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1883.
TALES

OF

OUR GREAT FAMILIES.

BY

EDWARD WALFORD, M.A.,
AND LATE SCHOLAR OF BALLIOL COLL., OXFORD.

AUTHOR OF
"THE COUNTY FAMILIES,"
&c. &c.

Second Series.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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TALES

OF

OUR GREAT FAMILIES.

Second Series.

THE ROMANCE OF THE EARLDOM OF HUNTINGDON.

FEW of our English families are more ancient or more illustrious in history than that of Hastings, and none have to boast of a more romantic chapter of their records, if romance consists in a strange blending together of the "ups and downs" of life. The house of Hastings was not only noble by descent under our Norman kings, but "distinguished during several reigns as much for wisdom in the Cabinet and incorruptible loyalty as for bravery in the field." Its founder, if we may trust a statement in Blome-
field's "History of Norfolk," derived his name from that fair Cinque Port on the Sussex Coast, near which was fought the bloody battle which transferred the English Crown from the brows of Harold to those of William the Norman. He appears to have been steward to the Conqueror, and Portreve of Hastings, the tolls and duties of which place he farmed, no doubt to his profit. This office descended to his son, who held also the Manor of Ashill in Norfolk, by the tenure of "great serjeantry," being bound to take charge of the "naperie," or table linen, at the coronation of the English sovereign. Another of the family, Hugh de Hastings, steward to Henry I., by a fortunate marriage with the heiress of the Flamvilles, or Flamvyles, obtained many broad acres in the counties of Leicester, Norfolk, and Suffolk; and we find his son, William, acting as steward to Henry II., and also to the Abbey of St. Edmund's Bury, and marrying a daughter of the powerful Earl of Eu. In the next two or three generations, the successive heads of the house allied themselves in marriage with the Bigods, and other great territorial Lords; till Henry, Lord of Hastings, early in the thirteenth century, put the coping stone on the family fortunes by marrying Ada, daughter of David, Earl of Huntingdon, and sister of John le Scot, Earl of
THE EARLDOM OF HUNTINGDON.

Chester. His only son was knighted by Simon de Mountfort; and, adhering to that nobleman and the other insurgent Barons who took the field against Henry III., was appointed Governor of the Castles of Scarborough, Winchester, and Kenilworth, and married the heiress of Canteleupe, Baron of Bergavenny. His eldest son, John de Hastings, Seneschal of Aquitaine, in the eighteenth of Edward I. became one of the competitors for the Scottish crown in right of his grandmother Ada, whom I have mentioned above, and who was also niece of Malcolm IV. and William the Lion, successively Kings of Scotland. He married the sister of another influential noble (the Earl of Pembroke), and was summoned to Parliament among the greater Barons of the kingdom by Edward II. In the next reign (that of Edward III.) the dignity of the family was increased by the bestowal upon its chief of the Earldom of Pembroke, which title remained in the family for three generations. The second Earl of Pembroke was buried in the Church of the Grey Friars in London. He had served with distinction in the wars of France, where he was made prisoner; and heralds record of him that he was "the first English subject who imitated Edward III. in the quartering of his arms, as may be seen in his escutcheon on the north side
of that monarch's tomb in Westminster Abbey." The last of the three Earls of Pembroke, having married a daughter of Mortimer, Earl of March, met with his death by an accidental stroke from his rival's lance in a tournament at the royal Court at Woodstock.

The male line of the elder branch being thus brought suddenly to an end, the headship of the House of Hastings passed to a younger line, the history of which, though traced generation after generation by the officers of the "College of Arms," it would be tedious and profitless to record here in detail. Enough to say that Sir Ralph de Hastings, who succeeded to the representation of the family, and fell at the Battle of Nevill's Cross, near Durham, in 1346, when David Bruce, King of Scotland, was taken prisoner, was the direct ancestor of William, Lord Hastings, one of the most loyal, able, and gallant officers under Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, and his son Edward IV. He was made Lord Chamberlain of the Royal Household, a Knight of the Order of the Garter, Steward of the Houses, and Constable and Warder of the Castle and Parks there, and finally was created Lord Hastings of Ashby de la Zouch. The long contest between the rival houses of York and Lancaster gave Lord Hastings every opportunity
for showing his zeal in the cause of his royal master, whom he accompanied in his flight, when driven to bay by the Earl of Warwick to the coast of Holland. Effecting his return to England, as every reader of English history knows, the King gave battle to Lord Warwick and the other adherents of the rival cause, whom he routed at the Battle of Barnet, and again soon after at Tewkesbury, where it is to be added, not without regret, that he had a hand in the death of the young Prince Edward, who had been made a prisoner along with his mother Margaret.

Lord Hastings in the end fell a victim to the Protector Gloucester, afterwards Richard III., by whom he was beheaded in the Tower of London, his estates being at the same time confiscated. These, however, were restored by Henry VIII. to his son, the second Lord, who strengthened his position at Court by a marriage with the heiress of the Hungerfords. The third Baron, having attended King Henry VIII. at the capture of Tournay, was raised in 1529 to the Earldom of Huntingdon, a title which descended from sire to son for just two centuries and a half, when Francis, the tenth Earl, who had carried the Sword of State at the coronation of George III., was gathered to his fathers, his sister carrying
the ancient Baronies of Hungerford, &c., into the family of Rawdon, afterwards Earls of Moira, the head of whom, inheriting the proud Castle of Donnington, was created Marquis of Hastings it being taken for granted—somewhat rashly, as we shall see presently—that the Earldom of Huntingdon had become extinct. How this happened, and how the title, after an eclipse of nearly thirty years, was revived, I will now proceed to explain.

The process will prove but another instance of the old saying, that truth is sometimes stranger than fiction.

In order to follow this process, I must ask my readers to transport themselves mentally with me to the small county town of Enniskillen, in the north of Ireland, where, in the year 1817, a certain Captain Hans Francis Hastings is acting as barrack-master, on a small salary, a post to which he has been appointed by the interest of his kinsman, the then Marquis of Hastings, Governor-General of India.

In the spring of the year a story was rife about Enniskillen that a serious quarrel had occurred between Captain Hastings and a nobleman who resided in that neighbourhood, and at whose house the captain had often been a guest. It was said that Lord Erne had taken great offence at a liberty
which the Captain had taken in hunting down, without his permission, a favourite fox belonging to his lordship, who had used such abusive language on the subject that the Captain, according to the ideas prevalent at that time, thought he could not do otherwise than "demand satisfaction."

A meeting, however, was refused by the nobleman, on the ground of his opponent not being his equal in rank. To this taunt the Captain replied that he considered himself equal, and even superior, to the nobleman in the matter of family descent, as he was the eldest lineal male descendant of the noble House of Hastings, and as such legally entitled to the Earldom of Huntingdon, though there might be difficulties in the way of his assuming the honour. On this announcement being made, a time and place for a meeting were arranged; but a hostile encounter was in the end happily prevented by some friends, who intervened and effected a reconciliation. The Captain, it should be stated here, disclaimed the truth of this story of the fox and the pistols, when questioned about it by one of his friends, Mr. Henry Nugent Bell, then a student at the Inner Temple. Mr. Bell, however, became so interested in the question of the rightful heirship of the Earldom of Huntingdon, that he resolved
to sift the matter to the bottom. With this view he questioned his friend, Captain Hastings, as to whether he had at any time seriously entertained the idea of taking the necessary steps towards claiming the title. The Captain said that he knew but little of his family history or connections, in consequence of having been sent to sea early in life, and having spent so long a time on foreign service; but that his uncle, the Rev. Theophilus Hastings, rector of Leake, in Leicestershire, on whose word he placed great reliance, had often told him that he, the Captain, was, next to himself, the rightful heir to the Earldom of Huntingdon. Feeling, however, that there might be a doubt on the subject, and that any prosecution of the claim might end only in a fiasco and in ruinous expense, he endeavoured to dissuade his friend from taking up the matter seriously. Mr. Bell, however, did not agree with this laisser aller view; and in the end gained the consent of Captain Hastings, Mr. Bell promising to bear the expenses incurred in case he should fail in his claim; while Captain Hastings, on his side, agreed to pay all costs in case his friend should be successful in proving him the legal heir to the Earldom.

Mr. Bell accordingly first laid the case before his friend, a Mr. Jameson, at that time the "father" of the north-west Bar of Ireland, who advised a
further investigation of the family records and other papers. Upon this Mr. Bell resolved to make a visit to Leicester, and to turn over and search all the old registers, tombstones, and other documents which he could hear of as bearing in any way on the Hastings family.

The story of the search made by Mr. Bell is certainly romantic, and amusing enough; but we have not space to go minutely into every adventure as told by Mr. Bell. Difficulties of any kind were, with him, but an incentive to further search, and a day's drenching on the outside of a coach was borne by him with equanimity. Leaving Dublin in August, 1817, he reached Ashby-de-la-Zouch; thence he set out next day for Castle Donnington, where he hoped to obtain assistance in his search from a solicitor of that place, who took an interest in the Captain's family. But in this he was disappointed; for he obtained from him only a little greasy old bit of paper, which did not much enlighten him. The landlord of the inn, however, advised him to go over to the village of Belton, about six miles distant, and to see a poor gentleman (by name Needham) who lived there, and who was believed to have in his veins a drop of the blood of the Plantagenets, and to be a relation of the Hastings family; adding that he would learn from him more in an hour than
he would probably extract in a year from the old lawyer. Thither accordingly he walked the next morning, having first had an interview with a certain Squire Toone, who had been an old friend of the deceased Colonel George Hastings. From him they learned that Theophilus Hastings, the rector of Belton, had generally been considered, in and after the lifetime of the late Earl, to have a right to the title; but that the clergyman was too old, and his brother the Colonel too ill, to undertake the proofs of any present or future claim with a chance of success. He spoke, however, familiarly of Frank Hastings—the same whose claim Mr. Bell had come to investigate—as the “present Earl.” Next, from a Mr. Needham, who was working on his small farm, he managed to extract the particulars of the Colonel’s birth and education, the sad misfortune which had shattered his mind, his claims to the succession, and the particulars of his death. He took Mr. Bell to the grave of the Colonel in the churchyard, telling him how he was present when the Colonel, in a fit of insanity, burned the papers which had been left in his care by Selina Countess of Huntingdon; that the Colonel’s father was Henry Hastings, of Lutterworth, who was a son of a Richard Hastings, of the same place; but that he could go no higher up in the pedigree,
nor tell where the last-named Hastings was buried. From one Tobias Smith, who came up at the time, and who had been a faithful servant of the Colonel for some thirty years before his death, Mr. Bell gained further important information; for he could tell him where the Captain, and his brother and sisters, were born, and the maiden names of their mother and grandmother.

He knew all about the papers which had been given to his master by the Countess Selina, mother of the late Earl, and he also was present when the colonel burned them. He also remembered the investigation made by her ladyship into the Colonel's pedigree, when his marriage with her daughter, Lady Selina, was arranged, and the sad and sudden death of that young lady, in consequence of a fright during a thunderstorm, a few days before her intended marriage to Colonel Hastings himself.

Prosecuting their inquiries about their client's claim to be Earl of Huntingdon, Mr. Bell and Mr. Jameson did not gain much information from one Dr. Prior, of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, although Hans Francis Hastings had been the schoolfellow and companion of his youth; but this might have been due to the doctor's intimacy with Sir C. Hastings, of Willesley Hall. The vicar of
Ashby-de-la-Zouch, however, showed them the parish registers, and even offered to assist their search; but this was said in a tone which seemed rather to savour of a joke. Their extracts made, the indefatigable pair went on to Lutterworth, and copied all entries in the registry there which in any way concerned the Huntingdon family. A village patriarch whom they met in this churchyard remembered the Captain's grandfather, and that he was usually called "Lord" Hastings in the latter years of his life, everyone believing that he was heir to the title and estates of Earl Francis.

Proceeding to Welford, they found the grave of Captain Hastings' great-grandfather, and the register of his interment. Thence they went on to Leicester, from which city Mr. Bell proceeded alone to Loughborough, to get the registry of the burial of Henry Hastings. This he received from the rector; while the octogenarian clerk added that he remembered the gentleman's funeral, that he was popularly called "fat Harry," and that his coffin was "all covered over with finery, and big enough for two ordinary-sized corpses to lie comfortably in it till the day of judgment."

Leaving Loughborough, the man of law, who was now working con amore, took his seat in a
coach to return to Leicester, feeling anxious and heavy at heart; for, though he had been tolerably successful up to the present time, very much yet lay unexplained. After pumping his three fellow-travellers, and finding each unable or unwilling to furnish any information, he climbed to the coach top, only to meet with an equal want of success. The vista before him seemed full of disappointment and failure, and hope was beginning to fade away, when he descried an aged dame jogging along in a market-cart in front of the coach. As he overtook the humble vehicle, Mr. Bell, with a skill that would have put even Lavater to the blush, marked the old lady as one with whom it would repay him to converse. Seeing an empty chair in the cart, the passenger on the coach top addressed the driver as "dear mother," and, with a legal fiction, poured forth a protestation that the sun and the jolting of the coach had put him into a fever, which would surely increase unless she of her charity would let him occupy the seat by her side as long as their journey lay in the same road.

Turning up her spectacles, the old lady gazed with surprise at the person who thus addressed her, but replied benignantly, "My dear son, this old chair is perfectly at your service if you will deign to accept its support, and I wish with
all my heart the change may be of use to you."

In another instant the coach would have carried the physiognomist far in advance of the lowly vehicle; so, quite reckless of the danger, Mr. Bell leapt at once into the market-cart, but landed on it with such a shock that it was a wonder the bottom of the cart did not break; a reactionary jerk, however, sent this impetuous comer over its side. Scrambling to his feet again, and shaking off some of his coating of dust, Mr. Bell re-entered the cart, seated himself in the arm-chair, making profuse apologies for his impetuosity; and, after some desultory chat, asked his companion if Leicester was not the country of the Earls of Huntingdon? This question instantly loosed his companion's tongue; and, after bewailing the misfortunes of that illustrious house, she proceeded to narrate that at the age of fourteen, and, when considered by the country folks a very pretty girl, she had been engaged by Lady Ann Hastings as a maid; but after two months had been transferred by that lady to the service of her niece, the young Lady Selina, second daughter of "the Lady Huntingdon who built the chapels;" and that her new young mistress, whom she idolised, became very much attached to her. Before Lady Selina was twenty she was con-
sidered a beauty, and expected to make a grand match; but her affections were already fixed upon her cousin, the father of Mr. Bell's client, who had been brought up at Donnington Park. With naïve simplicity, the good woman confessed that she too had shared the feelings of her mistress, and loved the handsome young soldier, who was too honourable to give her any encouragement, though ever after, by her own account, he was to her almost as a brother. When the question of his marriage with Lady Selina arose, the steward was sent with a lawyer all over the country to hunt up the Colonel's pedigree.

This excited Mr. Bell's interest in the highest degree, and he asked where they gleaned their knowledge. The old lady named many places where he afterwards obtained information absolutely essential to his success, but to which he never would have thought of going had he not taken his drive in the cart. But we must not forget that our concern is with the previous generation of the Hastings family; so revenons à nos moutons. On the steward's return, he proved beyond dispute that the Reverend Theophilus Hastings, the Colonel's brother, was heir to the title of Huntingdon, supposing that the Earl should die without heirs male, and that after him the succession would fall to the young Colonel.
So the marriage was agreed to, and the old woman declared she pretended to be delighted, though at first it was a sore trouble to her. This marriage, however, never actually took place, and this is how it came about. One afternoon a fearful storm came on, immediately after the young man had come in from shooting, and, while he was congratulating himself on his good fortune, he saw that his affianced bride turned pale and sick. Her maid, the narrator, ran for restoratives, and then called for assistance, but before any could arrive the lovely lady was a corpse.

Deep distress fell upon the household at Donnington Park, but the Colonel seemed stunned. He knew nobody, would scarcely taste a morsel of food, and wasted to a shadow. Health and reason had sustained a shock, which probably caused his madness a few years afterwards. Then the Earl of Huntingdon went abroad; Mr. Bell's companion married; and in the course of years the Colonel found himself a wife, who bore him four sons, all of whom (the old lady said) were dead, the eldest having died when a child of six, the second and third of yellow fever in the West Indies, and the youngest, she added, was drowned at the Cove of Cork.

Having heard all her story, Mr. Bell now as-
sured the good woman that in one matter she was mistaken, for that the young man announced to be drowned in Cork harbour was alive and happy, and that it was by no means improbable that he would soon turn up and become Earl of Huntingdon. At this news her joy was so excessive that she fairly hugged her companion, who immediately afterwards dismounted from the rustic vehicle at the Three Cranes Inn in Leicester, where his friend Jameson was anxiously awaiting him and dinner.

Though Mr. Bell must have been tired by his day’s work, he could not rest. The aged and garrulous dame would naturally, he said, tell her daughter what had passed; and from her the tidings might leak out, and the result be the removal, or even destruction, of most important records. So, having dined, he sent for a chaise, and started in quest of his new acquaintances. He first drove to a church not far from Leicester, and, inquiring for the parish clerk, found him in a hovel as squalid as any inhabited by the Irish mountaineers. On inquiring for the parish register, he was told that it could not be seen, for the parson lived three miles off, and only came over every Sunday morning.

Then the inquirer begged the clerk to accompany him to the church, as he wished to inspect
two or three tombstones in the chancel. The man stared in amazement, replying: "Pray, Sir, may I ask what countryman you be? I am sure you ben't of our parish, or you would not be in such a hurry to go to church this time o' the night." And when Mr. Bell asked why, he replied, "One Hastings, Sir, a warrior, in Holiver Cromwell's time, canter about, on a marble horse of his, over the gravestones at night. He was 'sequestrified' by the Parliament in those times; which, they say, sticks in his gizzard to this hour. Lord bless us! Sam Caxton told me, not five days ago, that he rattled one of the tombstones you mention into two thousand pieces. Howsomdever, that was no very hard matter to do, as it was of a slaty substance."

"But did you examine this stone?" asked Mr. Bell.

"Ay, that I did, and the fact was so, sure enough."

"Do you know who was buried beneath it?" again inquired the lawyer.

"No, not I! but my old father, who has been clerk here nearly sixty years, perhaps can tell; that is, if he remembers anything about it, which I much doubt, by reason he is so old and deaf."

The visitor asked where the old man lived, again requesting the clerk to accompany him;
but this the man declined. He offered the gentleman, however, a sort of substitute for a lamp, and the keys of the church, "if as how he wished to go a ghost-hunting alone."

So, armed with the keys and a light, the enterprising visitor went to the church, which stood a considerable distance from his chaise, while the driver was taking a nap, and the horses were quietly eating their corn. The rain fell heavily, and it was no easy matter to keep the light from being extinguished. At last he entered the church, an ancient, rude building, with uncouth ornaments, and floor covered with matting. The broken tomb was soon found, and in the corner of the chancel was a broom and a small heap of rubbish, which the visitor surmised might have been part of the tomb. To work, therefore, he went, sitting on a rush mat, and poked amongst the rubbish till he had collected all the pieces composing the inscription. These formed a novel puzzle. However, he at length succeeded in taking the exact words of the inscription, together with a sketch of the whole. Hours meanwhile passed, and a storm was raging outside; but the nightly visitor to the dead was roused, at last, by fancying he heard a bell toll. Startled, he looked around, but all was dark save the dimly-lighted circle around the lamp. He ga-
thered up his papers, closed his book, and was about rising from his kneeling posture, when he distinctly felt warm living breath upon his cheek and hair. Half petrified, Mr. Bell turned round, expecting to see the Knight of the Marble Charger in person; when, lo! his eyes met the benevolent gaze of an ass. This animal belonged to the clerk, and was grazing in the churchyard, when, seeing the open door and the light, he probably came in to seek shelter from the rain. Mr. Bell, however, resolved he should pay for giving him such a fright, and, seizing the broom, laid it about his back. The donkey turned and kicked, breaking the rude lamp, and bespattering with grease his assailant, who then hurried away, wet and frightened, restored the keys to the clerk, with a few shillings, and jumped into his chaise. But he had his reward, for this copy of the broken tombstone was one of the most important proofs of his client's claim that was brought into evidence.

