, from his entrance —a Corsican youth—in the military school of Brienne, to his death on a lonely rock in the Atlantic, form the most memorable chapter in the world's history. Suffice it to state that he was born at Ajaccio 15th August, 1769—that he married twice—that he died at St. Helena, on the 6th May, 1821, and that his remains, brought with reverend care from that distant island, and received with the highest honours and the most marked feeling in France, now repose, under the gorgeous dome of the "Invalides," on the banks of the Seine, and amid that French people whom he loved so well. Napoleon's first wife, whom he married 9th March, 1796, was Marie Frances Josephine Rose, daughter of M. Tascher de la Pagerie, a planter of St. Domingo, and widow of Eugene Alexander, Vicomte de Beauharnois, Deputy from the nobility of Blois to the States-General in 1789, but, nevertheless, a rather radical member of the National Assembly, and Commander-in-Chief

of the Army of the Rhine. His niece, the daughter of his elder brother, the Marquis de Beauharnois, was the famous Madame Lavalette, who rescued her husband from prison. By Napoleon, Josephine had no issue; but by her first husband (who fell a victim to the revolutionary tribunal four days before the overthrow of Robespierre) Josephine was mother of the charming Hortense Eugenie, ex-Queen of Holland (whose son is the present Emperor of the French), and of the gallant Viceroy of Italy, Eugene Beauharnois, Duke of Leichtenburgh. Napoleon's second consort, the Archduchess Marie Louise, daughter of Francis II., Emperor of Austria, had one son, Napoleon François Charles Joseph, Duke of Reichstadt in Bohemia, born 20th March, 1811, who, (in consequence of his being proclaimed Emperor, as Napoleon II., by his father, and so confirmed by the Chambers of Peers and Deputies, at that abdication, in 1815, which Napoleon never afterwards revoked), counts as second of the Napoleon sovereigns, and who died unmarried at the Palace of Schoenbrunn, near Vienna, 22nd July, 1832.

Joseph Bonaparte (the eldest son of Carlo Bonaparte), who was born at Ajaccio 7th January, 1768, was designed for the law, and studied at the University of Padua; but the brilliant destiny of his brother opened to him an ascent to greatness which the mediocrity of his own abilities never could have attained. In 1805 he ascended the throne of Naples, and in 1808 exchanged that peaceful diadem for the more brilliant one of Spain, from which country he was expelled by the Anglo-Spanish army under Wellington.

In 1814, whilst the Emperor was engaged in the me-

morable campaign in defence of the French soil, the ex-King Joseph remained at Paris as Lieutenant-General of the Realm and Commandant of the National Guards; but on the arrival of the Allies at Paris he fled to Switzerland, where he purchased a valuable property. There he remained until Napoleon's return from Elba, and after Waterloo escaped to New York. He subsequently established himself in the vicinity of Philadelphia, under the name of the Count Survilliers, and there owned a fine estate. In 1799 he published a little novel called "Moina." He came to England in 1832, and resided many years near Dulwich. He went to Tuscany in 1841, and died at Florence the 28th July, 1844. Joseph Bonaparte married, August 1, 1794, Marie Julie de Clari, daughter of a merchant of Toulon, and had two daughters:

Zenaide Charlotte Julie, born 8th July, 1801, married at Brussels, 30th June, 1822, to her cousin, Charles Lucien, Prince Musignano, son of Lucien, Prince of Canino: she died the 8th of August, 1854: her husband died the 29th July, 1857: their son is the present Prince Joseph Lucien Bonaparte.

Charlotte, born 31st October, 1802, who was married to her cousin, Napoleon Louis, Grand Duke of Berg, brother of Napoleon III., son of Louis, ex-King of Holland, and died at Florence, his widow, the 3rd September, 1839.

Lucien Bonaparte (the third son of Carlo), born at Ajaccio in 1775, imbibed at an early period revolutionary sentiments, and the elevation of his brother led to his own advancement to honours and riches. He was successively

President, at its dissolution, of the Council of Five Hundred, Minister of the Interior under the Consular Government, and Ambassador to Madrid in 1801. In 1804, the year of Napoleon's assumption of the imperial diadem, he retired to Italy, and establishing his residence in the Eternal City, purchased an estate at Canino, which the Pope raised into a principality, inscribing at the same time the name of "the Prince of Canino" among the Roman nobles. In 1810, distrustful of the security of his asylum in Italy, Lucien embarked for the United States, but was captured by two English frigates, and conveyed to Malta, to await the orders of our Government. In conformity with those instructions he was transferred to England, where he arrived 18th December, and fixed himself in Shropshire, about fifteen miles from Ludlow, on a beautiful estate he was allowed to purchase.

Here he sojourned, devoted to literature and the repose of domestic life, until the peace of 1814 opened his way to the Continent, and enabled him to return to his old friend and protector, Pius VII. During the Hundred Days he played a prominent part, and again held the portfolio of the Interior.

After the conflict at Waterloo, he urged the Emperor to make one great effort in defence of his throne; but the mighty mind of Napoleon seemed then completely crushed. He listened not to his brother's counsel; and Lucien with difficulty effected his escape to Rome. There the Prince of Canino passed the remainder of his days, much respected in private life, and there he died, on the 29th June, 1840. By his first wife, Christine Boyer, whom

he married in 1795, and who died in 1801, he left two daughters, Charlotte, wife of Prince Gabrielli, and Christine Egypta, who married, in 1824, Lord Dudley Coutts Stuart. By his second wife, Alexandrine Laurence de Bleschamp, widow of Monsieur Jouberthon, Lucien Bonaparte had three sons and three daughters. Of the former, the eldest, Lucien, Prince of Canino and Musignano, distinguished in the scientific world for his zoological researches, was born at Paris, 24th May, 1803, and married in 1822, his cousin, Charlotte Zenaide Julia, elder daughter of Joseph Bonaparte, Count of Survilliers, by whom (who died the 8th Aug. 1854) he (at his death, the 29th July, 1857,) left issue: Joseph, Prince de Canino, and de Musignano; Lucien, a priest, late of the Camera of his Holiness; Napoleon; Julie, wife of Alexander del Gallo, Marquis de Roccagiovine; Charlotte, wife of Pierre Comte Primoli; Marie, wife of Paul Comte de Campello; Augusta, wife of Prince Placido Gabrielli, and Bathilde, wife of the Count de Cambacérès. The Prince of Canino resided in the Papal dominions. The other children of Lucien are: Louis Lucien, born in 1813, the elegant linguist and scholar, now residing at Westbourne Grove, Bayswater; Pierre, born in 1815; Anthony, born in 1816; Letitia, who married, in 1821, Thomas Wise, Esq., of the Manor of St. John's, Waterford, now her British Majesty's ambassador at Athens; Mary, widow of the Count Vincent Valentini di Canino; and Constance, a nun of the Sacré Cœur at Roehampton.

The following little anecdote may not be inappropriately introduced here, as illustrative of the vicissitudes incidental to all spheres and conditions of life:—On one

occasion, Louis Philippe and his Queen, then in exile at Claremont, drove over to Roehampton to see the convent of the Sacré Cœur, which had been recently established there by a community of French nuns. This French Order of the Sacré Cœur is one of high distinction, and was, in the days of the Bourbons, one of aristocratic exclusiveness. At the time of which I am speaking, the Comtesse de Grammont was, I believe, at the head of the chief house of the Community in Paris, and Madame Clifford, sister of the late Lord Clifford, was Superioress of the Roehampton branch. The royal visitors, who were incognito, asked permission as strangers to see the convent chapel, and were allowed to go over the whole establishment. The lady nun who conducted them through the house was so amiable and agreeable, that the Queen, on leaving, expressed her extreme satisfaction with the admirable arrangements of the community, and her pleasure at finding herself once again amongst her good and pious compatriots. "Perhaps," added her Majesty, "you will be interested to know who your visitors are. This gentleman is Louis Philippe—I am the Queen Amélie." The nun, bowing profoundly, replied with a gentle smile—"And I am Mademoiselle Bonaparte." The strange coincidence evidently touched their majesties, and the Queen could not refrain from giving expression to her surprise at the waywardness of fate which had thus brought together within a convent of the old regime the two royal houses of Bonaparte and Orleans.

Lucien was, after Napoleon, the ablest and most forward, though, as far as sovereign rank was concerned,

the least ambitious of the Bonapartes, and at one time his literary and scientific attainments received high laudation from the French savans. His "*Charlemagne*" made its first appearance in London in 1814, but the success it met with was very indifferent. Besides this too elaborate epic, the Prince of Canino published two other works—*Stellina,* a novel; and *The Cyrneide, or Corsica saved.*

LOUIS BONAPARTE, the fourth son, next brother to Lucien, was born 2nd Sept. 1778, and ascended the throne of Holland in 1806. Unwilling, however, to remain the mere vassal of his brother, he abdicated in 1810, and adopting the modest title of Count de St. Leu, retired from public life, and resided principally at Florence. His wife was Hortense Eugenie de Beauharnois, Duchess de St. Leu, daughter of Josephine, by her first husband the Vicomte Eugene Alexandre de Beauharnois, and step-daughter of Napoleon. The marriage took place in 1802, and the issue of the union were three children. The eldest, Napoleon Charles, named heir to the Imperial throne, died at the Hague the 5th March, 1807, in the fifth year of his age; the second, Napoleon Louis, Prince Royal of Holland, Grand Duke of Berg and Cleves, christened at St. Cloud by Pope Pius VII., and nominated Grand Duke of Berg and Cleves in 1809, died 17th March, 1831, from the effects of the fatigues he encountered in the Italian insurrection; and the third, CHARLES LOUIS NAPOLEON, is the present Emperor of the French, NAPOLEON III. Of their mother, HORTENSE, I will presently speak.

JEROME BONAPARTE, the fifth and youngest son, was born 15th Nov. 1784, became King of Westphalia in

1807, and commanded the army of that country in the invasion of Russia. In 1814, however, the Allies deprived him of his throne.

At Waterloo he commanded the left wing of the French army, and, on the defeat of the Emperor, retreated with the debris of the forces to Paris. He subsequently proceeded to Wirtemberg, and was created a prince of that kingdom by the title of Duc de Montfort. His first wife (whom he married in America, in 1803, and from whom he separated in 1805,) was Elizabeth Patterson, of Baltimore, a lady of station and fashion in the United States, of Irish extraction, sister of Robert Patterson, Esq., the first husband of the late Marchioness Wellesley, and granddaughter of old O'Carroll of Carrollstown, one of the original signers of the declaration of American independence. By her he had one child, Jerome, born 6th July, 1805, at Baltimore, and is now resident, I believe, in that city. The second wife of Jerome Bonaparte was Frederica Catherine Sophia, daughter of Frederick, King of Wirtemberg, and by her he has had two sons: Jerome, Prince of Montfort, Colonel in the service of Wirtemberg, who was born at Trieste, 24th Aug. 1814; Napoleon, Prince of Montfort, now a leading politician, and a general of division, born at Trieste in 1822, and married, in 1859, to the Princess Clotilda, daughter of the King of Sardinia; and Mathilde-Letitia, married to Prince Anatole Demidoff, and now so popularly known at the Court of the Tuilleries as the Princess Mathilde.

Jerome Bonaparte is a Marshal of France, and was declared heir-presumptive to the throne, and a French prince in 1852.

The three sisters of Napoleon were, as I have already mentioned, Mary-Anne-Eliza, Pauline, and Mary-Annunciade-Caroline.

The eldest, Eliza, reigning Princess of Lucca and Piombino, born 3rd January, 1777, married 5th May, 1797, Paschal de Bacchiochi, a noble Corsican, created by his Imperial brother-in-law Grand Duke of Tuscany, under the title of Felix I., and had one son, Frederic Bacchiochi, who died at Rome, and one daughter, Napolienne Eliza, married to the Comte Camerata. Eliza, Princess of Lucca, died in 1820.

The Emperor's second sister, the gentle, devoted, and beautiful Pauline,—so beautiful, that she was the original of the Venus of Canova—was born 22d April, 1782, and was created Princess and Duchess of Guastalla 31st March, 1806; but on the 26th of the following May, on the annexation of the duchy to the kingdom of Italy, her Highness received in compensation 6,000,000 of livres. She married, first, General le Clerc, and, secondly, the Prince Don Camillo de Borghese, and died at the Borghese palace, near Florence, 9th June, 1825. Through a life of much misfortune and anxiety, Pauline clung with earnest and heroic attachment to her Imperial brother and his family: her only child, a son by her first husband, died young, and his loss was nearly fatal to her. Her last illness was brought on by sorrow for her brother Napoleon's death.

Caroline, Napoleon's youngest sister, born 25th March, 1783, married the gallant Joachim Murat, King of Naples, and had two sons and two daughters: Napoleon Achille

Murat, Prince Royal of Naples, born in 1801, who purchased property and fixed his residence in Florida, and married in America a grand niece of Washington's; he died in 1847; Napoleon Lucien Charles Murat, "Senateur," lately French ambassador at Turin, born in 1803; Letitia Josephine, married to the Marquis Pepoli, a nobleman of Bologna; and Louisa-Julie-Caroline, married to Count Rasponi. The widow of Murat lived for many years in Austria under the name of Countess of Lipano, and died at Florence, 18th May, 1839, of the same disease, cancer in the stomach, as her brother Napoleon.

I now come to the present Emperor, and his mother, the beautiful and interesting Hortense de Beauharnois.

Poor Hortense! Her loveliness, her fascination, and her misfortunes, made her the Mary Stuart of the Imperial house. I have already said that all the ladies of the Napoleon dynasty were remarkable women; but among them, even including Josephine, Hortense stood pre-eminent. She combined the graces and the loving nature of her mother, with the talent and spirit of her gallant brother Eugene. Her whole life was one of adventurous change, and would in itself fill a volume of vicissitudes. I regret that I have only room to touch on the principal features of her eventful career. Born a few years before the Revolution, her childhood was passed in the midst of horrors. At one time, while her father and mother lay in the dungeons of Robespierre, she and her brother were actually so destitute, that he, the future Viceroy of Italy, had to go as apprentice to a carpenter, and she, the future Queen of Holland, had to earn her livelihood at a work-woman's.

Robespierre and his gang had murdered her father just before the 9th Thermidor; but when that day of retribution rid the earth of the worst monsters of "the Terror," Josephine obtained her freedom, and resumed her position in society. General Bonaparte was already a great man. Eugene's coming to ask him to get him back his dead father's sword, brought on the acquaintance and the marriage of the General with Josephine. The 18th Brumaire made Bonaparte First Consul, and placed his wife and her children in the Tuilleries. Hortense had completed her education in the admirable seminary of Madame Campan, and now it was that her beauty, her captivating manners, and her varied powers of mind burst in full splendour on the Parisian world. Her step- and adopted father, Napoleon, was dotingly proud and fond of her, but his policy and ambition stood in the way of her first and best love. A scion of the old noblesse, M. de Paulo, courted her, and she responded to his suit; but though he was a gallant gentleman, and had become Napoleon's friend, yet when he asked for the hand of Hortense, exile was the answer he received. Hortense was married to Louis Bonaparte, and two years after their nuptials, Napoleon was an Emperor, and Louis and his wife were a prince and princess of the blood imperial. This, amid the opening magnificence of the Empire, was the most brilliant period of Hortense's life, and it was now that she first produced some of those beautiful musical compositions, which alone would have perpetuated her name. The earliest of them breathe a tone of melancholy, which seems to accord with her disappointed affection. "Partant pour la Syrie" was of gayer

complexion than the rest, and charmed all Paris at the time; but little could its author then foresee the extent of its future popularity and fame. That song was to be the national air of France when her own loved son became France's Emperor. It was to make itself heard throughout the whole globe, and was to call men to victory at the Alma and Inkermann, at Solferino and Magenta; was to be the Frenchman's rallying note in peace and war, and mingling with "God save the Queen," was to cheer that bond of union which, I trust in God, France and England may never have to break again. There is an edition of Hortense's compositions exquisitely illustrated by drawings of her own. In 1806, Louis and Hortense became King and Queen of Holland; she was now the mother of two sons, and, in 1808, when she was in Paris, a third was born, the future Emperor of France. Her eldest child died an infant: the other two absorbed her utmost affection. Hortense's marriage had not been a happy one, from no particular fault of herself or her husband, but from sheer incompatibility of habits and feelings. They lived mostly separate, but Hortense's whole soul was in her children. Misfortune was soon, it would seem, to be her constant attendant. First, came the divorce of her mother, and then the dethronement of Napoleon. When Louis XVIII. returned in restored royalty to Paris, he found Hortense there, and he, a poet and a man of letters, as well as a monarch, could not resist her accomplishments and fascination; the old King was completely captivated, and he created her Duchess of St. Leu. But "outre ne sers" is the Beauharnais motto, and Hortense would serve none but her own. It is said, that

through her influence with Louis, she obtained information that helped the return from Elba. Be that as it may, it is certain that the King, when restored again, was persuaded by his courtiers that he had been somewhat fooled in his attentions, and poor Hortense was most harshly treated. She was driven from Paris and from France, and, owing to the interference of the French government, she had much difficulty in finding anywhere a resting-place. At last, the father of her brother Eugene's wife, Maximilian, King of Bavaria, afforded her protection. She took up her abode at Augsburg; here she remained till she ceased to be the object of pursuit or persecution, and then she went to live at the Château of Lindau, on the Lake of Constance. Her brother Eugene was her neighbour. Here she was surrounded by a little court of attached friends, and the time passed in intellectual and graceful retirement. Poet, artist, composer, and even actress, the Duchess provided constant amusement for her circle, and for those to whom she extended her hospitality; she would sing her own compositions, and now and then display marked dramatic powers in the little dramas that the company got up. There is, in a byegone number of the New Monthly Magazine, a charming description, by an English lady who at that period visited her, of the Duchess of St. Leu, and her mode of life. But these more happy hours of Hortense were soon to end, and she was once more to be a wanderer. In 1824 her beloved brother Eugene died: in 1831 the insurrection in Italy deprived her of one her sons, and increased her care for the other, whom the affair of Strasbourg sent from France an exile

and an outcast. This calamity brought on his mother's illness and death. Her son came in haste from England to attend her, and succeeded, despite of every obstacle, in reaching her then residence, the Château of Arenenberg in the Swiss Canton of Thurgau. Here she breathed her last in his arms, on the 5th Oct. 1837, just as that cloud had set darkly upon him, to be only dispersed by a light, fulfilling even Hortense's fondest views of the future—a light no other than the again risen sun of imperial France.

The present Emperor, NAPOLEON III., was born at Paris, 20th April, 1808, in the palace of the Tuileries, and the event was hailed with enthusiasm by the French people as another security for the continuance of the Napoleonic dynasty.

At the period of his birth his father was King of Holland, but he afterwards resigned his throne from a conscientious scruple that he could not retain it consistently with the interests of Holland and France. I need not give in detail the vicissitudes in the life of the consummate politician and marvellous man who now rules over France. His history has been well and fully told by a British officer, in a very interesting book, entitled "Napoleon the Third." Perhaps no alternations of fortune have ever been so rapid or so wondrous as his. Within less than twenty years he has played many parts; at one time the leader of an Italian revolt, then an exile and an author, then the invader of Boulogne, then a prisoner at Ham, then again exile and a private gentleman in London, where he loyally acted as one of the special constables; then the chief of a French republic, and finally the emperor of a mighty people, rivalling as a statesman and a soldier the

renown of his uncle, the most memorable ruler and the greatest captain of France. It will be sufficient in few words to state, that after the expulsion of the Bonapartes in 1815, the ex-queen of Holland, taking with her her little boys, retired into Bavaria, but, being driven thence by the altered temper of Louis XVIII., she had to seek another place of refuge, and finally, after a brief sojourn in Rome, established herself at the castle of Arenenberg in Switzerland, where she resided for several years, and where she eventually died. Here, under the guidance of his all-accomplished mother, and amid a simple and energetic people, Louis Napoleon pursued his studies, and not only devoted himself to literature and science, but took advantage of the vicinity of the camp at Thun to acquire a knowledge of military duties. "Every year," says a contemporary writer, "he carried the knapsack on his back, ate the soldier's fare, handled the shovel, the pickaxe, and the wheelbarrow, would climb up the mountains, and, after having marched many leagues in the day, return at night to repose under the soldiers' tents."

When the Bolognese revolution of 1831 broke out, Louis Napoleon and his elder brother took an active part in the campaign, and, aided by General Sercognani, defeated the Papal forces in several places; but their successes were of short duration. The two princes were soon deprived of their command, and banished from Italy. Meanwhile the elder brother fell sick at Faenza, and died shortly afterwards, on the 27th March, 1831; and Louis Napoleon, hemmed in by Austrian soldiers, most vigilant to capture him, only escaped by assuming the livery of one of Hortense's servants. Ultimately mother and son reached

Cannes, the spot so memorable as that on which the great Emperor first set foot on his return from Elba, and thence they proceeded to Paris, to claim the generosity and hospitality of the King of the French. This was refused them. The Prince then craved permission to serve in the French army, even in the humblest station; but his prayer was rejected, and his immediate departure from French soil insisted on. The death of the Duke of Reichstadt made him still more dangerous, for, according to the precedence laid down by Napoleon I., he (or, more strictly, his father, then alive) was now heir-male of the Imperial house. Driven from his native land, and apparently from all chance of serving France, he returned once again, after passing a short time in England, to his former Swiss residence. In this seclusion the Prince spent a few years devoted to literature and political meditation. There it was that he wrote his famous "Rêvéries Politiques," as well as his "Considérations Politiques et Militaires sur la Suisse." At length, in 1836, on the evening of the 28th of October, "abandoning this happy existence," the Prince arrived at Strasbourg, "impelled," to use his own words, "to run all the risks of a most hazardous enterprise by a secret voice that led him on, and by a feeling, which for no consideration on earth would he have postponed, that the moment for action had arrived." Every one knows how the attempt at Strasbourg miscarried, and how Louis Napoleon had once again to seek shelter in a foreign land. He went this time to America, and remained there until called back to Europe by the fatal illness of his mother. Hortense's letter, announcing her precarious state, bears so feeling a testimony to the filial regard of her son, that

I venture to introduce it here, as exhibiting the Emperor in that domestic and amiable light which, as son, husband, and father, has softened the memorials of his stern political life:—

"My Dear Son,—

"I am about to undergo an operation which has become absolutely necessary. In case it should not terminate successfully, I send you, in this letter, my blessing. We shall meet again—shall we not?—in a better world, where may you come to join me as late as possible! And you will believe that, in quitting this world, I regret only leaving yourself, and your fond, affectionate disposition, which alone has given any charm to my existence. This will be a consolation for you, my dear friend—to reflect that, by your attentions, you have rendered your mother as happy as circumstances would allow her to be. You will think also of all my affection for you; and this will inspire you with courage. Think upon this, that we shall always have a benevolent and distinct feeling for all that passes in this world below, and that, assuredly, we shall all meet again. Reflect upon this consolatory idea; it is one which is too necessary not to be true. And that good Arese, I send him my blessing as to a son.

"I press you to my heart, my dear friend. I am calm, perfectly resigned; and I would still hope that we may meet again, even in this world.

"Your affectionate mother,

"Hortense."

"3rd April, 1837."

After the death of his mother, which occurred on the 5th October, 1837, Prince Louis Napoleon again took up his abode in Switzerland; but in the following year, the French Government, alarmed at the near proximity of the exile, made a demand on the Helvetic Confederation for his expulsion; a demand which was as firmly and unhesitatingly refused. Louis Philippe threatened to enforce his requirement by arms, and the gallant Swiss, with equal resolution, prepared to resist force by force. In this crisis, Louis Napoleon, unwilling that the generous and hospitable land which had sheltered him so long should suffer on his account, decided on leaving Switzerland. The subsequent residence of Louis Napoleon in England is so well remembered that I will not refer to it, further than to mention that it was during his stay amongst us that he published his "Idées Napoléoniennes." In 1840, he made another effort to restore the Napoleon dynasty by the bold but ill-concerted landing at Boulogne, and being taken prisoner, was tried by the Chamber of Peers, and sentenced to imprisonment for life in a French fortress. Thus seemed terminated the career of this daring and able man. But his destiny was not yet accomplished. In 1840, he entered the Château of Ham; and for six long years remained immured in that state prison, occupying himself with his unfailing resource, literature, and political thought. His patient submission to his fate was rarely disturbed. On one occasion, however, harassed by petty annoyances and indignities, he addressed a protest to the French Government, so eminently characteristic that I cannot refrain from giving one or two extracts:—

"In the nine months during which I have now been in the hands of the French Government," remonstrates the illustrious captive, "I have submitted patiently to indignities of every kind. I will, however, be no longer silent, nor authorise oppression by my silence.

"My position ought to be considered under two points of view—the one moral, the other legal.—Morally speaking, the government which has recognised the legitimacy of the head of my family is bound to recognize me as a prince, and to treat me as such.

"Policy has rights which I do not dispute. Let government act towards me as towards its enemy, and deprive me of the means of doing it any harm; so far, it would be justified. But, on the other hand, its conduct will be dastardly if it treat me, who am the son of a king, the nephew of an emperor, and allied to all the sovereigns of Europe, as an ordinary prisoner.