Next morning he returned to the church, accompanied by Mr. Jameson and the parson; so they were able to examine the registry, and to obtain certificates of the entries. Then they went on to Welford, in Northamptonshire, and obtained a faithful abstract of the burial of Richard Hastings, great-grandfather to their
client; and thence started for London provided with materials which, they presumed, were sufficient to enable them to state a case for the opinion of eminent counsel, though there were still twenty-four other descendants of the family to account for.

The results of their searches they proposed to submit to Sir Samuel Romilly; but, just at this same juncture, Mr. Jameson withdrew from the case, which he deemed could never be successful. So Mr. Bell went alone to Dorking, where he was told that the great lawyer was about to leave Tanhurst at seven next morning. In spite of the lateness of the hour, therefore, he presented himself, and was shown into a room, into which there soon stalked a long gaunt figure, minus cravat, and with ungartered stockings. But there was about him a deep, searching look, which seemed to demand the business of every man; and Mr. Bell soon told him what he wanted. But, when his tale was finished, and the case presented, with a fee, of course, as an accompaniment, Sir Samuel put both gently away, saying, that he never took cases. This was a crushing disappointment; but Mr. Bell pleaded so hard that Sir Samuel would for once relax his rule, that, amused and touched, the great man at last familiarly replied, “Well, Paddy, I will.”
In the course of two days he sent his opinion, which, happily, was favourable to the claim. Mr. Bell was then seized with illness, after recovering from which he returned to Ireland, to arrange his affairs, and bring his family to London.

Arriving in the metropolis in January, 1818, the Irish lawyer found that his work was to be nearly begun over again; for that the Hon. Henry Hastings, of Woodlands (who had died a century before), had no fewer than twenty-four descendants to be accounted for. He accordingly searched Doctors' Commons, and collected the wills of one hundred and eighty persons of the name of Hastings, including some belonging to the Woodlands family, which were of extreme importance. But another difficulty fairly puzzled the ardent worker: he found mention of a Ferdinando and a Theophilus Hastings, born respectively in 1675 and 1677, and also of Ferdinando and Deborah Hastings of Kennington; but nothing farther was said about them. Sir Samuel Romilly declared that, failing the evidence of their deaths, without heirs 'male, no Attorney-General would report that his client was entitled to the honours he claimed.

Disappointed and thoroughly vexed, the lawyer turned away; but luckily met his client, and
accompanied him to consult Mr. Townsend, the Windsor Herald. This old gentleman took the gloomiest view of the matter, declaring that the case must come before the Committee of Privileges in the House of Lords, and that many years, or at any rate Sessions, must pass away before their Lordships could possibly arrive at a decision. Mr. Bell contended this was ridiculous, and affirmed he would bring the business to a close before nine months had passed—a boast which, I may here remark, he actually made good; for it suddenly occurred to him that some of the unmarried sisters or daughters of the Earls of Huntingdon of that date might remember these relatives, and make them a trifling bequest in their wills, giving, at the same time, such a description of the recipients as would insure identity. The idea no sooner entered the busy brain of Mr. Bell than it was worked out, and it proved that Lady Elizabeth Hastings, sister to Theophilus, the ninth Earl, had died a maiden, and made a will bequeathing a bond worth one hundred pounds to Ferdinando Hastings, of Long-alley, Shoreditch, gentleman, late of Kennington. A will of this Ferdinando was then easily discovered, stating that he had one only child, Deborah, to whom in a codicil he left the bond "bequeathed to him by Lady Eliza-
beth Hastings, his relative." Encouraged by this success, he renewed the search for the will of Ferdinando's brother Theophilus. It too was found, and stated that the testator died a bachelor, bequeathing all his estates to the four children of his niece Deborah, only child of his brother Ferdinando.

Almost mad with delight, Mr. Bell flung down the books, jostled everyone he met, threw himself into a coach, and ordered the driver to gallop to Mr. Hans Francis Hastings', or rather Lord Huntingdon's, residence in Montague Place. Upstairs he flew into the arms of Mrs. Hastings, whom he greeted as her Ladyship, claiming at the same time a salute, which she had promised the moment he could prove the extinction of the line of these cadets of the family. All, of course, was joy and congratulation.

Wednesday, the 2nd of April, was fixed by the Attorney-General for the first hearing of the case, and in a few hours the astute lawyer proved conclusively that his client was the eldest surviving lineal male descendant of Sir Edward Hastings, fourth son of Francis, second Earl of Huntingdon, and as such the true heir to, and owner of, the title.

About this time the lawyer called on a Mr. Samuel Pryor, of Gray's Inn, having learnt that
a box deposited in his safe keeping contained the armorial ensigns of the Earls of Huntingdon and Derby, presented by Francis, the last Earl of Huntingdon, to the father of the present claimant. The chest was produced, and taken into possession by its rightful owner. On the second day’s pleading Mr. Bell was still not prepared to prove the extinction of twenty persons of the House of Hastings of Woodlands; so the hearing was adjourned till the 27th of April.

But when success was almost in view, other obstacles arose. While he was hunting everywhere for traces of the twenty Hastingses of Woodlands, of whom there was no account, a tailor of that name, residing in Cheltenham, claimed the Earldom for himself. Next came a fishmonger, living in a garret in Chancery Lane; and then an Irishman of the name of Hastings, patronised by the noble Marquis of that title, who claimed descent from John, third son of Sir George Hastings, and grandson of the Hon. Henry Hastings of Woodlands, second son of George, fourth Earl of Huntingdon. It happened Mr. Bell had proved that this John died without male issue; so the Attorney-General sent him off to collect more conclusive proofs. At Christchurch, in the neighbourhood of the New Forest, where he arrived in the evening, the clerk pleaded
in excuse the ghosts that nightly haunted the church; but Mr. Bell was imperious, and the haunting demons did not think fit to appear. But a curate's wife had destroyed the early registers in order to make kettle-holders! So not much information was obtained; but the Prerogative Office in Winchester supplied the deficiency, and on the day appointed the most complete evidence was brought forward of the death of John Hastings without issue, and the man claiming the peerage in right of a supposed descent from that person did not put in an appearance. The letters patent of creation were now required, in order to show that the title was limited to heirs male, and for these every place was searched, till they were at last found enrolled in the Remembrancer's Office of the Court of Exchequer.

All the proofs were now complete, and Mr. Bell drew up a draft of the report, which the Attorney-General corrected. A fair copy was then made, and, when signed, was sent to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, and by him forwarded to the Lord Chancellor, Lord Eldon. His Lordship signified his approbation without his usual dilatoriness; and the Prince Regent thereupon signed his Royal Warrant, empowering the officers of the Crown to issue a writ of
summons to Hans Francis Hastings, commanding his attendance in the then ensuing Parliament, to be holden on the 14th of the same month, "by the style, title, and dignity of Earl of the County of Huntingdon."

Thus it was that within two years of the fracas between Captain Hastings and the noble Lord, his neighbour at Enniskillen, the star of the Earldom of Huntingdon was brought back out of the obscurity which had dimmed its lustre for some thirty years, into the firmament of the House of Peers—the untitled barrack-master taking his seat as third upon the roll of Earls in the Peerage of England, next after their Lordships of Shrewsbury and Derby. And although in this case the broad acres which had belonged to the Earls of Huntingdon had passed by marriage into another family, and could not be recovered, yet, so far as the coronet was concerned, the words of the old Scottish crone in "Guy Mannering" were realised:

"And Bertram's right and Bertram's might
Shall meet on Ellangowan height."
LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

"DIED, at her villa of Dar Jûn, on Mount Lebanon, eight miles from Sidon, in Syria, June 23rd, 1839, at the age of sixty-three, the Lady Hester Lucy Stanhope, half-sister to Earl Stanhope. This clever but eccentric woman was born on the 12th of March, 1776, the eldest daughter of Charles, third Earl Stanhope, and granddaughter, maternally, of the great Earl of Chatham." So writes "Sylvanus Urban" in the "Gentleman's Magazine." This lady's wild and eccentric career may well furnish the materials for one of these sketches, for in romantic incident and interest it does not yield to those of other English ladies of rank and family who have willingly said farewell to the refinements and civilisation of the West, and have taken up their home in the wild freedom of a nomadic life in
the deserts of the far-distant East—such as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in the last century, and Lady Ellenborough in our own days. In fact, the story of her life is the most conspicuous instance of the voluntary adoption of a semi-barbarous existence which the modern world has seen. Little more than seventy years ago, the niece of Pitt, she was the favourite companion of his leisure hours in Downing Street, and acted constantly as his amanuensis and secretary. In 1806, when her uncle lay dying of a broken heart in the villa which he had hired on Putney Heath, his accomplished niece brought to his bedside the war map of Austerlitz, and unfolded it before his eyes, which were fast sinking into their last long rest. "Roll up the map, Hester dear," said the Minister, "and fetch me my will." What provision he made for her future maintenance I know not, and we need not care to inquire; but it certainly would have added one more pang to his death if he could have looked forward little more than thirty years through the vista of time, and foreseen her dying almost a pauper, among faithless and heartless strangers, under the roof of a tumble-down monastery among the cedar-clad heights and defiles of Mount Lebanon.

Lady Hester, it would seem, inherited a large
share of eccentricity from both the Pitts and the Stanhopes. On her mother's side she was the cousin of the wild Lord Cawdor; and her father, Lord Stanhope, was perhaps the oddest member of the House of Lords in his day. Smitten with an admiration of the "liberty, equality, and fraternity" which he had seen in France, he ordered his coat of arms, crest, supporters, and all, to be blotted out of the panels of his carriage. He was whimsical also to a degree in his habits of life, for he would sit down on the floor to a breakfast of dry bread and a little tea, and sleep in the same place under a pile of ten or a dozen blankets, winter and summer alike. His precocious little daughter Hester, it is said, resolved to rebuke in her father the pride which aped humility, for she ordered a pair of stilts, on which his lordship met her in a lane near his seat in Somerset. "What on earth are you doing, Hester?" was his exclamation. "Oh, papa, as you have got rid of your carriage, I thought stilts the best way to travel through the mud." The carriage was brought back, but the armorial bearings were not repainted. Hester had very little education as a child; the chief end and object of the foreign governesses to whom she was handed over by her grandmother for instruction being apparently to mould her
shape by the use of back-boards, on which they made her recline. "How I hated those wretches!" Lady Hester would say in after-life; "they would have squeezed me, if it had been possible, into a tiny miss." From this it may be seen that she was proud of her tall figure and erect bearing; but the chief point in her body of which she was proud was her foot and instep, and she would boast that a kitten could walk under the arch of the sole of her foot. This, in her estimate, was not only a proof of high birth, but an earnest of future fame. Not having read much of history, she made up her mind that it was a tissue of lies, and was a study quite unworthy of her attention. But, without books, she contrived to gain a good deal of stray knowledge, in spite of the efforts of her French and Swiss governesses to "keep her in leading strings."

Lady Hester, in her uncle's lifetime, was young, rich, and gifted with a fair share of beauty. She was tall and handsome, and is said to have inherited no small share of the dignity of her illustrious grandfather. She presided at Pitt's bachelor table, and did the honours of Downing Street to foreign potentates and the most illustrious of English nobles with a style peculiarly her own. Nor was she insensible to the admiration which she inspired. "Men who were
no fools," she writes, "declared that I might well be proud of the alabaster whiteness of my neck, rivalling that of any pearl necklace," which led Beau Brummell to exclaim, "For Heaven's sake take off those earrings, that we may see what is beneath them." The chivalrous old admiral, Sir Sydney Smith, was, if possible, even more enthusiastic in her praise; for thus he describes her entrance into the salon at one of Pitt's political gatherings in Downing Street. "She entered the room dressed in a pale skirt, exciting admiration by her magnificent and majestic figure. The roses and the lilies were blended in her face, and the ineffable smiles of her countenance diffused happiness around her." And even the plain and prosaic King George III. gave elegant testimony to her intellectual merits; for he said to Mr. Pitt that he had less reason to be proud of his position as First Minister of State than of having a niece who "united in herself all that was great and good in man or woman either." And yet, wittily observes Dr. Russell, this lady, who comprised in herself such virtues, was, according to her own confession, "a mischievous mimic, as fierce and as proud as the devil." Still, however fierce and proud she could be at times, she had plenty of good sense and business habits, and a very large share of the Treasury patronage
must have passed, more or less directly and constantly, through her hands. Her wit and *esprit* attracted to her side all the cleverest men and some of the cleverest women in Europe. But, like her uncle, she would have nothing to say to marriage; and the Minister's sudden death left her almost alone in world; for her father and mother were dead, and she was not on the best of terms with her brother, Lord Stanhope, and the rest of her family. She had been brought up in the lap of luxury and comfort, and had never known what it was to have a wish or an ambition ungratified. All that wealth and position in London society could afford had been hers; and so, when she found herself suddenly left with a lessened and restricted income, inadequate, as she thought, to the support of an Earl's daughter and sister, she resolved to meet the calamity with pride, and to leave the shores of England at once and for ever.

It is difficult, however, to discover that she had much cause to complain of poverty, for from the time of her uncle's death she was in receipt of a pension of £1,200 a year, double of that assigned to her younger brothers and her sisters. This large pension she owed, beyond a doubt, to the fact that she was Pitt's favourite niece, and the one who had rendered him the most useful
services as his secretary. Dr. Madden, in his "Travels in Turkey," tells us that he learned this fact from Lady Hester herself, who added that her uncle seldom opposed her opinions, and always respected her antipathies.

Having spent a few months in a house in Montague Square, and an equal time in a retired cottage in South Wales, both of which she found lonely and wretched, she determined to make her home abroad, and to say farewell to the dull monotony of English existence. Accordingly, having obtained the necessary passports and credentials, she made her way to Constantinople, starting from which, as a new centre, she led a wandering life in the East, which at that time was almost inaccessible to English travellers, and where she met with adventures enough to fill a volume. She was robbed in the great Desert, thrown into prison in Egypt, and shipwrecked on the shores of the Euxine; but her spirit did not give way. And so, after losing or otherwise exhausting a large portion of the means which had been left to her, she settled down in the solitudes which surround Mount Lebanon, a year or two before the conclusion of the war against Napoleon.

Before taking this final step, she had sojourned in turn at Jerusalem, Damascus, Aleppo, Cairo,
Constantinople, and Palmyra, for shorter or longer periods; but in these great cities and haunts of men she found less to attract her than in the silence of the eternal cedar forests. Here she found a friend in Abdallah Pasha, who granted to her as a résidence the remains of an old and dilapidated convent near the ancient Sidon. But the word "near" must not be taken in the English sense of the term; for it was situated on a lofty, level plain in the middle of barren highlands, where on every side "mountains linked themselves with mountains, like rings of a close chain, completely divested of soil and vegetation—excepting the cedars—worked upon and furrowed for ages by winds and waters, and strewn on every side with large boulders and masses of grey rock." Such is the description of the locality which Lady Hester fixed on as her future home. Upon the top of one of these hills was a plateau or sort of natural esplanade, and here some half-a-dozen huts, of a single story high, formed what was known as the remains of the Dar Jûn Monastery. Within the walls of this building for more than a quarter of a century, with scarcely a book or even a newspaper to wile away the time, and to give her news of the friends of her childhood and the fortunes of her country—forsaken by her European servants, and an
object of curiosity rather than of regard to travellers—the woman who had shone as one of the acknowledged leaders of society in England in the palmiest days of our national glory, was content to drag out the days of her middle life and to spend her declining years. She turned, however, the monastery and its garden into a paradise, and "made the desert smile."

And yet she did not live a wholly idle or inactive life. She organised a numerous caravan, loaded camels with rich presents for the Arab chiefs, and traversed every part of Syria, exploring its interior and making herself acquainted with the wild tribes who inhabited it. And so greatly did the "great Western Lady" impress those tribes with a sense of her superiority, that they became ready, before long, almost to fall down and worship before her. At all events, it is recorded that, seated

"High on a throne of solemn state,"

she received on one occasion the homage of more than fifty thousand Bedouin Arabs, who made oath in due form before her that every European traveller who might ever afterwards receive and produce one of the firmans delivered to her, and signed by her, should have accorded to him free
passage through the Desert, and safe-conduct among the ruins of Balbec and Palmyra.

The following peep at her ladyship we owe to Eliot Warburton: "The Pasha of Sidon presented Lady Hester with the deserted convent of Mar Elias on her arrival in his country, and this she soon converted into a fortress, garrisoned by a band of Albanians; her only attendants beside were her doctor, her secretary, and some female slaves. Public rumour soon busied itself with such a personage, and exaggerated her influence and power. It is even said that she was crowned Queen of the East at Palmyra by fifty thousand Arabs. She certainly exercised almost despotic power in her neighbourhood on the mountain; and, what was perhaps the most remarkable proof of her talents, she prevailed on some Jews to advance large sums of money to her on her note of hand."

In personal appearance, especially as she advanced in years, there is said to have been a close resemblance between Lady Hester Stanhope's countenance and that of her illustrious grandfather; and more than one traveller in the East has recorded the fact that her look was such as to remind him of Copley's celebrated picture of the great statesman struck with his death stroke in the House of Lords. "Her dress was
always a turban made of pale cashmere shawls, so worn as to conceal the hair; a long yellow cashmere shawl thrown in folds around her shoulders and breast, and an immense robe of white silk with long flowing sleeves, and yellow Turkish boots. She was of a commanding size and presence, possessed a dignified, majestic, and thoughtful countenance, and conversed with great positiveness of manner and correctness of diction.” But there was no virtue which she possessed in a higher degree than that of personal courage. Nothing could terrify or alarm her. She once met in the open plain some thousands of Bedouins fully armed, who galloped towards her, shouting ferociously, and apparently intending to take away her life. Her face at the time was covered by her turban and shawl; but she trotted her horse along leisurely and quietly, and when the foremost Arab had almost reached her she stood boldly up in her stirrup, tore off her yashmac, coolly waved her arm, and cried out, “Avant! do you not know your Queen?”

In Murray’s Handbook for travellers in Syria and Palestine, the approach to Lady Hester’s abode is thus described: “The road from Sidon to Beyrout is bleak, bald, and uninteresting. First we reach the village of Jún, beside which is the old convent where poor Lady Hester Stan-
hope spent the last days of her strange life, where her mortal remains still lie, and where

"After life's fitful fever she sleeps well."

Dr. Madden, in his amusing "Travels in Turkey," thus describes in detail the place and its inmate's habits of life:

"Her villa of D'Joun is eight miles distant from the town of Sidon. There is no village in its vicinity; hemmed in on all sides by arid mountains, this residence is shut out from the world, and is at the mercy of the Bedouins, if they had the audacity to attack it; but of this there is but little fear, for they regard her ladyship as the "Queen of the Wilderness." The room into which I was ushered was in the Arabian style. A long divan was raised at the end, about a foot and a half from the ground, and at the further corner, as well as the glimmering lamp would allow one to distinguish, I perceived a tall figure in the male attire of the country, which was no other than Hester herself. She received me in a most gracious manner, arose at my entrance, and said that my visit had afforded her great pleasure. One of the most striking features in her ladyship's character is, that she reads the stars, and is guided by them. Her ladyship's influence over the Turkish pashas of Syria has
greatly diminished, and for an excellent reason—that she has no longer wherewithal to buy the rogues’ protection. Her establishment formerly consisted of thirty or forty domestics, and a great number of girls, whose education was her employment; but they have all deserted her with the exception of five servants. On their fidelity her life is now depending. Several attempts have been lately made to break in at night. People have been found murdered who have been attached to her, and the corpse of a stranger a few days ago was found lying near her gate. Her habits are peculiar. She retires to rest at the dawn, and rises in the afternoon; she takes her meals in her own apartment, and never with her guests; she drinks no wine, and very seldom eats meat. Tea is sometimes brought in towards two in the morning. Part of her ladyship’s conversation turns upon some of our late and most famous statesmen and politicians. ‘As to leaving this country (she said) your advice is in vain; I never will return to England. I am encompassed by perils, I am no stranger to them. I have suffered shipwreck off the coast of Cyprus; I have had the plague here; I have fallen from my horse near Acre, and been trampled on by him; I have encountered the robbers of the Desert, and when my servants quaked, I have galloped in amongst
them and forced them to be courteous; and when
a horde of plunderers was breaking in at my
gate, I sallied out amongst them, sword in hand,
and, after convincing them that had they been
inclined they could not hurt me, I fed them at my
gate, and they behaved like thankful beggars.
Here I am destined to remain. That which is in
the Great Book of Life who may alter? It is
true I am surrounded by perils; it is true I am at
war with the Prince of the Mountains, and the
Pasha of Acre; it is very true my enemies are
capable of assassination; but if I do perish, my
fall shall be a bloody one. I have plenty of arms,
good Damascus blades; I use no guns; and while
I have an arm to wield a hanjar, these barren
rocks shall have a banquet of slaughter before
my face looks black in the presence of my
enemies."

By way of accounting for Lady Hester's eccen-
tricities, it has often been said that she was mad;
but the Rev. S. Thompson, then missionary from
the American church at Beyrout, who knew her
well, and visited her in Lebanon late in life,
always said that she was not only quite sane, but
very sensible, well informed, and extremely
shrewd. There can be no doubt that she enjoyed
the savage life which she had so deliberately
adopted by her own instinct and free choice. In
fact, to use the words of an American biographer, "she enjoyed bloodshed." Of pity as a qualiﬁer of justice she was ignorant. When one of her villages was disobedient, she annihilated it. On one occasion a mountain châtelet concealed a murderer; she burnt it to the ground along with its inmates.

But, though insensible, as a rule, to the softer feelings of woman's nature, Lady Hester had a keen sense of justice, and was ever loyal to her friends. Of this trait the authors of the "Percy Anecdotes" gives us a striking example. "When she was at Mar Elias, near Sidon in Syria, in 1816, she received a visit from a Colonel Blum, of the French Engineers, who, upon the abdication and fall of Napoleon, and at the end of the war, had determined on travelling to the East. The Colonel had just returned from visiting the Temple of Jupiter Ammon, and Lady Hester advised him to avoid going into the mountains of the Ansarih, near Latikea, which he promised to do. An over-eager curiosity, however, led him to break his pledge; he set forward, and was soon afterwards murdered. On hearing of his death, Lady Hester applied to the French Ambassador, but he would not interfere, and the consuls in Syria had no power to act in the matter. Determined, however, as she said, to avenge
the death of her poor friend, Lady Hester obtained from the Pasha of Acre and Damascus a body of five hundred men, and accompanying them, after a great search, discovered the murderers, who thus were taken and executed."

In February, 1838, Lord Palmerston, then Foreign Secretary, had received such an unsatisfactory account of the treatment of some of Lady Hester's creditors by that haughty lady, that he was induced to send out to the British Consul in Syria instructions to stop the payment of her pension for a time, till their just claims were satisfied. Indignant at this treatment, Lady Hester wrote some high-spirited and indignant letters, not only to Lord Palmerston, but also to the Duke of Wellington, and to various other persons of influence at home, which found their way into the newspapers of the time. It is said that she even went so far as to address the Queen on the subject, begging her as a sister to interfere, and not allow her ministers to insult the niece of William Pitt, and the Queen of the East!

In 1839 she began to feel, like other mortals, the weight of increasing years, and her body showed signs ofwaning strength. But she would not plead guilty to others of being old, nor would she allow that she was out of health. She
combated against the approach of sickness to the very last. As Mr. Eliot Warburton writes: "She lived for many years beset with difficulties and anxieties, but to the last she held out gallantly; even when confined to her bed and dying, she sought for no companionship or comfort, but such as she could find in her own powerful but unmanageable mind." In the June of that year, Dr. Thompson, happening to hear from her attendants that she was ill, rode up into the mountains, accompanied by the English consul, in order to pay her a visit, and to see if there was occasion for sending a surgeon or physician. But, on reaching the entrance of the fortress which for so many years had been her home, they found a profound silence reigning through the place. They knocked, but no one came to open the doors. At length, finding their way through a window into the shapeless ruins, and having lighted a lamp, for it was dark, they stumbled over logs of decaying timber and pools of stagnant water, unmet and un questioned by anyone, into an inner chamber, where on entering they found Lady Hester Stanhope stretched on the ground a corpse. She had been dead for several hours, possibly even for a day. The isolation from her kind which she so loved was complete at last. It is said that the day before her death she had sent
to Beyrout for medical advice, but that it was too late. The end had come. Only a morning or two before, a retinue of twenty or thirty domestics, male and female, none English, but all Oriental, had watched, or pretended to watch, every motion of the eye of her who was their queen; but the spell was broken by the departure of her breath; everyone of the mercenary crew had fled off with such spoils and plunder as he or she could lay hands upon. It is said even that a little girl, whom she had adopted and had maintained in her house for years as a companion, carried off her watch and jewels, and also sundry papers on which she had set a peculiar value. Neither the child nor the property was ever seen or heard of again. Not a single thing was left in the room where she lay dead, except a few ornaments upon her person—no one had ventured to touch them; even in death she seemed able to protect herself thus far. At midnight her countryman and the missionary carried her out by torchlight to a spot in the garden that had been formerly her resort, and there they jointly performed over her body the last sad rites, and buried her, coffinless though not shroudless, under one of the great cedars which overshadowed her garden."

Dr. Thompson several years afterwards in
"The Land and the Book" gave from memory some most interesting details of her life and death, from which we condense the following:

"And now we must climb once more up five hundred feet to that castle-like inclosure around the top of this bold mountain pyramid. It is safely done, and here we stand on Dahr Jún; and beneath this rude and broken tomb is buried the once lovely and witty and most eccentric Lady Hester Stanhope. Is it possible? Can anything be more sad and solitary? But perhaps it is well that it should be thus. A melancholy change has come over the scene since I first visited it. The garden, with its latticed arbours and shaded alleys and countless flowers, is utterly destroyed, and not one room of her large establishment is entire. This, on the south-west corner, was the apartment in which her ladyship wore out the three last dreary months of life; and this on the east of it, was the open lewan, where we found the body wrapped in waxed cloths dipped in turpentine and spirits. The whole of these premises were alive with her servants, and others assembled on this mournful occasion. Now not a dog, a cat, or even a lizard appears to relieve the utter solitude. The tomb also is sadly changed. It was then embowered in a shrubbery and covered with an arbour of roses, not a vestige
of which now remains, and the stones of the vault itself are broken and displaced. There is no inscription—not a word in any language; and, unless more carefully protected than hitherto, the last resting-place of her ladyship will soon be lost.

"The British Consul at Beyrout requested me to perform the religious services at the funeral of Lady Hester. It was an intensely hot Sunday in June, 1839. We started on our melancholy errand at one o'clock, and reached this place at midnight. After a brief examination the Consul decided that the funeral must take place immediately. The vault in the garden was hastily opened, and the bones of General L.—or of his son, I forget which—a Frenchman who died here, and was buried in the vault of her ladyship—were taken out and placed at the head. The body, in a plain deal box, was carried by her servants to the grave, followed by a mixed company with torches and lanterns, to enable them to thread their way through the winding alleys of the garden. I took a wrong path, and wandered in the mazes of these labyrinths. When at length I entered the arbour, the first things I saw were the bones of the General, in a ghastly heap, with the head on top, having a lighted taper stuck in either eye socket—a hideous
grinning spectacle. It was difficult to proceed with the service under circumstances so novel and bewildering. . . . The people of Jún, that large village across the way, made large profits from the liberality and extravagance of Lady Hester, and they are full of wonderful stories about her. Several of our friends in Sidon were in her service for years, and from them and from others still more closely connected, I have had abundant opportunity to learn the character of this strange being. On most subjects she was not merely sane, but sensible, well-informed, and extremely shrewd. She possessed extraordinary powers of conversation, and was perfectly fascinating to all with whom she chose to make herself agreeable. She was, however, whimsical, imperious, tyrannical, and at times revengeful in a high degree. Bold as a lion, she wore the dress of an emir—weapons, pipe, and all; nor did she fail to rule her Albanian guards and her servants with absolute authority. She kept spies in the principal cities, and at the residences of pashas and emirs, and knew everything that was going forward in the country. Her garden, of several acres, was walled round like a fort, crowning the top of this conical hill, with deep valleys on all sides; its appearance from a distance was quite imposing. . . . The morning
after the funeral the Consul and I went round the premises and examined thirty-five rooms, which had been sealed up by the Vice-Consul of Sidon to prevent robbery. They were full of trash. . . . The crowd of servants and greedy retainers had appropriated to themselves all her most valuable effects. One of the wealthy citizens of Sidon is said to have obtained his money in this way. She told Mrs. T. that once, when she was supposed to be dying of plague, she would hear her servants breaking open her chests and ripping up the embossed covers of her cushions. 'Oh! didn't I vow,' said she, 'that if I recovered I would make a scattering of them,' and she performed her vow to the letter. . . . She could be extremely sarcastic, and her satire was often terrible. Many of her letters, and the margins of books which I purchased at the auction, are 'illuminated' with her caustic criticisms. There was no end to her eccentricities. In some things she was a devout believer, an unbeliever in many. She read the stars, and dealt in nativities and a sort of second sight, by which she pretended to foretell coming events. She practised alchemy, and in pursuit of this vain science she was often closeted with strange companions. She had a mare, whose backbone sank suddenly down at the shoulders,
and rose abruptly near the hips. This deformity her vivid imagination converted into a miraculous saddle, on which she was to ride into Jerusalem as a queen, by the side of some sort of a Messiah who was to introduce a fancied millenium. Another mare was to play a part in this august pageant, and both were tended with extraordinary care. A lamp was kept burning in their very comfortable apartments, and they were served with sherbet and other delicacies. . . . . In fact, she was wholly and magnificently unique. Now riding at the head of wild Arabs, a queen of the Desert, on a visit to Palmyra; now intriguing with mad pashas and vulgar emirs; at one time treating with contempt consuls, generals, and nobles, bidding defiance to law, and thrashing officers sent to her lodge; at another resorting to all kinds of mean shifts to elude or confound her creditors; to-day charitable and kind to the poor; to-morrow oppressive, selfish, and tyrannical in the extreme. Such was Lady Hester Stanhope in her mountain home in Lebanon."

All sorts of stories are told about her fancies and "crochets." Amongst her other ideas of beauty and dignity, she held that no man or woman could be possessed of intellect or brains unless they had a lofty instep and an arched foot. She used to say that she was more proud of her foot
than of being a Stanhope and the niece of Pitt; for that a kitten could walk under the sole of it. The same point she admired in M. Lamartine, who paid her a visit in Lebanon, and blew his trumpet in her praise in his "Voyage à l'Orient," some six or seven years before her death.

Mr. Herbert Spencer endeavours in one of his recent works to argue that such examples as that here given of an instinctive preference for the scenes of wild and savage life are but reproductions in later generations of the impressions received by ancestors in bye-gone days, which pass as an inheritance to their descendants, and reassert themselves in strange combinations. Whether this be the case or not, however, I cannot pretend to determine. Qui sa? Lady Hester, no doubt, need not go so far back to account for the eccentricities which marked her character. For these she doubtless inherited from her father, a man remarkable for his scientific researches and mechanical inventions—among which was a novel printing press, which he set up at his seat, Chevening, near Sevenoaks—and also for his republican sentiments, which brought him more than once into conflict with the Court and the Government, although he was the brother-in-law of the favourite minister of George III., William Pitt.
Sylvanus Urban thus sums up her character in the "Gentleman's Magazine:" "This lady, so celebrated throughout Europe for her eccentric habits and anti-national prejudices, was, nevertheless, a woman of a very strong and, we may add, undaunted mind. The fame of her piety and her almsgiving was widely diffused from Mount Lebanon, with its settled dwellers, to the furthest nomads and wandering tribes of the sands of Arabia." The allusion to her "piety" may perhaps raise a smile on the lips of some readers; but there can be no doubt that her "almsgiving" was generous to an excess, and that if she had kept it within stricter bounds towards the end of life, she would have been more of a Queen among her faithless and selfish subjects.
THE COUNTESS OF NITHSDALE.

A ROMANCE OF THE TOWER.

In our oldest records, as soon as surnames began to be frequently used in Scotland, the name of the Maxwells is mentioned. Their immediate ancestor, Marcus, whose father claimed a Norman descent, lived in the reign of King Malcolm Canmore. He appears to have been a man of rank, and had considerable possessions in the county of Roxburgh, which he called the barony of Marcuswell, afterwards modified into Maxwell.

Sir John de Marcuswell, the grandson of this chief, stood high in favour with his sovereign, Alexander II. He succeeded his father in the sheriffdom of Roxburghshire, and was one of the Ambassadors Extraordinary sent by Alexander to the English Court to negotiate his marriage with the Princess Joan; an event which
says the aged chronicler, "was happily accomplished," Sir John assisting in person at the royal nuptials. He afterwards acquired the barony of Caerlavrock in Dumfriesshire, and was instituted Great Chamberlain of Scotland in 1231.

About 1250 the barony of Mearns, in Renfrewshire, was added to the possessions of the family, whose members subsequently acquired additional wealth and influence through the marriage of Eugene de Maxwell with the daughter of Roland, Lord of Galloway. The fine old Celtic name of Kirkconnell is also associated with that of Maxwell, Aymer de Maxwell having married Janet, heiress of the Kirkconnells, when her name became merged in that of her husband.

In course of time no fewer than five baronetcies were held by cadets of the Maxwell family—namely, those of Springkell in Dumfriesshire, Cardoness and Monreith in Galloway, Calderwood in Lanarkshire, and Pollock in Renfrewshire.

Sir Herbert de Marcuswell, who sat in the Parliament of Scone when the Scottish nobles agreed to acknowledge the Maid of Norway for their Queen, was grandfather of Sir Eustace de Marcuswell, who, a staunch patriot and friend of Robert Bruce, held out the Castle of Caerlavrock against the English for many weeks, and at last obliged them to raise the siege, and who, fearful
lest the fortalice should fall into the hands of the enemy, demolished it himself. For this generous action the Bruce nobly rewarded him with grants of several lands. Sir Eustace was one of the Scotch nobles who signed the famous letter to the Pope, asserting the independence of Scotland.

Sir Herbert de Maxwell, great-grandson of the loyal Sir Eustace, obtained from Archibald Earl of Douglas a grant of the stewartry of Annandale, which greatly added to his power and interest in Dumfriesshire. He was appointed one of the hostages for King James's ransom, and had the honour of knighthood conferred upon him at his Majesty's coronation. He was soon afterwards created Lord Maxwell of Caerlavrock, &c., and instituted Warden of the Scottish Marches.

John, fourth Lord Maxwell, a man of great courage and renown, accompanied his royal master to the fatal field of Flodden, and there perished, together with his four brothers.

John, fifth Lord Maxwell, was so highly esteemed by King James VI. that he appointed him Captain of the Castle of Lochnaben, Colonel of his Majesty's Guards, and Warden of the West Marches. This monarch, who in his love for romantic adventures greatly resembled his father, when desirous to give a queen to Scotland, set
out for France disguised as a private gentleman, in company with Lord Maxwell, for whom he cherished an almost brotherly fondness. Unfortunately, however, a violent storm arose which obliged the vessel to put back into Kinghorn, much to the distress of the royal knight errant.

After the death of the fair Magdalene of France, his "forty days' Queen," King James despatched Lord Maxwell as Ambassador Extraordinary to the French Court, this time to negotiate a marriage between himself and Mary of Lorraine, daughter of the Duke de Guise. The event being successfully accomplished, as a reward to him for his services on this occasion, the grateful monarch confirmed to him the lands of Eusdale, Eskdale and Wauchopdale. Lord Maxwell was possessed of a large estate, and held from the King no fewer than fourteen charters of different lands and baronies. He accompanied his sovereign to the battle of Solway Moss, where he was taken prisoner and sent to the Tower of London, but shortly after regained his liberty on payment of one thousand marks. His successor, John, seventh Lord Maxwell, rose so high in favour with King James VI. that he was made Warden of the Marches; and, after the death and forfeiture of the Regent Merton, got a charter under the great seal of the lands, barony, earldom, and regality
of Morton, and was immediately after created Earl of Morton. On a change of the ministry, however, the Earldom was revoked. Having been likewise deprived of his office of Warden of the Marches, it was conferred upon Johnstone of that ilk, which occasioned a deadly feud between the families, and at last proved fatal to the noble lord himself, for he lost his life in an encounter with the Johnstones in December, 1593. This desperate combat, still famed in tradition, took place at the Dryffe Sands, not far from Lockerbie. Though fewer in numbers than the Maxwells, the Johnstones completely routed them. Many of the former clan were killed, while others were cruelly wounded in their flight by slashes in the face, which wound was then termed a "Lockerbie lick."

At the Holm of Dryffe there stood, until the river rose high in flood many years ago and washed them away, two bushes known as "Maxwell's Thorns." To this spot, after the bloody fray, came the wounded Lord Maxwell; and thither in pursuit of him sped a young Annandale trooper, who had resolved to capture, maim, or kill the enemy of his clan. According to Spottiswoode, when struck from his horse, the aged chief held out his hand and claimed to be taken prisoner; and, instead of his plea being granted, the sup-
plicating hand was cut off, and he was killed outright. But the tradition of the country tells the story in a grimmer fashion, namely, that the fierce dame Johnstone, coming to the field in search of her husband, and, if need were, to administer succour to the wounded, on learning from the unprotected warrior who he was, dashed out his brains with the ponderous keys of her fortalice.

The son of the slaughtered nobleman, John, eighth Lord Maxwell, being of a high and vindictive spirit, determined to avenge his father's death upon the Johnstones. Embracing the first opportunity, he shot Sir James Johnstone of that ilk through the back. This traitorous deed roused such a storm of indignation against its perpetrator that he was obliged to fly the country. The supposed feelings of the fugitive on leaving his native land are touchingly rendered in the beautiful ballad known in "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" as "Lord Maxwell's Good Night."

This unfortunate chief was tried in his absence, and condemned to death. He was afterwards, it is said, betrayed to the Government by the very peer (Lord Caithness) who had offered him an asylum on his return to Scotland, and was beheaded at the Cross of Edinburgh on the 21st of
May, 1613. Dying childless, he was succeeded by his brother Robert, who was "rehabilite and put in possession of all his brother's estates" in 1618. He obtained under the Great Seal charters of many lands, which he added to his inheritance; and, becoming a great favourite with his King, he was in 1620 created Earl of Nithsdale, with precedence from his father's creation of Earl of Morton in 1581, by patent to his heirs male. He took his place accordingly in the Parliament of 1621. This first Earl of Nithsdale is described as

"A baron stout and bold as e'er wore sword on thigh,
A brave old Scottish cavalier, all of the olden time."

Under his supervision the grand old Castle of Caerlavrock rose to a state of greater magnificence than ever. It is designated in some documents as the "daintie fabric of Nithsdale's new lodgings;" and so florid was its exterior, and so rich were its furnishings, that it might have been the abode of royalty. Upon the breaking out of the Civil War this lord warmly espoused the royal cause, on which account he suffered of course sequestration and imprisonment at the hands of "the saints of the Lord."

Robert, second Earl, who also proved himself a steady loyalist, dying unmarried in 1667, his
estates and honours devolved upon his cousin and heir male, John Lord Herries, lineally descended from Sir John Maxwell, of Terreagles. This Sir John Maxwell, who had married Agnes, eldest daughter and heiress of William, fourth Lord Herries, with whom he got the lands and barony of Terreagles, &c., was the Lord Herries who is famed in Scottish history as the devoted adherent of Mary Queen of Scots, and was one of Her Majesty's Commissioners to the Court of Elizabeth. He was also instituted Warden of the Marches.