"The simplest civility of look is regarded as a crime; and all who would wish to soften the rigours of my position without failing in their duty, are threatened with being denounced to the authorities, and with losing their places. In the midst of this France, which the head of my family rendered so great, I am treated like an excommunicated person in the thirteenth century.

"The insulting inquisition which pursues me into my very chamber, which follows my footsteps when I breathe the fresh air in a retired corner of the fort, is not limited to my person alone, but is extended even to my thoughts. My letters to my family, the effusions of my heart, are submitted to the strictest scrutiny; and if a letter should

contain any expressions of too lively a sympathy, the letter is sequestrated, and its writer is denounced to the government.

"By an infinity of details too long to enumerate, it appears that pains are taken, at every moment of the day, to make me sensible of my captivity, and cry incessantly in my ears, *Væ victis!*

"It is important to call to mind that none of the measures which I have pointed out were put in force against the ministers of Charles the Tenth, whose dilapidated chambers I now occupy. And yet these ministers were not born on the steps of a throne; and, moreover, they were not condemned to simple imprisonment, but their sentence implied a more severe treatment than has been given to me; and, in fine, *they were not the representatives of a cause* which is an object of veneration in France. The treatment, therefore, which I experience is neither just, legal, nor humane.

"If it be supposed that such measures will subdue me, it is a mistake. It is not outrage, but marks of kindness, which subdue the hearts of those who suffer."

This remonstrance produced its effect, and the Prince's captivity was rendered less irksome; but still it went on year after year until 1846, when Louis Napoleon at last effected his escape by means graphically narrated in his own letter, and in the evidence of Dr. Conneau, when examined before the local tribunal, both of which statements I annex:—

Thus writes the Prince himself:

"My desire to see my father once more in this world

made me attempt the boldest enterprise I ever engaged in. It required more resolution and courage on my part than at Strasburg and Boulogne; for I was determined not to submit to the ridicule which attaches to those who are arrested escaping under a disguise, and a failure I could not have endured. The following are the particulars of my escape:—

"You know that the fort was guarded by four hundred men, of whom sixty soldiers acted daily as sentries outside the walls. Moreover, the principal gate of the prison was guarded by three gaolers, two of whom were constantly on duty. It was necessary that I should first elude their vigilance; afterwards traverse the inside court, before the windows of the commandant's residence; and, on arriving there, I should still have to pass by a gate which was guarded by soldiers.

"Not wishing to communicate my design to any one, it was necessary to disguise myself. As several rooms in the part of the building which I occupied were undergoing repair, it was not difficult to assume the dress of a workman. My good and faithful valet, Charles Thélier, procured a smock-frock and a pair of sabots, and, after shaving off my moustaches, I took a plank on my shoulders.

"On Sunday morning I saw the workmen enter at half-past eight o'clock. Charles took them some drink, in order that I should not meet any of them on my way. He was also to call one of the turnkeys, whilst Dr. Conneau conversed with the others. Nevertheless, I had scarcely got out of my room before I was accosted by a workman, who took me for one of his comrades; and at

the bottom of the stairs I found myself in front of the keeper. Fortunately, I placed before my face the plank which I was carrying, and succeeded in reaching the yard. Whenever I passed a sentinel or any other person, I always kept the plank before my face.

"Passing before the first sentinel, I let my pipe fall, and stopped to pick up the bits. There I met the officer on duty; but as he was reading a letter, he paid no attention to me. The soldiers at the guard-house appeared surprised at my dress, and a chasseur turned round several times to look at me. I next met some workmen, who looked very attentively at me. I placed the plank before my face; but they appeared to be so curious that I thought I should never escape, until I heard them say, 'Oh, it is Bertrand!'

"Once outside, I walked quickly towards the road to St. Quentin. Charles, who had the day before engaged a carriage, shortly overtook me, and we arrived at St. Quentin. I passed through the town on foot, after having thrown off my smock-frock. Charles procured a post-chaise, under pretence of going to Cambrai. We arrived, without meeting with any obstacles, at Valenciennes, where I took the railway. I had procured a Belgian passport, but I was nowhere asked to show it.

"During my escape, Dr. Conneau, always so devoted to me, remained in prison, and caused them to believe that I was unwell, in order to give me time to reach the frontier. Before I could be persuaded to quit France, it was necessary that I should be convinced that the Government would never set me at liberty if I would not consent

to dishonour myself. It was also a matter of duty that I should exert all my efforts in order to be enabled to solace my father in his old age."

Dr. Conneau, the escape having been discovered, was brought before the local tribunal and examined. In answer to the Judge's interrogatories, his statement was as follows :—

"I tried to conceal the departure of the Prince in order to give him time to escape. I was anxious to gain, in this way, at least twenty-four hours, if possible. First of all, I closed the door leading from the prisoner's chamber into the saloon. I kindled a strong fire, although the weather was really very hot, to support the supposition that he was indisposed. About eight o'clock a packet of violet-plants arrived by the diligence. I told the keeper to fill some pots with earth, and prevented him from entering the Prince's saloon. About half-past eight o'clock the man-of-all-work came and asked me where we would breakfast. 'In my room,' I replied. 'I shall fetch the large table,' said he. 'It is unnecessary,' I answered; 'the General is unwell, and will not breakfast with us.'

"My intention was, in this manner, to push off further knowledge till the next day. I said the Prince had taken medicine. It was absolutely necessary that it should be taken, accordingly I took it myself. I then took some coffee and threw it into a pot of water, with some crumbs of bread, and added nitric acid, which produced a very disagreeable smell, so that the man-of-all-work might be persuaded that the Prince was really ill.

"About half-past twelve I saw the commandant for the second time, and informed him that the Prince was somewhat easier. * * * Every time that I came out of the small saloon, in which the Prince was supposed to be lying on a sofa, I pretended to be speaking to him. The man-of-all-work did not hear me. If his ears had been at all delicate, he would have been quite able to hear me speaking.

"The day passed on very well till a quarter-past seven o'clock. At this moment the commandant entered, with an air somewhat stern. 'The Prince,' said I, 'is a little better, commandant.' 'If,' replied he, 'the Prince is still ill, I must speak to him—I must speak to the Prince.'

"I had prepared a large stuffed figure, and laid it in the Prince's bed with the head resting upon the pillow. I called the Prince, who, *naturally enough*, made no reply. I retired towards the Commandant, and indicated to him, by a sign, that the Prince was asleep. This did not satisfy him. He sat down in the saloon, saying, 'The Prince will not sleep for ever. I will wait.'

"He now remarked to me, that the time for the arrival of the diligence was passed, and expressed his wonder that Shélier was not returned. I stated to him that he had taken a cabriolet. The drum beat, and the Commandant rose, and said, 'The Prince has moved in bed—he is waking up.'

"The Commandant stretched his ears, but did not hear him (the supposed Prince) breathe. I did the same, and said, 'Let him sleep on.' He drew near the bed, and

found a stuffed figure. He immediately turned towards me, and said, 'The Prince is gone! At what time did he go?' 'At seven in the morning.' 'Who were the persons on guard?' 'I know nothing!' These were the only words which were interchanged between us. The Commandant left the room." *

The Prince hastened to England, and again took up his residence in London, where he mixed much in society. In 1848, the Orleans dynasty was overthrown, and shortly after, the sentence of banishment against the Imperial family was reversed, but the Prince—fearful that his presence in Paris, in the then unsettled state of France, might lead to tumults—delayed his return, and during the interval on the memorable 10th April, 1848, the day of the great Chartist demonstration, he enrolled himself as a special constable in London. Within eight months after, the French people, by a vast majority (the exact number was 5,434,226), elected the heir of the Bonapartes President of the Republic; and in 1852, he became Emperor, by a still more marked manifestation of the popular will, 7,864,180 votes having been recorded.

His marriage to Eugenie Marie de Guzman,† Countess

* For the Statement of Dr. Conneau, as well as for the Prince's own narrative of his escape, I am indebted to the work I have already alluded to, "Napoleon III."

† The family of Guzman (of which the French Empress is a descendant) is one of the most illustrious and historic houses in Europe; being the parent stock from which have sprung the Dukes of Medina de las Torres, the Dukes of Medina Sidonia and the Counts Dukes of Olivares, and the Marquesses and Counts of Montijo, Counts of Theba, and Grandees of Spain.

de Theba, occurred on the 29th January, 1853, and the birth of the Prince Imperial, Napoleon Eugene Louis, followed on the 16th March, 1856.

I should in conclusion particularly remark, that her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess Dowager of Baden, and widow of the Grand Duke Charles Louis, Stephanie, née de Beauharnais, was adopted by Napoleon I., and is daughter of Claude de Beauharnais, Peer of France, last Count des Roches-Baritaud. She is consequently cousin of Napoleon III. Her daughters are the present Princess of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, and the present Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon. Such, on the whole, is this mighty and wide-extended family of Bonaparte, whose head at one time was certainly, like Nebuchadnezzar, "the terrible of the nations." May the land that was waste and desolate, become, under their future influence, like the garden of Eden!

In addition to the name of Guzman, Her Majesty is entitled to that of Portocarrero, which recalls likewise great historical associations. The Empress Eugenie is not the first of her race who has been called to a throne; in 1633, Donna Louisa Francesca de Guzman married the King of Portugal, Don John IV., of Braganza.

MacCarthy.

List to me, monk, it is thy trade to talk
As reverend men do use in saintly wise,
Of life's vicissitudes and vanities.
Hear one plain tale that doth surpass all saws.
MATURIN.

FROM its source in Knocknanavon (Cnoc na habun—*Hill of the Rivers*), on the confines of Glanachrime and the O'Donovan's country, till it reaches the sea at Kinsale, "the pléasant Bandon, crowned with many a wood," flows for a space of thirty miles through a country strewn with the ruins of ancient castles. This portion of Carbury was for many centuries the stronghold of the MacCarthys Reagh; the pleasant Bandon was essentially their river, for its entire course, though ranging with many an ample curve through an extensive district, lay wholly within their territory. Of twenty-six castles built by this sept, in the county of Cork alone, the greater number guarded the windings of this stream.

The historian of Cork and Kerry, following in the footsteps of Spenser, exclaims with enthusiasm, "The River

Bandon is extremely pleasant, having several houses, castles, and woods on its banks, which are high and beautiful. As one rows down this river, it winds in an agreeable manner; and at the end of each turn the sight is pleasingly entertained with the prospect of some neat seat, or romantic building, which open upon the eye one after another." The neat seats were features in the landscape of recent origin, the romantic buildings were the fortresses of the MacCarthy Reagh and his followers. A few of these castles, like those of the O'Donovans and the O'Hurleys, still raise their massive towers in imposing grandeur, defiant of time and storm; but the great multitude of them which burthened the margins of the Bandon are prostrate in the soil-heaps of rubbish, partially hidden by a rank vegetation, and scarcely distinguishable from the natural undulations around them.

Little more than a century and a half ago, there stood, a few miles north of Castle Donovan, a far more imposing and historic structure, the Castle of Dun Maenmhaighe, or Dunmanway. The vengeance of Heaven had been earned for it, and the hand of man deliberately destroyed it, carried away stone from stone, and left tradition alone cognizant of its site. Six miles further north, and in "a wild and dreary region," surrounded by swamps, and backed by a ridge of rocky hills, sterile and pathless, there stands, but little scathed as to its exterior, "the large and strong pile of Togher." This castle belonged also to the Lord of Dunmanway, and crime, though of a less dark die than that which harbingered the total destruction of the former, has left the trace of retribution upon the latter

of these strongholds. Its foundations are on the solid rock, its walls are of wonderful thickness, it might seem to defy for ever, as it has defied until now, the utmost that elemental fury could wreak upon it. Scarcely a stone is displaced from its main walls, but through its principal front, and extending from its parapet nearly to its foundation, is a cleft through its entire thickness, as if the artillery of Heaven had stricken it. The back of the structure, which overhangs a small tributary of the Bandon, is covered with a screen of luxuriant and aged ivy, which year by year extends its foliage over the rugged sides of the building, closing up its narrow loops, towering above its parapets, and occasionally accumulating in huge masses that have lost their hold upon the hard rock of which the castle is built, and sway hither and thither as the storms career around them. From this abundant vegetation not a single tendril has yet crept across the chasm, which points to a dark chapter in the history of the castle's earlier days, when a foul crime and a shameful punishment led to one of the most striking, though by no means the greatest, of the vicissitudes with which Irish family history abounds.

The earliest instance of a voluntary alienation of any considerable portion of the patrimony of the MacCarthys of Desmond, for the purpose of establishing an independent chieftainship, was that by which Donell Mor na Curra settled upon Donell God (Daniel the Stammerer), his second son, fifty-seven ploughlands in the pleasant valley of Glanachrime. Subsequent alienations founded the more historical and far more powerful families of MacCarthy Reagh, and

MacCarthy of Muskerry; but Donell God was the first cadet of the Princes of South Munster who received a patrimony independent of the head of his race. For ten generations the descendants of Donell God flourished in the heart of Carbury; they saw other offshoots from their parent stem established upon their borders, more ambitious, more turbulent, and better acquainted with the social changes of their country than they were, but they continued to hold their own, yielding but slight acknowledgment of superiority to the head of their race, none, till near upon the period of their extinction, to their powerful cousins, whose country encircled them, but electing, as others did, by usage of Tanistry, their own chieftains. The author of Carbriæ Notitia informs us that they were "one of the best branches of the Carthys, and always reckoned the best scológes or housekeepers in Carbury." Indeed, they early acquired the designation of Na Feile, or the Hospitable, which distinguished them from the many families of their name which had multiplied around them. In such tranquillity as the martial spirit and troubled politics of their time permitted, or with but such warlike diversions as added relish to the festivities for which they were famous, the chieftains of Glanachrime continued to flourish from the twelfth to the seventeenth century. They had never broken beyond the boundaries fixed for them by the generous gift of Donell-Mor-na Curra, nor had their patrimony suffered diminution by the encroachment of other branches of the sept. Into what pleasant places their lot had fallen, and how joyously, from generation to generation, flowed on the sparkling current of their days, the reader

will perceive by the following extract from a manuscript pedigree of these fortunate lords of Glanachrime. This pedigree is of no common authority, for it was compiled in 1784, by no less a personage than John Butler, Bishop of Cork, and afterwards Lord Dunboyne, and attested by the MacCarthy Reagh, the O'Donovan, and four other gentlemen of their blood.

"Glanachrime, situate in the West of East Carbury, and County of Cork, wherein were many fertile flowery plains, and flourishing verdant woods, environed with a ridge of hills, the most pleasant and romantic nature could intend for sheltering and watering a spot designed to yield all the pleasures and desirable necessaries of life that could be produced in that wholesome climate. Upon the said demesne were built several spacious houses, beside two strong, stately mansion castles, viz., that of Togher, and the other of Dunmanway, where he (the chieftain) alternately displayed his liberality, insomuch that no gentleman in Munster, of whatsoever ability, was accounted equal to him in that of housekeeping, for which reason he got the name of Na Feile, or the Hospitious. The said chieftain and his friends were intermixed with the best Irish and Strongbonian families of Munster, and lived in great splendour and happiness."

This Elysian valley in East Carbury continued the undisputed possession of the descendants of Donell God until Elizabeth ascended the throne of England. That great Queen, regardless of the happiness which her royal policy might disturb, early set her heart upon the effective subjugation of Ireland, and the extinction of the princely

rights claimed by its chiefs. Through forty years she persevered through every difficulty, draining her exchequer, prodigal of the lives of her English subjects, and assuming increased determination as her ablest ministers despaired, till the last year of her life, when the governors of Ireland ventured to assure her that that troublesome country was at last fairly subjected—for the present! Through this long period of national struggle the Lords of Glanachrime still held their territory. The fiery torrent of the great Desmond rebellion passed over them, the wild warriors of O'Neill encircled them with slaughtered foes and a blazing country, Essex led the choicest English force that had been seen in Ireland since the days of Richard the Second into Carbury, but they lost not an acre of the patrimony of their ancestors. They saw the main line of their race extinguished in the person of the Earl of Clancar, and Florence, the most enlightened of the MacCarthys that had existed for 400 years, sent away prisoner to the Tower of London; but confiscation, which had absorbed such large portions of the inheritance of their sept, had hitherto spared them. A family that had steered its fortunes so ably, or so luckily, for centuries might seem to possess a charm against the ordinary ill chances of life, to be safe from the vicissitudes which were falling thickly around them; and so perchance might it have been, had not a hideous crime and an ignominious punishment stained the honour of this noble chieftainship, and prepared the way for their rapid dilapidation.

About the year 1580 expired Finin (Florence), the seventh in descent from Donell God. Succession amongst Irish chiefs

was decided not by English law, but by usage of tanistry. Finin had left sons; and had English law prevailed, the eldest of these, Cormac Don, would have stepped into the post left vacant by his father. Tanistry passed over the sons of the deceased chief, and called to the succession "the eldest cousin of the blood," preferring in all cases the brother to the son of the last ruler. Hence, as soon as the remains of Finin were deposited in the churchyard of Kilbarry, "the rod of command" was handed without hesitation to Cormac, his brother. The inauguration of an Irish chieftain was an event of great importance, and attended with much display and rejoicing amongst the septs. The right of succession was rather ratified than regulated by the ceremony of election. A white rod, the symbol of authority, was delivered to the future ruler by his superior lord, if he acknowledged one, or by one of his own subordinate chieftains, as in the case of MacCarthy Reagh, who received the rod from O'Mahonie. Tribute of various kinds, chiefly of provisions, was due from the clan to furnish the festivities attending these elections; and, if MacCarthy Na Féilè, the Hospitable, inherited the distinction and the obligation of surpassing other chiefs in the abundance of his hospitality, the reader acquainted with Irish liberality at the present day may imagine the scenes of rejoicing in the castles of Dunmanway and Togher, when their new lord entered into the possession of them. Within the counties of Cork and Kerry were a hundred and ninety-nine castles. Of these, all except sixty-nine were built by the Milesian Irish; and the election of a chief was likely to assemble them all, the more likely

as these elections were looked upon with grim countenance by the Queen's authorities in Munster. Tanistry and its usages were held in especial disfavour by Elizabeth, who had been for years endeavouring with more or less success to abolish it, and to introduce the English law of succession in its place. She invited all Irish chiefs to surrender their countries into her hands, to renounce many feudal rights which excited her jealousy, and to accept back their lands from her with the guarantee of succession to their eldest sons. This inducement, which had availed with each of the other great branches of their family, had never tempted the chiefs of Glanachrime to abandon the custom of their forefathers, and, consequently, on the election of Finin, Cormac Don, the eldest son of the late chieftain, was compelled to stand aside, whilst the white wand was handed to his uncle.

The festivities even of Dunmanway and Togher at last admitted of some intermission, and the various chieftains retired to their own homes. Suddenly there passed a startling rumour far beyond the boundaries of Carbury. It carried with it sorrow and shame to the hearths of every castle in Munster. Blood had been shed in those joyous halls of Dunmanway. The chieftain whose election had been so recently celebrated was no more. He had been most foully murdered! The sensation produced amongst the kinsmen of the murdered lord of Glanachrime could not fail to be of indignation and horror. A very different feeling was produced by the intelligence in the court of the President of Munster. The horror of the septs, the peculiar impression of the English authorities,

was increased tenfold, when the name of the murderer reached them. Cormac Don hurriedly claimed the succession. There is no record that he was elected by his kinsmen, nor indeed is it likely that he was or would be. A party of English soldiers, despatched by Sir William Drury, President of Munster, carried off the claimant to Cork, under the charge of having murdered his uncle. No man could pity him, for his guilt was proved; no man could resent his punishment, ignominious as it was, for it was by the verdict of twelve men that he was sentenced and hung in chains. Then followed a truly singular contest for the lands of the murdered man. Had Cormac died by the visitation of God, or by any hand but that of his kinsman, the captaincy of Glanachrime would, by tanistry, have fallen to Cormac Don. When Cormac Don was hanged as a murderer, the inheritance passed on to the next brother, and not to the son of the murdered chieftain, as long as there remained elder members of the blood. The heir, then, by tanistry to the murdered man was Teige Onorsy [anfhorsa, *i. e.* of the forces], the brother of the murderer. Teige accordingly without hesitation took possession of the castles and lands of Glanachrime; but the circumstance of a murder committed by a man who, even *subsequently* to his crime, had been the claimant of a rich and extensive patrimony, was not likely to escape the vigilant cupidity of the English authorities. At a parliament held in Dublin the same year, the man who had been condemned by the Cork jury for murder was declared a rebel! and his lands forfeited to the Queen. This English legerdemain was wholly lost upon Teige

Onorsy. He evinced a decision of character equal to that of his brother, and, in spite of the Dublin parliament and the Lord President of Munster, seized upon the lordship of Glanachrime. Years passed away, and no effort was made by the government to disturb him; but in the meantime the son of the murdered chieftain was growing towards manhood. The attention of the authorities of Munster and of the native septs was called away from the domestic troubles of a petty chieftain to a personage who inspired more hope and fear than any other man in Ireland except O'Neill. Florence MacCarthy had recently married the heiress of MacCarthy Mor, in defiance of the Queen, and had been sent prisoner to the Tower of London.

It is presumable that Teige Onorsy, with the Act of the Parliament of Dublin held in constant menace over him, was demonstrative of much loyalty; he was certainly not the man whom the imprisoned Florence would desire to see chieftain in the very heart of his own territory. Finin MacCormac began to talk loudly of his claim to the chieftainship of Glanachrime. It is probable that Tiege Onorsy at once discovered who was the prompter of this claim, and found that his cousin was no longer the unfriended boy that he had been till then. His decision was speedily taken; he would appeal, not to the gentlemen of his sept, as was usual in cases of like dispute, but to the Queen. The petition which he presented to Elizabeth evinces a perfect knowledge of the feelings of that royal lady. Had he asserted that usage of Tanistry had always prevailed in Glanachrime, and that by such usage he was the legiti-

mate chieftain, he would have asserted what was true, proved his claim, and—lost his cause. The very name of Tanistry was hateful to Elizabeth, and Teige Onorsy was far too wary to avail himself of so good a plea. Far different was the purport of his petition. He humbly craved her Majesty's permission to resign land and lordship into her hands, and to resume the same by her Majesty's letters patent, with succession to his eldest son. This petition was presented by no less a person than Sir Walter Raleigh. The case of Finin MacCormac would seem hopeless: he had no claim by Tanistry, he had no land or lordship to subject to English law, and his best friend and adviser was in a distant prison; but Finin had been reared in a rough school, and he gave proofs in after-life that if his discretion were less, his resolution was equal to that of his rival. He suddenly disappeared from Carbury, and found his way to the banks of the Thames. There he met with protection from a man who had troubles enough and sorrows enough of his own, without adopting those of others, but who did not refuse to provide him with food and shelter, to pen his petitions for him, and to convey them to the English Privy Council by influence equal to that of Raleigh. It may be asserted with little fear of contradiction, that there existed no man in the sixteenth century who had written so many petitions to the Queen and her Privy Council as Florence MacCarthy. From the year 1588, the date of his first, until 1630, that of his last, his literary labours were one continued series of petitions: they were written from the Tower, from the Gate-house, from the Marshalsea, from

his lodgings in King Street, Westminster, from the Court, from Munster, from every spot of earth on which it was his lot to sojourn. His enemies also wrote petitions; but how clumsy, how spiritless, in comparison with his! To no one living could the friendless Finin have applied with equal certainty of obtaining a ready and emphatic exposition of his wrongs. The presence of Teige Onorsy in London, and the purport of his visit, were well known to the Tower prisoner: to blacken his character, and to represent in plaintive phrase the sorrows of the orphan, was all that was left wherewith to encounter the petition of his rival. The fearless and assertive tone of the document now laid before the reader is characteristic of the hand that wrote it, and at once reminds us of the animated style of his controversy with the Lord Barry:—

"To the Right Honourable the Lord Burleigh, Lord High Treasurer of England.

"In most humble manner sheweth unto your Lordship, your poor suppliant, Fynyn M'Cormuck of Glaincrim, in Carbry, within the county of Cork, Gent.—That whereas your said suppliant's father, Cormuck M'Fynyn, being (as is known to the Right Honourable Sir John Parrett) lawfully possessed of the lands of Glaincrim, in the country of Carbry aforesaid, was at the instigation of one Teig in Orssy, murdered by Cormuck Downe—the said Teig in Orssy his eldest brother; for the which his said brother was by Sir William Drury, being then Lord President of Munster, hanged in chains at Corke; and afterwards a cousin of your suppliant, named Filemie M'Owen, pre-

tending to possess the said lands of Glaincrime for and in the name of your suppliant, was by the said Teig in Orssy in like sort murdered; since which time he doth, as well by reason of his wealth as because of your suppliant's tender age, being constrained for safety of his life to forsake his country since his father's death, contrary to all equity and justice, possess your said suppliant's father's lands as tenant to Sir Owen M'Cartie, being therein maintained by the said Sir Owen by reason that he hath fostered his eldest son, and the better to entitle himself thereunto, is now come hither with intent to surrender the said lands to her Majesty: And forasmuch as those lands doth of right belong unto your said suppliant, and that the said Teig in Orssy hath already procured means whereby he hath spoken to her Majesty, and preferred his supplications to her Highness touching the said lands, and being here these six months, ever since Sir Walter Raleigh came out of Ireland, a suitor unto her Majesty for those lands, he hath never all that while acquainted your Lordship, or any other of the Lords of the Council, with the matter, whereby it appears that he hath no right thereunto, and that his intent is to steal away her Majesty's letters unknown to your Lordship and to the rest of the Lords of the Council, which he had done already, but that his said surrender may not be received, and that there may be a stay made thereof before your suppliant's title be tried, which being found right, that he may be put in possession of his lands according to equity and justice.—And he shall pray, &c.