With the exception of Robert, fourth Earl of Nithsdale, who had for his Countess Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Francis Beaumont, a near relative of George Villiers, the princely Duke of Buckingham, the Maxwell lords had hitherto contented themselves with wives chosen from amongst the daughters of Scotland. Stately and beautiful some of these may have been; nobly dowered we know they were. Of noble birth too were the dames who wore the Maxwell coronet; for maidens sprung from the Lords of Galloway, of Kenmure's line—the Lords of Lochinvar—and from the haughty House of Douglas did not disdain to merge their own proud names and honours in those of the Lords of Nithsdale.

But William, the fifth Earl, following the ex-
ample of his more immediate ancestor, crossed the Border, and wooed and won for his bride, we know not under what circumstances, the Lady Winifred Herbert, daughter of a Welsh noble, William Earl (and afterwards Marquis) of Powis then a pale, delicate, and gentle girl, with light eyes and auburn hair. Though unlike in appearance and in character, the noble pair were one in their love, their religion, and their loyalty to the exiled House of Stuart. This latter feeling amounted to a passion; and their surroundings at Terreagles, together with all the associations connected with the Maxwells of Nithsdale, were well calculated to keep alive the sentiment.

These proud, aspiring chiefs, as recorded in history, stood high in favour with the Stuart sovereigns, and well did they deserve to do so. Their subjects, they were also their friends. They advised with them in their public and private affairs; they had given their lives for them on the battlefield; and their charter chests bore evidence that the Stuarts in their regard had proved the reverse of ungrateful. In the stately fortalice over which the Lady Winifred was called upon to preside in the heyday of her youth and beauty, there was preserved with reverential care the very bed on which the lovely and hapless
Mary Queen of Scots had laid her weary head when going as a fugitive to the Court of Elizabeth, and by it lay her missal, which had been in daily use. And numberless relics of Lord Herries were there—the Lord whose name was so closely identified with hers in history. Again, the first Earl of Nithsdale had suffered numerous hardships through his unswerving loyalty to the Stuarts; and for the same noble cause the second Earl was imprisoned by the Roundheads when a very young man. There, too, in their immediate neighbourhood was the magnificent castle of Caerlavrock, which the gallant Sir Eustace laid in ruins rather than that it should fall into the hands of the enemies of his King. Little wonder then, such being the traditions of his race, that when, in 1715, the heir to "auld Scotia's ancient crown" set foot in Scotland with a view to regain what was his by right, William, fifth Earl of Nithsdale—as his noble ancestors would have done before him—bade a tender farewell to his fair young wife and his lovely children, mounted his horse and went forth from the home of his ancestors to fight for him whose emblem was the "Rose o' Sud."

Readers of history are but too well aware of the sad sequel to this rash attempt on the part of the "Chevalier de St. George" to recover the throne of his ancestors. They know that the
"Rebellion of '15" brought sorrow to many a noble hearth, and furnished Temple Bar with many ghastly heads of "traitors;" that on the bloody field of Preston the bright hopes cherished by the Jacobite party were blighted, and that the Lords Nithsdale, Derwentwater, Wintoun, Carnwath, and Kermure were marched southwards as prisoners to the Tower of London:

It was in the peaceful seclusion of Terreagles that the disastrous intelligence reached the ears of Lady Nithsdale. Her resolution was at once taken. She would go off to London. The season was mid-winter, and there was snow upon the ground; but what of that? Go she must to save her husband. That was her one prominent idea, and she knelt to God and prayed for a special blessing on her enterprise. She arose from her knees refreshed, strengthened, and confident of success. Having first buried deep in the garden all state papers of importance, she set out in company with her faithful maid, Evans, ready to encounter any dangers that might arise. She was a wife; her husband and the father of her children was in the Tower—that dread abode whose very name was suggestive of death, and she must save him. Arrived in the English capital, she eagerly sought out the peeresses of her acquaintance; but, though deeply sympa-
thetics, they could afford her no hopes of success in her enterprise. And why? Because Lord Nithsdale belonged to a noble Catholic family; therefore the King willed him to suffer. The afflicted Countess then sought the Elector himself. "A King's face should give grace," but it was not so upon this sad occasion. George scowled upon her and drew back, as she presented to him at St. James's a petition praying for her husband's life. He strove even to push her away as she clung to him; but she would not let go her hold, so that she was dragged the entire length of the apartment pouring forth the while her passionate entreaties for mercy with tearful sobs, till some noblemen standing by released her grasp, and she fell back fainting on the floor. There was, therefore, no hope from the Majesty of England. Then the high-souled, and yet hopeful Countess resolved to save the Earl by woman's wile. How she accomplished her purpose will be best told in her own words. In a letter, written to her sister in long after years, she tells the story thus:

"Upon this I formed the resolution to attempt his escape, but I opened my mind to nobody but my dear Evans. In order to concoct measures, I strongly solicited to be permitted to see my Lord, which they refused to grant me unless I
consented to remain confined with him in the Tower. This I could not submit to, and alleged for excuse that my health would not permit me to endure the confinement. The real reason of my refusal was not to put it out of my power to accomplish my design. However, by bribing the guards, I often contrived to see my Lord till the day upon which the prisoners were condemned. After that we were allowed to see and take leave of them. By the help of Evans, I had prepared everything necessary to disguise my Lord, but had the utmost difficulty to prevail upon him to make use of them. However, I at length succeeded by the help of Almighty God.

"On the 22nd of February, which fell on a Thursday, our petition was to be presented to the House of Lords, the purport of which was to entreat the House to intercede with His Majesty to pardon the prisoners. We were, however, disappointed. The day before the petition was to be presented by the Duke of St. Albans, who promised my Lady Derwentwater to present it, failed in his word. However, as she was the only English Countess concerned, it was incumbent on her to have it presented. We had one day left before the execution, and the Duke still promised to present the petition; but, for fear he should fail, I engaged the Duke of Montrose
to serve it himself, so that it might be done by the one or the other. I then went in company of most of the ladies of quality who were then in town to solicit the interest of the Lords as they were going to the House. They all behaved to me with great civility, but particularly my Lord Pembroke, who, though he desired me not to speak to him, yet promised to employ his influence in our favour, and honourably kept his word, for he spoke very strongly in the House in our behalf. The subject of the debate was, whether the King had the power to pardon those who had been condemned by Parliament. And it was chiefly owing to Lord Pembroke's speech that it passed in the affirmative. However, one of the Lords stood up, and said that the House would only intercede for those of the prisoners who should approve themselves worthy of their intercession, but not all of them individually. This salvo quite blasted all my hopes, for I was assured it aimed at the exclusion of those who should refuse to subscribe to the petition, which was a thing I knew the Earl would never submit to; nor, in fact, could I wish to preserve his life on such terms.

"As this notice had passed generally, I thought I could derive some advantage in favour of my design. Accordingly, I immediately left the
House of Lords, and hastened to the Tower, where, affecting an air of joy and satisfaction, I told all the guards I passed by; that I came to bring joyful tidings to the prisoners. I desired them to lay aside all their fears, for the petition had passed the House in their favour. I then gave them some money to drink to the Lords and his Majesty, though it was but trifling; for I thought if I were too lavish on this occasion they might suspect my designs, and yet that giving them something would gain their good-humour and service for the next day, which was the eve of the execution.

"The next day I could not go to the Tower, having so many things on my hands to put in readiness; but in the evening, when all was ready, I sent for Mrs. Mills, with whom I lodged, and acquainted her with my design of attempting my lord's escape, as there was no chance of his being pardoned, and this was the last night before the execution. I told her that I had everything in readiness, and I trusted she would not refuse to accompany me, that my lord might pass for her. I pressed her to come immediately, as there was no time to lose. At the same time I sent for Mrs. Morgan, then usually known by the name of Hilton, to whose acquaintance my dear Evans had introduced me, which I looked
upon as a very singular happiness. I immediately announced my resolution to her. She was of a very tall and slender make, and I begged her to put under her own riding-hood one that I had prepared for Mrs. Mills, as she was to lend hers to my lord, that in coming out he might be taken for her. Mrs. Mills was then with child, so that she was then not only of the same height, but nearly of the same size as my lord. When we were in the coach I never ceased talking, that they might not have time to reflect. Their surprise and astonishment when I first opened my mind to them had made them consent without ever thinking of the consequences. On our arrival at the Tower the first I introduced was Mrs. Morgan, for I was only allowed to take in one at a time. She brought the clothes that were to serve Mrs. Mills when she left her own behind her. Whenever Mrs. Morgan had taken off what she had brought for my purpose, I conducted her back to the staircase; and in going I begged her to send me my maid to dress me; for I was afraid of being too late to present my last petition that night if she did not come immediately. I despatched her safe, and went partly down stairs to meet Mrs. Mills, who had taken the precaution to hold her handkerchief to her face, as was very natural for a woman to do when she is going to
bid her last farewell to a friend on the eve of his execution. I had indeed desired her to do it that my lord might go out in the same fashion. Her eyebrows were rather inclined to be sandy, and my lord's were dark and very thick; however, I had prepared some paint of the colour of hers to disguise his with. I also brought an artificial head-dress of the same coloured hair as hers; and I painted his face with white, and his cheeks with rouge, to hide his long beard, as he had not time to shave. All this provision I had before left in the Tower. The poor guards, whom my slight liberality of the day before had endeared to me, let me go quietly with my company, and were not so strictly on the watch as they usually had been; and the more so as they were persuaded, from what I had told them, that the prisoners would obtain their pardon. I made Mrs. Mills take off her own dress and put on the one I had brought for her; I then took her by the hand and led her out of my lord's chamber; and in passing through the next room, in which there were several people, with all the concern imaginable, I said. "My dear Mrs. Catharine, go in all haste and send in my waiting maid. She certainly cannot reflect how late it is. She forgets I am to present a petition to-night; and if I let slip this opportunity I am undone, for to-morrow will be too
late. Hasten her as much as possible, for I shall be on thorns till she comes." Everybody in the room seemed to compassionate me exceedingly, and the sentinels very officiously opened the door to me. When I had seen her out I hastened back to my lord and finished dressing him. I had taken care that Mrs. Mills did not go out crying as she came in, that my lord might the better pass for the lady who came in crying and afflicted. When I had almost finished dressing my lord in all my petticoats save one, I perceived it was growing dark, and was afraid that the light of the candle might betray us; so I resolved to set off. I went out leading him by the hand, and he had his handkerchief to his eyes; I spoke to her in the most piteous tone of voice, bewailing bitterly the negligence of Evans, who had ruined me by her delay. Then said I, "My dear Mrs. Betty, for the love of God, run quickly and bring her with you; you know my lodgings, and if ever you made despatch in your life do it at present; I am almost distracted with this disappointment." The guards opened the door, and I went down stairs with her, still conjuring her to make all possible despatch. As soon as he had cleared the doors I made him walk before me, for fear the sentinels should take notice of his walk. At the bottom of the stairs I met my dear Evans, into
THE COUNTESS OF NITHSDALE.

whose hands I confided him; and, in company with Mrs. Mills, conducted him to it. In the meantime, as I had pretended to have sent the young lady on a message, I was obliged to return upstairs, and go back to my lord's room in the same feigned anxiety of being too late; so that everybody seemed sincerely to sympathise with my distress. When I was in the room I talked to him as if he had been really present, and answered my own questions in my lord's voice as nearly as I could imitate, till I thought they had had time to clear themselves of the guards, when I thought proper to make my way off also."

Thus cleverly did Winifred Countess of Nithsdale contrive to cheat the block of its intended victim. Lord Nithsdale made his escape abroad, disguised in the livery of a retainer of the Venetian Ambassador; the breeze, which filled the sails of his vessel, proving so favourable that the Captain innocently observed, "it could not have been more so were his passengers flying for their lives." Lord Nithsdale lived for thirty years longer; he died at Rome on the eve of the "Forty-five," in which eventful year the Young Chevalier raised anew the Stuart standard in the wilds of Glenfinnan, and Scotland was once more in the throes of a Rebellion. It is
almost needless to add that his title passed under attainder.

William Lord Maxwell, only son of William, fifth Earl of Nithsdale, who, but for his father's forfeiture, would have been the sixth Earl of that name, and have inherited the barony of Herries of Terreagles, married the Lady Catherine Stuart, daughter of Charles, fourth Earl of Traquair, and by her had two daughters, Mary, who died young, and Winifred, married to William Constable, of Everingham, in Yorkshire, who took the additional name of Maxwell.

An act of Parliament was passed in 1848, by which Mr. Constable Maxwell, of Everingham, and all the other descendants of William Earl of Nithsdale, were restored in blood. Mr. Constable Maxwell thereupon presented a petition to Her Majesty, praying to be declared and adjudged entitled to the honours and dignity of Lord Herries of Terreagles. This petition was referred to the House of Lords, which on the report of the committee for privileges, on June 23, 1858, declared Mr. Constable Maxwell entitled to the barony of Herries of Terreagles, as the lineal heir of Agnes, Lady Herries.

His Lordship died November 12, 1876, and was succeeded by his eldest son, the present peer, among whose honours not the least is the fact
that he is the representative of Winifred, Countess of Nithsdale.

And do our readers desire to know what became of the noble lady who had thus wrought her husband's deliverance at the risk of her own life? When the King, who but a few days before had passed her aside so rudely at St. James's, found that "the bird was flown from the Tower," and that all clue to his retreat was lost, he was angry and vexed, and so was his Minister, Sir Robert Walpole, who had all along urged him not to spare the lives of his prisoners. Accordingly, as it was impossible to execute a lady who had taken no actual part in arms in the rising, we learn from the Book of Caerlavrock that it was proposed to apprehend her, "but the Solicitor-General would have her to be leniently dealt with. It was therefore resolved not to make any particular search for her, and to arrest her only in the event of her openly appearing in England or Scotland," In fact, the English Court was glad to get rid of her presence on any terms; and that the ruling powers did not readily forgive her may be inferred from the fact that, although the widows of the other attainted lords obtained their jointures out of their respective estates, Lady Nithsdale's application for her jointure was curtly and unceremoniously refused. Her husband's
title having been forfeited under attainder, Lady Nithsdale of course refused to grace the Court of a monarch whom she regarded as a Pretender, and as in intention the executioner of her lord. Accordingly the Lord and Lady Nithsdale attached themselves to the Court of the Chevalier at St. Germains, and were with him when he married Clementina Sobieski.

Lady Nithsdale died at Rome in 1749, having survived her husband nearly five years, and leaving behind her a memory of noble womanhood which will not readily be forgotten by those who read the annals of Scotland, or visit the Tower of London.

There is at Everingham Park an original portrait of Lady Nithsdale, by Sir Godfrey Kneller, which represents her when in the prime of life. In the Book of Caerlavrock will be found a number of interesting letters from her pen.

As history is apt to repeat itself, perhaps it may be remembered that in 1815—just a century later—Madame Lavalette, by a similar ruse, effected the escape of her husband from a prison in Paris, where he lay under sentence of execution the next morning.
THE ROMANCE OF THE EARLDOM OF MAR.

Among the oldest and noblest of the great Scottish Houses, we must certainly count the Erskines, who have held, and still hold, no less than four Earldoms—those of Mar, Kellie, Buchan, and Rosslyn—and also an English barony, won more than half a century ago by the legal skill and eloquence of that "consummate advocate, who, having begun life in the navy, and then served for a time in the army, resolved at the mature age of thirty to study the law, and in the course of twenty years had "climbed to the top of the tree," holding the Great Seal of England in the short-lived Ministry of "All the Talents." The Earldom of Rosslyn, and the Barony of Loughborough must be scored down to the success of another member of the Erskine
family, the late Lord Loughborough, who held the woolsack in the last half-century. I say nothing of inferior distinctions, such as a stray baronetcy or two gained by members of the Erskine family; for they really are as nothing in comparison with the honours which they bore when Scotland was still an independent kingdom.

The dignity of Earl is of later date, and is supposed to have taken the place of that of "Maormor," which was inferior only to that of King. From "Burke" we learn that in the ninth century, in an encounter between a Scandinavian chief, Sigurd, and the famous Melbrigdor "Maormor" of Mar, the latter was slain by Sigurd, who suspended to his saddle-bow his foe's head, forgetting that a remarkable tooth formed a prominent feature therein. The bumping of the tooth made a wound in Sigurd's thigh, which mortified and caused his death, thus, in an unlooked for manner, avenging the defeat of this illustrious head of the House of Mar.

Like many other Scottish honours, these three Earldoms above mentioned have given rise at times to serious complications; and the decision of a recent peerage case by the House of Lords, while it places two of these Earl's coronets on the brows of a single holder, has but
served to draw attention to the greatness and importance of the Erskines in bygone times, and to illustrate a saying of the Scotch judge, Lord Hailes, which has so often been quoted that it has almost passed into a proverb and a truism, to the effect that "the origin of the Earldom of Mar is lost in the mists of antiquity."

The Erskines of Erskine, as they were styled from a remote period, are of almost fabulous antiquity "North of the Tweed," one Henry de Erskine being recorded as proprietor of the Barony of Erskine as early as the reign of Alexander II. It is a matter of little moment whether they gave their name to the Barony, or took it from the lands which they owned; in either case their antiquity is as unquestioned as that of the early Athenians, who took a grasshopper as their crest, as "true children of the soil."

The first of the race of whom mention is made in detail in modern peerages, and who is allowed to pass current with the heralds of our day, is a Sir Thomas Erskine, who married, about the end of the fourteenth century, Janet, daughter of Sir R. Keith and his wife, Lady Janet, the heiress of Mar, through her mother Lady Christian Monteith, daughter of Lady Helen, daughter of Gratney, eleventh Earl of Mar, and of the
Lady Christian, sister of King Robert the Bruce. This Sir Thomas Erskine put in a claim in right of his wife—though unsuccessfully—to the ancient territorial Earldom of Mar, as we shall see presently. But first it will be necessary to say something about the venerable coronet which he claimed, and how he came to aspire to its possession.

The Earldom of Mar, as it has hitherto stood recorded in the pages of "Lodge" and "Burke," bears date from 1404, and this ancient peerage ranks on the Union Roll third among the Earls, giving place only to the Earldoms of Crawford and of Erroll. But there can be no doubt that, although through the stormy and troubled times of the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries, its descent is less easily traced, yet as a territorial Earldom, it is really older than the Norman Conquest, even if we cannot go quite so far as to hold with Lord Hailes, that "it existed before our (i.e. Scottish) records, and before the era of genuine history," so that its origin is "lost in antiquity." Modern writers, however, following in the track of the early Scottish annalists, assert it as an accepted and undoubted fact that one "Martacus, Earl of Mar, witnessed a charter

* Though unsuccessful, he still, however, assumed the dignity.
of donation by Malcolm Canmore to the Culdees of Loch Leven in 1065."

We all know that the river Niger in Africa, and the Mole in Surrey, flow for long distances underground, reappearing in due course, after their little subterranean détour, and just so it is with the history of the Earldom of which we treat. The Earldom appears in the person of Gratney, styled only eleventh Earl, but who, for all that we know, may have been the twenty-first in legitimate or illegitimate descent from the chief, pirate, or sea-king in whose favour the Earldom was first created. Be this as it may; however, it is as certain as Scottish annals can make it that he succeeded to his father's honours in 1294, and died a little before 1300, having married the Lady Christian Bruce, sister of King Robert I., as we have said above. From him the descent of the title can be traced pretty clearly. His son, Donald, the twelfth Earl, appointed Regent of Scotland in 1332, was placed in command of the Scottish army, but, being ignorant of the Art of War, he lost his life, being defeated by an inferior force under Edward Balliol, and "smothered in the rout." The son whom he left, Thomas, usually styled the thirteenth Earl, was the last male scion of the race which sprang from Gratney, the eleventh
Earl. He was Great Chamberlain of Scotland, and held other high appointments in that kingdom; and once, if not more often, was sent as ambassador to the English sovereign at Westminster, where he was lodged with all due honour in the royal precincts of Scotland Yard, near Charing Cross, on the spot which now forms the head-quarters of the Metropolitan Police Force.