"The humble petition of Fynyn M'Cormuck, beseeching your Lordship to peruse the same."

The above petition reached the hands of the Queen; but the offer of Teige Onorsy to hold his lands by English law had produced its effect. A letter was written to the Lords Justices in Ireland, to the effect that, "whereas Teigh M'Dermodie MacCarthy, of Cork, gentleman, holdeth all his lands, &c., as his ancestors have heretofore holden the same, that is, by the Irish custom of tanistry, hath made humble suit, &c., we let you note that, for the good disposition appearing in the said Teig M'Dermodie, and to the end that others holding their lands by the like *bad custom* may be the rather encouraged to alter likewise the state and tenure of their lands, we are pleased to accept his offer." There follows, however, a provision that the claim of Finin be inquired into. The inquiry was quickly made and answered. "Cormac Downe had murdered Finin's father; had possessed himself of the lands of Glanachrime; had been tried, sentenced, and hanged at Cork as a murderer; the parliament in Dublin had declared him a *rebel,* and confiscated his lands. *Neither* of the present claimants had any right to the lordship in question; it belonged to her Majesty;" and her Majesty bestowed it in free gift on Teige Onorsy and his heirs male for ever.

This episode in the history of the family of Dunmanway would never have reached us but for circumstances far more important than the rights of either of the claimants. Florence MacCarthy in course of time, and by dint of peti tioning, had regained his freedom and risen in court favour. He was claiming vast territories in right of his wife, and had carried alarm into a host of undertakers,

who had already seized, or were petitioning for grants of the country of MacCarthy Mor. Foremost amongst these were the Brownes and the Lord Barry. A multitude of charges of disloyalty were presented to the Privy Council against him, and amongst them one connected with this Finin MacCormac. It is from Florence's reply in his own vindication that I learn the tale that has been laid before the reader. Admitting that portions of the narrative are slightly conjectural, enough remains to show that the writer possessed a generous and kind heart. Florence's defence is dated June 14, 1594, and is headed "Answers to the charges of the Lord Barry.

"5th.—Fynine Mac Cormac Mac Finin, of Gleancruym, being gone over, by reason of his adversary, Teige Enorsy, who went over with Sir Walter Raleigh to surrender the said Gleancruym, and his father being my father's follower and foster brother, the boy came to me to the Tower, and told me he had no friends nor means to follow his cause; whereupon, for pity and country's sake, I gave my word to one Robert Foster, of Tower Street, for his diet; and, having put up his several petitions to the Council, Sir Owen Hopton being removed from the Tower, and Sir Michael Blount placed, the said Sir Michael would let no prisoner have any liberty upon any warrant directed to his predecessor, whereupon the aforesaid Foster, seeing me restrained, would not credit the poor young man for his diet, whereby he was constrained, through extreme misery, to go with some soldiers into Brittaigne, where he was, about four or five years past, killed, about Gingam, as I heard of everybody that came from Sir John Merreys since."

How pathetic, how skilful the insinuation of Finin's loyalty! but how unlike the version of the Lord Barry! It is quite possible that the fate of Finin may have been in some particulars such as Florence described it. The poor fellow may have enlisted as a common soldier, and Florence may have heard that he lost his life at Gingam; but the Lord Barry had heard quite another story, hence his fifth charge:—"Finin M'Cormac, a cousin and retainer of Florence MacCarthy, was sent over by the said Florence to Sir William Stanley (who had deserted with an Irish regiment at Derwenter, in the Low Countries), where he serves and remains as yet."

Notwithstanding the rumour of Finin's death, and the bold accusation of Barry, there is much probability that he did really enlist in the Queen's service, and that he was severely wounded; for the following curious petition was presented to the Secretary of State by a wounded Finin, but whether the Finin of Glanachrime or not is only conjectural:—

"The humble Petition of Finin MacCarthy, maimed.

"In most humble manner beseecheth your Honor's good Lordship, your poor suppliant, Finin MacCarthy, Gentleman, that where after long and painful services, performed in her Majesty's service abroad, he hath therein been maimed of one of his legs, as appeareth (by certificates for recompense), whereof these two and a half years he hath been an humble petitioner for some stay of living, and albeit divers persons of far smaller desert have been despatched with recompense, yet he is as far as ever from

obtaining anything, and for as much as, being a younger brother, and hath neither land or living, and that for the caring of his maim he hath grown to great debt (which he shall never be able to pay without your furtherance), for some part whereof he hath lately been imprisoned, he prayeth your good Lordship to pity his state, and let him have £xx of lands concealed from her Majesty in Ireland for years, or a pension of £xx next out of for forty-one years, or a pension of two shillings per diem, or otherwise some good piece of money to pay his debts, repair to his native country, live in some good sort, and hereafter desist from troubling your Honour.

"As for a Poor House, Right Honourable, it is neither fit for a Gentleman of his Birth, neither doeth he know any room void, by four or five lives at least.

"Wherefore he humbly beseecheth your Lordship to favour him.

"September, 1594."

It has chanced to many men to be robbed of their inheritance, and to be cast upon the world on their own resources, but to few, so nobly descended, to find themselves so utterly friendless, and to perish so early in a manner so obscure as Florence MacCarthy represents him to have done; but the truth is, that whatever may have been the fate of Finin MacCormac, when he was turned out into the streets of London by Foster, whether he or some other Finin penned the above petition, he did *not* lose his life at Gingam, but lived to a good old age; that the martial spirit of his race conquered the infirmity in his

legs, and even effected a reconciliation between him and his rival; for in the year 1642, fifty-five years after the date of his first petition, his name, as well as that of Teige Onorsy, occurs in a long list of Irish gentlemen who were declared outlaws for an error made in the choice of the party for which they had recently borne arms.

The fortunes of Glanachrime suffered a gloomy eclipse at the beginning of the seventeenth century, when reckoning was made for O'Neil's rebellion; but Teige Onorsy possessed more than the usual ability of his race, he contrived to escape the perils of that reckoning, and for many long years continued to enjoy Her Majesty's gift. He ruled over Glanachrime with more than the proverbial hospitality of his house. But retribution for the crime of Cormac Don, though slow to come, was in store, and was coming. Another murder, not indeed so foul as that of Cormac, which was but one degree less atrocious than that of Cain, but more dastardly, completed the measure of wickedness for which vengeance tarried. There was no need of an Irish Act of Parliament this time to declare murder rebellion. The assizes held at Youghal in 1652, proceeded more circumstantially to prove that Glanachrime was forfeited to the state. Amidst a multitude of depositions made in open court by parties who had suffered wrong during recent troubles, appears one of a crime so cowardly and so cruel that it would be fruitless to hope to excite sympathy for the final overthrow of the family that could countenance if not occasion it. Teige Onorsy, and also his son, Teige a Duna, were gathered to their ancestors before the vengeance of the law overtook their race. In

the library of Trinity College, Dublin, is preserved the examination which elicited the details of this second murder by the hand or under the connivance of a chieftain of Glanachrime.

The examination of Mr. Callahan Cartie, of Dunmanway, taken 13th September, 1652:—

"Sayeth that in the first year of the troubles, this examinant, then living with his father, Teige Odownie, alias Cartie, well remembers that his father took into his protection the person and family of John Ford, and his son Robert Ford, and his wife; and about six weeks after, upon Ford's request, sent the said Ford, with his son Robert and their families, with a convoy towards Castlehaven, and that John Ford was (as this examinant heard) murthered by the way; and the rest of them, he knows not what became of them, but (as he heard) they went safe to the garrison of Castlehaven. And this examinant further sayeth that the names of the persons that his father sent to be their convoy was Diarmid O'Leary, that lives with Mr. Randal Oge Hurley; Thomas McKnougher, living near Bandon; and Donagh O'Terrahan, of Gleanachrime, and further sayeth not.

"CALL. McCARTHY."

"Jurat et examinants coram nobis." } "F. WHEELER. "PETER WALLIS."

The examination of Mrs. Honor O'Donovan, alias Carthy, late wife of Teige Odownie, alias Carthy, taken 13th day of September, 1652:—

"Sayeth that about the beginning of these troubles, she well remembers that John Ford and his son Robert Ford, with their wives and children, came to this examinant's husband to crave his safeguard and protection, which accordingly were granted them for the space of five or six weeks; about which time the foresaid Ford desired a convoy for himself and the rest to go to the garrison of Castlehaven, which accordingly was granted; and this examinant further sayeth that she heard John Ford was slain about Gortebrack by some of Mac Teigh's men, and further sayeth that the names of those whom this examinant's husband appointed for the convoy was Diarmod O'Leary; Thomas McKnougher; and Donagh O'Terrahan; and one Teige McKnougher, who is dead. And this examinant further sayeth that she was informed that some of the convoy had some of the money and goods that was Ford's; and further sayeth that Thomas McKnougher and Donagh O'Terrahan returned to this examinant's husband's house, and was with him upon his lands as formerly; and further sayeth not.

"F. Wheeler, "Honor X O'Donovan.
"Peter Wallis." (Her mark)."

The examination of Teige Oge McTeige McDaniel MacCarthy, of Templebryan, about forty years of age, taken 20th September, 1652:—

"Sayeth that about Easter, 1642, he then being at home with his wife, near Gortebrack (where John McTeige, alias McTeige, and the rest of his people lay to keep in the garrison of Castlehaven), being upon the country with

one William Leagh Regaine, they discovered some goods and English people coming along towards Castlehaven, and set up the cry; whereupon those that were of the convoy (as soon as this examinant and the other set up the cry) threw down the goods and took some of it with them and ran away, and those that were convoyed (viz.—John Ford and his son, and their wives and children) made towards the castle, all but the old man, who turned back and ran after one of the convoy, one Dermond O'Leary (as he, this examinant, was told afterwards), for some money which he, the said John Ford, had delivered to the said Dermond. And this examinant further sayeth that he and the said Regane came to the said John Ford, and that the said Regane was going to kill him with his pike; and this examinant sayeth that he persuaded the said Regane not to kill such an old man that had no arms, but he would not be persuaded, but drew this examinant's sword, and killed the said John Ford; and this examinant further sayeth that Thomas McKnaugher (one of the convoy) came with Teige Odowney's orders (as he conceives) to this examinant's brothers for some of the said Ford's goods, which his said brother had taken from the said Thomas McKnaugher as they were running away, which were delivered accordingly; and further sayeth not.

"Jurat. et examinat. coram nobis." } "F. WHEELER, "PETER WALLIS."

It appears from another deposition in this collection, in Trinity College, Dublin, that Teige Odowney and O'Donovan hanged Dorothy Ford at Castle Donovan!

History takes no further notice of the descendants of Donell God. "This rebellion," says the family pedigree, "suppressed them." The extensive Lordship of Glanachrime was broken up, and parcelled out amongst various English families, but the chief portion of it fell to Sir Richard Cox. Smith, in his History of Cork, pictures in glowing tints the prosperity that settled upon Dunmanway when the ancient race was swept away, and their castle thrown down for the materials wherewith to build churches, schools, workshops, and pleasant villas. Though land and lordships had for ever left them, this branch of the MacCarthys was not extinct, nor is it at this day. Four generations existed, I know not how the fifth emerged for a moment from its obscurity. Jeremiah an Duna, the great-grandson of the last lord who lived in the Castle of Dunmanway, was during his lifetime well-known in the south of Ireland. Since his demise some few particulars of his latter days have acquired a more extended notoriety, for they had fallen under the notice of the learned Dr. J. O'Donovan, who, in the sixth volume of his Annals of the Four Masters, has published his pedigree, and with it an extract of a letter from T. O'Donovan, Esq., of O'Donovan's Cove, respecting him.

The pedigree, as given by the latter, though divested of the "fertile flowery phrases and the flourishing verdant" accessories with which Bishop Butler or his amanuensis had embellished the family copy, is enriched with many additions and much valuable information which lay beyond the reach of the Bishop and the local antiquaries, and indeed beyond that of all the Irish scholars of our own day. Like every

composition that bears the signature of this most precise writer and painstaking genealogist, its exactness is unimpeachable. To the information contained in the admirable letter of Mr. T. O'Donovan little can be added that is more than conjectural. There is a touching anecdote told by Mr. Crofton Croker, in his "Researches in the South of Ireland," p. 305, of an Irish chieftain visiting the ruined home of his ancestors when on the eve of quitting his native country for ever. Until the publication of Mr. T. O'Donovan's letter it would have been hopeless to guess at the name of the subject of this incident. It was then readily conjectured that the anecdote of Mr. Croker was not an absolute creation of his fancy, but that Jerry-an-Duna had really been surprised in one of his wanderings around the ruins of Dunmanway; but it was well known that he never did quit his native land, and thus it might seem that fiction had contributed a little of its colouring to the picture of Mr. Croker. A passage in the Dunmanway pedigree, though couched in language a little mysterious, removes the suspicion; for it implies that he had at one time the intention of quitting Ireland, either to seek his fortune in military service on the Continent, as so many gentlemen of his blood had already done, or following the poorest of his race into the wilds of the west. The former is the more probable, for the pedigree was expressly made for his use, "not foreseeing our intention, rather a case of necessity than choice." Such a pedigree, authenticated by names so unquestionable, would have placed its possessor at once in easy association with the noblest officers to be found in the service of Spain, France, Italy, or Ger-

many; in the remote regions of the New World it could have availed little. That cherished parchment is all, absolutely all, of the family records supposed to have been left by Jerry-au-Duna that is known to be preserved. The chest of papers alluded to by Mr. T. O'Donovan is not traceable. The old man had treasured the record of his genealogy when everything else that could have purchased a crust of bread had left him, and it is not the opinion of all the world that he had set his heart upon an object without value. The most pleasing of "Tours in the South of Ireland," written in a few hours of recreation by a gentleman of whom the south of Ireland may justly feel proud—J. Windele, Esq.—thus furnishes a justification for the attachment of Jerry-au-Duna to his parchment:—"The MacCarthys may proudly defy any other family in Europe to compete with them in antiquity, or accurate preservation of the records of their descent."

The reader who is acquainted with the published letter of Mr. T. O'Donovan will perhaps admit that the last days of Jerry-au-Duna were spent not without dignity; for though he had lived for many years, and finally closed his eyes, under a roof not his own, so generous was the hospitality, so delicate the comportment of Mr. Timothy O'Donovan to his friend, that the old man could have scarcely discovered the truth of the forlorn condition that was so gracefully disguised. This descendant of the chiefs proverbially styled the Hospitable might accept without a blush hospitality in his hour of misfortune from any gentleman in South Munster: by none could it be proffered with more propriety than by an O'Donovan, for

their families had sprung from a common ancestor, had been in alliance for centuries, and had again and again renewed the connexion of their blood by intermarriages. Assuredly by none could have been penned a more touching and dignified record of the friendship of these two gentlemen than by the survivor, who has given us the brief memoir of the last years of the life of Jerry-au-Duna. Had this old man died childless, it might seem that retribution for the crimes of Cormac Don and Teige Onorsy had fallen with some leniency upon their descendant, but he left a son, Charles MacCarthy Duna; and far more humiliating in a certain sense, though less dependent, was the lot destined for him! In utmost poverty! in toil and sweat, and menial labour as a common house-painter for his daily bread! this descendant of so many chieftains has lived to our own day, one of the most remarkable instances of the vicissitudes that have occurred among our Irish families. He is still living, in the 80th year of his age. He has had two sons—1, Teige-an-Duna, who followed his father's trade in London till 1854, when he emigrated to America; 2, Charles, also a house-painter, who died in a lunatic asylum at Cork, a few years since, without issue.

It is highly probable that the descendants of the great Florence MacCarthy, who was imprisoned in the Tower of London for thirty-six years, are now reduced to a similar condition, but they have not been as yet identified. His lineal heir, Charles MacCarthy More, was an officer in the Guards, and died without issue in 1770. The last descendant of his second son was Randle MacCarthy, Esq., who, in 1764, sold Castlelough, near Killarney, to Colonel

William Crosbie. According to a pedigree in the possession of Colonel Herbert of Muckross, "this Randle had several sons, who were bred to low trades, and were uneducated paupers, some of whom are still [A.D. 1770] living."

The Vicissitudes of Bulstrode.

Per varios casus—per tot discrimina rerum.

VIRGIL.

Beau parc et beaux jardins qui, dans votre clôture,
Avez toujours des fleurs et des ombrages verts,
Non sans quelque démon qui defend aux hivers
D'en affacer jamais l'agréable peinture.

MALHERBE.

Puisse enfin le pinceau, créant sur quelques pages
Des sites enchantés, de vivantes images,
Réveiller d'autres temps.

LE FLAGUAIS.

THE Vicissitudes of Bulstrode:—Under this title, I pass for a moment, for the sake of variety, from the contemplation of the changes in families to viewing the strange alternations that have occurred in a single and ancient estate—that of Bulstrode, in the county of Bucks. Becoming at intervals the property of sets of owners totally dissimilar, and that by abrupt and singular transitions, the lands of Bulstrode have had a notable and perennial, and yet ever-varying existence, like some old lineage that has gone on for centuries maintaining its position, despite

of the startling acts and eventful diversities in the lives of those who formed the links of the descent. Bulstrode, although its name dates from the Conquest, was a park in the Saxon era, and now, in 1860, it is the same park still —ay, and one of the most beautiful in the kingdom. Its very graces have no doubt been the cause of its long preservation. Those fair eight hundred acres that constitute Bulstrode, diversified as they are with bold hillocks almost rising into hills, and a great number of deep sweeping valleys crossing and intersecting the grounds in several directions, and forming that pleasing inequality of surface which constitutes the greatest beauty in the outline of Nature's scenery—those eight hundred acres, I say, have lasted verdant and unfading, just as with the lineage I allude to, because they have always been good to look upon, though marked by much deviation and many oddities of deed or circumstance. Let us view Bulstrode at different eras of its permanence, which has now endured for some thousand years—a permanence of which the divers owners of the place formed the vicissitudes.

I.

The Shobingtons, an ancient Buckinghamshire race, held the lands of Bulstrode before the invasion of the Normans. The lands were not called Bulstrode then, but hear what a marvellous tale tradition has to tell of how that name was acquired. When William the Conqueror had subdued this goodly realm, and was partitioning its choicest acres among his armed followers, his eye lighted on the neighbourhood of Gerard's Cross, and there saw

this fine park, with its chief mansion-house and the other surrounding possessions that had been the Shobingtons' for ages. He appropriated and granted the whole to a certain Norman lord who had come over with him. The Shobington then in possession got timely notice of this disposal of his inheritance, and he determined rather to die upon the spot than tamely to suffer himself to be turned out of what had descended to him from his ancestors. Thus resolved, he armed his servants and his tenants, whose number was very considerable. Upon which the Norman lord, who had advice of it, obtained of the King a thousand of his regular troops to help him to take the estate by force. Shobington thereupon applied to his relations and neighbours to assist him, and the two ancient families of the Hampdens, ancestors of the Hampden who would not pay ship-money, and the Pens, ancestors of the founder of Pennsylvania, took arms, they and their servants and tenants, and came to his relief. When they all met together, they cast up works, remains of which appear to this day in the place where the park now is, and the Norman lord, with his forces, encamped before their intrenchments.

Now, whether the Shobington party wanted horses or not is uncertain; but the story goes, that having collected a parcel of bulls, they mounted them, and, sallying out of their intrenchments in the night, surprised the Normans in their camp, killed many of them, and put the rest to flight. The King having intelligence of this act of daring valour, and not thinking it safe for him, whilst his power was yet new and unsettled, to drive a brave and obstinate

people to despair, sent a herald to them to know what they would have, and promised Shobington a safe conduct if he would come to Court, which Shobington accordingly did, riding thither upon a bull, accompanied with his seven sons. Being introduced into the royal presence, the King asked his demands, and why he alone ventured to resist, when the rest of the kingdom had submitted to his government, and owned him for their sovereign? Shobington answered that he and his ancestors had long been inhabitants of this island, and had enjoyed that estate for many years; that if the King would permit him to keep it, he would become his subject, and be faithful to him as he had been to his predecessors. The King gave him his royal word that he would, and immediately granted him the free enjoyment of his estate, upon which the family was from thence called Shobington Bulstrode; but in process of time the first name was discontinued, and that of Bulstrode only remained to them.

The truth of this story is said to be confirmed by long tradition in the family, by several memoirs which they have remaining, and by the ruins of the works that are to this day seen in the park of Bulstrode.

II.

Some confusion occurs in the mediæval history of Bulstrode, for whatever may have been the possession of these early Bulstrodes or Shobingtons, the manor of Bulstrode, either in whole or part, belonged in the thirteenth century to the Abbess and Convent of Burnham, of which convent few perhaps have heard, but all Londoners know its local-

ity, where pic-nics pass so pleasantly now-a-days under the Burnham beeches. The nuns of Burnham alienated their share of Bulstrode to the Priory and Canons of Bisham. The fell times of Henry VIII. swept these good monks away, and we hear no more of Bulstrode in connection with ecclesiastical foundations; and we find the Bulstrode family in full possession again. In the seventeenth century they became allied with another Buckinghamshire house—the Whitelocks of Fawley Court; and henceforward, up to the time of the Revolution, the names of Whitelock and Bulstrode are not a little prominent in the troublous periods of Charles I., the Commonwealth, and Charles II. The memory of these Whitelocks and Bulstrodes clings lastingly to Bulstrode Park, their favourite retreat from the cares of business, the turbulence of party, and the changes of political fortune.

Let me here recall a few of these eminent sojourners at Bulstrode.

First as to how the Bulstrodes and Whitelocks were united. It was thus:—Elizabeth Bulstrode, daughter of Edward Bulstrode, Esq. of Bulstrode, was married to Sir James Whitelock, a Judge of the Court of King's Bench. Richard Whitelock, the father of this Sir James Whitelock, the Judge, stands in the pedigree as the youngest brother of William Whitelock, the chronicler. Put to London to be brought up in the trade of merchandise, Richard Whitelock entered into his calling with spirit, and was accustomed to visit foreign countries in the way of his business. In 1570, during one of his journeys into France, he was seized with pleurisy at Bordeaux, and died

there at the age of thirty-seven. As a Protestant, there were difficulties respecting his interment; but the English merchants resident in that city, "to the number of 100 or more, armed themselves with loaded muskets, and did thus escort the corpse into the vineyards, and did there honourably inter it." But to return to his son the Judge, Sir James Whitelock. "He was," says Bulstrode Whitelock, in filial reverence, in his Memorials, "as good a subject, as good a patriot, and as just a judge as ever lived." Posterity has admitted the eulogy, and he is viewed in the same light by Lord Campbell in his recent "Lives of the Chancellors"—a work, by the way, so agreeably written and so thoroughly readable, that when once taken up even for reference, one can hardly lay it down. Lord Campbell quotes Charles I.'s admission respecting Sir James Whitelock, that he was "a stout, wise, and learned man, and one who knew what belonged to uphold magistrates and magistracy in their dignity." Sir James died in 1632, and left behind him a son whose fame has put the memory of his worthy father in the background. This son was the celebrated Lord Keeper Whitelock, who, as Commissioner, held the Great Seal of the Commonwealth under Oliver Cromwell, and again as Lord Keeper under Richard Cromwell, and after Richard retired. Whitelock, when Cromwell's Ambassador to Sweden, was made a Knight of the Order of Amarantha by the Swedish Queen Christina, whose eccentricities are darkened by the murder of her equerry Monaldeschi. Henceforward Whitelock was (somewhat illegally) called Sir Bulstrode Whitelock; but I need not here pursue his biography, since it is one of

common knowledge, for his career formed part of the history of his time. "He was," says Lord Campbell, "one of the most interesting as well as amiable characters of the age in which he lived." Whitelock married thrice; and no fewer than sixteen of his children survived him. His entire issue, including those who died young, was even more numerous, though nowise as extensive as Charles II. would have it, when, on Whitelock's coming, at the Restoration, to court, possibly in hope of again being guardian of the Great Seal, the King bid him "go live quietly in the country and take care of his wife and one-and-twenty children." Whitelock obeyed the hint; and the dignified retirement of his latter days well became the distinction of his previous career. One of Lord Keeper Whitelock's sons, Sir William Whitelock, was eminent at the bar, and got his knighthood from Charles II. In the Lord Keeper's time, there was a Bulstrode of his house who figured on the opposite side of politics, and was, through his existence of more than a century, one of the stanchest cavaliers of his day. This was Sir Richard Bulstrode: his career deserves a passing notice.

Sir Richard Bulstrode was born in 1610. He was a very learned lawyer, as appears by his book of Reports, a work in great esteem to this day. He was of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, where he continued his studies for several years. In 1633, being then about twenty-three years of age, he wrote a poem on the birth of the Duke of York, which is still extant in the collection of the poems of that university. From Cambridge he went to the Inns of Court, and was entered in the same house

with his father. He became a barrister at law, and practised as such till the breaking out of the Civil Wars, when his affection to the King's cause made him quit the gown for the sword. He, as a soldier and cavalier, behaved himself with so much prudence, bravery, and conduct, that King Charles I. soon made him Adjutant General of his army, and afterwards Quarter Master General, in which post he continued to serve till the disbanding of the King's forces at Truro. He was no small instance of how efficient the barrister can be, when a military volunteer. On Charles II. being restored, Bulstrode, in reward of his long and faithful services to the crown, went to Brussels as envoy from the King. There he wrote those letters, since so famous. In 1675 he returned to England, and the King knighted him. Sir Richard Bulstrode was as faithful to James II. as to his royal predecessor. When James retired an exile to France, Bulstrode, then nearly eighty years of age, followed him, and the worthy knight ended his days at the Court of St. Germans, when a hundred and one years old and two months.

Sir Richard Bulstrode enjoyed a wonderful firmness of mind and strength of body to the very last. After he was fourscore years old and more, he would often walk twelve miles in a morning, and study as many hours in a day. And though it may seem a paradox, as he had exceeded a hundred years, yet it cannot strictly be said that he died of old age. The disease that carried him off was a stoppage in his stomach, caused by an indigestion. Nevertheless, had proper remedies been applied, he might in all probability have worn out several years longer; but his

physician, who understood his constitution, being out of the way, those that were sent for to his relief durst not, by reason of his age, give him an emetic, the want of which, it is thought, hastened his end.

He was most accomplished, and of much ability. He perfectly understood the interests of princes, and the arts and intrigues of courts, and often transacted affairs of the utmost importance, in all which he ever behaved himself with indefatigable integrity.

Bulstrode left behind him several treatises of his own composing, such as the lives of his three masters, King Charles I., King Charles II., and King James II., and essays on several subjects. When he was above eighty years of age, he composed one hundred and eighty pieces of Latin verse, as well elegies as epigrams, all of them on divine subjects. The beautiful and well-known letter, which Sir Richard Bulstrode wrote to his son on the subject of retirement, must have been inspired by the sylvan retreat of Bulstrode Park. A passage from this letter offers a graceful conclusion to this account of him. "That man," writes Sir Richard, "forgets his origin who puts his soul out of possession of herself, by continually running after business; whereas he should abandon and bid adieu to all manner of business that may any way impeach the tranquillity of mind or body. He that thus retires draws no man's envy upon him; he reigns by himself over his family; and all the pomp which greatness draws after it is not comparable to that which you will enjoy in secret by thus retiring; which is indeed to shut up the prospect of this world, that we may take the better view of the

other, by a prudent precaution, to untwist our affections, and slide off from the world before the world slips from us; whereas they that continue in the throng of business their minds lose their rest; and many times after a man hath lost his rest, he loseth his labour also. He that hath enough for himself and family ought not to entangle himself again with more than he can well manage, and make his whole life a burthen to him. And those wisely retire who, being harassed with the fatigues of a public life, foreseeing ill weather, are willing to put into port, when keeping out at sea might endanger the vessel."

With these Whitelocks and Bulstrodes of the seventeenth century their long connection with Bulstrode Park ceased, but their memory and their name have ever since continued to be attached in honour to the place.

III.

Tradition gives one singular inhabitant to Bulstrode, in no less a personage than "Praise-God Barebones," so distinguished for the fervour of his pious harangues that his name was given to the Parliament of Saints, which assembled in succession to the Long Parliament when crushed by Cromwell. Nay more, tradition will have it that Mr. Barebones built the mansion at Bulstrode; but that was not so, for the edifice owed its erection to a far less worthy individual, Judge Jeffereys, of whom more directly. It is however, just possible that Mr. Barebones, a respectable leather-seller, of the City of London, and a friend of Bulstrode Whitelock's, may have rented the then house at Bulstrode, as a temporary rural sojourn; for be it

observed that, though of singular tenets in politics and religion, the members of the Barebones' Parliament were men of credit and substance. "If," says Heath, speaking of them in his exact relation, "all had not very bulky estates, yet they had free estates, and were not of broken fortunes, or such as owed great sums of money, and stood in need of privileges and protection as formerly."

IV.

George, Lord Jeffereys, of Wem, the notorious Judge Jeffereys, bought Bulstrode from Sir Roger Hill, a Buckinghamshire squire, and M.P. for Wendover, who seems to have possessed the estate for a very short time. Jeffereys' sojourn there adds another, though not a pleasant remembrance to the place. It has been questioned whether this personage was as bad as history generally makes him out, but I fear very little beyond some slight palliation can be urged in his favour. Cruel and overbearing he really was, though much of his injustice may be attributed to the wretched administration of the law, which in his days prevailed throughout the realm. Jeffereys was an unscrupulous, but he was also (after he once joined their cause) a faithful adherent of the Stuarts, and this, too, though he was a Protestant, and a man nowise servile, but of a rather independent spirit. He was a daring, yet able, legal adventurer, in the first instance, and afterwards a rough judge, sufficiently just, as times went, in ordinary cases, but totally unfit when political bias roused the fierceness of his nature. Jeffereys was born about 1648, and was the sixth of the seven sons of John Jeffereys, Esq., of Acton, in Denbigh-

shire, by his wife, Margaret, daughter of Sir Thomas Ireland, Kt., of Bewsey, co. Lancaster. So little is known of his youth that it is a matter of doubt where he was first educated. He, it is said, frequented, when very young, some academy, and thence went to Shrewsbury school; from which he was removed to St. Paul's school, London, where he made great proficiency. Finally, Westminster had him for a pupil. When at Westminster school, he is reported to have had a remarkable dream, that he should become the chief scholar there, and afterwards enrich himself, by study and industry, until he became the second man in the kingdom, but in conclusion, fall into great disgrace and misery. His school days hardly over, Jeffereys entered as a student in the Inner Temple, and how he then got on does credit, at any rate, to his economy and perseverance; his allowance during his legal studies was only £40 per annum from his grandmother; his father added £10 a-year, and screened his parsimony under the excuse of his having an expensive family. Jeffereys was assiduous in his application to law-reading; he had a bold presence, an audible voice, good utterance, and fluency of language; but in his disposition, even early in life, he was proud, impatient, revengeful, covetous, and brutish. He introduced himself into practice rather irregularly. He was indeed supposed to have never been called to the bar, from this reason—happening to attend as a law-student at the assizes, at Kingston, in Surrey, in 1666, during the Plague, when there were few counsel on the Circuit, he, in the absence of the regular advocates, was, under the momentary emergency, permitted (most

probably for some misdemeanant) to address the court. No doubt, too, before his call to the bar, he assisted and received payment from those minor attorneys and their clerks who were notoriously his associates and pot companions when he began his career. His actual call to the bar by the Law Society of the Inner Temple appears to have taken place the 22nd November, 1668, when he was but twenty years of age. His early practice lay at Guildhall and at the sessions at Clerkenwell; and while thus occupied, he acquired the patronage of his namesake, Alderman Jeffreys. He was made Common-Serjeant, and on the promotion of Sir William Dolbein to the Bench, he was nominated his successor as Recorder of London—a speedy elevation that certainly marked some public appreciation of his ability. He, while Recorder, acted in a cause in which the privileges of the Stationers' Company were infringed, and spoke with so much force before the council, on an appeal, when King Charles II. was present, that the latter noticing him, observed "That is a bold fellow." From that time the sunshine of royalty began to shed its light upon Jeffereys, and he came boldly forward as a violent partisan of despotic principles, and of James, Duke of York; opposed the calling of a parliament, and was reckoned "an abhorrer," and was burned in effigy, at Temple Bar, by the populace. He had to resign his office of recorder, which was given to that Sir George Treby who, on the tablet to his memory in the Temple Church, is stated to have been "*Recordator Magnæ Urbis.*"

Court promotion now favoured Jeffereys. He was ap-

pointed Chief Justice of Chester, and obtained a Baronet's patent 17th November, 1681, making him "Sir George Jeffereys of Bulstrode, in the county of Buckingham." He had been previously knighted. He had, in 1680, been made a Serjeant-at-Law, and had been put first on the roll as King's Serjeant. The rings which he presented, as is customary, to the King and to others on that occasion, had the motto, "A Deo Rex: A Rege Lex:" *The King from God, the law from the King.* In 1783 he became Chief Justice of England; and when he first took his seat, during a circuit, on the Bench, his elder brother, Sir Thomas Jeffereys, (who was knighted at Windsor 11th July, 1680) was High Sheriff of his native county of Denbigh, and another of his brothers preached the assize sermon. On the 15th May, 1685, Jeffereys was raised to the peerage as Baron Jeffereys of Wem, in the county of Salop; and on the 27th August of the same year he went, as Chief Justice, to preside and earn eternal disgrace at that merciless commission which sat in judgment on the rebels of Monmouth's misguided insurrection. The Chief Justice hanged three hundred and thirty prisoners, and transported eight hundred to the colonies; and on his way back to London was, at Windsor, made Lord Chancellor. His Lordship had now more time to reside at Bulstrode. Rich and riotous living, they say, characterized his sojourn in the mansion he raised in that beautiful locality. Yet some state must have been kept up; for, according to Lord Clarendon's diary, King James and his amiable consort, Queen Mary of Modena, dined with the Chancellor there. Jefferey's manners were certainly

agreeable in private, and he was not without some romance in his composition. At one time, while in humble circumstances, he courted and won, in secret, the affection of the only daughter of an opulent citizen, one Thomas Nesham, who, discovering a plot for his child's elopement, secured her person, and declared positively against Jeffereys obtaining her or her property. Mary Nesham sent an account of these harsh proceedings to her lover. Jeffereys at once acted more like a cavalier than a fortune-hunter. He hastened to her rescue, and married her, though penniless; for so she was at first, but the relenting father afterwards gave her £300 a-year. Jeffereys, however, found his best treasure in the wife herself, who lived with him in devoted attachment till her death. The lady, it should be observed, to redeem even her influence from blame, died some years before Jeffereys went as Chief Justice on his ruthless commission in the west. He married, secondly, Anne, daughter of Sir Thomas Bludworth, and widow of Sir Thomas Jones, of Fonmon, co. Glamorgan, which lady survived him.

In a London mob tumult, consequent upon the Prince of Orange's landing, Jeffereys, endeavouring to escape, was maltreated by the populace. He was captured, and, more for protection than aught else, was put in the Tower by the Lords of the Privy Council, and was there arbitrarily detained. He died a prisoner in the Tower the 19th April, 1689, but he was never tried on any charge, nor was he ever attainted, as is sometimes absurdly stated; consequently his son John succeeded him as second Lord Jeffereys of Wem. This second Lord, who wasted his

patrimony in dissipation and intemperance, married the Earl of Pembroke's daughter, and their only child and heiress, Henrietta Louisa, became the wife of Thomas, first Earl of Pomfret, and through her the blood of the Lord Chancellor Jeffereys passed, not only to the succeeding Earls of Pomfret, but also to the Carterets Earls Granville, to the eighth Earl of Winchilsea, to Dr. Stuart, Archbishop of Armagh, to General Sir William Gomm, G.C.B., and to numerous other nobles and gentlemen whose families are extinct or still existing. John, second Lord Jeffereys, dying without male issue the 9th May, 1702, his Peerage and Baronetcy became extinct. Bulstrode, it seems, fell to the lot of one of Lord Chancellor Jeffereys' sons-in-law, Charles Dyre, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, who married the Hon. Mary Jeffereys: he sold it to the Earl of Portland. A branch of the Jeffereys family—that of Jeffereys of Wem—springing from a common ancestor with the Lord Chancellor, still exists in Shropshire. It should be also observed, that many members of the Jeffereys family (among them, we believe, some of the brothers of the Chancellor) were Quakers. One Quaker alliance is remarkable:—Lord Chancellor Jeffereys' great-granddaughter, Lady Juliana Fermor, was married to Thomas Penn, of Stoke Park, Bucks, now the seat of Lord Taunton, which Thomas Penn was the third son of the illustrious Quaker, William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania.

V.

Bulstrode's vicissitudes appear to have varied with the times. The Roundhead Whitelocks made it notable in the

Commonwealth. Jeffereys filled it with a Jacobite spirit; and now that the Whigs and William III. were in the ascendant, the Dutch favourite of the Dutch monarch turned his eyes towards the fair acres of Bulstrode. Mynheer Bentinck was no ordinary man, and the success of the house of Orange owed much to him: he was constantly by William's side in sickness and in health, in peace and in war; and the King justly appreciated this valuable adherent, who landed with him at Torbay in 1688. "The King's chief personal favour," says Burnet, "lay between Bentinck and Sidney. The former was made Earl of Portland and groom of the stole, and continued to be entirely trusted by the King, and served him with great fidelity and obsequiousness; but he could never bring himself to be acceptable to the English nation." This was in some measure owing to Bentinck's being ever too visibly active in bettering his own fortunes, and to his being constantly so set on his own pleasures as really to appear not able to follow public business with due application. His anxiety for the goods of this world more than once marred his popularity. For instance: after he, in Ireland, had behaved so gallantly at the battle of the Boyne, and had had a principal share in obtaining the victory, and was further serviceable in the reduction of Ireland, he spoilt his credit by obtaining for himself a grant of the royal furniture in Dublin Castle—the tables and chairs of the King that had been dethroned. Another remarkable act of attempted appropriation was this:—On Bentinck's return to England after brilliant doings in the war abroad, he, in consideration of his great services, got a gift of the

Lordships of Denbigh, Bromfield, and Yale, with other lands in the principality of Wales, which being part of the demesnes of the Prince of Wales, the House of Commons addressed William III. to put a stop to the passing that grant. The King answered thus—"I have a kindness for my Lord Portland, which he has deserved of me by long and faithful services; but I should not have given him these lands if I had imagined the House of Commons could have been concerned. I will therefore recall the grant, and find some other way of showing my favour to him." And soon after his Majesty conferred on Bentinck the royal house of Theobalds, with the demesnes thereunto belonging, in Herts and Middlesex, and also granted to him the office of ranger of the great and little parks at Windsor. Bulstrode, it would seem, the Earl of Portland bought with his own money. Yet, though avaricious, Portland's integrity was unflinching. In 1695 there was a report at the House of Commons that some members of both Houses had been bribed in relation to passing an act for establishing the East India Company, and it appeared that £50,000 were pressed on the Earl of Portland to use his interest with the King that it might pass, which he absolutely refused, saying he would for ever be their enemy and opposer if they persisted in offering him the money.

After attending the death of his royal master and friend, William III., and after various political services, the Earl of Portland, towards the close of 1708, betook himself to a retired life at Bulstrode, which had become his favourite residence. He passed his latter days there

in a most exemplary way, and died at Bulstrode in 1709, in the sixty-first year of his age. He was buried in the vault under the great east window of Henry VIII.'s Chapel, in Westminster Abbey. His son, the second Earl, was created Duke of Portland, and was also a soldier and a statesman. He died at Jamaica, governor of that island; but his son William, the second Duke, made Bulstrode his favourite abode; and the second Duke's amiable and talented Duchess, née the Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley, a warm patron of literature and the fine arts, celebrated by Prior as "my noble, lovely, little Peggy," used to here constantly entertain a host of the notabilities of the day. Among them was her attached friend, the celebrated Mrs. Delany, who came to her as her visitor during the half of every autumn until the Duchess died a widow in 1785. Mrs. Delany then lost her country home; but the munificence of George III. supplied another to this aged lady, who and whose deceased husband had been the friends and intimates of Dean Swift, and who herself was the attached ally of Miss Burney, afterwards Madame D'Arblay. In her Memoirs, Madame D'Arblay gives charming details of her own association with Mrs. Delany. The following is her account of Mrs. Delany's conduct, and the King's generosity, after the death of the Duchess of Portland. It is so gracefully written, and is so interesting a memorial of Bulstrode, that we do not hesitate to lay it before the reader. Miss Burney is writing to her father:—

"I must tell you, dearest sir, a tale concerning Mrs.

Delany, which I am sure you will hear with true pleasure. Among the many inferior losses which have been included in her great and irreparable calamity (the death of the Duchess), has been that of a country-house for the summer, which she had at Bulstrode, and which for the half of every year was her constant home. The Duke of Portland (the Duchess's son) behaved with the utmost propriety and feeling upon this occasion, and was most earnest to accommodate her to the best of his power with every comfort to which she had been accustomed; but this noblest of women declared she loved the memory of her friend beyond all other things, and would not suffer it to be tainted in the misjudging world by an action that would be construed into a reflection upon her will, as if deficient in consideration to her. 'And I will not,' said she to me, 'suffer the children of my dearest friend to suppose that their mother left undone anything she ought to have done. She did not; I knew her best, and I know she did what she was sure I should most approve.' She steadily, therefore, refused all offers, though made to her with even painful earnestness, and though solicited till her refusal became a distress to herself.

"This transaction was related, I believe, to their Majesties; and Lady Weymouth, the Duchess's eldest daughter, was commissioned to wait upon Mrs. Delany with this message:—That the Queen was extremely anxious about her health, and very apprehensive lest continuing in London during the summer should be prejudicial to it. She intreated her, therefore, to accept a house belonging to the King at Windsor, which she should order to be fitted

up for her immediately; and she desired Lady Weymouth to give her time to consider this proposal, and by no means to hurry her; as well as to assure her that, happy as it would make her to have one she so sincerely esteemed for a neighbour, she should remember her situation, and promise not to be troublesome to her. The King, at the same time, desired to be allowed to stand to the additional expenses incurred by the maintenance of two houses, and that Mrs. Delany would accept from him £300 a-year."

Dick Turpin, the famous highwayman, actually robbed the second Duke of Portland within his own park of Bulstrode. This daring feat he thus for a bet accomplished: The Duke was driving into the domain in his carriage, accompanied by a few attendants on horseback. Turpin hastily rode up, having apparently a roll of paper in his hand, and, pointing to it, he motioned to the horsemen to stand aside for a moment. Thinking he was a messenger of state, they did so, when Turpin, putting his head into the carriage, levelled the roll of paper at the Duke's head, and his Grace perceived it contained a loaded pistol. "Your life or your watch on the instant!" quietly said Turpin. The Duke pulled the latter from his fob and gave it him. Turpin drew back with sundry bows and obeisances, as if receiving the Duke's answer to an important despatch, and then galloped off, and was on the high road out of reach before the Duke could give the alarm to his followers.

The Duke's son and successor was William Henry,

third Duke of Portland, K.G., an eminent statesman, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and twice Prime Minister. This Duke of Portland had much trouble with his property. At one time his Grace was involved in a law-suit with Sir James Lowther, Bart. (afterwards Earl of Lonsdale), to whom a grant of extensive estates had been made by Government, called Inglewood Forest, appurtenant to the manor of Penrith, in Cumberland, with the township of Carlisle, previously held by the ancestors of the Duke of Portland from King William III. This remarkable cause, which involved in its effects the interests of many families, was argued 20th November, 1771, before the Barons of the Exchequer, and was, after much expense and vexation, decided in the Duke of Portland's favour.

With this Duke's son, William Henry, the fourth Duke, the Bentincks' possession of Bulstrode ended. Another and a far more ancient ducal coronet came to ornament its gates—that of Seymour, Duke of Somerset. Edward Adolphus, eleventh Duke of Somerset, bought the estate from the fourth Duke of Portland in 1810, and it has descended to Edward Adolphus, the twelfth and present Duke of Somerset, its actual owner, whose marriage with the granddaughter of the orator and dramatist, the Right Hon. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, brings also the name of Sheridan in connection with Bulstrode. For many years the present Duke of Somerset has not been a sojourner at Bulstrode, but it is understood that he is now about to reside there, and to rebuild the house and restore the whole locality to that state of rural beauty which at differ-

ent times captivated Saxon and Norman, monk and layman, cavalier and roundhead, judge and statesman; and which nature itself has marked out as a retirement for the thoughts of poets and the fatigues of princes.

A word or two on the mansion which did, but does not now, adorn Bulstrode. It was built by Judge Jeffereys in 1686, evidently in part from the materials of an older mansion. It was of reddish brick—blood-stained, as the people declared it to be in Jefferey's time. The second Duke of Portland made extensive alterations and improvements; but the third Duke pulled most of the mansion down, intending a complete renovation, which he never carried out. He left only the present dwelling, which is elegantly constructed from the former conservatory. But the park is the wonder. It is a delightful spot, containin not a single level acre, and is profusely scattered over by numerous plantations, disposed in the purest taste. To the west of the mansion's site is a fine grove of old trees, interspersed with walks leading to the flower-gardens and shrubbery, and commanding many extensive and interesting views, where the forest of Windsor and its noble castle, with the Surrey hills melting into the horizon, constitute some beautiful distant scenery. On a hill south-east of the house, there stands a very large circular entrenchment, enclosing an area of twenty-one acres, with some large old oaks growing on its banks. In fact, the park displays all the charms that can be produced by diversified surface, commanding situation, and sylvan grandeur. But I should not conclude the description without urging the London wayfarer who may visit Bulstrode to wander

a little in the neighbourhood, and return home by Stoke Pogis and Slough. At Chalfont St. Giles, near Bulstrode, Milton wrote "Paradise Regained." An old wounded soldier of the Peninsular war inhabits the cottage of the poet, and displays with equal pride the very place where Milton sat, and the very bullet that was taken from the martial exhibitor's own leg at the battle of Vittoria. The inhabitants of Chalfont St. Giles are not satisfied with the fame that Milton has brought them, but they also assert that a descendant of Shakespeare's not long ago lived at Chalfont, and—alas! for family vicissitude—worked there as a cobbler. Near also to Bulstrode, at Jordans, is a desolate and tombless cemetery—a Quaker's burial-ground, where all is smooth grass but one largish mound and four or five small ones. Under these lie William Penn and his children—William Penn (lately so ably defended against Macaulay's unfounded charges, by Mr. Paget of the Northern Circuit), Penn, that great and good member of the Society of Friends, who, not in war, like Cæsar or Napoleon, but in the spirit of peace, laid the foundations of a state that has flourished in honoured prosperity, and has contributed not a little to the freedom and happiness of mankind.

VI.

A few miles from Bulstrode, on the way to Slough, one arrives at a long, scattered village, with the unpoetic name of Stoke Pogeis, or Pogis, but with a brilliant halo of poetry about it. Here, in the picturesque churchyard (can it have been the country churchyard of his immortal elegy?)—here, under the tombstone that he erected to his

aunt and mother, lie the earthly remains of Thomas Gray. Some fine monuments are also in this churchyard, glittering with armorial ensigns, among them frequently occurring the red and silver barry of four of the Huntingfords, and the black maunch of the Huntingdons; but "the boast of heraldry, the pomp of power," seem here quite out of place. The poet, whose unfading nobility cannot be brightened by blazonry, has a monopoly of the place. Nor does he rest unhonoured even by marble trophy; for, though simply interred in the churchyard, there close by stands a magnificent cenotaph to his memory, erected by worthy John Penn, Governor of Portland Castle, county of Dorset, and last hereditary governor of Pennsylvania, the grandson of that William Penn of whom we have already spoken in reverence, and the great-great-grandson, by the way, maternally of Judge Jeffereys. The vicissitudes of Bulstrode will thus have alliance with Gray's monument. At any rate, its construction in 1799 is another mark of the intellectual benevolence of the Penn family. These Penns were good genii wherever they went; and in them, that gentle spirit survived to which Hannah More alludes in those lines to William Penn, beginning—

> "The purest wreaths which hang on glory's shrine,
> For empires founded, peaceful Penn, are thine."

Oddly enough, Hannah More links Gray to a memory of Bulstrode, in some other verse of hers; when, speaking of sensibility, she says—

> "'Tis this that makes the pensive strains of Gray
> Win to the open heart their easy way;
> Makes Portland's face its brightest rapture wear,
> When her large bounty smooths the bed of care."

Mrs. Hannah More here refers to Margaret, Duchess of Portland, the friend of Mrs. Delany, also of Bulstrode fame, whom Mrs. More does not forget:—

> "Delany, too, is ours, serenely bright,
> Wisdom's strong ray, and virtue's milder light,
> And she, who blessed the friend and graced the lays
> Of poignant Swift, still gilds our social days."