At the death, without issue, of this Earl, according to the custom of the times, when titles were realities and implied a feudal territorial sovereignty, the coronet of Mar passed to his sister Margaret, who thus became Countess of Mar in her own right. She married first, William, Earl of Douglas, by whom she had a son, James, who was killed on the field of Otterburn, in the life-time of his mother, and hence never enjoyed the Earldom, and a daughter, Isabel. Margaret married, secondly, Sir J. de Swynton, by whom she left no issue. On the Countess Margaret's death, her daughter, Isabel, became Countess of Mar in her own right. The charters and records in which Isabel appears as holding the "Earldom of Mar and Lordship of Garioch" are very numerous, and the history of this lady, would of itself form a romance. By the death of her husband, Malcolm Drummond, she was
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left, while still young and no doubt pretty, a forlorn and unprotected widow. She sat alone, without a child, or a sister, or a brother to cheer her, in her castle of Kildrummie, and was, of course, a first-rate prize for any gay and gallant gentleman who cared to play the part of "Young Lochinvar," with a slight dash of violence added, in order to make the matter piquant and picturesque.

Courtship in those ages was occasionally of a rather rude kind, and love and feats of arms were mixed up in a way which we read of nowadays only in the pages of Irish country newspapers. The story runs that Alexander, a natural son of the Earl of Buchan, and grandson of Robert II., made his appearance at this time at the head of a formidable band of robbers in the Highlands, and that he stormed and took the castle of the young Countess of Mar, after possibly only a faint and feeble show of resistance. The pretty widow was, no doubt, easily reconciled to her captor, for we read that Alexander soon "obtained her Ladyship in marriage either by force or persuasion." For my own part, I hope that I shall be considered a cynic, when I profess my belief that it was by a little of both means, and that "persuasion" was not the larger of the two.

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Like one of the Sabine maidens of whom we read in the early Roman legend, or like the fair dames Io and Europa of Herodotus,* she does not seem to have been quite unwilling to be carried off. At all events, if she were "a wee bit" angry at first, she soon came round. Nor was this all. She so far forgave the misdeed that she made over, by a free grant and deed, all her honours and inheritances to her husband by a charter—12th August, 1404—which, however, was unconfirmed and speedily cancelled, for on the following 9th December (as Lord Crawford and Balcarres writes), "he went on his knees before the Bishop and other witnesses, gave up the castle, the keys, the charters, and the jewels, whereon the Countess executed a new settlement, by charter, the same day, on the longest liver of them, but, failing such, on her own heirs." His Lordship adds, "This settlement was duly confirmed by Robert III., and the said charter and confirmation have stood ever since, except during an interval of injustice, for one hundred and thirty years, as the fundamen-

* See Book I., chapters ii. iii. The Father of History, after detailing the circumstances of the seizure of these two ladies, adds his own opinion with a quaint touch of humour, remarking "it is clear to me that if they had not themselves been willing, they would never have been carried off."
tal investiture of the House of Mar, as represented by the heirs-general of Isabel."

This Alexander Stewart appears to have been a man of consequence in his day. He was sent more than once as ambassador to England (when he kept high state in Scotland Yard) distinguished himself in France under the standard of the Duke of Burgundy—at whose instance he went to Liége to quell a revolt of the people against their Bishop—and was afterwards appointed Lord Warden of the Marches. He also commanded the royal army at the battle of Harlaw against the "Lord of the Isles."

On the death of the Countess Isabel, Alexander, who was merely life-renter, resigned the Earldom to James I. through a bargain by which the King, in 1426, regranted it to him and his heirs, whom failing, to revert to the crown. Alexander died in 1435, whereon (again quoting from Lord Crawford and Balcarres) "the rights of Sir Robert Erskine, son of Sir Thomas, Isabel's heir and representative, emerged, under the confirmed charter of 9th December, 1404; he was "returned heir," in 1438, to the whole Earldom, and in accordance with law and custom became Earl of Mar. But neither Robert, Earl of Mar, nor his descendants were ever allowed to enjoy their inheritance, for James I. seized
the Earldom under a pretence (declared by the Supreme Court in 1626, to have been one naked possession without right), and in 1457, after Earl Robert's death, James II., being then of age, the retours of 1438 were restored, might prevailed, and the heirs of Mar, after repeated protests, stood excluded, and the Kings of Scotland granted the Earldom to members of their own family and others.

"At length, after a lapse of one hundred and thirty years, Queen Mary, ever desirous of redressing injustice, restored, per modum justitiae, by charter, 23rd June, 1565, to John, Lord Erskine, the direct descendant of Earl Robert, (and his heirs general) the Comitatus of Mar, or dignified fief, which, at that time, and till the close of the century carried the honours." Queen Mary's charter was confirmed by Act of Parliament, 1587, declaring the said restored Earl's son, then living, to be heir to the Earl Robert of 1438, and regarded "as if immediate heir to the Countess Isabel" in her own right (of 1404). This son, who was made Treasurer of Scotland, brought an action, in 1626, against Lord Elphinstone, and "the final Court passed their decree, declaring the resignation to the Crown in 1426, and the reduction in 1457 to be null and void, while they declared the settlement of December
9, 1404, and its confirmation valid, and Robert to have been lawfully Earl of Mar in virtue of his heirship to the Countess Isabel—not the slightest trace appears of a new creation in 1565, or opening for its existence."

In spite of this decision of the Supreme Court in 1626, which being before the "Union," is (as Lord Brougham maintained) "binding on the House of Lords," the Committee of Privileges in 1875 (consisting alone of Lords Chelmsford, Redesdale, and Cairns) expressed their opinion that an entirely new Earldom, called Mar, was "created in 1565," and restricted to the heirs male of the Erskines, who, as we have seen, became connected with Mar, solely by the marriage of Sir T. Erskine with the heiress of Mar.

The effect of the finding of the Committee of Privileges (which, however, is technically not a judgment), if it should be permanently maintained, would be to alter the Union Roll (which the Treaty of Union forbids) by the secession of the ancient and only Earldom of Mar thereon, and to replace it by the newly alleged "creation in 1565," and thus to throw the title of Mar six places lower down upon the list of Scottish Earls, below those of Rothes, Morton, Buchan, Eglinton, Caithness, and Moray, who are all entitled to rank above any title 1565.
But even yet we have not done with the troubles which have attended the Earldom of Mar. The title descended from the Earl restored by Queen Mary in regular succession down to the Earl who attached himself to the cause of James Stuart, the "elder Pretender," and took an active and zealous part in the Scottish rising of 1715. In this rising the Earl was lucky enough not to be caught, or he would most surely have lost his head on Tower Hill. He escaped to the Continent, and took up his abode with the exiled Stuarts, along with the Drummonds and other adherents of the lost cause, and died, I believe, at St. Germains in 1732.

The Earldom of Mar, very naturally, suffered attainder from the House of Hanover in consequence of the part which its holder had played, and this attainder lasted for more than a century. It was reversed by Act of Parliament in 1824, at the instance of George IV., after his return from his first and only visit to Edinburgh, and in favour of John Francis Erskine "grandson and lineal representative," as the Act states, through his mother, Lady Frances, only surviving child of the attainted Peer—thus clearly maintaining female succession; but the new Earl of Mar did not live long to enjoy his restored honours, dying in the following year. The Earldom then passed
to his eldest son, John Thomas, who died in 1828, and then to his son, John Francis Miller, who died without issue in 1866.

During the lifetime of this Earl, it was always assumed that the Earldom, as it had more than once passed through females, would devolve on his sister, Lady Frances Goodeve, had she been living, and to her children at her decease; and accordingly the name of his nephew, Mr. John Francis Erskine-Goodeve, stood recorded in the Peerages as undisputably his heir presumptive. On his uncle's death he assumed the Earldom in due course, and his vote as Earl of Mar was habitually received without protest or hesitation by the officers of the Crown in Scotland at the election of representative peers at Holyrood.

However, some time after the new Earl had been in possession of his uncle's ancient title, a new claimant appeared in the person of his kinsman, Lord Kellie, the heir male, who urged that the Earldom was not descendible to females—though it had been so regarded for centuries by all authorities, and it had, in 1824, come through a female, Lady Frances Erskine, to his own direct ancestor—and he lodged a formal petition with the House of Lords to the effect that he might be declared Earl of Mar by an imaginary
new creation in 1865, with a line of succession limited to heirs male. By a strange miscarriage of justice, and in defiance of all the established usages, as it seems to me, an unprofessional outsider, the House of Peers were led by the three lords who formed the Committee to whom Lord Kellie's claim was referred, as already mentioned, to report that he had made out his claim to be Earl of Mar, "created (by Queen Mary) in 1565."

Not a shadow of a proof was adduced to show that Queen Mary had ever created a new Earldom. Lord Chelmsford stated (see his printed Judgment) in support of it: "There is no writing or evidence of any kind. Lord Mansfield said in a full House of Pers, July 9, 1877, "there is no scrap or tittle of evidence, or document of any kind to prove that there ever was that creation in 1565; nobody has ever heard of it; the Committee of Privileges made an unfortunate report. They came to what I consider a most erroneous conclusion, suggested by no facts whatever," adding, "the noble Lords must have taken immense pains with the case, because it would be a difficult thing to give a judgment when all the facts are against you."

Moreover, the Law Officers representing the Queen, at the termination of the case, reported to the Committee that "the Mar title is descendible
in any case, through females to heirs general, and that Lord Kellie, the heir male, had failed to establish his claim."

The House of Lords have since, by their Select Committee in 1877, declared that the ancient Earldom is by no means extinct, and that the finding of a new Mar title in 1875 by an alleged new creation of 1565, has in no way touched the ancient Earldom, nor interfered with the right of John Francis Erskine, who naturally continues to hold the time-honoured dignity he inherited as a matter of course, and who is generally received as the Earl of Mar in society.

His cause is also espoused by many members of the Upper House, for example by Lords Huntly, Ailsa, Galloway, Mansfield, Caithness, Stair, Blantyre, Morton, Napier and Ettrick, Arbuthnot, Strathallan, and above all, by Lord Crawford, who probably knows far more about the law of Scottish inheritances, whether territorial or titu-
lar, and from his wider range of knowledge can take a more enlightened view of the "case" submitted to their Lordships than two or three English Peers who have ignored Scottish history, Royal Charters, Acts of Parliament, and the decisions of the Supreme Court of Scotland, which being before the "Union," remain unalterable, and thus have, unfortunately for themselves, lent
their names to and sanctioned what has been widely condemned by many Peers, the Public, and the Press, as a gross act of injustice, but which certainly cannot remain long unredressed, for *Magna est veritas et praevalebit.*
MARGARET, DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.

Among the female worthies of the seventeenth century, most persons who have had the good fortune to read the autobiography of Margaret, Marchioness (afterwards Duchess) of Newcastle, will feel disposed to accord to that lady a very distinguished place. In an age of great public and private laxity, she kept the even tenor of her way in the most exalted position, excellent alike in her capacity as daughter, sister, wife, and mother; while in her writings, both in prose and poetry, she has shown the world that, without talents of the very highest order, she could adorn her high station with the graces of a cultivated taste and educated mind, and even in a gloomy period of sorrow, privation, and danger, she could influence those around her, no less by her example than by precept, in favour of all
that was noble and generous in itself, and sustain the spirits and hopes of her lord when exile and ruin stared him in the face.

The records of her life are scanty enough. They consist of two small volumes, printed by the late Sir Egerton Brydges at his private press at Lee Priory, Kent; the one consisting of thirty-six and the other of only twenty pages; and of one work no more than twenty-five copies were printed; both of them are exceedingly rare, and we presume that we might seek in vain for the original MSS. either in the library of the Cavendishes at Chatsworth, or in that of the Duke of Newcastle at Clumber. The one volume is entitled "A True Relation of the Birth, Breeding, and Life of Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle, Written by herself," and the other, "Selected Poems, by Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle." Sir E. Brydges tells us in his "advertisement" to the former, that it is taken "from the Duchess's folio volume entitled, 'Nature's Pictures drawn by Fancy's Pencil,' which volume," he adds, "is accompanied by the celebrated, very rare, and exquisite print of the Duke and his family, by Diepenbeck." This work, which was published in 1656, and "was printed by J. Martin and J. Allestrye at the Bell, in St. Paul's Churchyard," professes to contain "several feigned
Stories of Natural descriptions, as Comical, Tragical, and Tragi-Comical, Poetical, Romantical, Philosophical, and Historical, both in Prose and Verse, some all Verse, some all Prose, some mixt partly Prose, and partly Verse; also there are some Morals and some Dialogues; but," naïvely adds the title page, "they are as the Advantage Loaves of Bread to a Baker's Dozen; and a true story at the latter End, wherein there is no feigning."

The Duchess was the youngest of three sons and five daughters, children of Sir Charles Lucas—or, as she calls him, one "Master" Lucas—of St. John's, Colchester, Essex, and sister of the first Lord Lucas, and also of that celebrated loyalist, Sir Charles Lucas, whose memory is immortalised in the pages of Clarendon. She was born about the year 1620, and in 1645 became—as she was particularly anxious to have it recorded*—the second wife of William Cavendish, second Marquis, and first Duke, of Newcastle, of the creation of 1664.

Her husband, who is well known as the author

* "I writ it . . . lest after ages should mistake in not knowing I was daughter to one Master Lucas . . . and second wife to the Lord Marquis of Newcastle; for my Lord having had two wives, I might easily have been mistaken, especially if I should die and my Lord marry again." It is curious that this "mistake" was made afterwards, in spite of her Grace's minuteness on the point. See the "Lounger's Common-Place Book," Vol. III. p. 398.
of a large and valuable work on "Horses and Horsemanship," was elevated to the peerage in 1620 as Baron Ogle and Viscount Mansfield, and advanced to the dignity of Baron Cavendish and Earl of Newcastle in 1628. He was greatly celebrated as a Royalist general during the Commonwealth, and in his services for the restoration of the monarchy he sustained immense losses. For his devotion to the royal cause he was rewarded with the Marquisate of Newcastle in 1643, and subsequently promoted to the Dukedom, as above stated, a title which became extinct in 1680.

The Duchess tells us that she was an infant when her father died, soon after his return to England from exile, whither he had been sent by the displeasure of Queen Elizabeth and her favourite, Lord Cobham, on account of having "unfortunately killed one Mr. Brooks in a single duel;" that, as for her breeding, it was "according to her birth and the nature of her sex;" and it appears that the family were brought up, as she says, "virtuously, modestly, civilly, honourably, and in honest principles, not running riot, but living orderly." Like a true woman, she adds, "My mother did not only delight to see neat and cleanly, fine and gay, but rich and costly, maintaining us to the height of her estate, but not
beyond it.” And to do the mother justice, it must be added that she seems to have been a model of sensible matrons, “buying with ready money, and not on the score,” and, although she might have increased her daughters’ fortunes by thrift and sparing, yet choosing to bestow her money on her children, their “breeding,” their “honest pleasures,” and “harmless delights.”

Lady Lucas, adds her daughter, was particularly careful to bring up her children under the influence, not of fear, but of love; “she would not suffer her servants to be rude before us, or to domineer over us, which all vulgar servants are apt to do.” And, as a proof of the well-ordered nature of her household, she continues, “Neither would my mother suffer the vulgar serving men to be in the nursery among the nursem maids, lest their rude love-making might do unseemly actions, or speak unhandsome words, in the presence of her children.” “Although,” adds the Duchess, “we had tutors for all kinds of virtues,* as singing, dancing, playing of music, reading, writing, working, and the like, yet we were not kept strictly thereto; they were rather for formality than benefit; for my mother cared not so much for our dancing and fiddling, singing, and prating

* She means excellencies or accomplishments. See Aristotle's Ethics, passim.
of several languages, as that we should be bred virtuously."

Of her Grace's brothers, two, she says, were "excellent soldiers and martial discipliners, being practised therein;" the one, Sir Thomas Lucas, commanded a troop of horse in Holland; while the other, Sir Charles Lucas—the same of whom we have already made mention—having served under his brother, and gained experience abroad, showed great signs of future ability in his profession.* Her eldest brother, Lord Lucas, married a "virtuous and beautiful lady," one of the Neviles of the Abergavenny family, by whom he was the ancestor of the present holder of the Barony of Lucas, the mother of Earl Cowper, in whose superior honours the title must ultimately merge. Margaret Lucas's sisters married respectively Sir Peter Killegrew, Sir William Walter, and Sir Edmund Pye.

The Duchess gives next a few paragraphs, curious as exhibiting a rare picture of family affection and harmony, and also as showing the custom of the gentry of the higher class, even

* "As the Duchess says, he was the author of "A Treatise of the Artes of War," but "by reason it was in characters, and the key thereof lost, we cannot as yet understand anything therein, at least not so as to divulge it." See an account of Sir C. Lucas in Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion."
then, to pass the winter in London. She says: "Most of my sisters lived with my mother, especially when she was at her country house—living most commonly at London half the year, which is the metropolitan city of England; but when they were at London, they were dispersed into several houses of their own; yet for the most part they met every day, feasting each other like Job's children." As to their recreations, when in town for the season, the Duchess writes: "Their custom was in winter-time to go sometimes to plays, or to ride in their coaches about the streets to see the concourse and recourse of people; and in the spring-time to visit the Spring Garden, Hyde Park, and the like places; and sometimes they would have music and sup in barges upon the water. These harmless recreations they would pass their time away with; for, I observed, they did seldom make visits, nor never went abroad with strangers, but only themselves in a flock together, agreeing so well that there seemed but one mind amongst them; and not only my own brothers and sisters agreed so, but my brothers and sisters-in-law, and their children, although, but young, had the like agreeable natures and affectionable dispositions; for my best remembrance I do not know that they ever did fall out, or had any angry or unkind disputes."

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This happy family party, however, was sadly broken up and scattered by the breaking out of the Civil War between King Charles and his Parliament; an "unnatural war," as the Duchess styles it, which "came like a whirlwind, and and felled down our houses, where some in the wars was cruught to death, as my youngest brother Sir Charles Lucas, and my brother Sir Thomas Lucas; for though my brother Sir Thomas did not die immediately of his wounds, yet a wound he received on his head in Ireland shortened his life."

The Duchess was now rapidly rising into womanhood, and it appears from her autobiography, that she conceived a strong desire to become one of the Maids of Honour to the Queen, Henrietta Maria, who was then with the Court at Oxford. "Hearing the queen had not the same number that she was used to have, I wooed and won my mother to let me go." It appears that this step, though agreeable to her mother, did not suit the wishes of her sisters and brothers, who thought that her inexperience of the world and bashfulness of manner, would lead her to do herself less than fair justice. Nor were these fears entirely groundless; for she pleads guilty to having been so bashful as to be willing to be thought dull, and even a fool, rather than do anything which
might even seem to be forward, or after the fashion of the "fast" young ladies of the age. Once admitted, however, into the privileged circle of the Court, her mother very sensibly urged her to persevere in her duties there, rather than to return to "my sister Pye, with whom I often lived when she was in London."

It was fortunate for Margaret Lucas that she had a mother to listen to, and that she had the sense to follow that mother's advice. "My mother said it would be a great disgrace for me to return out of the Court so soon after I was placed; so I continued almost two years, until such time as I was married from thence." It appears that the Marquis of Newcastle, to use her own simple and touching words, "did approve of those bashful fears which many condemned, and would choose such a wife as he might bring to his own humours, and not such an one as was wedded to self-conceit, or one that had been tempered to the humours of another; for which he wooed me for his wife. And though I did dread marriage, and shunned men's companies as much as I could, yet I could not, nor had not the power to refuse him, by reason my affections were fixed on him, and he was the only person I ever was in love with."