Stoke, like Bulstrode, has some legal memories connected with it. First, there is that of Queen Elizabeth's Chancellor, Sir Christopher Hatton, whose dancing, which charmed his royal mistress, did not hinder him from being one of the wisest and honestest judges of his time. Hatton's successor at the manor-house of Stoke was the famous Sir Edward Coke, the pride and ornament of British jurisprudence, whose colossal effigy by Rosa, on a pillar sixty-eight feet high by Wyatt, stands loftily and haughtily at Stoke, as if prepared to remove, on instant view, any ugly impression of the law which the recollection of Jeffereys of Bulstrode may have cast upon a visitor to these localities. Stoke Manor House, through the taste and liberality of its present owner, Lord Taunton, is admirably preserved in all its pristine quaintness and decorative attraction, and is open to public inspection. It looks just as it must have done in Hatton's time: one sees the same old rooms, and, as Gray's lines, that cannot be repeated too often, say, the—

> "ceiling's fretted height
> Each panel in achievement's clothing;
> Rich windows that exclude the light,
> And passages that lead to nothing.

"Full oft within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave lord-keeper led the brawls—
The seal and maces danced before him."

Stoke Park, where the Penns so long sojourned, and where the present mansion was built by Wyatt in 1789, is now the seat of Lord Taunton, a peer better known by the names under which he, as minister and statesman, achieved his reputation, viz., the Right Hon. Henry Labouchere. Stoke Park commands a view of stately Windsor and of Cooper's Hill and the Forest tracts. But I must go no further. I have already strayed too much from Bulstrode and my subject; but who will not stray, when once in this fair county of Buckingham, so full of surpassing scenery and glorious recollections, where every corner has some poet to speak of, such as Milton, or Waller, or Gray, or Cowper; where mansion after mansion has some stirring history of its own—some pedigree of doers and of deeds of note? What I here relate of the old park of the Shobingtons, the Whitelocks, and the Bentincks may find a rival narrative (though with, perhaps, less striking change of owners) in many a Buckinghamshire country seat. "Ex uno disce omnes;" yet there is, I maintain, much remarkably peculiar in those versatilities which have formed the vicissitudes of Bulstrode.

The O'Melaghlins, Kings of Meath.

Lear. A king, a king!
Fool. No, he's a yeoman.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE mutability of fortune is in no instance more signally displayed than in the vicissitudes of the O'Melaghlins, native Kings of Meath. Descended from Conall Crimthine, one of the sons of the renowned Irish monarch, Niall the Great, they assumed from Colman More, the grandson of Conall Crimthine, the *soubriquet* of the Clan-Colman, or Southern Hy-Nialls, as contradistinguished from the Northern Hy-Nialls, the O'Neills and O'Donnells, descendants of Owen and Conall Gulban, two other sons of that monarch. As the "Clan-Colman," or "Southern Hy-Nialls," they were known until the ninth century, when they assumed the surname of O'Maolseachlain, or O'Melaghlin, from Maolseachlain, or Malachy, the then monarch of Ireland. These Northern and Southern Hy-Nialls exclusively occupied the throne of Ireland, from the fourth to the eleventh century; a period of time which no reigning dynasty can boast of, the Sovereign of Rome alone excepted. They had four royal palaces in Meath,

Tara, "of the Kings;" Tailten, "of the Royal Games;" Tiachtga, and Usneach, of which Ossian sung. But Tara was the most magnificent, as well the palace of the reigning monarch, as the place of assembly of the great Fez, or native Irish Parliament.

The ancient kingdom of Meath was no inconsiderable principality, for it comprised the present counties of Meath and Westmeath, with parts of Dublin, Kildare, King's County, the greater part of Longford, and small portions of the ancient districts of Brefney and Orgiall on the borders of the present counties of Cavan and Louth.

The early annals of the O'Melaghlins are rich in incident. One of the episodes has been dramatised by Howard, of the Irish Exchequer, in a work of great merit, entitled "The Siege of Tamor," or Tara. During the wars of the Danes, Turgesius, a very celebrated Danish chief, had established his authority almost throughout the entire kingdom, and towards the close of the ninth century he became so powerful in Meath, as to have O'Melaghlin, the king of that territory, at his mercy, and to treat him in the light of a vassal. Conceiving a dishonourable passion for the daughter of the King, Turgesius offered insulting proposals to the father. The outraged parent stifled his indignation, for it was hopeless to resist, and had recourse to a device to save his daughter's honour, and at the same time rid his country of the Danish tyrant; a device, "resembling," as Moore, the Irish bard and historian, aptly observes, "in some of its particulars a stratagem recorded by Plutarch in his life of Pelo-

pidas." Malachy answered that he would send his daughter, the Princess of Meath, to the fortress of the Dane, the next night; but that, as she was young and timid, she should be accompanied by sixteen of her youthful maiden attendants, and that perhaps Turgesius might select one of them and spare the princess, the king's only child. At the time appointed, the Dane had a grand banquet, composed of sixteen of his principal officers, to whom, during the carouse, he suggested that each should insult one of the attendants of the Princess.

At length, a messenger having informed Turgesius that the Royal maiden and her female companions were outside the fortress, the guests, by his direction, retired, lest their presence might alarm the ladies. Splendidly attired in the costume of the day, the Princess and her companions entered the banquet-hall, and Turgesius had scarcely time to offer the first expression of his revolting love, when the robes of her companions were cast aside, and displayed sixteen youthful armed warriors, who seized, gagged, and bound the Dane; and rushing into the adjoining apartment, dispatched his chiefs. The King of Meath himself, with a chosen body of troops, was close at hand, and rapidly possessed himself of the fortress, allowing the Danish troops no quarter. The fame of this gallant and remarkable exploit gave courage to the Irish, and struck the invaders with dismay. On the following morning, Turgesius himself, loaded with chains, was cast into Lough Annew, in Meath.

O'Melaghlin then assumed the monarchy, and attacked

the Danes in every direction; but, successive swarms having arrived by sea, the contest between them and the natives was fierce and protracted, and extended long after the death of the gallant Malachy. Another Malachy, the descendant of O'Melaghlin, a brave and warlike prince, who reigned at the close of the tenth century, had a long and deadly struggle with the Danes; and when exhausted in his heroic efforts to free his country from those cruel and merciless foreigners, he was deposed by Brian Boru, King of Munster, ancestor of the O'Briens, who usurped the throne, and broke up the ancient dynasty. At Brian's death, however, at the battle of Clontarf, in the year 1014, the aged monarch, King Malachy, assumed the sceptre, and followed up that memorable victory by pursuing the Danes to the very gates of Dublin, and assailing them on all points. After his death, in the year 1022, successive princes of the rival houses of O'Brien and O'Conor of Connaught contested for the sovereignty; but ultimately a gallant prince of the Hy-Nialls, Murtough M'Neill, crushed their pretensions and restored the old royal race, which terminated at his decease in 1168, one year preceding the coming of the English, and with him fell the native Irish monarchy; for Roderick O'Conor, King of Connaught, who assumed the sovereignty after King Murtough, and afterwards surrendered it to the English, was but partially acknowledged by the states of the kingdom, and though popularly called the last King of Ireland, was not so in reality—the gallant Murtough MacNeill, the "Irish Hector," as he was called, having occupied that position.

Another episode in the history of the O'Melaghlins, Kings of Meath, which has formed many a fruitful theme for bard and senachie, was the elopement, in the middle of the twelfth century, of the Princess Devorgoil, wife of O'Rorke, Prince of Brefny, and daughter of O'Melaghlin, King of Meath, with Dermod MacMurrogh, King of Leinster. To this false step of the frail, and, as she has been called, lovely Princess of Brefny, has been attributed the arrival of the Anglo-Normans in Ireland, upon the invitation of her guilty and banished lover, King Diarmid; but, alas! rigid historic evidence has stripped this story of all its romance. Hanmer has shown that the fair and lovely Devorgoil—the "false young one" of Moore's melodies, in the famous song of "The Valley lay smiling before me"—was forty-four years of age, and exceedingly plain, when she went off with MacMurrough; and the event took place fourteen years before the arrival of the English!

The success of the Anglo-Norman arms in Ireland was more immediately felt by the native princes and chiefs inhabiting the districts adjoining Dublin. In 1172 Henry the Second despoiled Murchard O'Melaghlin of his kingdom of Meath, and granted it to Hugh De Lacy, who was appointed Lord Palatinate of the territory. De Lacy divided it among his various chiefs, who were commonly called "De Lacy's Barons;" these were: Tyrrell, Baron of Castleknock; Nangle, Baron of Navan; De Misset, Baron of Lune; Phepoe, Baron of Skrine; Fitz-Thomas, Baron of Kell; Hussey, Baron of Galtrim; Fleming, Baron of Slane; Dullard, or Dollard, of Dul-

lenvarty; Nugent, Baron of Delvin and Earl of Westmeath; Tuite, Baron of Moyashell; Robert De Lacy's descendants, Barons of Rathwire; De Constantine, Baron of Kilbixey; Petit, Baron of Mullingar; FitzHenry of Magherneran, Rathkenin, and Ardnorcher. To some of these there succeeded the De Genevilles, Lords of Meath; Mortimer, Earl of March; the Plunkets, of Danish descent, Earls of Fingall, Barons of Dunsany, and Earls of Louth; the Prestons, Viscounts Gormanstown and Tara; the Barnewalls, Barons of Trimbleston and Viscounts Kingsland; the Nettervilles, Barons of Dowth; the Bellews, Barons of Duleek; the Darcys of Platten, Barons of Navan; the Cusacks, Barons of Culmullen; and the FitzEustaces, Barons of Portlester. Some of these again were succeeded by the De Baths of Athcarn, the Dowdalls of Athlumny, the Cruises, the Drakes of Drake Rath, and numerous others.

Thus fell the O'Melaghlins as Kings of Meath, and with them their lords or tributary chiefs, the MacGeoghegans, O'Haras, O'Regans, O'Rorys (*Anglice* Rogers), the MacUais (MacEvoys), O'Caseys, O'Hanrahans, and numerous others, whose lands passed into the hands of the invaders, and left their descendants to struggle for centuries after under adverse circumstances. They are now chiefly tillers of the soil of which their fathers had been lords and chiefs.

The succeeding history of the O'Melaghlins would be but a repetition of the sad story of the old Milesian races, and need only be glanced at. Their fall, however, was not sudden, but gradual; they struggled bravely on, though

unsuccessfully, against the common enemy, who dexterously set one chief of their house against another, and thus paved the way for the more easy subjugation of all. In the reign of Henry the Eighth they had still retained considerable power and preserved a large territory. In the year 1544 we find Cedach O'Melaghlin inaugurated chief of the Clan-Colman or Louth Hy-Niall race. But in 1548 Teige Roe O'Melaghlin brought Edmond Fahy, *alias* White, into Delvin against his enemies; but Fahy turned on O'Melaghlin, and in King Henry's name, to use the language of the Four Masters, "dispossessed and expelled himself and all his race from Delvin, and drove him from it, as the new swarm of bees drives away the old swarm." Henceforward the O'Melaghlins, Kings of Meath, chiefs of the grand old Louth Hy-Niall race, almost disappear in Irish history, and present only occasionally a flitting gleam on the surface, as in the war of 1641, and then sink again into the darkness of obscurity.

To complete this brief summary of an illustrious race, and to ascertain particulars of their decadence, I addressed myself to a highly-gifted and all-accomplished friend, Dr. Petrie, whose genius and learning have done so much for the history, antiquities, and archæology of Ireland; and I cannot do better than transcribe his interesting reply, which tells, with sympathetic feeling, the story of the misery of a descendant of this right royal line:—

"Dublin, 24th Feb., 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR BERNARD,—Our excellent friend, General Larcom, whose mind is eminently poetical and

imaginative as well as solid, has, I fear, led you to expect, in the particulars of my conversation with him, a more striking and interesting instance of the vicissitudes of fortune in families, than the facts will realise. Here, however, they are for you, and given with a sincere pleasure:—

"Let me premise that about thirty years ago, the architectural and other ancient remains at Clonmacnoise, in the very heart of Ireland, and up to that time but little known or noticed, excited in my mind a very deep interest—so deep indeed, that I resolved to collect all the information it might be in my power to discover with a view to the compilation of a history of a locality so singularly interesting. As you are aware, Clonmacnoise was the Iona of Ireland, or rather Iona was the Clonmacnoise of Scotland, namely, the place of sepulture of most of the royal families of the country, as the O'Melaghlins, hereditary kings of Meath, and, in alternate succession with the northern O'Neills, kings of Ireland; the O'Conors, kings of Connaught; the Macarthys of Desmond or South Munster; the O'Kellys of Hymanie; the MacDermots of Moylurg, &c., &c., of whom all those I have enumerated, with several others, had erected churches, or mortuary chapels within the cemetery which bore the family names, and within which none but the members of those families respectively were formerly allowed to be interred Now, as it was a portion of my project to give an historical, as well as a descriptive, account of those churches, it appeared to me desirable to connect with each a genealogical history of the families of the founders, bringing such history

as far down to our own times as my researches would allow: and in this way my attention, and indeed my feelings also were pre-eminently drawn to the family of 'the kings'—*i.e.*, the O'Melaghlins, whose church is still in tolerable preservation, and within which none but those of the name whose ancestors had been so interred from time immemorial, are, to this day, allowed to be buried. I had moreover an additional stimulus to labour ardently on the compilation of their history, namely, a conviction that I should be able to draw a pedigree so amply sustained by authentic historical evidences as no family out of Ireland, however illustrious, and perhaps no other in Ireland, could boast of. Nor was I altogether disappointed with the result of my labour. From the historic annals and various MS. sources, I was enabled to bring down the pedigrees of the five principal branches into which the family had separated, to the commencement of the last century; but I could bring them no further. These five branches were Ballinderry, Fearnocht, Castletown, Castlereagh, and Mullingar. To carry down the pedigree in these several branches as far as might be in my power, and, more particularly, to ascertain, if possible, who might be the present chief of the name, was a natural desire: and so to gratify it I determined to make a visit to Moat, near to which Ballinderry and Fearnocht are situated, and to make it my head-quarters for a few days, while I was engaged in seeking for information amongst the peasantry located in its neighbourhood. The results were not, in many ways, without interest, but the main object of my inquiries was not obtained, and the present representative

of the ancient royal family of Ireland is yet to be discovered!

"However, I ascertained satisfactorily that the line of Art of Ballinderry, chief of the name at the commencement of the last century, was extinct. According to the concurrent tradition of the country, he died, without issue, while resident with the family of Daly, or O'Daly, at Castle Daly, near Moat, and with which family he was in some way connected by an intermarriage. Indeed, according to a tradition which I noted, the ancestor of the Dalys obtained property in the county by marriage with an heiress named Grace, or Graine og ni Melaghlin, 'of Moat or some other castle.' This castle was most probably that of Killcliegh, now Castle Daly, which had belonged to the O'Melaghlins; and as the husband was said to have been 'a big trooper in Cromwell's army, but a gentleman,' he was probably the James Daly of Killcleagh who, according to an inscription on a tombstone at Clonmacnoise, 'dyed the 18th of January, A.D. 1679.' Art of Ballinderry was said to have been a person of weak mind.

"Having settled this point, my inquiries were next directed to the Fearnocht branch, of which Captain Murrough, or Morgan, was the chief at the close of the seventeenth century. This Murrough appears to have been regarded as the chief or leader of the Melaghlins during the rebellion of 1641, as I should suppose in consequence of the mental imbecility of his kinsman, Art; for, in the catalogue given by De Burgo—Hib. Dom. Supplementum, p. 879—of the nobles and gentlemen who, in 1646, associated with the clergy in repudiating the peace of Ormond, we find the

name of D. Morganus O'Melaghlin, *cum totâ suâ Familiâ*. Of this Morgan and his posterity, as might be expected, the traditions were very vivid, and, in general, accurate. And, to my great regret, I soon learnt, from the concurrent testimony of various informants, that of his offspring in the male line there existed no representative.

"He left two sons and four daughters. The sons died without leaving issue, and the property of the father was gaveled amongst the four daughters. Of these daughters, all of whom married—the eldest, who was named Bridget, became the wife of John Tyrrell Wat, Esq., and she, it appears, sold her inheritance, in 1748, to Mr. Robert Mulock, in whose posterity it still remains.

"By this marriage, John Tyrrell left a son, Wat, and this Wat left a son, John, and two daughters, namely, Bridget and Margaret. Of these daughters, Bridget became the wife of Mr. Molloy, by whom she had one son, who was living with his father and mother in Athlone at the time when I received this information, which was given to me by persons residing in the vicinity of Moate. But as all my informants stated that I could obtain more precise information respecting the Melaghlin family from Mrs. Molloy, and as I considered her son as, in a way, the representative of the race, I resolved to wait upon the old lady; for a lady I found her to be, though in a very humble position.

"And now, after this unreasonably long, and, as I fear you will consider it, irrelevant preface, I come to the simple anecdote which you asked me for. On my arrival in Athlone, I had no difficulty in finding Mrs. Molloy's resi-

dence. It was one of a range of small but decent slated cottages, situated near the end of the town, on the lower road, which enters it on its eastern or Dublin side. Its shut hall-door was painted green, and had a brightly shining brass knocker, and its two small windows were equally remarkable for their cleanliness. As I had learned that Mr. Molloy kept a school in this cottage, I delayed my visit till after school hours. I then knocked, and the doorway was opened for me by a man tall of stature, finely made, and having a countenance strikingly noble and commanding. He was unmistakably a gentleman.

"On my making known to him my desire to see Mrs. Molloy, he informed me that he would send for his mother, who, as he said, was amusing herself in her little garden; and at his request I entered an apartment which I at once saw was the school-room, the whole of it being occupied by writing desks and forms, except a small space in the centre which was open to the fire-place. After requesting me, with a cold courtesy, to take a seat which he placed for me near one of the desks, he sate down himself before the fire, and without further words, gave his whole attention to the care of a pot of potatoes which was briskly boiling.

"In a minute or two, his mother entered the room, and after I had apologised for my intrusion, and made known the motive and object which had impelled me to take such a liberty, with a pleased look, and much grace of manner, she expressed her readiness to give me all the information she possessed. How copious and accurate this information was, will be learnt with surprise, when I state that she not

only gave me the pedigree of the family from herself up to Captain Murrough, the chief, during the war of 1641, but, with perfect historic accuracy, carried it up for five generations higher, and could have ascended two more if I had allowed her a few moments to recollect; for, as she said, her memory was beginning to find a difficulty sometimes in calling up names, as she was seventy-six years old. But it was not necessary that I should give the old lady any further trouble in this direction, in which she had already given me so much more information than I required.

"During our conversation, her son remained seated at the fire-place, silent as before, and, as an inattentive observer might have supposed, taking no interest in the subject of our colloquy. But it was not so. The occasional excited expression of his melancholy eye, and the swaying of his head to one side or the other, indicated more than could words the deep emotions by which his heart was agitated. On taking my leave, Mrs. Molloy accompanied me to the hall-door, and on opening it for me we were met by her husband, who, no doubt, was coming to his dinner. However, on being introduced to me by his wife, who explained to him the object of my visit, he declined entering, and giving me his company in a walk in the direction of my hotel, he entered speedily into his own history. He was a gentleman by birth and education, and the inheritor of a fair estate. But, after the fashion of Irish gentlemen in his young days, he so far incumbered it in the course of some years, as to be constrained to dispose of it. However, after the discharge of all his debts, about £3000

remained to him, and with this capital he entered into business as a shopkeeper in Athlone. But he was not successful.

"He had, however, given his son a collegiate education, and the profession of a gentleman, that of a physician, which he had himself chosen. But the son was not remarkable for steadiness, for the increasing poverty of his father unsettled his mind, and abandoning his profession he enlisted as a common soldier in the 4th or Royal Irish Dragoons.

"In this position he conducted himself with the strictest propriety, and was in a short time promoted to the rank of sergeant. But he was not allowed to follow a soldier's career. Though silent as to his own history, he could not prevent the officers from discovering that he was an educated and accomplished gentleman; and when they got his secret from him after some years, they resolved that he should be no longer a soldier, but return to the profession he had abandoned. Accordingly, on being sent for by the colonel one day, he was told that he was a free man; that the officers had bought him out, and had filled a purse which was then presented to him as a token of their regard, and with a desire to start him anew as a doctor in the vicinity of his birth-place.

"He returned to Athlone and to his profession, and devoted himself to it with so much zeal and humanity—being always at the service of the poor without payment—that he became an object of general esteem and love. No inclemency of weather could prevent his going miles into the country, night as well as day, whenever called for; and,

said the father, 'the illness from which my noble son is now suffering was caused by a wetting which he got in this way, visiting a poor family at night.'

"Our conversation thus ended: 'He appears to me, sir,' I said, 'to be seriously ill;' and the answer was, 'Sir, he is dying. He can't live a month; and *he* knows it, and *I* know it.' This was the last I could trace of the Royal Melaghlins.

"Faithfully yours,

"GEORGE PETRIE."

The Laws of Lauriston.

Sous l'auguste et sage Regence
D'un Prince aimant la bonne foi,
Law, consommé dans l'art de régir la finance,
Trouve l'art d'enricher les sujets et le Roi.

Verses at the time to Law.

They are not in the roll of common men.

SHAKESPEARE.

AMONG the families of this empire who have been celebrated in foreign countries, there are none more remarkable than the family of Law of Lauriston, in Scotland. Other houses may have had isolated members distinguished in civil or military service abroad, but the Laws can boast of producing, at two different periods, two men, the one a minister of finance, and the other a statesman and a soldier, both of whom have had prominent connection with the history of France. Among the *dramatis personæ* of the Duke of Orleans' Regency, undoubtedly the chief actor was John Law of Lauriston; and at a subsequent time, especially at the Peace of Amiens, foremost rank must be given to the gallant and sagacious James Alexander Bernard Law, a Marquis and a Marshal of France. The coronet of the latter has survived him, and is borne by his son, Augustus John Alexander Law, the present

Marquis, a nobleman of high credit and position in Paris. This fact gives the Law family the further and peculiar honour of being one of the very few of French noblesse of pure Scottish descent still resident and flourishing in France.

The vicissitudes of these Laws, as may be supposed from the figure they have cut in the world, have been indeed of a most singular and varied description, and are well deserving of the following chapter in this volume. Let me begin with decidedly the greatest man of the race, John Law the financier; but before entering on his career, so much lauded by some, and so outrageously and unjustly blamed by others, it behoves me to show that, so far from being as is asserted, a man of obscure and humble origin, he was really allied by birth to some of the noblest families in Scotland. I am, therefore, the more explicit in referring to Law's pedigree, thus:—

The family of Law, of which the Laws of Lauriston are so distinguished a branch, is of very ancient standing in Scotland, and has made itself illustrious as well by its own deeds as by its numerous alliances with the very first of the Scottish nobility. Out of Scotland, the rank and fame it has achieved are remarkable. In France, the celebrity of the Laws of Lauriston is historic; and another line of the Laws, which settled in England, can boast of the mitres and coronets which the house of Ellenborough, so eminent in divinity and jurisprudence, has obtained. The Laws were, centuries ago, Free Barons in Scotland; and their descent from and before the reign of King Robert III. down to the present period, admits of

the clearest proof. Nisbett, in his Heraldry, gives their arms, as borne by Law of Lawbridge, Free Baron in Galloway, arg. a bend and in chief a cock gu.: crest, a cock crowing. These arms, with some slight alterations, are the ensigns of the present Earl of Ellenborough and the present Marquis of Lauriston. The immediate ancestor of the Laws of Lauriston was Dr. James Law, of Lithrie and Burntoun, Archbishop of Glasgow, who married Marian, daughter of John Boyle, of Kelburn (ancestor of the present Earl of Glasgow), and left a son, James Law, who assumed the title of Free Baron of Burntoun, in Fifeshire, from the estate purchased for him by his father, and who, upon taking such title, added another cock gu. to his arms, and adopted the motto "Nec obscura nec ima," now borne by the Marquis of Lauriston. This James Law's eldest surviving son and heir, James Law of Burntoun, married Margaret, daughter of Sir John Preston, of Preston Hall, and had issue James Law, of Burntoun, his successor, and a younger son, WILLIAM LAW, who was an eminent banker and goldsmith of the city of Edinburgh, and who, with the fortune he made, purchased the lands of Lauriston and Randleston, with the castle of Lauriston, in the co. of Midlothian, and entailed the whole estate (giving a life enjoyment to his wife) upon his family. He married Jean Campbell, a scion of the noble and illustrious house of Argyle, and cousin of the great John Campbell, Duke of Argyle and Greenwich, and of his brother, Archibald Campbell, Earl of Islay, who succeeded him as Duke of Argyle. By this lady, William Law of Lauriston left six sons and four daughters. The eldest of these sons was the famous

JOHN LAW, Marquis of Essiat, of Charleval and Touey, Count of Tancarville and Valençai, and Comptroller-General of the Exchequer in France, who was born in Cramond, Midlothian, the 21st April, 1671. At fourteen years of age he lost his father, but it was from his mother that he was to take the estate of Lauriston; and to her was he indebted for another and a far greater boon—an admirable education. It was the direction that she, perceiving the bent of his mind, gave to her son's studies, that caused him to become so perfect a proficient in arithmetical and commercial knowledge. She was also well aware of his love of pleasure and expense; and she thought, and not without reason, that the acquisition of the solid sciences for which he showed such capacity, would eventually make up for the dissipation that was likely to lead him astray. The worthy lady died when Law was in his one-and-twentieth year, leaving him the sole possession of Lauriston and Randleston.