Both her husband's and her mother's family

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were great sufferers in the Civil wars; and one of the saddest blows was inflicted on Margaret Lucas by the death of her excellent mother, consequent upon what she thought to be the ruin of her house and of the throne as well. "My mother," she says, most touchingly, "lived to see the ruin of her children, and then died; my brother, Sir Thomas Lucas, soon after; my brother, Sir Charles Lucas, after him, being shot to death* for his loyal service. . . . My eldest sister died somewhat before my mother, her death being, as I believe, hastened thro' grief for her only daughter, on which she doted."

The next scene in Margaret Lucas's life is exile. She had been married but a year or two, when her "Lord" was forced to exchange the palace and broad acres of the Cavendishes for a residence in sorry lodgings in Paris, at Rotterdam, and finally at Antwerp, where it appears that he and his faithful partner and friend were glad to accept the offers of the tradesmen to give them credit, where they could not pay ready money for the necessaries of life. Here, too, her woman's

* He fell side by side with Sir George Lisle, at Colchester, in the cause of King Charles I. They were shot in the open space behind Colchester Castle, just under the north wall; and to this day it is a local tradition that the grass will not grow on the spot where their blood fell to the ground.
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wit did not desert her: she came over to England, and hearing that the Marquis’s estate was about to be sold, subject to an allowance to the wife of the owner, she busied herself to get a grant out of some portion of his large property, which she estimates in her “Life of the Duke of Newcastle,” at £20,000 a-year, or about £150,000 of our present money: with this end in view, she tells us, went repeatedly to Drury House and Goldsmiths’ Hall, but in vain; the Parliament men had stern and inflexible hearts, and “she made the more haste to return to her Lord, with whom,” she adds, “I had rather be as a poor beggar than to be mistress of the world absented from him. But patience hath armed us,” she quaintly concludes, “and finds us Fortune-proof.”

In early life, it appears, she had written for her private amusement, inter alia, a little book called “The World’s Olio,” and during the year and a half she spent in London in the fruitless effort to recover a portion of her husband’s or her mother’s property, she tells us that she penned a “Book of Poems,” and a little book called “My Philosophical Fancies;” from the latter of which we will give some extracts presently. This, indeed, must have been a very natural solace to her in her months and years of
trouble and distress, and her pen must have been to her *laborum dulce lenimen*; for, as she tells us, she was "from childhood given to contemplation, more addicted to solitariness than to society, to melancholy rather than mirth."

To judge from the autobiographic memoir from which we have already quoted so largely, it is clear that the Duchess was of a tender and sensitive disposition, and possessed a timorous and over-scrupulous conscience. Bent on all that was of good report, honest, pure, and sincere, and as clear as the daylight itself, she is perpetually showing an amount of self-suspicion and distrust which, to say the least, is but little in keeping with her bold and resolute conduct, when brought face to face with danger and distress. But there are riddles in the female heart which it is not given, perhaps, to any man to solve, and the character of Margaret Lucas, in this respect at least, is one such enigma.

"It is clear," says Sir Egerton Brydges, "from her prefaces, that the major part of her works was composed during a period of sorrow. If her Grace's pen was rather too frequently indulged, it is a strange want of candour, and I may add, a want of feeling, too, that would strive to raise a laugh at amusements so innocent and virtuous, under the pressure of undeserved
and patriotic misfortune. The truth is that, considerable as is the alloy of absurd passages in many of her compositions, there are few of them in which there are not many proofs of an active, reflective, and original turn of mind. Though her manners are stated by her to have been marked by the extreme of reserve, still her imagination was quick, copious, and sometimes even beautiful; yet her taste appears to have been uncultivated at the best, and perhaps originally defective. Nothing that I have yet read of hers is touched by pathos, which, indeed, does not seem to have been an ingredient of her mind. On the contrary, we are too frequently shocked by expressions and images of extraordinary coarseness, all the more extraordinary as flowing from a female of high rank, and brought up in the atmosphere of courts.”

It may be interesting to our readers to know that upon the Restoration, peace and affluence once more shone upon this noble and worthy pair, whose sufferings were crowned at length by their restoration also to the enjoyment of the long-lost domains of the Duke's vast hereditary property. The old Abbey of Welbeck once more opened its gates to its former lord and master; and the castles of the North again welcomed their chieftain, whose maternal ancestors, of the baronial
house of Ogle, had ruled over them for centuries in Northumberland, with feudal sway that more than rivalled the Percies in splendour. But advancing years had now made the Duke desirous rather of repose than of a life spent in courts and pageants, to say nothing of extravagance and dissipation; and his Duchess, the loving and faithful companion of his fallen fortunes, though far younger in years, had gained experience from her trials, and was but little disposed in consequence to quit the quiet luxury of rural grandeur and the leafy bowers of Nottinghamshire, so soothing to her melancholy and contemplative disposition, for the tinsel splendour of the Court at Whitehall, or "our palace of St. James'." To such a pair we may easily imagine that the noisy and intoxicated revelry of a profligate Court would have been far more painful and distasteful than all the wants of their late calm and retired, though chilling, poverty. They therefore refused to be present at Charles's levees and to become inmates of his palace, choosing rather to devote themselves to the sober pleasures of a country life, not wholly divorced from literature and the arts. This solitary state and isolated magnificence, so congenial to the tastes of the duchess and her "Lord," seems to have afforded an infinite supply of contemptuous jests to the talented and accom-
plished mob of dissolute wits, who crowded round Charles II., and worshipped the rising, or rather risen, sun of royalty. These silly insects, buzzing in the artificial sunshine of the royal presence, probably thought that persons like the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle—who, in virtue of their high rank and enormous wealth, had the power to mix, if they pleased, in the busy scenes of courts and cabinets, and yet could prefer the charms of nature and the joys of a country life—were fit only to become the butts of their ridicule. And it is more than probable that the memory of these witticisms at their expense may not wholly have faded away before the earlier years of Horace Walpole,* who caught up the mantle of these

* Horace Walpole, in his "Royal and Noble Authors," sneeringly remarks, that "her Grace's literary labours have drawn down less applause than her domestic virtues; nor can it be denied that she wrote too much to be expected to write well, had her taste or judgment been greatly superior to what we find them. That she displayed poetical talent, however, when it was not clouded by obscure conceits, or warped by a witless effort to engraft the massy trunk of philosophy on the slender wilding of poesy, will be seen from her poem entitled 'The Pastime and Recreation of the Queen of Fairies, in Fairy Land, the Centre of the Earth.'" In a foot note on the extract from the above poem it is affirmed that "there must have been some affectation about her Grace's person as well as writings; for Granger describes a portrait of her at Welbeck, attired in a theatrical habit, which she usually wore."
oracles of wisdom, and condescended to speak in
tones of sneering pity of the character and amuse-
ments of Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle.

But assuredly, we may be pardoned for asking,
—pace Horatii Walpole,—whether any phase of
life can show more virtuous and amiable qualities
than a voluntary resort to such innocent rural
enjoyments, combined with the consolations and
pleasures of literature, on the part of persons who
have had more than their fair share of tossing on
the billows of the ocean of life? To us it would
rather seem that, after the enjoyment of all the
privileges of high rank and a princely fortune,
the spirit which refuses to be broken, or irretriev-
ably bent, by the stern gripe of poverty, by
expulsion from home, kindred, and friends, and
by the frowns and scorn of the world, is a truly
noble spirit, whether it be in the breast of a man
or of a woman. And she who, under the blight
and the gloom of such reverses, could create a
kingdom of her own within her mind, shows an
intellectual energy to which few women indeed
can lay claim, and which all the Horace Walpoles
in the world ought not to be allowed to defraud
of the praise that is her due.

Still we must not be led so far by our admira-
tion for the Duchess's personal character as not to
subject her writings to just but candid criticism.
Margaret Cavendish had talents, as well as virtues, which raised her above the multitude, even higher in proportion than her rank. Her mental powers, by the aid of a little more arrangement, more scholar-like polish, and even a moderate exercise of maturer judgment, might easily have given birth to writings on which posterity would have set the highest store. She fell short of this point of merit. She wanted the primary qualities of real genius. She was neither sublime nor pathetic. She was true to nature, and to her own genuine, artless feelings; but higher she could not rise. She had none of that power of seizing on the combination of circumstances, of touching by a few single strokes those chords which, through the force of association in our ideas, call up at once whole pictures into being before the eyes of our minds. She wanted true taste; she knew not what to obtrude on her readers, and what to leave out. She pours out all her feelings, genuine and excellent in their way, with an undistinguishing hand, and mixes up the serious, the colloquial, and sometimes even the vulgar, after a manner which cannot be defended by her warmest admirers.

And yet, though we must own that the Duchess was deficient in a cultivated judgment, that her knowledge was more multifarious than exact, and
that her powers of fancy and sentiment were more vigorous than her powers of reasoning, we cannot but admire that ardent ambition which, in her Grace, as in most other persons, is rarely found except in combination with marked superiority of intellect. "I fear," writes the Duchess, "that my ambition inclines to vain-glory, for I am very ambitious; yet it is neither for beauty, wit, titles, wealth, or power, but as they are steps to raise me to the summit of Fancy's Tower, which is to live by remembrance in after ages." In spite of her strong ambition on this head, it is to be feared that her Grace's fond desire has not hitherto been gratified. Her virtues, personal and literary merits, are known but to few—for quarto volumes, we fear, are not read by the many;—but pleased indeed shall we be if, in our humble way, we have contributed, though in ever so slight a degree, to give effect to the "ambition" of Margaret Cavendish, and assisted her to make her name "live by remembrance in after ages."

Her "Nature's Pictures drawn by Fancy's pencil" are a collection of what she calls her "feigned stories" in verse and prose, designed to "present virtue, the Muses leading her, and the Graces attending her, likewise to defend Innocency, and to help the distressed and lament the unfortunate, and to show that Vice is seldom
crowned with good fortune." As she says, half-apologetically, in her address to the reader, "these pieces are not all limbed alike, for some are done with oil colours of Poetry, others in watery colours of Prose, some upon the dark grounds of Tragedy, and some upon light grounds of Comedy." The verse consists of a series of tales told by men and women sitting round a winter fire; and we fear that, although many of them are good and excellent, a few of them savour more of the style of Boccaccio than we should have expected from a lady whom the Cambridge dons compared to Diana on the score of chastity. However, we suppose that some allowance must be made for the manners of the age. Some of the songs interspersed with these stories are very good in their way; and to judge from MS. marginal notes, in the Duchess's own handwriting, she was largely helped in their composition by "my Lord." Her prose compositions occupy ten books, of which the last is styled "The She Anchoret," which represents the conversations of all kinds of persons with a sort of fairy, the only child of a pious and excellent widower, and made the medium of teaching her hearers lessons of wisdom on all kinds of physical and moral subjects.

So rare is the work entitled "Nature's Pictures,"
that it is scarcely ever met with, even in an imperfect condition; indeed, the copy in the British Museum (fol. 1656) wants the rare print of the Duke and his family alluded to above, and is likewise deficient in the four last leaves. The only known perfect copy was in the Granville Library.


**The Tobacconist.**

There were two maides talking of husbands, for that for the most part is the theame of their discourse, and the subject of their thoughts.

Said the one to the other, "I would not marry a man that takes tobacco, for anything."

Said the second, "Then it is likely you will have a fool for your husband, for tobacco is able to make a fool a wise man; for though it doth not always work to wise effects, by reason some fools
are beyond all improvement, yet it never failes where any improvement is to be made."

"Why," said the first, "how doth it worke such wise effects?"

Said the second, "It composes the mind, it busies the thoughts, it attracts all outward objects to the mindes view, it settles and retents the senses, it cheeres the understanding, strengthens the judgment, spyes out Errors; it evaporates follyes, it heates Ambition, it comforts sorrow, it abates passions, it excites to noble actions; it digestes conceptions, it inlarges knowledge, it elevates imaginations, it creates phancies, it quickens wit, and it makes reason Pleader, and truth Judge in all disputes or Controversies betwixt Right and Wrong."

Said the first, "It makes the breath stink."

Said the second, "You mistake; it will make a stinking breath sweet."

"It is a beastly smell," said the first.

Said the second, "Civet is a beastly smell, and that you will thrust your nose to, although it be an excrement, and, for anything we know, so is Ambergreece, when tobacco is a sweet and pleasant, wholesom and medicinable herb."

The list of the Duchess's works in the Catalogue of the British Museum includes, besides the books

Her Grace's praises are to be found in a folio volume, entitled "Letters and Poems in Honour of the Incomparable Princess, Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle, printed in the Savoy in 1676." These letters, some in English, some in French, and some in Latin, bear the signatures of a variety of learned bodies and personages, including the Vice-Chancellor and Senate of the University of Cambridge, the Master and Fellows of St. John's College, Cambridge, the Master (Bishop Pearson) and Fellows of Trinity College, Mr. Kenelm Digby, Dr. T. Barlow, of Queen's College, Oxford, Thomas Hobbes, Dr. John Fell, the Bishop of Rochester (Dr. John Dolbin), the Lord Berkeley, and Lord Bullingbrooke (sic). They are all couched in a strain of the most fulsome flattery. One of those from Trinity College, Cambridge, concludes by calling the Duchess "Margaret the First, Princess of Philosophers,
who hath dispelled Errors, appeased differences of opinion, and restored Peace to Learning’s Commonwealth.” And another, from the University of Cambridge, sums up her merits in a single Virgilian line:

“O soror, o doctum quae sola es Fœmina nomen;”

and somewhat sportively suggests that she is, after all, but a Marchioness in breeches, for so we should be profane enough to translate these words, “An virili veste induta Marchionissa annos for-tasse aliquot, idque Athenis, inter Philosophos delituisti?” And when they came to try their hands at verse, half the dons of Cambridge seem to have gone into ecstatic raptures about her joint wit and beauty. One fellow of King’s College profanely declares that she is fit to compare only with the Blessed Virgin Mary; while another, in a more truly classic style, compares her and her books to Niobe and her children:

“Natorum numero Niobe non provocet illam,
Nec specie, Niobes qua Dea stravit opes;
Bis septem e gravido, ceu Jupiter, illa cerebro
Pignora dat, (decuit sic peperisse Deam);
Pignora ceu speculo totum referentia mundum,
Non nisi cum mundo pignora digna mori.”

It only remains to add that the Duchess died in London on one of the last days of the year
1673, and was buried on the 7th of January following in Westminster Abbey, where the Duke raised a handsome monument to her memory. Though married at so early an age, her union with the Duke was issueless. Her children were her books. The Duke, her husband, followed her to the grave just three years later, having died on Christmas-day, 1676, and he too lies buried by her side in the Abbey of Westminster.
MOST of us, no doubt, remember the names of Lord Hardwicke and Lord Thurlow, as occupants of the Woolsack in the last century. Their fame has not passed away with them, but remains to our day; partly because their judgments are quoted with respect and reverence by the legal profession; and partly also, it must be owned, because their titles still survive in the persons of their descendants and representatives, and the roll of the House of Peers in 1880 would not be complete without a Lord Thurlow and a Lord Hardwicke.

But in the interval between those two learned lawyers there sat upon the Woolsack a man whose name is comparatively forgotten by the world, though he was scarcely inferior to either of them in ability, and had almost as marked an individu-
ality of character as Thurlow, of whom it used to be said that no man could be half as wise as he looked. I refer to Robert Henley, Earl of Northington.

Descended from the Henleys, of Henley, in Somersetshire, he had for his great-grandfather Sir Robert Henley, Master of the Court of Queen's Bench, who being successful in his career at the Bar, became late in life the owner of the magnificent estate of The Grange, near Alresford, Hampshire, originally built by Inigo Jones, and also of a fine town mansion, on the south side of Lincoln's Inn Fields, on the site now covered by the Royal College of Surgeons. His grandfather, and his father, Anthony Henley, were successively Members of Parliament; and the name of the latter frequently occurs in the memoirs of correspondence of the reign of Queen Anne as one of the most polite and accomplished men of his age. Leaving Oxford, and settling down in London, he was admitted to the society of all the first wits of the time, and became the friend and companion of the Earls of Dorset and Sunderland, as well as of Swift, Pope, Arbuthnot, and Burnet. He was equally acceptable as a politician at the Court of King William at Kensington, and also at Wills' and Tom's coffee-houses as a wit. He was the patron of Garth,
who dedicated to him his "Dispensary;" and he became a frequent contributor to the periodical literature of his day, including the "Medley" and the "Tatler." As a member of the Lower House he was a zealous asserter of the principles of liberty, and he became an object of hatred to the Tory party on account of having moved the address to Queen Anne in favour of Bishop Hoadley's promotion.

By his marriage with one of the family of Bertie, Earl of Lindsey and afterwards Duke of Ancaster, one of his immediate neighbours in Lincoln's Inn Fields, Mr. Henley obtained a fortune of £30,000; and his wife bore him two sons, the younger of whom is the object of this sketch. His elder brother died young, but not till he had secured for himself much notoriety by his dissipation and wit, his frolics and profusion, both in town and in country circles; and especially by a "most humorous but insolent reply to his constituents, who had desired him to oppose Sir Robert Walpole's famous scheme." He married a daughter of the noble House of Berkeley, but passed to his grave childless. The other son of Anthony the elder, and brother of Anthony the younger, was Robert Henley, who was born about the year 1708, and was educated at Westminster, where he was the schoolfellow of the great Lord
Mansfield, though somewhat his junior in age, and also of Bishop Newton. He was afterwards entered at St. John's College, Oxford, whence he was elected to a Fellowship at All Souls. Having left Oxford, he was called to the Bar, and became a Bencher of the Inner Temple. His family connections led him to choose the Western Circuit, and he became in due course Recorder of Bath, and its representative in Parliament. In the gay society which gathered in that city to "drink the waters," he met his future wife, a Miss Huband, who had been for a long time wheeled about in a chair, but was afterwards able to hang up her crutches and walk, thanks to the goddess of the waters or the little god of love. The newly-married couple, not being blessed with wealth, (for the elder Henley was still living and held the purse-strings rather tightly,) on coming to London, took up their abode in Great James Street, Bedford Row, which then commanded a view across the fields near the Foundling towards Hampstead and Highgate. In Parliament he was a frequent debater, and an active supporter of the politics of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and of the "Leicester House party." On the Prince's death in 1751, he adhered to the Princess, and so laid the foundation of his subsequent success in life: for he was made Solicitor and Attorney-General.
to the Heir Apparent—a post which he subsequently exchanged for the Attorney-Generalship of England, on the formation of the Ministry headed by Lord Bute and the elder Pitt, and shortly afterwards, for the Great Seal, thanks to the strong friendship of "the great commoner." In 1757, accordingly, he was sworn into office, not, however, exactly as Lord High Chancellor, but as "Lord Keeper of the Great Seal,"—in consequence of the personal dislike and opposition of the King.

His friendship with the Leicester House party so far rendered him distasteful to George II. that he was kept for three years without the Peerage which is usually attached to the Woolsack; and he probably would have remained a Commoner till the next reign, but for the accident of the trial of Lord Ferrers for murder, when it was thought that the first law officer of the Crown ought to preside. Accordingly in March, 1760, he was created a Peer by the name, style, and title of "Lord Henley, of The Grange, in the County of Southampton."

It is generally said that the newly made Peer did not show to advantage on this occasion. Such, at all events, was the opinion of the old Court gossip, Horace Walpole, who writes with his usual spleen and sneer. "The judge and the criminal
TALES OF OUR GREAT FAMILIES.

were far superior to those you have seen.* As for the Lord Steward,† he neither had any dignity, nor affected any. Nay, he held it all so cheap that he said at his own table the other day, "I will not send for Garrick to learn to act a part."

But whether this charge be true or not, he sentenced Lord Ferrers to be hung in a speech at once grave, simple, dignified, and appropriate. Curiously enough it was again his lot to preside as Lord High Steward in the House of Lords in 1765, when the "wicked" Lord Byron was tried by his Peers for having killed his neighbour, Mr. Chaworth, in a duel in Pall Mall.

The accession of George III., as might be expected, brought with it to Lord Henley the long-delayed reward, for he gave up the Great Seal as Lord Keeper only to receive it back as Lord High Chancellor, being at the same time raised to the higher dignity of Earl of Northington. Not long afterwards he was made Lord-Lieutenant of Hampshire, and resided mostly at his seat in that county, the Grange, from the time of his retirement from public life down to the end of his days, though he varied his existence by occasional visits to Bath.

* The allusion is to the Rebel Lords who were tried for the Scottish Rising in 1745.
† Walpole clearly meant the Lord Chancellor.
He continued to sit upon the Woolsack during the three successive Ministries of Lord Bute, George Grenville, and Lord Rockingham. On the accession of the Duke of Grafton and Mr. Pitt to place and power, he resigned the Great Seal, but continued for a year to hold a seat in the administration as President of the Council. This dignity, however, he resigned in 1767, on account of the constant attacks of his old enemy, the gout, which embittered the five last years of his life. He died in January, 1772.

I am sorry to say that, unless Horace Walpole and other writers of contemporary anecdote indulge in gross scandal and lies, Lord Northington, in spite of his great talents and high position, must have been a most inveterate toper. In fact, in his love of the bottle he could not have been surpassed either by Lord Thurlow or by any of those choice wits who used to gather in the upper room of the Devil Tavern in Fleet Street, and quaff the midnight bowl in honour of Bacchus, looking up to the lines of Ben Jonson inscribed over the mantelpiece in letters of gold.

"Truth itself doth flow in wine.

Wine it is the milk of Venus,
And the poet's horse accounted:
Ply it, and you all are mounted."
'Tis the true Phoebean liquor,  
Cheers the brains, makes wit the quicker,  
Pays all debts, cures all diseases,  
And at once three senses pleases.'

I will give one or two examples of Lord North-ington in his cups.

If we may believe Horace Walpole, the Lord Chancellor was drunk, or at all events had been drinking freely, one evening, when a smart gentleman, with a staff or civic office in his hand, arrived to tell him that he had been chosen Governor of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and began in a set speech to allude to his health and abilities. "By G—-!" cried out the Chancellor, "it's a lie; I have neither health nor abilities; my bad health has destroyed my abilities, if I ever had any."

Again, in 1766, while holding office as Lord President of the Council, he went to stay at Bath, where he entered extensively into fashionable society, though he voted it a "horrid bore," even if he did not use a coarser expression. Horace Walpole, at all events, writing to Lady Suffolk, says: "The Dowager Chancellor is here. . . . My Lord President goes to the balls; but I believe he had rather be at the ale-house." So well indeed was his Lordship's proclivity in this direction known, that on Lord Gower being appointed to
the Presidency of the Council, one of the wits of the day remarked, "Lord Granville had the post, and now Lord Northington has it: it is a drunken place by prescription."

It must be remembered, however, in forming an estimate of Lord Northington, that toping was the "order of the day" in his time, and that "as drunk as a lord." was a saying as true as it was terse. But those times have passed away, and now-a-days, perhaps, it would be more correct to say, "as drunk as a working man."

There is current in the profession an amusing anecdote respecting the acceptance of the Great Seal by Lord Northington. The Seal had been offered to Chief Justice Willes, but had been declined by him for reasons in part personal and in part political, for it was offered without a peerage. Immediately afterwards Henley called on him at his villa, where he found him walking in his garden, highly indignant at the meanness of the offer. After entering into his grievances in some detail, Willes concluded by asking whether any man of spirit under such circumstances could have accepted the Great Seal, adding, "Could you, Mr. Attorney-General, have done so?" Being thus appealed to point blank, Henley gravely told the Chief Justice that it was too late to discuss the question, as he had called
on him for the purpose of telling him that he had just accepted the Seal for himself, and that he had accepted it on the same terms which Willes had rejected with scorn.

Though the name of Lord Northington is almost forgotten upon the Woolsack, he was much respected in his official character by so good a judge and so high an authority as Lord Eldon, who calls him "a great lawyer," and expresses his admiration for his firmness in delivering his opinion. By an accident, unfortunate for his fame, the proceedings in the Court of Chancery, whilst he presided over it, were most inefficiently reported; so that his Lordship must be added to the long list of those who have been obliged to sleep in the shade of long night carent quia vate sacro. His grandson, Robert, Lord Henley, however, was able to repair this defect to some extent, by gleaning some of his decisions from sundry manuscript collections in the hands of legal friends, and publishing them in two volumes. These show that, whatever he may have been in private life and over the bottle, on the bench he showed judicial talents of the highest order. "He was gifted by nature," observes his grandson, "with an understanding at once vigorous and acute, and he brought with him to the bench a profound acquaintance with
both the science and practice of the law. He was remarkable for the great energy and decision of his mind, and for the happy capacity of relieving an intricate case from all minor and extraneous circumstances, whilst he grappled with and overcame its weightiest difficulties. His judgments also are conspicuous for their clear, simple, and manly style." It must be owned that his only judgment which is couched in terms intelligible to non-professional readers—his sentence on Lord Ferrers—fully bears out this praise.

He was succeeded by his only son, Robert, who became second Earl, and is known to the readers of history as the friend of Charles James Fox and the patron of Windham. He was made Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland by the Coalition Ministry of 1783, and also received the green riband of the Order of the Thistle. He died at Paris in 1786, in his fortieth year; but as he left no son, his title became extinct. He is spoken of by Horace Walpole as a "decent, good sort of man," and as being "at one time intended by the Ministry (1782) for a diplomatic employment abroad." The Barony of Henley, however, was revived—though only as an Irish peerage—in favour of his son-in-law, Sir Morton Eden, who had married his youngest daughter, Lady Elizabeth, the only one of Lord Northington's
children who had a family, though they all found husbands. His son, the present Lord Henley, therefore, is the last Lord Northington's maternal grandson, and representative of his name.
THE CUTLERS OF WENTWORTH.

Among those families who have experienced the "vicissitudes" of fortune in no ordinary degree, is that of the Cutlers, who formerly owned the broad acres now known as Wentworth, near Rotherham, in Yorkshire, the seat of Earl Fitzwilliam.

The Cutlers, formerly of Stainborough (now Wentworth House), in Yorkshire, owed to the law their rise from the position of plain untitled gentry to the baronetage. Sir Gervase Cutler, who owned that property in the reign of Charles I., was a member of the long robe, and made two fortunate marriages, his first wife having been the co-heiress of Sir John Bentley, of Rolleston, in Staffordshire, and his second one of the daughters of John, Earl of Bridgewater. "The latter alliance," observes a writer in the Patrician,
"was solemnised in 1633, a year before the 'Masque of Comus,' by one John Milton, was presented by the lady's brothers and sisters in the Castle of Ludlow;" and it is commemorated in some elegant verses by Abraham France, the poet. But the term of happiness—at all events, of peaceful repose—that followed the marriage of the knight and his second lady, was of brief duration. The Civil War broke out, and Sir Gervase arrayed himself under the royal banner. He raised a considerable force of foot soldiers and horsemen in the cause of Charles I., and, like a good Cavalier, he sent the family plate to Pontefract, to be coined into money for the royal exchequer. He died in 1645, leaving his young widow burdened with a large family and somewhat pinched for means. His eldest son, the second Sir Gervase, who succeeded to his father's name and lost fortunes, was not a youth of a disposition to save the family from ruin, or to retrieve the position which should have been his among the gentry of Yorkshire. On the contrary, in spite of his mother's good example, he seems to have been of extravagant and dissolute habits. He married, however, and had a family; but in the next generation his descendants—who, through their mother, the Lady Magdalene Egerton, were in direct line of descent from the
Tudors and Plantagenets—were sunk into obscurity.” He died in the year 1705, and about the same time his paternal estate of Stainborough passed by purchase into the hands of Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, whose grandfather was a brother of Thomas Wentworth, the ill-fated statesman of the reign of Charles I. From the Straffords the estate of Wentworth was inherited by Lord Rockingham, the minister of George III., and from the Rockinghams it passed, in 1744, by the marriage of Lady Anne Wentworth, eldest daughter of Thomas, first Marquis, and heiress of her brother Charles, second Marquis, to the Fitzwilliams, who from that time to this have always borne the name of Wentworth before that of Fitzwilliam.
THE EARLDOM OF BRIDGEWATER.

AMONG the many noble houses which adorn the south of England is the mansion, or, to give it its ancient name, the College, of Ashridge, in Hertfordshire. The present magnificent structure was built in the Gothic and castellated style, by Francis Henry, eighth Earl of Bridgewater, whose name will always be held in grateful memory by men of science and culture as the munificent founder of "The Bridgewater Treatises." As the visitor approaches the park and pleaunaunce of Ashridge on his way between Hemel Hempstead and Aldbury, he may fancy, at a distance, that he is looking upon a veritable castle of the fourteenth century, and may well exclaim with Milton:
"Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,  
Whilst the landscape round it measures;  
Towers and battlements it sees,  
Bosom'd high in tufted trees."

And, in explanation of the last line, it may be added that it expresses the very name of this classical spot, as a "ridge" or "rudge" (a steep place) set in the midst of ash trees.

Here a monastic college was founded in A.D. 1285 by Edmund, Earl of Cornwall, for twenty canons, called Bons-hommes, or Good-men, under a rector. It was dedicated to the honour of the sacred Blood of Christ, and Hollinshead gives the following account of the reason why it was so dedicated:

"Edmund, the son and heir of Richard, Earl of Cornwall, who was second son to King John, being with his father in Germany, and there beholding the reliques and other precious monuments of the ancient emperors, he espied a box of of gold, by the inscription whereof (as the opinion men then gave) he found that therein was contained a portion of the blood of Our Blessed Saviour. He therefore, being desirous to have some portion thereof, by fair entreaty and money obtained his desire, and brought over the box with him into England; bestowing a third part thereof at his father's decease on the Abbey of
Hailes, which his father had founded, and wherein his father and mother were both buried: whereby to enrich the said monastery, reserving the other two parts in his own custody; till at length, moved upon such devotion as was then used, he founded an Abbey at Asherugge, in Hertfordshire, a little from the manor of Bercampstead, in which he placed the monks of the order of Bons-hommes (good men), being the first that ever had been of that order in England, and assessed to them and their abbey the other two parts of the Sacred Blood."

It is said that these monks came to England from the South of France, and that, besides Ashridge they had but one other house in England, namely, at Edington in Wiltshire.

Little is known of the history of Ashridge as a college, except that Edward I. held a Parliament within its walls, and that the rector and monks held it in peace down to the twenty-sixth year of the tyrant, Harry the Eighth, when it was surrendered to the crown and became the residence of royalty. Edward VI. bestowed it on his sister, the Princess Elizabeth, who took up her abode here during a great part of Mary's reign. "It was her chosen seat, when suspected by her imperious sister of conspiracy; and from
this place she was forcibly torn, though weak and ill, by the Queen’s messengers, and conveyed in a litter by slow journeys to London, to answer the charges brought against her."

Ashridge, having been for a short time in other hands, was purchased by Sir Thomas Egerton, Lord Ellesmere, the founder of the noble house of Egerton, on whose death it passed to his eldest son, who soon after, in 1617, was created Earl of Bridgewater. In 1631 he was promoted to the presidency of the Marches of Wales; and it is to the fact that he was living in this capacity at Ludlow Castle that we owe the beautiful "Masque of Comus." Todd, the editor of Milton, writes:

"The Earl had probably been long acquainted with Milton, who had before written the 'Arcades' for the Countess of Derby, and who, as it has been supposed, wrote also, while a student at Cambridge, his elegiac ode to the Marchioness of Winchester, in consequence of his acquaintance with the Egerton family. 'I have been informed from a manuscript of Oldy's,' says Warton, 'that Lord Bridgewater, being appointed Lord President of Wales, entered upon his official residence at Ludlow Castle with great solemnity. On this occasion he was attended by a large concourse of the neighbour-
ing nobility and gentry. Among the rest came his children, in particular Lord Brackley, Mr. Thomas Egerton, and Lady Alice,

"To attend their father's state
And new-intrusted sceptre.

They had been on a visit at the house of their relations in Herefordshire, and in passing through Haywood Forest were benighted, and the Lady Alice was even lost for a short time. This accident, which in the end was attended with no bad consequences, furnished the subject of a mask for a Michaelmas festivity, and produced 'Comus.'" Lord Bridgewater was appointed [or rather installed] Lord President May 12, 1633. When the perilous adventure in Haywood Forest, if true, happened, cannot now be told. It must have been soon after. The mask was acted at Michaelmas, 1634.'

The first and second Earls appear to have both been men of piety and learning, and to have shown themselves liberal friends of the Muses and their clients. The fact that the first Earl was one of those who encouraged the early efforts of John Milton would alone speak volumes for his memory. The second Earl, who married a daughter of Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, was one of those persons who ordered his household
in a truly Christian manner, having prayers read for his family in the chapel morning and evening, from which none were allowed to absent themselves without a good excuse. The Earl in his "Household Roll" then gave rules for the conduct and deportment of those who waited at table, from which I may be pardoned for quoting the following, as giving a picture of a well-regulated nobleman's household in the lax days of Charles II.:

"All both gentlemen and yeomen are in a willing and decent manner to bringe up the first course to the table, and because the attendance of the gentlemen cannot afterwards be spared from thence during the meale, the yeomen are afterwards to bring up the second course and the fruite; and all take care not to use any uncivill, careless, slightinge, or unseemly demeanour in their attendance at table, and particularly to show respect and curtesie to strangers.

"All are diligently to attend their service at the table, without gazing about (so blindinge their owne eyes from finding what is fitting for them to doe, without being called), or listening too earnestly to what is said, (so stoppinge their owne ears against the call of such as shall have occasion to make use of them).

"None is to carry out of the dininge-room any
napkin, spoone, knife, glasse, or any thing else belonging to the service of the table, but by the privity or appointment of the butler, that soe nothinge of that nature may be sett in windowes, or by corners there to adventure breakinge, stealinge, or being purloyned away, upon payne that he, who is soe found offendinge, doe pay for what is soe lost or imbezled.

"All are to notice that the meate taken from the table is to be delivered into the clarkes of the kitchen's hands againe, without any imbezlinge or takinge away any part of it, that soe such care may be taken that the meate provided may suffice the family."

For the deportment of the servants towards each other there are the following rules:

"Civill and sober demeanour is to be used by all the servants, one among another at their meals, at their several tables, where they are appointed to sitt; and all unseemly and rude deportment to bee avoyded both in words and actions; and none are to rise from table until thanks be first given to God.

"All quarrelling, brawling, and fightinge is to be forborne and avoyded by all the household servants, but upon occasion of wrong profered, they are to make it known to myselfe or my officers, that soe speedy redress may be had."
Then follow directions to the steward, the "gentlemen of my horse," to the gentlemen ushers, yeomen ushers, clerk of the kitchen, butler, wardrobe keeper, and porter, with general directions to all the servants. Among the latter is the following, which shows that the article particularised must have been thought worthy of special attention:

"That in all things care be taken to avoid wasteful expence; and that more particularly the clerke of the kitchen, the cooke, and the larder maid be watchfull to prevent the wasteful expence of butter, which had hitherto beene both too little considered, and too little valued, and too much wasted."

Dying in 1686, the Earl left an honoured name and noble estate to his son John, the third Earl, whose son, the fourth Earl, having held the post of Master of the Horse to Prince George of Denmark, was raised to the dukedom of Bridgewater by George I. His younger son, the sixth Earl and third Duke, was the illustrious father of inland navigation, immortalised by the canal which bears his name, and still more so by the self-denial with which he voluntarily gave up present wealth, luxury, and splendour, in order to complete that immense work for the benefit of another generation, in which he had the less
interest as he had no son, and lived and died unmarried.

The dukedom ceased at his death, the more ancient earldom passing to his cousin, John William, the seventh Earl. This nobleman was a son of Dr. John Egerton, Lord Bishop of Durham, by his marriage with the Lady Anne Sophia Grey, daughter of Henry Grey, Duke of Kent. Lord Bridgewater, having been bred for the army, entered the service in 1771 as a cornet in the 7th Light Dragoons, and ultimately rose to the rank of a general. Before his accession to the peerage, he sat for many years in Parliament as member for the borough of Brackley, and voted invariably with the Administration. When he died the Earl was Colonel of the 14th Dragoons, Steward for the Duchy of Cornwall to the estates of that Duchy in Hertfordshire, and Master of Greatham Hospital, Durham. On the death of the last Duke of Bridgewater he succeeded to the Hertfordshire estates of that nobleman, together with a large fortune; and at the time of his own death, Lord Bridgewater is said to have been the largest holder of Bank stock of any man in England. In the obituary notice of him in the "Gentleman's Magazine" it is stated that "his lordship was much of an economist, and was able to expend a very large sum in rebuilding
the family seat of Ashridge, now one of the most splendid mansions in England." The writer adds that his lordship "was a man of a quiet domestic turn, and much esteemed in the circle of his acquaintance. He was long distinguished for his love of the fine arts, his hospitality, and the employment given to the poor on his large estates .... The Earl of Bridgewater left by his will £6000 per annum for ever, for the employ and improvement of the poor in the parish of Ashridge."

At his death in 1823 the Earldom of Bridgewater devolved on a most singular and eccentric character—Francis Henry, the last Earl. He was sixty-six years old when he came into the title, and had held a prebendal stall in Durham Cathedral, and had also been rector of Middle and of Whitchurch in Shropshire, both of which livings he retained until his death. He lived a bachelor, and though he was the owner of princely Ashridge, he took up his abode at Paris, where he occupied himself with literary matters. He amused himself chiefly with domestic biography, and in 1826 he printed for private circulation some "Family Anecdotes," from which some extracts will be found in the "Literary Gazette" for 1827. The Earl always had half a dozen or more dogs to sit down with him to meals, chairs and plates being put ready for
them, though he never carried their refinement so far as to induce them to use spoons! In other respects he was equally eccentric. Sometimes a fine carriage, containing half a dozen of his dogs was seen in the streets of Paris, drawn by four horses, and accompanied by two footmen. In his last days, when so weak as to be unable to leave his own grounds, he is said to have adopted a strange substitute for the sports of the field, to which he had been addicted. In his garden at the back of his house there were placed about three hundred rabbits, and as many pigeons and partridges, whose wings had been cut. Provided with a gun, and supported by servants, he would enter the garden and shoot two or three head of game, to be afterwards put upon the table as his sporting trophies!

Nor did his eccentricity end except with his life: for he tried by his will to create a fresh dukedom, or at the least a marquisate; for having no son or brother or very near relation to whom to bequeath his property, he left Ashridge and other estates in different counties, to his kinsman, Lord Alford, the eldest son of Earl Brownlow, on condition that he obtained a higher grade in the peerage than his father before him. This condition, of course, he could only fulfil and carry into effect by making interest with the Prime Minister of the
day; and he could hardly expect to make interest with him unless he actively supported his politics in Parliament. It can scarcely therefore be a matter of surprise to any thoughtful reader that the House of Lords, as the Supreme Court of Equity, taking a common-sense view of the legal question raised by this strange will, declared the condition sought to be imposed by the Earl upon the object of his bounty "contrary to public policy," and therefore void. Accordingly they assigned the estates to Lord Alford free from all conditions; and it is his son, the present Earl Brownlow, who now owns "princely" Ashridge, though it is tenanted for life and mainly inhabited by his lordship's mother, Lady Marion Alford.
THE CAREWS OF BEDDINGTON.

It may possibly be remembered that in the year 1875 the daily papers recorded, in a paragraph of three or four lines, the bankruptcy, and more recently the death, of a Mr. Carew, "the last of a noble family, who once entertained royalty at their ancestral home at Beddington, near Croydon, in Surrey."