Law, with this inheritance, burst at once into boundless extravagance, and soon wasted all the immediate proceeds of his property. He then looked about him. He could not resign being the gentleman of fashion and gaiety in Edinburgh, and he turned his attention to continuing the style he lived in, by means of his talents as a man of commerce.

His learning and ability, wonderful for one so young, soon availed him in the mercantile and banking world. He was not long thus engaged, before he brought himself into the notice of the King's ministers for Scotland, and he was consulted by them on the best mode of arranging

the public accounts, and remedying the want of a circulating medium in Scotland. As a way of effecting this, he proposed the establishment of a bank of issue, which, according to his daring plan, might send forth paper money to the amount of the value of all the lands in the kingdom. This idea was no doubt the basis of those projects which subsequently gave such celebrity to his name. It is pretty sure that Law derived pecuniary advantages from his communications with the Scottish ministers. Law at this time, according to a cotemporary account, is described as "a person of imposing mien and very handsome face, highly educated, displaying much intellect and eloquence in conversation, and having rare address in all corporal exercises—in fine, a perfect gentleman."

About 1694, the love of adventure and the desire of display brought Law to London. Here, howsoever he had acquired his fresh wealth, he lived in the most brilliant way, vying with the leading young men of fashion, and so remarkable a gallant himself, that he was designated by the then favourite distinction of Beau, and was called Beau Law. An untoward event, though perhaps fortunate for his future career, was now to change his course, and to rouse him from a condition far too trifling for one of his powers of calculation and action. This incident was a duel; but to relate it rightly, I must introduce his opponent, another exquisite of the day, one Beau Wilson, upon the scene.

This beau's grandfather was Rowland Wilson, a citizen of London, and the founder of Merton Hospital, county of Surrey. He was descended from a family that has long

been of consideration in the counties of Norfolk and Leicester, and whose now representative is the Right Hon. William Wilson, Lord Berners. The Wilsons have formed alliances with many ancient families, as the Walpoles and the Knyvets. At this day also, the family is further distinguished by the gallant deeds of Lord Berners' cousin, the hero of Delhi, the present Major-General, Sir Archdale Wilson, Bart. and K.C.B. The Beau himself, Edward Wilson, was grandson of the above Rowland, and fifth son of Thomas Wilson, Esq. of Keythorpe, High Sheriff of Leicestershire in 1684-5. "Beau Wilson," says the London Journal of the 3d December, 1721, "was the wonder of the time he lived in. From humble circumstances [or, rather, from the moderate fortune of a private gentleman's younger son] he was on a sudden exalted to a very high pitch. For gay dress, splendid equipage, and vast expense he exceeded all the Court. How he was supported few truly knew; and those who have undertaken to account for it, have only done it from the darkness of conjecture."

Edward Wilson was the Brummell of his time. Possessed of a remarkably handsome person, a polished address, and with large pecuniary supplies at his command, he was well received, or, rather, anxiously courted by the best families in the kingdom. Like his antitype, Law, he acquired the *soubriquet* of "BEAU," and was the *arbiter elegantiarum* of every circle in which he moved.

With the gentler sex he was a universal favourite; and in times when outward adornment and frivolous accomplishments were better passports to society than sterling

talents or worth, it is not to be wondered at that Beau Wilson was regarded by both sexes as a paragon.

Contemporary with Wilson, and his rival both in beauty of person, fashionable dress, and expensive outlay, was John Law. A Mrs. Lawrence was one of the reigning beauties of that day, and Mr. Wilson and Mr. Law were both in the train of her admirers; but whether it was in consequence of their rivalry for her, or for Elizabeth Villiers, the sister of the first Earl of Jersey, afterwards Countess of Orkney,* that the duel with such melancholy results took place, has never been clearly ascertained. At no period was the disreputable custom of talking of conquests over the fair sex so prevalent as then; and it has been asserted that Law's boast of Miss Villiers' preference of him led to Wilson's challenge. The *History of Cramond* thus relates the particulars:—

"In London, Mr. Law's superior beauty of person, ready wit, and engaging manners, assisted by proper commendations, and aided by that propensity to play for which he was always noted (gambling in those days was rather looked on as the necessary qualification of a gentleman than as aught disreputable), procured him admission into some of the first circles, and particularly attracted the attention of the ladies, among whom he had the reputation of being extremely fortunate. This success was, however, attended with very disagreeable consequences, involving

* Elizabeth Villiers, one of the six daughters of Sir Edward Villiers, had a very large share of that surprising beauty which has been said to be the hereditary possession of the Villiers family. There is a good deal of romance in her marriage with Lord Orkney.

him in an unhappy quarrel with Mr. Wilson, a gentleman renowned for a similar pre-eminence in personal endowments, which produced a hostile meeting between the parties. In this encounter Mr. Law came off conqueror, leaving his antagonist dead on the spot where they fought."

The particulars of the duel will be gleaned from the Royal Commissioners' Report of the trial, which took place in 1694, at the Old Bailey.

John Law, of St. Giles' in the Fields, gentleman, was arraigned upon an indictment of murder for killing Edward Wilson, gentleman, commonly called Beau Wilson, a person who, by the common report of fame, kept a coach and six horses, and maintained his family in great splendour and grandeur; being full of money; no one complaining of his being their debtor; yet from whence, or by what hand he had the effects which caused him to appear in so great equipage is hard to be determined. The matter of fact was this. There was some difference happened to arise between Mr. Law and the deceased concerning one Mrs. Lawrence, who was acquainted with Mr. Law, upon which, on the 9th of April instant, they met in Bloomsbury Square, and there fought a duel, in which Mr. Wilson was killed. It was made appear also that they had met several times before, but had not had opportunity to fight; besides that there were several letters sent by Mr. Law, or given to Mr. Wilson by him, which letters were full of invectives and cautions to Mr. Wilson to beware, for there was a design of evil against him; and there were two letters sent by Mr. Wilson, one to Mr. Law and the other

to Mrs. Lawrence. Mr. Wilson's man, one Mr. Smith, said that Mr. Law came to his master's house a little before the fact was done, and drank a pint of sack in the parlour; after which he heard his master say he was much surprised with something that Mr. Law had told him. One Captain Wightman, a person of good conformation, gave account of the whole matter, and said that he was a familiar friend of Mr. Wilson, and was with him and Mr. Law at the Fountain Tavern, in the Strand; and after they had stayed a little while there, Mr. Law went away. After which Mr. Wilson and Captain Wightman took coach and were driven towards Bloomsbury; whereupon Mr. Wilson stepped out of the coach into the Square, where Mr. Law met him; and before they came near together, Mr. Wilson drew his sword; and they both passed together, making but one pass, by which Mr. Wilson received a mortal wound in the lower part of his stomach, of the depth of two inches, of which he instantly died.

This was the sum of the evidence for the King. The letters were read in Court, which were full of aggravations on both sides, without any names subscribed to them. There were also witnesses that saw the duel fought, who all agreed in their depositions that they drew their swords and passed at each other, and presently Mr. Wilson was killed.

Mr. Law, in his defence, declared that Mr. Wilson and he had been together several times before the duel was fought; and never any quarrel was betwixt them till they met at the Fountain Tavern, which was occasioned about the letters, and that his meeting Mr. Wilson in Blooms-

bury was merely an accidental thing; Mr. Wilson drawing his sword upon him first, upon which he was forced to stand upon his own defence. That the misfortune did arise only from a sudden heat of passion, and not from any prepense malice. The Court acquainted the jury that, if they found that Mr. Law and Mr. Wilson did make an agreement to fight, though Mr. Wilson drew first, and that Mr. Law killed him, he was (by the construction of the law) guilty of murder; for, if two men suddenly quarrel and one kill the other, this would be but manslaughter; but this case seemed to be otherwise: for this was a continual quarrel, carried on betwixt them some time before; therefore must be accounted a malicious quarrel, and a design of murder in the person who killed the other: likewise that it was so in all cases.

The trial was a very long one. The prisoner produced many persons of high station and good repute to speak in his favour; and their testimony went to prove that his life was generally correct, that he was not given to quarrelling, nor was he a person of ill behaviour. The jury, after long deliberation, found the prisoner *Guilty of Murder*, and he received sentence accordingly. A pardon was, however, obtained from the Crown; and Law was on the point of regaining his liberty, when the relatives of Mr. Wilson lodged an appeal of murder, and he was detained in the King's Bench. An appeal of murder was a very serious thing, and requires some explanation. It was this: if a man on an indictment by the Crown for murder was acquitted, or found guilty and pardoned by the King, he was still liable to an appeal from the wife or heir male of

the deceased. This appeal was in the nature of a private action between the parties, by which the death of the deceased was to be compensated for by the death of the accused; and, if the cause went against the defendant, die he must, if the plaintiff insisted on it; since the Crown, as in all other private actions, could not remit the judgment. It was, in fact, a suit of life for life; and the Shylock who gained it had not a mere pound of flesh, but the fuller satisfaction of hanging on a gallows the subject of his prosecution. This barbarous proceeding of appeal for murder happened to be revived upon an acquittal for murder even so lately as 1817, when the defendant repelled the appeal by challenging the plaintiff to trial by combat, which mortal mode of decision it appeared he could adopt in place of trial by jury. The plaintiff declined the fight; but this rendered the appeal so utterly ridiculous that the whole process was abolished by act of parliament.

Law continued in durance for eight months awaiting the trial, when he found means to corrupt the keeper of the prison and to effect his escape.

The following is from an advertisement from the *London Gazette* of January, 3—7, 1694-5:—"Captain J. Lawe, aged 26, a Scotchman, lately a prisoner in the King's Bench for murther, hath made his escape from the said prison. Whoever secures him, so as to be delivered to the said prison, shall have £50 paid immediately by the marshal of the said King's Bench." This advertisement proved ineffectual. Mr. Law got out of the country, and took up his abode in Paris, there and throughout France to cause more singular sensation than ever did foreigner before or since.

John Law's marvellous proceedings in Paris are too much matter of history to need detail here. Law's connection with the Regent, Duke of Orleans, was the greatest event of that able but dissipated Prince's administration; and among the great commercial transactions of the world, Law and his system will be remembered for ever. Many and many are the accounts given, besides those in the various histories of France, of Law's system and the Mississippi scheme that grew upon it; and in referring to those accounts, I would mention that of Dr. Mackay, in his "Popular Delusions," as about the best of all. Yet I cannot pass this mighty period of John Law's life without insisting that his plans were of a far wiser nature than the almost cotemporary Darien scheme (though that chiefly owes its failure to the faithlessness of William III.); nor should they be confounded with the South Sea Company, the Tulipomania, the sham railway projects, and the other bubbles by which visionaries and rogues have brought the avaricious and the imprudent to ruin. Law was undoubtedly an able calculator and financier. He found the exchequer of France on the verge of bankruptcy, and the government about to sink under the pressure. His paper issue and his establishment of the Royal Bank saved the state and restored confidence and reanimated commerce. No doubt "the Company of the West," known better as the Mississippi scheme, and the numerous other companies that followed, brought much ruin in their track; but this was really more owing to the madness of the French people themselves than to Law, who rather yielded to the torrent than courted the storm. This, however, as I say, is matter

of public history, and has been and is the subject of never-ending discussion. I return to Law's personal career. He shared, of course, immensely in the questionable wealth that accrued to France: he bought the Hôtel de Soissons and sixteen large estates, and he outvied royalty in his houses and in his gardens; for, like most Scotchmen, Law was an admirable horticulturist. He thus, and it is a strong proof of his own honesty and good faith, invested all his treasures in landed property in France; he put not a shilling in the funds of other countries; and, when he might have purchased regal domains in Scotland, he did no more than preserve his few paternal acres of Lauriston there. Law was in France Comptroller-General and a minister with power unlimited. He obtained letters of naturalisation, and was raised to nobility by various titles. He was for a time the idol. of the French, and he could have done just as he liked. Yet, in the midst of this prosperity and influence almost superhuman, he never did an unkind or an unworthy action; and on more occasions than one his justice and his liberality were remarkable.

On one occasion he instantly, when asked, gave five hundred thousand francs towards building the church of St. Roch, so familiar, now-a-days, to all visitors to Paris; and he distributed another sum of five hundred thousand francs among the followers of King James, the poor Scotch, Irish, and English exiles at St. Germains. Numerous gifts like these might be related. Of his justice the following is a sample:—Count Horn, brother of Prince de Horn, and a relative of the Emperor of Germany, way-

laid, robbed, and murdered in Paris a man loaded with the proceeds of some successful sale of Mississippi shares. The count was seized, tried, and condemned, but though dukes, princes, and even sovereigns interceded in his behalf, Law prevented the wavering Regent from yielding, and contrived that stern retribution should be done. Horn was executed in the Place de Grève. Law's coolness amidst all his grandeur, was another remarkable feature. The anecdotes that are told of this would fill a volume. One here must suffice. At a levee of Law's, when princes, noblemen, and prelates were waiting in Law's antichamber, a plain-looking gentleman craved admittance, on the score of being a Scotch kinsman. "Let him instantly come in," said Law, "for that claim is always a passport with me." The so honoured individual entered; it was the Earl of Islay, afterwards Duke of Argyle. "I am sorry," said the Earl, as Law instantly jumped up and grasped his hand, "I am sorry to disturb you while engaged in such momentous occupation." "By no means momentous," replied Law, "I am only writing to my gardener at Lauriston about planting some cabbages;" and while he was doing this, the best blood of France was waiting at the door!

Law's immense wealth enabled him to gratify Mr. Wilson's relatives by the payment of one hundred thousand pounds. It would appear from the fact of this hush-money not having been paid till 1721, that the determination of the Wilson family to bring the offender to justice had continued for more than a quarter of a century, and offered a bar to his return to England. The fame of his

financial oddities, however, was now at its height, and led to an invitation from the English ministry to return to his native country, and give it the benefit of his talents. The one hundred thousand pounds reconciled the Wilsons; and Law embarked on board the Baltic Squadron, commanded by Sir John Norris. He was accommodated on board the admiral's own ship, and treated with as much distinction as a crowned head.

He landed at the Nore, October 20, 1721, proceeded to London in a kind of triumph, and was speedily presented to King George I. by Sir John Norris. The monarch received him with marked distinction, and loaded him with compliments. He took a mansion in Conduit Street, and furnished it with a splendour rarely seen at that time in the houses of the highest nobility.

On the 28th of November, 1721 (being the last day of Term), Mr. Law pleaded at the bar of the King's Bench on his knees, his Majesty's most gracious pardon for the *murder* of Edward Wilson, Esq., in 1694. He was attended at the bar by his relatives, the Duke of Argyle and the Earl of Islay, and several friends; and each of the judges was presented with a pair of white gloves.

After some years' residence in England, where a high degree of homage was paid to him by the upper classes, Mr. Law received intelligence of the confiscation of his whole property in France. The Mississippi scheme had ended in the ruin of myriads there; and these, instead of blaming their own reckless speculation, laid the whole evil at the door of him whose real utility they had perverted and led astray. Conscious of the rectitude of his conduct

in the management of the French finances, and feeling sure that the balance, on examination, would be found greatly in his favour, Law flattered himself that he would receive large compensation, especially as the Regent, Duke of Orleans, professed a more than ordinary regard for him, and had continued punctually to remit his official stipend of 20,000 francs a-year. But the death of this kind, and not unworthy, however improvident, prince, in 1723, was a fatal blow to the hopes of Law. Mr. Law memorialized the Prime Minister of France, the Duke de Bourbon, in 1724, but without success. There then remained to him of all his personal wealth but a single diamond worth £5000. This, and his Scotch property, his high family connections, and his own professional ability as a commercial man, sustained him as a gentleman of fair position through the rest of his existence.

He bade a final adieu to Great Britain in 1725, and took up his residence at Venice, where he closed his chequered life on the 21st of March, 1729, in his fifty-eighth year, and was buried in the church of San Geminiano, whence, as that church was pulled down, his body was removed by his grandnephew, the Marquis and Marshal Law, when Governor of Venice, to the church of San Mose, which still contains the remains of the great financier, and a monument to his memory.

John Law married Catherine, third daughter of Nicholas, titular Earl of Banbury, and by her (who died his widow in 1747) he had a son, Cornet John Law, of the Regiment of Nassau Friesland, who died unmarried at Maestricht in 1734, aged thirty, and a daughter, Mary Catherine,

married to William, Viscount Wallingford, M.P. for Banbury, Major of the first troop of Horse Guards, son of Charles, fourth titular Earl of Banbury. Lord Wallingford died, *vitâ patris,* 1740; his widow died in London in 1790, aged about eighty; they had no issue. Thus ended John Law's own line, but his name and family were to continue in France with increased rank and credit. His brother William's descendant was to add a coronet and the renown of a warrior and statesman to the pedigree of the Laws of Lauriston. WILLIAM LAW, of Lauriston, the younger brother of the great financier, was Director-General of the India Company in France, and dying in 1752, left, with daughters, two sons, both distinguished men; the younger was General James Francis Law, Count de Tancarville, and Chevalier de St. Louis, who commanded the French king's troops at Pondicherry, and died in 1767, leaving issue; and from him descend the Laws of Clapernon. The Director-General William Law's elder son was JOHN LAW, Baron of Lauriston (being so admitted in France), Governor of Pondicherry, and Mareschal de Camp, who married Jane, daughter of Don Alexander Carvalho, a Portuguese noble, and with other issue (one son, William Law, a naval officer, was lost in the great navigator La Peyrouse's fatal expedition) was father of James Alexander Bernard Law, a Marshal of France, and one of the celebrated men of modern France. Him I cannot pass over without a short notice.

JAMES ALEXANDER BERNARD LAW was born in Pondicherry the 1st of February, 1768. He entered the Royal Corps of French Artillery in 1784, and was appointed

Colonel of Horse Artillery in 1794; it is in this quality that he made the first campaigns of the Revolution. Bonaparte, who had particular affection for the artillery, appointed, when first Consul in 1800, Lauriston his aide-de-camp, and charged him successfully with many important missions, amongst which I must cite particularly his co-operation at the defence of Copenhagen against the English, and the Diplomatic Mission which he filled in England, where he was charged, in 1801, to bring the ratification of the preliminaries of the peace of Amiens. This peace was so popular in England, that he was welcomed with much enthusiasm, and the people of London took the horses out of Law's carriage, and conducted him in triumph to Downing Street.

Law did good service in many a hard-fought battle, when by Napoleon's side, or commanding for him. He was appointed Imperial Commissary to take possession of Venice, and Dalmatia, and the Mouths of the Cattaro; and, on this occasion, displayed signal valour and conduct in successfully holding those places, with a small force, against fifteen hundred Russians and three thousand Montenegrins, or Morlachs. He was Governor-General of Venice in 1807.

After the battle of Essling, Law effected the junction of the Great Army with the Army of Italy, on the other side of Zeimmeringberg. He did wonders at Wagram, where, commanding the battery of the famous hundred pieces of cannon, he contributed to the success of the day. It was General Law who accompanied to France the Archduchess Maria Louisa, on her marriage with Napoleon.

After the disastrous campaign of Russia, in which he took a brilliant share, Law went to Magdeburg as General-in-Chief of the corps of observation on the Elbe, at the head of which he helped gloriously in the campaign of 1813. He was at Lautzen and Bautzen, and defeated, in desperate fight, eighty thousand Russians at Goldberg. He fought valiantly at Dresden and Leipsic; and, on the day Leipsic was taken, he was retiring by the bridge of Lindenau, over the Elster, and finding it destroyed, he rushed with his horse into the river, but on reaching the other side was made prisoner. He was detained at Berlin until the restoration of the Bourbons, in 1814; when, begun for General Law, after his career of arms under Napoleon, his career of honours under King Louis. Law, who was really a soldier of the old regime, though a good servant to the Emperor, and ever true to France, was not reluctant to serve the King. Law was already a Baron and a Count of the Empire; Louis XVIII. created him Marquis of Lauriston and a Peer of France; Chevalier of St. Louis; and Great Cordon of the Legion of Honour. He was a Knight of the Iron Crown, and of various other foreign orders. Law, during the Hundred Days, retired to his country seat, and remained stanch to the House of Bourbon. He commanded a Corps de Reserve in the invasion of Spain, in 1823, and was then made a Marshal of France.

The Marquis of Lauriston died at Paris, universally respected, the 10th June, 1828. He held, at the time, among other dignified offices, that of Master of the Royal Hunt; and it is a singular fact, that the Hotel connected with that service in the Place Vendôme, in which he died,

was the ancient residence of his great uncle, the Financier. The Marquis's wife was Mademoiselle Claudine Antoinette Julie Le Duc, the daughter of an ancient Marshal de Camp, and sister of Madame de la Bauère. Mademoiselle Le Duc had also a life of some vicissitude, for she was arrested with all her family during the Reign of Terror, and detained in the prisons of Chauny and of Soissons: her life was saved by the merest chance. She was afterwards Maid of Honour to the Empress Josephine, then to the Empress Maria Louisa, and eventually was a Lady of Honour to the Duchess of Berri.

The Marquis of Lauriston left (with a daughter, Louise Coralie, married to the Count Hocquart de Turlot) two sons, of whom the younger is Count Napoleon Law, an officer of the Hussars of the Guard, before 1830; and the elder is AUGUSTUS JOHN ALEXANDER LAW, second and present Marquis of Lauriston, who was born in 1790, and was an officer of Ordnance of Bonaparte, and afterwards Colonel of the Garde du Corps. He made his first campaign in 1809, when a mere youth, and distinguished himself at the battle of Amstetten, where he attacked, in single fight, the Commandant of Hulans, flung him down, and made him prisoner. He obtained the Cross of the Legion of Honour on the field of battle, in reward of this act of intrepidity. He was appointed Chevalier of St. Louis, the 1st July, 1814, and Colonel of the 5th Regiment of Horse Chasseurs, the month of October, 1815, and was made an hereditary Peer of France in 1829. He married in 1820 Mademoiselle Jeanne Louise Delie Carelle, and has three sons, viz., Alexander Louis Jo-

seph, Count de Lauriston, ancient officer of Artillery, born in 1821; Charles Louis Alexander, Viscount de Lauriston, ancient Captain of Cavalry, born in 1824; and Arthur Louis Fermin, Baron de Lauriston, born in 1829. The Marquis of Lauriston resides at Paris, and is much and deservedly esteemed. His eldest son, the Count, is well and popularly known in the fashionable world of Paris.

I should not conclude without observing that Jean Law, a sister of the famous financier, and second daughter of William Law of Lauriston and his wife, Jean Campbell, of the house of Argyle, was married in 1668, in Scotland, to Dr. Hay of Lethim, a scion of the great families of the Nisbets of Dirleton, and the Hays, Marquesses of Tweedale. Dr. Hay's only child and heiress, Margaret, was married to the eminent physician Dr. William Carruthers of Edinburgh, whose family are the Carruthers of Dumfriesshire and Dorsetshire, and whose grandson, Dr. G. E. Carruthers (now represented by his youngest daughter and co-heir), obtained a share in the proceeds of the sale (for want of heirs male not aliens) of Lauriston Castle. There thus still survives a British connection with these Laws of Lauriston, whose fame and fortunes took such historic root abroad, and grew into that goodly tree, which still flourishes in France, verdant and unfading, unhurt by revolution, adversity, or change.

I end with a word or two about Lauriston Castle itself, the old seat of the Laws, which is now likely to be more distinguished than ever, if the report be true that it is about to become the Edinburgh suburban residence of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent. Lauriston Castle

is beautifully situate, about six or seven miles from Edinburgh, on an eminence not far from the sea, a little north of the village of Davidson's Mains. It was built about the close of the sixteenth century by Sir Archibald Napier, brother of John Napier of Merchistown, the far-famed inventor of Logarithms. It was much improved and beautified by the Laws, from whom it passed away in 1828, when Francis John William Law, the last heir male of the entail, not being an alien, died, and when the castle and estate were sold, and the proceeds distributed among the descendants and representatives in the female line of William Law, the great Comptroller's father, the first purchaser. It has since had various owners, among them Andrew Rutherford, Esq., M.P., and the property has, of late years, undergone still further amelioration and enlargement. Should it now be honoured as the habitation of the Royal Duchess, whose daughter is Queen of a' Scotland, it will ally itself with Holyrood, and afford another and a graceful incident in the recollections of the Laws of Lauriston.

The Old Countess of Desmond.

What is the worst of woes that wait on Age?
What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?
To view each loved one blotted from Life's page,
And be alone on earth.

CHILDE HAROLD.

"*Ultimus suorum moriatur!*"—"May he die the last of all his kin!"—was the Roman's bitterest wish for his enemy. When, for the first time, the malediction comes to our ear, we perhaps little take in the fulness of its direful scope. We cling to existence naturally, and are loth that the links binding us to Life, with all its familiar scenes and associations, should be snapped asunder. We forget the mercy that takes man away from a world where, if he tarry long, he becomes a stranger among strangers. *She* whose fortunes I am about to trace understood the imprecation fully. Her mournful lot was to realize, indeed, "the worst of woes that wait on age"—the being "alone on earth." Not only her own generation and that which followed it, but the next and the next to this

again, arose, played their part in life, and disappeared; yet she lived on. A wife for half-a-century, she became a widow at three-score-and-ten; but, even at this latter period, only half of her pilgrimage was accomplished. The princely race from whom she sprang passed, before her eyes, through strange vicissitudes. For more than a century she beheld them, in almost regal magnificence and power, swaying the councils of their sovereigns and acting as their representatives at home and abroad; and she lived to see the head of her house an outcast and wanderer, with a price on his head, finally hunted down like a wild beast, and his seigniories gone for ever.

The Lady Katherine, popularly known as the Old Countess of Desmond, was a Geraldine both on her father's and mother's side. She was the eldest daughter of Sir John FitzGerald, Lord of Decies, and of Ellen, his wife, daughter of the White Knight. Her paternal grandfather was Gerald, second son of James, the seventh Earl of Desmond. He had received for his portion the great district called the Decies, in the county of Waterford, and at Dromana, on the lovely Blackwater, he had erected his feudal castle. No site more suitable or romantic could possibly have been discovered than that chosen by Sir Gerald FitzGerald. He erected his fortressed home on the highest point of a perpendicular cliff overhanging the river. From this eyrie he looked out on a panorama of luxuriant forest scenery, with the blue range of lofty mountains stretching away in the far distance; while the river, as it flowed darkly beneath, at times narrowed and at other times expanded itself into seeming lakes. In the

Castle of Dromana* the Lady Katherine FitzGerald was born, in the third year of Edward IV., 1464. Her childhood and girlhood were passed, no doubt, in a condition suited to her rank, but of them we have no particular mention. We find her, in 1483, while yet in her teens, wedded to her kinsman, Thomas, third son of Thomas, eighth Earl of Desmond, and brother of James, the ninth Earl. The wedding took place in London, and was graced by the presence of the Court. The bride danced with Richard, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III.; and she always described him as straight and well-formed, instead of having the misshapen body which historians give him. Not long had the Lady Katherine entered this branch of the family when a dark shadow, as of presaging ills yet to come, fell upon them. Her husband's brother, James, the ninth Earl of Desmond, was basely murdered, 7th December, 1487, by his servant, Shaun (John) Maunta, at the instigation of another brother, John. The "taint of blood" was henceforth on the race, and never passed away. But into the Geraldine family history—full to overflowing, as it is, with striking incident—it would be impossible for me here to enter. Suffice it, that to the murdered Earl succeeded his brother

* The remains of the castle are incorporated with the mansion-house of Lord Stuart de Decies, which bears the same name. For a full notice of this nobleman's splendid seat, I refer the reader to my "Visitation of Seats and Arms of the Noblemen and Gentlemen of Great Britain and Ireland," 1854, pp. 30, 31. Lord Stuart de Decies possesses, among his paintings, an original portrait of the Old Countess of Desmond. To this picture I shall allude hereafter.

Maurice, who enjoyed the honours for three-and-thirty years. Earl Maurice died at Tralee in 1520, and was succeeded by his only son, James. The last-named personage held the title but for nine years. He died, leaving no male issue; and the honours, in consequence, devolved on the husband of the Lady Katherine, who became, 18th June, 1529, the twelfth Earl of Desmond.

Many years had come and gone since her bridal morning, when the Lady Katherine was graced with the high distinction of Countess of Desmond. Her wedded life had been a happy one; for chroniclers speak kindly and well of her husband. But a life purely domestic was little marked with events of importance. One child, a daughter, had blessed her union; and a stepson, Maurice, was spared to his father. The Earl and Countess of Desmond took up their residence in the old historical town of Youghal in the county of Cork. Of Youghal their ancestors had been *suzerains,* from the very period of the Anglo-Norman invasion. Its religious houses and feudal defences were of their creation; and in the central part of the town, adjoining Trinity Castle, they had erected for themselves a palatial mansion. Here, then, the Earl and Countess now fix themselves, in the eastern portion of their vast possessions in Munster. Both are waxing into age. The nobleman is in his seventy-sixth year, and has acquired the soubriquet of *Maol,* or the Bald. His Countess is ten years his junior; but, we may rest assured, shows little traces of Time's advances. A chequered thing always is human life! Within six months after the Earldom fell to him, Maurice, the Earl's only son, dies of the plague at

Rathkeale, in the county of Limerick. His remains are brought to Youghal, where they are interred in the Franciscan friary. By Joan, daughter of John Fitz-Gerald, the White Knight, he leaves an only child, James, of whom presently. I find the aged Earl addressing a letter to King Henry VIII., 5 May, 1532,* in which he accepts the royal confirmation of his rank and inheritance, professes allegiance, and excuses himself for not then sending his grandson to the Court. Of this epistle, I give the commencement and conclusion:

"Mooste highe and mighty Prince, and my mooste reduptithe Sovereigne lyghe Lord, I in my mooste humble wise recommaunde my unto youre mooste noble and haboundaunce Grace. * * * *

"Written at Youghall the 5 day of May, the 24th yere of your noble raigne.

"To the Kynge's Grace.

"THOMAS, ERLL OF DESMOND."

In another document, preserved in the State Paper Office, mention is made of the Earl, and proof afforded of his sincere attachment to the English crown. In 1534, the misled young Geraldine, Silken Thomas, openly, in the castle of Dublin, where he sat as his monarch's deputy, renounced allegiance and declared himself the king's enemy. Dr. Thomas Alen, warden of the College of Youghal, was at the time in London; and a letter, addressed to him on the 17th of May of this year

* State Papers, Henry VIII., Part III., Vol. II., pages 160, 161.

from Youghal, by his brothers who were there resident, is yet extant. They write by command of the Earl of Desmond, who (they remark) "marvels greatly at your long tarrying." Having noticed Silken Thomas's insurrection, and the special enmity he has exhibited to the warden of Youghal, (as he vowed that, wherever he met with him, he would slay him with his own hands), they "counsel" him to "instruct the King," and to "cause his Grace to write a letter to my Lord of Desmond in all haste to take the said traitor." But, loyal as the Earl thus proved himself, even in regard to one of his own kin, no opportunity was afforded him of demonstrating his fidelity. Very soon after the letter was despatched, he breathed his last in his castle at Youghal, and was buried with his fathers, under a stately tomb in the Franciscan friary, at the southern end of the town.

The Lady Katherine, thus widowed, is now in her seventieth year. Her jointure is to be the manor of Inchiquin, about five miles distant from Youghal, skirted by the sea on its eastern side. Through the estate a pretty river, the Finisk (*Fionn-uisge,* in Irish, the fair water), takes its pleasant way; and on the river's marge, about four miles up from the ocean, is a strong castle, where the Countess is to reside.* And here, with her only daughter, she lives, while terrible things both in her family and in her country

* A great portion of the Inchiquin Castle yet remains. It was circular, and must have been of prodigious strength; for the existing walls are no less than twelve feet in thickness. The portion now standing is about thirty-five feet high, and thirty feet in diameter inside the walls.

are being enacted. The decease of her husband is the signal for deadly feuds among her kindred. James Fitz-Maurice, her stepson, is the rightful heir to the family honours. He comes from England, where he has been page to the King, to assume them; and he is murdered, 19th March, 1540-41, by his first cousin, Maurice Fitz-John. Frightful scenes follow, paving the way for the Geraldine ruin, now fast approaching. James, the fifteenth Earl of Desmond, dies at Askeaton the 14th Oct. 1558, and is succeeded by his son, Garrett, in whom the proud race of Desmond is to be extinguished. In 1575, this last Earl induces his aged kinswoman to assign to him her castle. I subjoin the deed, which will be new to my readers: *

"Where I, ladye Kathrin, late wief to Thomas, late Earle of Desmond deceased, have and doe enioye amongst other parcells as my third parte and dower of my saide late husbonde, landes by lawfull assigmt, the Castell and Town of Inchequyne, with six plowlandes, arrable lande, called the six fie plowlands in Inchequyne, together with More's meadowes, pastures, groves, woods, milles and milplaces, with there watercouses, rivers, streames, with there weares and fishinges, parcell of the said towne and belonging to the same. Be it knowen unto all men by these presentes, that for good consideracions me movinge, I have geven, graunted, and surrendered the said Castell

* This deed is preserved in the Exchequer, Dublin. It was enrolled in Michaelmas Term, 1587, at the request of John Synnotte, of Wexford, Gent., and is to be found in the Rot. Mem., 29 Eliz. Mem. 21. It is now published for the first time.

and Towne of Inchequine with the said six plowelandes together with all and singuler the premisses with there appurtenances, together with all my intereste and estate therein vnto the right honorable Gerrot, Earle of Desmond, nowe Inioyenge, the revercion of the premisses, To have, holde, and Inioye the same vnto the saide Earle, his heires and assignes, as his proper inheritance, notwithstanding any dower, ioynter, or any other estate I have or oughte to have in the premisses or in any parte or parcelle of them.

"In Witness whereof I have herevnto put my seale the fift of Auguste a thousand five hundred seventye and five, and in the sevntenthe yeare of the Reigne of our Sovereigne ladye Queene Elizabeth.

"Beinge presente at the ensealinge and deliverie hereof by the lady Katherine within named,

KATHRIN DESMOND. (L.S.)

Witness hereof,

I. DESMONDE.
THOMAS FFAUNYNGE, Thesaurer.

MORISHE SHEGHAN.
DAVID ROCHE, Witness.
ELLENE SHEA."

Then follows a feoffment from Gerrald, Earl of Desmond, to Maurice Shoghan, his servant; and David Roche, gentleman, of the castle and town of Inchiquin, bearing date 7th August, 1575, 17 Elizabeth, to the use of John Synot, of Wexford, for thirty-one years; then to the use of the Earl himself and the lady Eleanor, his wife, and their heirs male, with remainder to the heirs

male of James, late Earl of Desmond, father of Gerrot, the now Earl, and after them to the right heirs of said Gerrot.

Witnesses: Morishe Sheaghan, David Roche, and five others.

John FitzGerald, of Camphire, gave livery and seizin, by delivering of "a peece of earthe in the house of Inchequyne" to David Roche, in the presence of John FitzGerrate, Morishe M'Gibbon, and several others.

What were the Earl of Desmond's motives in disseissing the old Countess we are left to conjecture. Cupidity, when we think of his vast possessions, could not have influenced him. It is probable that, meditating at the time an insurrection, he deemed it expedient to hold in his own hands, or in the hands of his servants, every strong castle of his district. And it was this very circumstance that restored to the old Countess her castle and manor; for, after the Geraldine's wild attempt at revolt, and the attainder that followed, all conveyances of a subsequent date to one, proving his rebellious intentions, were declared by the English government to be null and void. Under this head came the assignment of Inchiquin, which now returned to the Lady Katherine. She was resident here, when, 3d February, 1585-6, a warrant of Privy Seal granted Sir Walter Raleigh three seigniories and a half of the forfeited estates of the Earl of Desmond. These comprised 42,000 acres of land, extending from Lismore to the sea at Youghal, and containing (with many others) the manor and castle of Inchiquin. Raleigh visited the old Countess and formed her personal acquaintance, as he tells us in

that surprising monument of his erudition, the "Historie of the World:" *

"I myself knew the old Countess of Desmond, of Inchiquin, in Munster, who lived in the year 1589, and many years since, who was married in Edward the Fourth's time, and held her joynture from all the Earls of Desmond since then; and that this is true all the noblemen and gentlemen of Munster can witness."

Raleigh had special reasons for remembering the aged Countess. There were charges for her life on the lands of Inchiquin, and reservations to be made consequently in the different leases he granted. I have had access to some of these original demises, and am enabled to point out this fact, hitherto unnoticed. Let me take, for instance, the fine old parchment, signed and sealed with Raleigh's own hand, that lies on my table. It bears an endorsement:

"21 *July,* 1588. *Colyclogfynnaye leased for a* 100 *yeares, commencing the* 30*th yeare Eliza. reigne.*"

The Indenture is made between "the honorable Sr Walter Ralegh, knight, lord warden of her ma^{ties} Stannaries in ye Counties of Devon and Cornwall, and one of ye principall undertakers with her ma^{tie} for ye repeoplinge and inhabitinge ye attainted and excheated lands in ye Counties of Corke and Waterfourd in ye Province of Munster of thone ptie. And John Clever, of London, gentleman, of thother ptie." It conveys to the lessee, for a hundred years, "all that ploughland comonly called or knowen by

* Book i. chapter v. section 5.

the name of Coullie Clofinna, sett and beinge within the Barrony of Inchequyn in ye Countie of Corke;" and, when it sets forth the rental, makes allusion to the old Countess of Desmond.

"*Yeldinge and payinge* therefore yearely during three of ye said yeares (viz.) from thend of the yeare of our Lord God wch shalbe One thousand ffive hundered ffoure score and nyne, and from and after the Decease of the Ladie Cattelyn, old Countesse Dowager of Desmond, widdowe, vntill thend of the year of our lord God wch shalbe 1593, vnto the said Sir Walter Ralegh, his heires or Assignes, ffive pounds of good and lawfull money of England at two feasts or tearmes of the yeare. . . . . *And also* yeldinge and payinge therefore yearely vnto the said Walter Ralegh his heires or Assignes duringe the residue of ye said tearme begynnynge from and after ye Decease of ye said Countesse, and after thend of the said year of o^{r} lord God which shalbe 1593 the yearely rent of Tenne pounds of lawfull money of England at the said two feasts of thAnnunciation of o^{r} Ladie St. Mary the Virgine and St. Michael Tharchanngell wch of them shall first happen after the death of the said Countesse, &c."

Raleigh here calls her "the Ladie Cattelyn," the name, doubtless, by which she was familiarly known among her Irish followers, in whose expressive vernacular "*Kauthleen*" was the right rendering of "Katherine." A MS. state paper of the year subsequent to the lease enumerates among the forfeitures of the attainted Earl of Desmond:

"The castle and manor of Inchiquin, now in the hands of Dame Katherine FitzJohn, late wyfe to Thomas, some-

tyme Earl of Dessmond, for terme of lyef as for hir dower."

In 1591, I find Sir Walter Raleigh, in a statement to the Queen concerning the plantation (or, as it would now be called, the colonization) of his Irish estates, describing that all in the neighbourhood of Youghal had been let out to English settlers, with a solitary exception:—

"There remaynes unto me but an old castle and demayne, which are yet in occupation of the old Countess of Desmond for her jointure."

Fynes Moryson, in his curious "Itinerary," has a special notice of the Old Countess. His Tour in Ireland commenced at Youghal, where he landed 9th Sept. 1613. In the place where she had so long resided, and in the immediate vicinage of which was her castle of Inchiquin, he had ample means of acquiring information about her. He describes her as—

"being able to go on foote four or five miles to the market towne [Youghal], and using weekly so to doe in her last yeeres."

Now, up to our own time, the country people around Youghal make this weekly journey to their market town. Those from Inchiquin and the adjoining sea-coast take their route (as often as the tide permits) by the splendid Strand, which, firm enough to bear carts and cattle as well as pedestrians on its smooth sands, extends itself unbroken for five miles. Each Saturday either a long cavalcade or numerous detached groups may be seen at sunrise proceeding to the town, and in the evening returning to their homes, by the sands. Imagination may paint for us

the venerable Countess wending her way after this manner. We may be sure that she is not alone. Some faithful hearts accompany her; for the Irish clansmen, true as steel, are duteous in their homage to their Lady. But why "on foote?" Wherefore travels thus the Countess of Desmond? Alas! poverty compels her. Her lands have been seized by the English settlers. Her jointure is paid no longer. Her remonstrances are set at nought; and if she mention "redress," idle mocking ensues. But, aged as she is, she possesses all the spirit of her race, and redress she will seek, even from royalty itself. It is now the summer of 1604, and the Countess has *doubled* the ordinary longevity of man, being in her 140th year, when she determines to cross the channel, and present herself a suppliant before James I. Coasting vessels, then as now, carried on a brisk trade between Youghal and the south-western ports of England. In one of these she solicits a passage, nor is it refused. The little bark clears the harbour, and spreads its canvas to a favouring breeze. Gradually the Irish coast sinks and fades from sight, and, as night falls, the voyagers are in mid-ocean. Day breaks, and shows nothing but sky around them, on the right hand and left; but, ere darkness comes again, a dim, shadowy outline of land is visible in the east, and the pale moon lights up, to their joy, the shores of England. They are bound for Bristol. The vessel enters King's Road, and in due time goes up the Avon. The anchor is dropped, and the boat lowered for the passengers. They are but two—two aged females—the Countess of Desmond and her only child. The mother

stands again on English soil, and is to make her way to the great capital; but how altered in form and mien, as well in worldly circumstance, from what she was when Sir Thomas FitzGerald claimed her as his bride!

To London they are to go, and every mile of the journey across England must be measured by those weary feet. Her daughter's strength has totally failed her. A humble wheeled vehicle is procured. It can hold but one; but, by its side, the mother will walk and watch her child. Picture to yourself, kind reader, the wayfarers. How slow must have been their progress! How interminable the way! In the "Table Book" of Sidney, Earl of Leicester, we have them brought before us to the life. Speaking of the Countess of Desmond, he writes :—

"This olde ladye . . . landing at Bristol, came on foot to London, being then so olde that her daughter was decrepit, and not able to come with her, but was brought in a little cart, their poverty not allowing better meanes."

That the pilgrims reached London in safety we are assured, and, in the royal presence, the aged Countess narrated her sufferings and obtained relief. In the great metropolis, as may be supposed, her appearance created no common sensation. Her portrait was at this time painted, and it has come down to our own times. On the back is the following inscription :—

"Catherine, Countesse of Desmonde, as she appeared at ye Courte of Our Sovereigne Lord King James, in this present year 1614 [1604?] and in ye 140th yeare of her age. Thither she came from Bristol to seeke relief, ye House of Desmond having been ruined by attainder. She

was married in ye reigne of King Edward IV., and in ye course of her long pilgrimage renewed her teethe twice. Her principal residence is at Inchequin in Munster, whither she undauntedlye proposeth (her purpose accomplished) incontinentlie to return: LAVS DEO."

To her Irish home she came back, at last to find rest—the rest of the grave! In this same year (1604) she died,* under the singular circumstances set forth in the Earl of Leicester's "Table Book:"

"Shee might have lived much longer, had shee not mett with a kind of violent death; for shee must needs climb a nutt-tree, to gather nutts, soe, falling down, she hurt her thigh, which brought a fever, and that brought death."†

Enquiry has been made for the burial-place of the Old Countess. In the absence of evidence to the contrary, we may safely assume that her remains were laid with those of her husband in the Youghal Franciscan Friary; but a

* In Sir George Carew's MS. Pedigrees of the Nobility and Gentry of Ireland, now preserved at Lambeth, is the descent of the "Lords of Decies" (626 and 635). To the Old Countess's name is appended this note—"She died in anno 1604."

† All modern biographers of the Old Countess think it right to introduce the drollery of Thomas Moore, who in his "Fudge Letters" thus uses her name:—

> "Older far than my grand-dam—indeed, aye, as old
> As that Countess of Desmond, of whom we are told
> That she lived to much more than a hundred and ten,
> And was killed by a fall from a cherry-tree then!
> What a frisky old girl!"

search there for the tombs of the Geraldines is fruitless. Seven Earls of Desmond, besides numberless members of families of lesser rank, were interred within its walls, but not a vestige of their monuments exists. The religious house itself is swept away. The cemetery is partly built on and partly converted into gardens; and the great dramatist's speculation as to the ultimate destiny of Cæsar's dust may find its parallel in that of the Geraldines. The clown grows his cabbages out of the ashes of brave men and gentle women belonging to one of the noblest lines of Europe!

Of this wonderful woman many portraits exist, but the authenticity of the majority is doubtful. At Dromana, her birth-place, is a small picture painted on oak, representing a very aged lady, said to be the Countess. This is probably genuine. The portrait taken in London, when the Old Countess presented herself at the Court of King James, is now at Muckross, the lovely seat of Colonel Herbert. It is on canvas, of an oval form, about three feet long, and has a richly-carved frame. She is represented in the dress of her time, wearing on her head a kind of hood, and on her neck a lace collar, while her person is enveloped in a fur mantle, laced in front. At the Knight of Kerry's is a panel picture, which, being attributed to the Countess, was engraved as such by Nathaniel Grogan, of Cork. A close examination, however, has since revealed on the panel the name of the painter, Gerard Douw, so that we must reject this picture altogether. In the Standard Closet, Windsor, is a picture likewise assigned to the Countess, and for this reason

engraved by Pennant in the quarto edition of his "Tour in Scotland;" but this is really Rembrandt's mother, as written on the back of the painting. At Knowle is a doubtful portrait. Lastly, at Chatsworth is a picture, probably a likeness; because it is said to have been brought into the Cavendish family on the marriage, 28th March, 1748, of William, Marquis of Hartington, with the Lady Charlotte Elizabeth, only child and heir of Richard, fourth Earl of Cork and Burlington.

De Vere, Earl of Oxford.

> . . . . Think you see
> The very persons of our noble story,
> As they were living; think you see them great,
> And followed with the general throng and sweat
> Of thousand friends; then in a moment, see
> How soon this mightiness meets misery.
>
> SHAKESPEARE.

"THE noblest subject in England, and indeed, as Englishmen loved to say, the noblest subject in Europe, was Aubrey de Vere, twentieth and last of the old Earls of Oxford. He derived his title through an uninterrupted male descent, from a time when the families of Howard and Seymour were still obscure, when the Nevills and Percies enjoyed only a provincial celebrity, and when even the great name of Plantagenet had not yet been heard in England. One chief of the house of De Vere had held high command at Hastings; another had marched, with Godfrey and Tancred, over heaps of slaughtered Moslem, to the sepulchre of Christ. The first Earl of Oxford had been minister of Henry Beauclerc. The third Earl had been conspicuous among the Lords who extorted the Great

Charter from John. The seventh Earl had fought bravely at Cressy and Poictiers. The thirteenth Earl had, through many vicissitudes of fortune, been the chief of the party of the Red Rose, and had led the van on the decisive day of Bosworth. The seventeenth Earl had shone at the Court of Elizabeth, and had won for himself an honourable place among the early masters of English poetry. The nineteenth Earl had fallen in arms for the Protestant religion, and for the liberties of Europe, under the walls of Maestricht. His son, Aubrey, in whom closed the longest and most illustrious line of nobles that England has seen, a man of loose morals, but of inoffensive temper, and of courtly manners, was Lord-Lieutenant of Essex and Colonel of the Blues."

Such is Macaulay's glowing and eloquent eulogium on the De Veres—so eloquent indeed, that one regrets that the panegyric is somewhat exaggerated, and scarcely consistent with recorded fact. The line of the Earls of Oxford was certainly the longest, but, as certainly, not the most illustrious that England has seen. In personal achievement, and historical importance, the De Veres can bear no comparison with the Talbots, the Howards, the Nevills, the Percys, or the Scropes; in antiquity of descent, the Courtenays, the De Bohuns, and the Beauchamps were in all respects their equals, and in splendour of alliances, many a less distinguished family far surpassed them. There was scarcely one of our grand old houses of the times of the Henrys and the Edwards that had not more of royal blood. Nevertheless, I must freely admit, although I cannot subscribe to the pre-eminence Macaulay assigns,

that this famous house, if inferior to any, was only so to the very first, to the most historic and to the most illustrious of our ancient nobility.

It is a very difficult thing to understand the true greatness and the exact relative distinction of the nobles of this country. Of the first thirty baronies on the Roll of the Peerage, one-fifth are still enjoyed by the direct male descendants of the original possessors; Stourton, St. John of Bletsoe, Petre, Arundell of Wardour, Dormer, and Byron; that of North is now held by the direct female descendant of the first Baron, but after her demise will necessarily be inherited by her son, and thus brought into another family; all the rest are heirs general of the original peers. Some of these barons far exceed many Dukes in nobility and antiquity of lineage; unlike the French peerage, where the Dukes alone were formerly peers, with us the maxim of the Lords, as regards the several ranks in their noble house, is "Nobilitate pares, quamvis gradû impares."

Following up our ducal houses in the male line, it will be found that the period at which they first became ennobled is often very different from what a superficial glance would lead one to expect. The direct male ancestors of the Duke of Newcastle were ennobled in 1299, and the title (Clinton) they then possessed is still extant, though it has since passed from the male into the female line. His Grace of Newcastle stands in this respect at the head of our ducal families; the first peerage obtained by the Howards being in 1470, nearly two centuries after the Clintons had sat as barons. Next to Newcastle comes the

Irish house of Leinster, whose earldom of Kildare bears date from 1316; and then, the illustrious family of Douglas, in Scotland, their Chief, the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, being Earl of Angus under a creation of 1326. The Clintons obtained the earldom of Huntingdon eleven years after that date; but it was granted to the youngest son of the first Baron Clinton, and consequently not to a direct ancestor of the extant family, whom alone I can count.

Argyll and Montrose, in Scotland, were first ennobled in 1445; Norfolk, as I have already mentioned, in 1470; and Rutland first inherited the ancient barony of De Ros, and Belvoir Castle and estates, in 1487. But though the Howards are thus excelled in mere antiquity of nobility and family, the rapidity with which they rose to the highest title in the realm, their representation of the illustrious Warrennes and Mowbrays, their inheritance of the Earl-Marshalship from the Plantagenets, and eventually of the premier earldom of England from the Fitzalans; and finally the brilliant place which their rank, bravery, talents, and great possessions have enabled them to fill ever since they first took their seats among the mailed barons of Edward IV., fairly entitle them to their universally acknowledged rank as the first noble house of England. The most recently ennobled of our ducal families is that of Roxburghe, Sir James Innes-Norcliffe, of Innes, Bart., having inherited that title in 1805, in right of the marriage of his ancestor, Sir James Innes, Bart., in 1666, with Margaret, third and youngest daughter of Harry, Lord Ker, second son of Robert, first Earl of Roxburghe.

The family of the Duke of Buckingham, the Grenvilles of Wotton, inherited the earldom of Temple in 1752, on the demise of the celebrated Hester, Countess Temple, wife of Richard Grenville, of Wotton, Esq., M.P. Two years previously, Sir Hugh Smithson, of Stanwick, in Yorkshire, Bart., had inherited the earldom and estates of Northumberland, on the death of his father-in-law, Algernon, Duke of Somerset, son of Charles, sixth Duke of Somerset, and of the Lady Elizabeth, only child of Josceline Percy, eleventh and last Earl of Northumberland.

And again, four years before this succession, that is, in 1746, Richard Colley Wesley, Esq., M.P., had been raised to the peerage of Ireland, as Baron of Mornington; hence the brilliant house of Wellesley.

The family of the Duke of Sutherland was ennobled in 1702, and that of the Duke of Cleveland in 1699; the favourite Bentinck was made Earl of Portland by William III., in 1689, and Sir Thomas Osborne, Bart., M.P., afterwards Duke of Leeds, was created Baron Osborne and Viscount Latimer, in 1674. Contemporary with him in elevation to the peerage, were the illegitimate infant sons of Charles II., of whom St. Albans was ennobled in 1676, Richmond in 1675, and Grafton in 1672, whilst the Dukes of Buccleuch are descended in the male line from the celebrated Duke of Monmouth, ennobled in 1662. The first title enjoyed by the ancestors of the Duke of Manchester was conferred in 1620, by those of the Duke of Devonshire in 1605, and of the Duke of Atholl in 1604. The Earls of Sunderland, who now hold the Duchy of Marlborough, first sat as peers in 1603.

The first Earl of Bedford, the favourite of Henry VIII., was made a peer of Parliament by that monarch in 1539. Three years previously, Henry had conferred the Viscounty of Beauchamp upon the brother of his Queen, Jane Seymour or St. Maur, as the name was anciently spelt, and as the present Duke of Somerset uses it. Beaufort alone remains to be fixed in date; and we find that Charles Somerset, illegitimate son of Henry Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, marrying Elizabeth, only child and heiress of William, Earl of Huntingdon, Lord Herbert, of Ragland, was summoned to Parliament in that barony, "*jure uxoris*," in 1501, and three years afterwards created Earl of Worcester, the progenitor of a brave and loyal race.

It would be interesting to make, among all the ranks of the peerage, an examination similar to that I have ventured to introduce here with reference to the Dukes only; but I have almost lost sight of my subject, the De Veres, in this long digression. If that illustrious race still endured, the date of their title of honour would far transcend any Earldom or Dukedom in the existing peerage.

Macaulay is not the only writer who, captivated by the romance and chivalry of the race, has fallen into hyperbole, in describing the De Veres. Old Leland, in his enthusiasm, deduces their pedigree from Noah; and another learned antiquary claims for De Vere of England the highest place on the roll of European genealogy.

Resting, however, on authentic evidence, I will begin with Alberic de Vere, the lord of vast estates and many manors, (Kensington, in Middlesex, and Hedingham, in

Essex, amongst the rest), at the time of the Doomsday survey. Great though his possessions were, and brilliant his worldly position, he abandoned all for conscience sake, and devoting himself to God, assumed the cowl, and died a monk in Colne Priory: "Vero nihil verius." To his son, another Alberic de Vere, Henry I., who held him high in favour, granted the office of Lord Great Chamberlain of England "to him and his heirs for ever;" and this important dignity is now enjoyed, conjointly, by his descendants Lord Willoughby de Eresby and the Marquess Cholmondeley, who derive their right to it from a memorable and extraordinary decision of the time of Charles I., to which I shall by and bye refer.

The first Earl of the De Veres was Alberic's son, Aubrey, who, for his fidelity to the Empress Maud, was granted the Earldom of Cambridge, "provided that that dignity was not vested in the King of Scotland." But, if it were, Aubrey was then to have his choice of the Earldoms of Oxford, Berkshire, Wiltshire, or Dorsetshire. The eventual selection was Oxford, and in that title, bearing date 1135, he was confirmed by Henry II. Thus originated the possession of this celebrated honour, which, through a long series of generations and a course of much vicissitude, endured in the same family for a period of five hundred and sixty-seven years. The son of the first Earl of Oxford was the Baron of Magna Charta, and his great great grandson, John de Vere, seventh Earl, the gallant soldier who fought at Cressy, and had a command at Poictiers. "At one time," narrates Dugdale, "about the feast of the Blessed Virgin, this Earl, returning out of

Britanny, was by tempest cast upon the coast of Connaught, in Ireland, where he and all his companions suffered much misery from those barbarous people there, who pillaged them of all they had."

This chivalrous warrior lost his life before the walls of Rheims, where the English army was encamped, on the 14th January, 1306. The landed estate he left was almost fabulous in extent, stretching over the counties of Hereford, Bedford, Leicester, Essex, Buckingham, Hertford, Dorset, Wilts, Suffolk, and Cambridge. This vast inheritance devolved, in due course, on his grandson, Robert de Vere, ninth Earl of Oxford, the favourite of Richard II. His career is a striking example of the caprice of fortune. A morning all sunshine was followed by a noontide of the deepest obscurity. So honoured at the onset was the potent noble, that the King instituted a new Order in the Peerage, and conferred upon him the first Marquessate ever known in England—the Marquessate of Dublin. The dignity, too, was no empty honour: to it was annexed a grant of the land and dominion of Ireland, "and, in addition, a transfer of all profits, revenues, and regalities, as amply as the King himself ought to enjoy the same." This even was not the extent of the power and rank to be assigned to De Vere; for in the very next year he received a still more brilliant title—that of Duke of Ireland. But this was the culminating point of his worldly prosperity.

The second act in the drama of his life offered a dark contrast to the first. His wondrous advancement, and the imperious haughtiness with which he bore his eleva-

tion, excited the jealousy and hostility of the nobles, and a confederation was formed against him, under the leadership of the Duke of Gloucester, which coerced the King to dismiss his favourite. De Vere fled from London, and soon after effected his escape in disguise to the Continent, accompanied by Michael de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk. He returned subsequently to England, and, marching into Oxfordshire at the head of four or five thousand men, was met at Radcote Bridge, on the river Isis, and totally defeated by Gloucester and Henry of Bolingbroke. The Royal army was completely surrounded, and the Duke himself was placed in so critical a position that he could secure personal safety only by throwing away his sword, gauntlet, and armour, and swimming across the stream. Many and harassing were the difficulties he had to overcome before he succeeded in reaching the coast, and obtaining a passage in a fishing boat across the channel to Flanders. Meanwhile, in the Parliament convened in the year 1388, he was sentenced to banishment and attainted, and all his vast property confiscated. In Flanders the great and mighty Duke of Ireland suffered the extreme of misery and want. One of the companions of his exile, the Archbishop of York, closed his life as a simple parish priest in a small village in the Low Countries. De Vere never again saw England. Reduced to poverty and deep distress, he dragged on a miserable existence for a few years, and was at last gored by a wild boar in a hunt, and died of the wound, at Lovaine, in the year 1392. Truly might this fallen man exclaim with Severus—"I have been all things, and all was of little

value." Lordships of enormous extent—honours, the highest of the land—power and fortune—all had been his. No subject in Europe had rivalled him in greatness, and yet, within a brief while, he had scarcely wherewithal to provide for his daily wants. When the news of the Duke's death reached England, King Richard caused his body to be brought over, had the coffin opened, that he might once again see the features of the friend he had loved so well, and attended the corpse himself in grand procession to its interment at Earl's Colne, in Essex. The Duke of Ireland had married twice. His first wife, the Lady Philippa de Coucy, though of royal blood, being grand-daughter of Edward III., he repudiated, that he might marry one of the maids of honour of Anne of Bohemia, a Portuguese girl named Lancerona, stated by some accounts to have been a joiner's daughter, but by others styled "the Landgravine." This lady was the companion of his banishment and adversity; and there may yet be seen at Earl's Colne, among the De Vere memorials, the tomb and effigy of Lancerona, Duchess of Ireland, conspicuous for the quaint head-dress of "piked horns" introduced by Anne of Bohemia. "There were great murmurings against the Duke of Ireland," says Froissart; "but what injured him most was his conduct to his Duchess, the Lady Philippa, daughter of the Lord de Coucy, a handsome and noble lady; for the Duke was greatly enamoured with one of the Queen's damsels, called the landgravine. She was a tolerably handsome, pleasant lady, whom Queen Anne had brought with her from Bohemia. The Duke of Ireland loved her with such ardour that he was desirous of

making her, if possible, his Duchess by marriage. All the good people of England were much shocked at this; for his lawful wife was granddaughter to the gallant King Edward and the excellent Queen Philippa, being the daughter of the Princess Isabella. Her uncles, the Dukes of Gloucester and York, were very wroth at this insult."

Miss Strickland comments in a similar strain to Froissart. "The first and last error of Anne of Bohemia," says the gifted historian of the Queens of England, "was the participation in this disgraceful transaction, by which she was degraded in the eyes of subjects who had manifested great esteem for her meek virtues. The offensive part taken by the Queen in this transaction was, that she actually wrote with her own hand an urgent letter to Pope Urban, persuading him to sanction the divorce of the Countess of Oxford, and to authorize the marriage of her faithless lord with the landgravine. Whether the maid of honour were a princess or a peasant, she had no right to appropriate another woman's husband. The Queen was scarcely less culpable in aiding and abetting so nefarious a measure, to the infinite injury of herself and of the consort she so tenderly loved. There was scarcely an Earl in England who was not related to the Royal family. The Queen, by the part she took in this disgraceful affair, offended every one allied to the royal house of Plantagenet; moreover, the lady whose divorce was attempted was nearly allied to the house of Austria."

With Robert, first and only Duke of Ireland, and ninth Earl of Oxford, expired the first line of the De Veres; and thus the brilliant sun that had shone so prosperously and

so brightly on the race for three centuries set in unprecedented gloom.

The second series of Earls of Oxford, who sprang from the Duke's uncle, Aubrey de Vere, encountered vicissitudes of almost parallel severity. Stanch Lancastrians, they adhered with unswerving loyalty to the Red Rose; and the consequences were exile and death. At one time, John de Vere, twelfth Earl of Oxford, was a common mendicant abroad, and his Countess, a poor workwoman, earned her daily bread by her needle. At length captured, the unfortunate nobleman was beheaded on Tower Hill in 1461. But his death was not left unrevenged. His son, John, the thirteenth Earl, though imprisoned and attainted, effected his escape, and joining Henry of Richmond, mainly contributed, as commander of the archers of the vanguard, to the overthrow of the Yorkists at Bosworth Field. The accession of Henry to the throne brought honours and rewards to De Vere, and the office of Lord Great Chamberlain was eventually restored to him. The Earl was esteemed a gallant and learned man, and had a high character for splendid hospitality. On one occasion that hospitality was ill requited. The story is thus told:—"Henry VIII., visiting the Earl's castle of Hedingham, was there sumptuously received by the princely noble; and at his departure his lordship's livery servants, ranged on both sides, made an avenue for the king: which attracting his highness's attention, he called out to the earl, and said, 'My lord, I have heard much of your hospitality; but I see it is greater than the speech. These handsome gentlemen and yeomen, which I see on both

sides of me, are surely your menial servants?' The earl smiled and said, 'It may please your grace, they were not for mine ease: they are most of them my retainers, that are come to do me service at such a time as this; and chiefly to see your grace.' The king started a little, and rejoined, 'By my faith, my lord, I thank you for my good cheer, but I may not endure to have my laws broken in my sight; my attorney must speak with you.' It is added, that this affair cost his lordship eventually no less than fifteen thousand marks, in the shape of compromise."

The reader of romance will not fail to recall Scott's tale of "Anne of Geierstein," in which this Earl of Oxford, under the disguise of John Philipson, acts so conspicuous a part.

Passing over half a century, I come to Edward de Vere, seventeenth Earl of Oxford, the soldier and poet, so renowned in the tournaments and at the brilliant court of Elizabeth. He it was who first introduced perfumes and embroidered gloves into England. The first pair of the latter he, in duty bound, presented to his Royal Mistress; and her Majesty was so charmed with the gift, that she had her picture painted with these very gloves on. But Oxford was not merely a courtier and a coxcomb. Walpole considers him the best writer of comedy of his day; and, in proof of his military capacity, a command against the Armada was assigned him. He lived to be a very old man, and died in 1604, full of years and of his country's esteem. Almost contemporaneously with her, flourished his kinsmen, the famous brothers Sir Francis and Sir

Horatio Vere, both of whom added lustre to the glorious name they inherited, and both of whom lie interred in Westminster Abbey. "They lived in war much honoured, and died in peace much lamented."

The seventeenth Earl of Oxford appears to have dissipated the noble inheritance of his family. Morant, in his History of Essex, refers to the circumstance, and says the Earl did it to spite his father-in-law, Lord Burleigh. At all events, in a very short time after, the house of De Vere is found to be no longer in possession of the territorial position it had so long held, and Robert, the nineteenth Earl, seems to have lived in early life in a poor condition, and some obscurity, and not to have anticipated the "vicissitude" of inheriting the earldom of Oxford; for Sir Symond D'Ewes, in his Autobiography lately published from the MS. Diary in the British Museum, says:—

"Jan. 17th, 1662.—I visited Sir Robert Cotton, when we conferred together touching the settling of Robert de Vere, son of Hugh, son of Aubrey, the second son of John, the fifteenth Earl of Oxford, with the title of that earldom. This was on the failure of the direct line with Henry, eighteenth Earl, when the Lord Willoughby de Eresby, to all men's wonder, claimed, in right of his mother, both the earldom and the Lord Great-Chamberlainship. Sir Robert Cotton and myself, therefore, pitying the *mean condition* of the said Robert de Vere, the true and rightful heir, who *had scarce any means to live on but a Captain's place under the United Provinces*, and seeing that Lord Willoughby thought that by his power and wealth to carry it against

him, we both joined our best skill and searches together to assist and uphold the said Robert de Vere's just and undoubted title to the said earldom, which, in the issue, by the judgment of the whole Upper House, was settled upon him, though he most unfortunately lost the place of Great-Chamberlain of England, which Lord Willoughby obtained. I gained two men's acquaintance by the labour I bestowed on this business, which afforded me exceeding great satisfaction; to wit, Horace Lord Vere, of Tilbury, and Sir Albertus Joachimi, Ambassador from the Netherlands. I believe they both went over to the Netherlands, and brought Robert de Vere to England with them."

One would almost suppose from this statement, that had it not been for the interest taken by Sir S. D'Ewes and Sir Robert Cotton in his case, Robert de Vere, the poor soldier, might have lived and died in his "mean condition," instead of succeeding to the oldest earldom in England, for he fell only a few years afterwards, at the siege of Maestricht.

One more link, and the chain of descent is completed: Aubrey de Vere, the only son of this gallant Earl who fell at Maestricht, was a degenerate scion of a most illustrious race: the representative of Alberic, the Norman, the direct heir of the unbending Baron of Magna Charta, the twentieth Earl of Oxford, in the unbroken male line; he lived to see the ruin of his house, and died (according to popular belief) its last male descendant.

Horace Walpole records the final decadence of the De Veres: these are his words:—

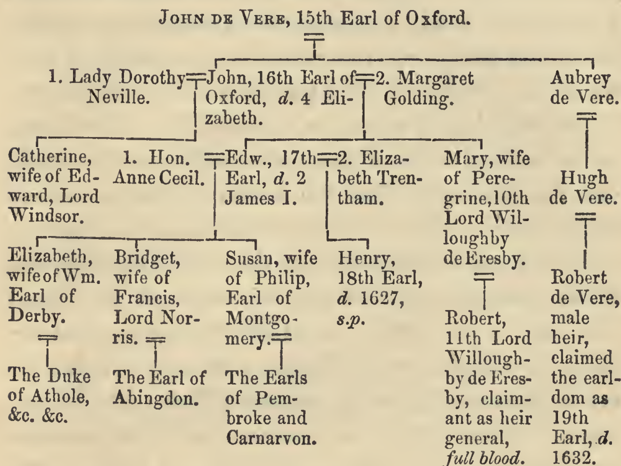
"I was carried to see the last remains of the glory of

old Aubrey de Veres, Earls of Oxford: they were once masters of almost this entire county [of Essex], but quite reduced, even before the extinction of their house. The last Earl's son died at a miserable cottage that I was shown at a distance. Hedingham Castle, where Henry VIII. was so sumptuously banquetted, and imposed that villanous fine for his entertainment, is now shrunk to one vast, curious tower, that stands on a spacious mount raised on a high hill with a large foss."

This is, indeed, but a hasty glance at the fame, the achievements, and the sufferings of the mighty De Veres; but to enter minutely into their history, would require more space than I can command, and might not be considered necessary for the purposes of this work.

In a former page, I have alluded to the litigation of the time of Charles I. for the De Vere succession. The contest arose between Robert Vere and Robert Lord Willoughby de Eresby, for the Earldom of Oxford, as well as for the office of Hereditary Great-Chamberlain; and the question was, whether the heir male, or a more immediate heir-general, should inherit the honours and dignities of the house of De Vere. Another question, however, was involved, with reference to *full* and *half*-blood; for, although Robert Vere was the undoubted heir male, Lord Willoughby was certainly not, according to our present ideas, heir-general to the deceased eighteenth Earl of Oxford, at whose death the controversy occurred; and he could only be reckoned as heir-general from the strange and erroneous notion of the importance of FULL blood, which obtained in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

The descent of the claimants, set forth in the following tabular pedigree, will aid the reader:



Adverting to this table, it is evident that, according to *our* notions of heirship in a question between Robert De Vere the heir male, and the heir general of the De Veres, the latter would *not* have been Robert, Lord Willoughby. *He* would have come *the very last* in the list, instead of having been put first. *He,* as the son of the full sister of Edward, seventeenth Earl of Oxford, was preferred as heir general to the daughters of Edward, seventeenth Earl of Oxford; and *why?* Because, forsooth, he was the son of the full sister of the father of Henry, eighteenth Earl, the last holder of the title; and the three daughters of his father, the seventeenth Earl, were by a different mother, and thus only *his* (Henry's) sisters by the half blood. An aunt in full blood was thus regarded as the heir general, and representative of the family in the female line, rather than sisters

by the half blood. Let us go back to the common ancestor of all the parties, viz., John De Vere, fifteenth Earl of Oxford. His heir male was of course (on the death of the eighteenth Earl) Robert de Vere. Who was his heir general? According to *our* notions, his heirs general would be the Duke of Athole, the Earl of Abingdon, and the Earl of Pembroke, as the representatives of the three daughters of his grandson, the seventeenth Earl, the Ladies Derby, Norris, and Montgomery. Next to them would come the Earl of Plymouth, as representative of the Lady Windsor, the eldest daughter of his son the sixteenth Earl; and then last of all would come Lord Willoughby and the house of Ancaster as representative of Lady Willoughby, the second daughter of this sixteenth Earl. But, according to the false estimate of the superior claim possessed by him who was the nearest *relation by full blood* to the last holder of the title, Lord Willoughby, though rightly the *last* in the line of heirs general, was reckoned the *first;* and although Robert de Vere succeeded in establishing his claim to the earldom, and became nineteenth Earl of Oxford, Lord Willoughby obtained the dignified office of Great Chamberlain of England, which was held by his descendants the Dukes of Ancaster; and is now shared between his heirs general, Lord Willoughby de Eresby and the Marquess Cholmondeley. If the office of Great Chamberlain be one that should go in the female line, it ought, according to my view, be now held *of right* by the heir of line of the original Earls of Oxford.

When the last Duke of Ancaster died in 1779, the Duchess of Athole claimed the office of Great Chamberlain, as being the representative of Elizabeth, Countess of Derby,

eldest daughter of Edward, seventeenth Earl of Oxford; and I have heard that the fourth Duke thought of renewing the claim, but nothing was done in the matter.

But, in fact, if, as appears most positively to have been the case, the office of Great Chamberlain was one that went in the female line, not one of the descendants of John, fifteenth Earl, had any right to it. It ought to have left the De Vere family on the death of John, fourteenth Earl, who died *s. p.* in the reign of Henry VIII., and should now, I apprehend, be vested in the representative of his Lordship's sister, Dorothy, wife of John Neville, Lord Latimer.

Few peerage claims attracted more attention than this of De Vere; and, independently of the deep interest which a contest for the proudest title in England must at all times create, there has been handed down in the law books —the brilliant summing up of the Lord Chief Justice, one of the judges whose advice the House of Peers sought for their guidance. This most eloquent address will fitly conclude my story of the decadence of De Vere:—

"This great and weighty cause," (these are the Chief Justice's words,) "incomparable to any other that hath happened at any time, requires great deliberation, and solid and mature judgement to determine it; and I wish that all the judges of England had heard it (being a fit case for all), to the end we all together might have given our humble advice to your Lordships herein. Here is represented to your Lordships *certamen honoris,* and, as I may well say, *illustris honoris,* illustrious honour. I heard a great peer of this realm, and a learned, say, when he lived there was no king in Christendom had such a subject as

Oxford. He came in with the Conqueror, Earl of Gwynes; shortly after the Conquest, made Great Chamberlain of England above five hundred years ago, by Henry I., the Conqueror's son, brother to Rufus; by Maud, the Empress, Earl of Oxford; confirmed and approved by Henry II., *Alberico comiti*, so Earl before. This great honour, this high and noble dignity hath continued ever since in the remarkable surname of De Vere, by so many ages, descents, and generations, as no other kingdom can produce such a peer in one and the selfsame name and title. I find in all this length of time but two attainders of this noble family, and those in stormy and tempestuous times, when the government was unsettled and the kingdom in competition. I have laboured to make a covenant with myself that affection may not press upon judgment; for I suppose there is no man that hath any apprehension of gentry or nobleness, but his affection stands to the continuance of so noble a name and house, and would take hold of a twig or a twine thread to uphold it. And yet Time hath his revolutions; there must be a period and an end to all things temporal—*finis rerum*—an end of names and dignities and whatsoever is *terrene*, and why not of De Vere? For where is Bohun? Where is Mowbray? Where is Mortimer? Nay, which is more and most of all, where is Plantagenet? They are entombed in the urns and sepulchres of mortality?"

THE END.

BILLING, PRINTER AND STEREOTYPER, GUILDFORD, SURREY.

Man. Guar: 13th April 1878.

Much has been written about the vicissitudes of the Peerage, but a sadder story has perhaps seldom been told than that of the Viscountess Kingsland, to whom a grant of £100 was made the other day from the Royal Bounty Fund. The Kingsland peerage is now a forgotten one. The title has become extinct, the sixth and last of the line of viscounts having died in 1833. It is the widow of this peer—the last of the Barnewalls of Kingsland—whose case is now exciting some interest. We read in *Social Notes* that on the death of her husband Lady Kingsland, who was the daughter of a physician, was left with but £1,200. But even this modest capital she was not to be permitted to enjoy long. One of the two trustees to whom the money had been committed having died, the other absconded, leaving her completely destitute. For a time she lived in "a small room in Lambeth, in extreme poverty," receiving outdoor relief from the parish at the rate of 2s. 6d. per week, and with her needle eking out an existence, "earning weekly on an average from 2s. to 3s." At last her situation was brought under the notice of the Universal Beneficent Society, and that body, having ascertained "after very minute inquiry that the character "of the lady is entirely, and ever has been, "irreproachable," granted her a small allowance. It was in this way that the case was brought to the knowledge of Lord Beaconsfield, and that the grant from the Royal Bounty Fund was obtained. The lady, it is stated, has no relations living who are in a position to assist her. Her home, which she shares with a niece, is thus described:—"They "occupy one small back room, about 13 feet square, "in which there is scarcely any furniture. Lady "Kingsland's bedstead is only an apology for this "necessary piece of furniture; and her niece has "none at all, but sleeps on the boards at night, or "rather in the morning, when she has finished her "daily toil. Lady Kingsland has continued her "needlework, but this she is obliged to confine to "shirt making. She is remunerated at the rate of "2d. for each shirt made." The curious in such matters like to tell of descendants of the Plantagenets who have been found tending turnpike bars or plying the butcher's craft; but obscurity does not necessarily mean destitution of the extreme type

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