The Carews, or Careys—for the name is pronounced either way, and no doubt both forms are at root one and the same—are a race of the Anglo-Saxon stock which was "at home" in Somerset, Pembrokeshire, and several other English and Welsh counties "when the Conqueror came." So at least say Sir Bernard Burke and the heralds; and the assertion is confirmed by the tradition of the family, which says that the Carews are one of the few families now remaining who can trace their descent, without
interruption from the Anglo-Saxon period of English history. In the ages of the Roses, the Tudors, and the Stuarts, the Carews figured amongst the most distinguished statesmen and warriors both in England and Ireland. One member of the family appears to have settled in Ireland as early as the reign of Henry II., in 1154, and may therefore well have been one of those adventurers who went over to that country with Strongbow: and at the present hour they possess the honours of the Peerage both in England and Ireland, and also of the Baronetage. The estates of Woodstown and Castleborough, in the South of Ireland belong to Lord Carew, and those of Haccombe and Tiverton Castle in Devon, to Sir Walter Carew; while other Carews flourish at Colliepriest in Devonshire, at Crowcombe in Somersetshire, at Carpenders Park in Hertfordshire, and at Ballinamona in the county of Waterford.

Leaving it, however, to the worthy rulers of the Herald's College, or as I ought to say, the "College of Arms," to draw out the pedigree of all the Carews, and to join them on to one single stem, I may at once pass to a short notice of the early history of that particular branch of the House of Carew, whose fortunes I have to record. And here, happily, I am not left without a guide;
for Mr. Alfred Smee, of the Bank of England, has devoted a chapter of his lately published work, "My Garden,"
* to an account of Beddington Park and its former noble owners; and, with such resources lying "at the pit's mouth" ready to be drawn upon, I am happily saved the trouble of diving very deeply into the mine of information to be found in the works of Dugdale, Speed, and other learned antiquaries.

It is now rather more than five hundred years since the Carews first came to be connected with Beddington. At all events, as early as the year 1353 (the 27th of Edward III.) we find two members of that family, William and Nicholas de Carru, as the name was then spelt, engaging to rent the Manor at twenty marks per annum of its then owners, Sir William Willoughby and his lady. Seven years later we find Sir William obtaining leave from the King to alienate the fee-simple of the estate to Nicholas De Carru and his heirs. Within a few years this same Nicholas contracted a marriage with the only daughter and heiress of Sir William Willoughby, and widow of Sir Thomas Huscarle, who owned the adjoining Manor; thus it was that he became possessed of a considerable estate and lands, and founded

* "My Garden, its Plan and Culture." By Alfred Smee, F.R.S. London: Bell and Daldy, 1872.
the fortunes of the family, who flourished for so many years alongside of the noble and venerable oaks with which their park abounded.

This Sir. Nicholas de Carru appears to have descended from one Otho, a Norman noble, who came over to England in the train of the Conqueror, and the name of Carru was first taken in the reign of King John by his descendant from the Castle of Carriew or Carru in Pembrokeshire, which they then held. He adds that the family arms are just as they are now given in Burke, "Or, three lions passant in pale sable," and that the present method of spelling the name was not adopted until the reign of Henry VII.

Be this, however, as it may, one thing is certain, namely, that the Carews can boast of several very distinguished persons as members of their house, but of none more noteworthy in his way than one Gerald Carew, who is better known to the world at large by his literary appellation of Giraldus Cambrensis,* the celebrated historian, whose works, entitled "Itinerarium Cambriæ," "Topographia Hiberniæ," and others of a similar

* The family name of "Giraldus Cambrensis," as stated in the Biographical Dictionary, is given as De Barri; but the fact of his being a member of the ancient family of the Carews is here given on the authority of Mr. Smee's work already mentioned above.
character, as well as his very long connection with the county of Pembroke, whilst holding the archdeaconry of St. David's, may well cause him to be regarded as one of their principal members.

But to return to the Carews of Beddington. I find that the Sir Nicholas Carru, whom I have already introduced to my readers, was a person of considerable importance in the reign of King Edward III., under whom he was not only one of the "Knights of the Shire" for Surrey, but also Keeper of the Privy Seal, and eventually one the executors of the will of that warlike and illustrious Sovereign. The Manor of Beddington continued to be vested in the Carew* family from father to son down to the reign of Henry VIII., when another Sir Nicholas Carew, Master of the Horse to his Majesty, Lieutenant of Calais, and one of the Knights of the Garter, happening to incur the displeasure of that fierce and peppery tyrant, was beheaded on Tower Hill in 1539. He had no sooner been consigned to his grave in the Church of St. Botolph's, Aldgate, than his

* Other houses with lands and manors, small and large, appended to them, had at different times become the property of the Carews. Among these were the Forester's Manor (the locality of which is unknown) and the Frère's Manor, which formerly belonged to the Hospital of St. Thomas in Southwark.
broad lands at Beddington were seized upon by the King, who appointed one Michael Stanhope to reside in the Manor-house as its "keeper." During this time it is said that King Henry was a constant visitor at Beddington, that he frequently took up his residence there for a few days together, and held a council there on one occasion, I believe in 1541. Subsequently one of the King's courtiers, or rather court vultures, obtained from the royal despot a grant of the Manor of Beddington for his life; and in the following reign the Manor, mansion, church, and lands of fair Beddington, were granted to Thomas Lord D'Arcy, of Chiche,* in exchange for other lands which the latter had ceded to the King. From Queen Mary, in whose service he was employed, the next generation of the Carews, represented by Sir Francis, obtained the restitution of the estates which had been wrenched away from his father; but Sir Francis was too wary to rest content with a mere royal grant, which in those ticklish times he knew might be upset by the next occupant of the throne, but clenched the matter by a money payment in return for a legal and duly attested cession of the estate of Beddington.

It was this Sir Francis Carew who built the

* Better known as St. Osyth's, near Colchester, in Essex.
old mansion of Beddington Park, but which has been so extensively modernised in the eighteenth century that little of it now remains except the great hall. This was quite in keeping with the great halls of other houses, and is very like the hall of Christ Church, at Oxford. The great door of this hall has still on it a curious ancient lock, very richly wrought, and its keyhole is concealed by a shield which bears the arms of England.

By his clever legal arrangement Sir Francis managed to keep on good terms with the "Maiden Queen," as well as with her sister, and ultimately it fell to his lot to entertain royalty at his house. At all events, it is on record that Elizabeth honoured Sir Francis Carew with her presence at Beddington, in August, 1599, when she spent three days at the mansion. In the following August, as it appears, she paid her worthy host a second visit. On this occasion Sir Francis seems to have exerted his horticultural skill to the utmost in keeping back the cherries, the favourite fruit of Elizabeth, for the table of that Queen. As the process was strictly in keeping with the subject treated of in Mr. Smee's book, our author quotes the following quaint account of it from Sir Hugh Platt's "Garden of Eden," in which the worthy knight says:—
"Here I will conclude with a conceit of that delicate knight, Sir Francis Carew, who, for the better accomplishment of his royal entertainment of our late Queen of happy memory at his house at Beddington, led Her Majesty to a cherry tree, whose fruit he had of purpose kept back from ripening at the least one month after all other cherries had taken their farewell of England. This secret he performed by straining a tent or cover of canvas over the whole tree, and wetting the same now and then with a scoop or horn, as the heat of the weather required; and so, by withholding the sunbeams from reflecting upon the berries, they both grew great, and were very long before they had gotten their cherry colour; and when he was assured of Her Majesty's coming, he removed the tent, when a few sunny days brought them to their maturity."

It is interesting to be reminded that it is to Sir Francis Carew that we are indebted for the first introduction into this country and cultivation of orange trees, which are supposed to have been brought into England, at his suggestion, by Sir Walter Raleigh, who was married to the niece of this "good old country squire." In proof that his estimate of the horticultural skill of Sir Francis Carew is not overdrawn, I may place on record the following account of the orangery
at Beddington, taken from the twelfth volume of the "Archæologia."

"Beddington Gardens, at present (1796) in the hands of the Duke of Norfolk, but belonging to the family of Carew, has in it the best orangery in England. The orange and lemon trees there grow in the ground, and have done so for nearly a hundred years, as the gardener, an aged man, said that he believed. There are a great number of them, the house wherein they are being above 200 feet long; they are most of them 13 feet high, and very full of fruit, the gardener not having taken off them so many flowers this year (1796) as usually do others. He said that he gathered off them at least 10,000 oranges this last year. The heir of the family being now about fifty-five years of age, the trustees take care of the orangery, and this year they build a new house over them. There are some myrtles growing among them, but they look not well for want of trimming. The rest of the garden is all out of order, the orangery being the gardener's chief care, but it is capable of being made one of the best gardens in England, the soil being very agreeable, and a clear silver stream running through it."

The rest of the story of the House of Carew may be speedily told. Sir Francis, the "grand
old gardener" and courtier in one, died a bachelor in 1611, at the venerable age of eighty-one, leaving his estates to his nephew, Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, who took the name and arms of Carew on inheriting Beddington. It was in the time of this Sir Nicholas that Sir Walter Raleigh was beheaded; and it was to him that his sister, Sir Walter's widow, addressed a letter requesting that he might be buried in Beddington Church. It does not appear from history whether this request was refused, or subsequently withdrawn by the widow; but, at all events, Sir Walter Raleigh was buried in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, while his head, after being cut off by the axe of the executioner, was sent to his son at West Horsley, in Surrey, where it was interred. The letter itself is well worth preserving, and accordingly I reproduce it here:—

"To my best B[rother], Sirr Nicholes Carew, at Beddington,

"I desair, good brother, that you will be pleased to let me berri the worthi boddi of my nobell hosbar, Sir Walter Ralegh, in your chorche at Beddington—wher I desair to be berred. The lordes have given me his ded boddi, though they denied me his life. This nit hee shall be brought you with two or three of my men. Let me her
(hear) presently. E. R. God holde me in my wites."

The lands of Beddington remained in the hands of the Carews, till the year 1791, when Sir Nicholas H. Carew, Bart. (whose father had been raised to that title in 1715) left them to his only daughter for life, and then, at her death, to the eldest son of Dr. John Fountain, Dean of York; and if he had no son (which in the event proved to be the case), then he entailed them by his will on the eldest son of Richard Gee, Esq., of Orpington, in Kent, who took the name and arms of Carew by royal licence, his grandmother having been born a Carew. On his dying a bachelor, in 1816, he bequeathed Beddington to the widow of his brother, William, Mrs. Ann Paston Gee, and she again, at her death in 1828, devised the estate to Admiral Sir Benjamin Hallowell, who thereon took the name of Carew. His son, Captain Carew, some thirty years ago sold the estate, with its mansion, orangeries, park, and deer.

The remaining story is sad enough. The proud Hall of Beddington, where Queen Elizabeth and her Court were once entertained, is now a public institution; and the old stock of the Carews, in spite of having been bolstered up by entail and
adoptions of the name by descendants in the female line, passed away a few years since, when the last bearer of the name died, homeless and landless. Such, indeed, are the "Vicissitudes of Families."
A CHAPTER ON THE PEERAGE.

It is not uncommon to hear people speak of the House of Lords as a body of men almost wholly unconnected with the commercial and professional interests of the kingdom. But those who do so, forget the very important fact that with the exception of a few families of Norman extraction, who came over with the Conqueror, such as the Vernons, the Veres, the Talbots, Sackvilles, Cliffords, and Berkeleys, a very large proportion of the founders of existing peerages rose from the ranks of common every-day life, as merchants and respectable tradesmen. And so far from regarding this fact as a matter of disgrace, we are happy to state, from our own experience, that many of the present possessors of the peerages are proud of the honourable achievements of their ancestors. To bring out this point, I mean to lay before my
readers some "Scraps from the Peerage," which, doubtless, will be found interesting to many of them.

For example, Earl Cornwallis is lineally descended from Thomas Cornwallis, formerly a merchant in Cheapside, and Sheriff of London in 1378. The Earl of Coventry is in direct descent from John Coventry, or de Coventry, mercer, and Lord Mayor of London, in the year 1425 (and one of the executors of the celebrated Whittington). The ancestor of the Earl of Essex was Sir William Capel, Lord Mayor of London in 1503; the first founder of the family of the Earls of Craven was a merchant tailor, and Lord Mayor of London in the reign of Elizabeth. The noble house of Wentworth, Marquis of Rockingham and Earl FitzWilliam, was a certain Samuel Wentworth (also called FitzWilliam as being a natural son), who was an Alderman of London and Sheriff in 1506. He was one of the retainers of the unfortunate Cardinal Wolsey, and was knighted by Henry VIII. for his attachment to that prelate when he was in misfortune. He built the greater part of the Church of St. Andrew Undershaft in the City. Lawrence de Bouvines was a Flemish tradesman, who having married the only daughter of a silk-mercer at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, came to London in the reign of Elizabeth, and settling
down as a merchant in Thames Street, laid the foundations of the noble House of Radnor. The present Earl of Warwick is lineally descended, not from the great "kingmaker" of that name in the reign of Edward IV., but from a certain humble William Greville, a citizen of London, and "flower of the woolstaplers," in the time of James I., who was himself the grandson of Richard Rich, of the City of London, who executed the office of Sheriff of that city in 1441. The Earl of Dartmouth acknowledges as the founder of his family a certain Thomas Legge, who was Sheriff of London in the eighteenth, and Lord Mayor in the twenty-first and twenty-eighth years of the reign of Edward III. The Earl of Craven in a like manner, looks up to Sir William Craven, Knight and Lord Mayor of London, in 1611. The grandfather of the first Lord Leigh, of Stoneleigh, was brought up as an apprentice under the Rowland Hill whom we mention below, and by marrying his niece came in for a great portion of his estate, and finally became Lord Mayor of London in the first year of Elizabeth's reign. William Paget, from whom the Marquis of Anglesey derives his blood, was the son of a plain Serjeant-at-Mace, in the City of London. Thomas Coventry, the grandson of the John Coventry mentioned above, was a member of the Inner Temple, and eventually rose in
the law till he became keeper of the Great Seal under Charles I. One Thomas Bennett, a mercer, who served the office of Sheriff of London in 1594, and was Lord Mayor in 1603, laid the foundations of the family of the Earls of Tankerville, who are lineally descended from him. The ancestor of the Earls of Pomfret was Richard Fermor, or Fermour, who having amassed a splendid fortune as a citizen in business at Calais, came to England, suffered attainder under Henry VIII., and did not recover his property till the fourth year of Edward VI.'s reign. The Earl of Darnley owes the first elevation of his family to John Bligh, a London citizen, who was employed as agent to the speculations in the Irish estates forfeited in the rebellion of 1641. "Plain John" Cowper, an Alderman of Bridge Ward, and Sheriff in 1551, was the ancestor of the Earls Cowper, of Panshanger. The Earl of Romney, too, is descended from another Alderman of London, one Thomas Marsham, a jeweller in Threadneedle Street, who died in 1642. Lord Dacre's ancestor, Sir Robert Dacres, was banker to Charles I., and although he lost £80,000 through the misfortunes of that monarch, he left a princely fortune to his descendants. Lord Dormer, too, is descended from Sir Michael Dormer, Lord Mayor of London, in 1541, and Lord Petre from Sir William Petre, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.
Lord Dudley's ancestor was one William Ward, who made a large fortune as a goldsmith in London, and was jeweller to Henrietta, the Queen Consort of Charles I. Sir Rowland Hill, who was Lord Mayor in the reign of Edward VI., was the ancestor of the families of Lord Berwick and Lord Hill, and of "all the Hills of Shropshire." And perhaps still more wonderful than all, the family of Osborne, Duke of Leeds and Marquis of Carmarthen, trace up their pedigree to one Edward Osborne, who was apprenticed to Sir William Hewitt, an Alderman and pin-maker, living on old London Bridge, in the days of Elizabeth, and whose only daughter he gained in marriage by a romantic adventure, having saved her life by jumping into the Thames after her. Thomas Osborne, the first Duke of Leeds, it is said, showed his strong good sense, by being more proud of the circumstance of his ancestor having acquired wealth and station by his honesty and intrepid spirit than he was of any of the subsequent services of his family during the Civil Wars; and on one occasion he related to King Charles II. the whole story of Sir William's daughter and the brave apprentice, with an air of conscious pride, which did honour to his feelings. Two more recent instances of the same kind have occurred in our own day, in the elevation of Mr. Alexander
Baring, formerly head of the great City house of Baring Brothers, to the peerage, in 1835, by the title of Lord Ashburton; and again in the still more recent promotion of Mr. Samuel Jones Lloyd, the wealthy banker of Lothbury, to the dignity of Lord Overstone.

As to the legal profession, it is wonderful to observe how many peerages it has been rewarded with. To this beginning the Earldoms of Aylesford, Mansfield, Ellenborough, Guildford, Hardwicke, Shaftesbury, Cardigan, Clarendon, Bridgewater (now extinct), Ellesmere, Rosslyn, Eldon, Cottenham, and Cowper, besides other inferior peerages, such as those of Lords Tenterden, Abinger, Wynford, and Thurlow, owe their ennoblement. The first Lord Somers was the son of a plain attorney of the city of Worcester, and gained his title from William III. by defending the non-juring bishops under James II., and by expounding the measures of that unfortunate monarch as virtually amounting to an abdication, at a conference between the two Houses of Parliament. The Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham confesses that he owes the latter title partly to the abilities of Christopher Hatton, who began life as a humble student of law, at one of the Inns of Court, and was eventually made Lord Chancellor, and created Viscount Hatton by Queen Elizabeth, and partly
to Heneage Finch, Recorder of London, who married Elizabeth, daughter of a London merchant, named Daniel Harvey. And to come to our days, some of the brightest ornaments of the peerage are men who, like Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Brougham, Lord Denman, Lord Tenterden, Lord Selborne, Lord Langdale, Lord Truro, Lord Cranworth, Lord Campbell, and Lord St. Leonard's, have started life among the middle ranks of society, but have risen to the highest honours in the land by abilities and industry, of which not only they themselves, but the nation at large, may well be proud. The father of Lord Lyndhurst was a portrait-painter, who came and settled in this country from America. The father of Lord Brougham was a plain country gentleman in Cumberland. The fathers of Lord Cranworth and Lord Selborne were plain country clergymen. The late Lord Langdale began life as a surgeon, and went to the bar when he was of middle age. Lord Truro started as an attorney. "Plain John Campbell," in spite of having won the peerage for his wife, and another for himself, was the son of a Presbyterian clergyman, at Cupar, in Fifeshire; and so poor was he as a young man, that some time after he was called to the bar he used to walk from county town to county town when on circuit, because he could not afford the luxury of
posting. The father of the first Lord St. Leonard's (better known as Sir Edward Sugden)) was well remembered half a century since as a barber and wig-maker in Duke Street, Piccadilly.

Did we not know but too well the history of Ireland for the last five hundred years, as having been, till a very recent date, the worst governed country in the world, and never having been allowed to draw her fair share of the profits arising from her partnership with England, it might possibly strike us as a somewhat strange and unaccountable thing that, while the English Peerage is all but exclusively English, and while the possession of a Scottish Coronet argues an unmistakeable Gael, the roll of the Irish Peerage presents us with a strange medley of Englishmen and even Scotchmen,* the native Irish element being scarcely represented in it at all. It contains, indeed, many families of the purest "blue blood," and of undoubted antiquity; but few of these are sons of the soil itself, few whom the Roman of Latium would have styled "Indigene," or the ancient Greek worshipped as "Autochthones." It would, indeed, be difficult for Mr. Lodge or Sir Bernard Burke to point out among the oldest of the nobility houses which

* The Duffs, Earls of Fife, are peers of England and Ireland, not of Scotland.
have struck their roots deeper into the middle ages of Irish history, or whose names have come down to us along the stream of time with a brighter lustre, than those of Ormonde and Clanricarde, Talbot and Taaffe, Kildare and Kinsale, Nugent and Fitzmaurice. But all these are of English origin—the first of the Ormondes who went over to Ireland having been, according to Sir Bernard Burke, the chief "Butler" to King Henry. But not only the Butlers of Ormonde, but the Talbots of Malahide, the Plunkets, the Fitzwilliams, the St. Laurences, the Prestons, the Aylmers, the Blakes, the Bourkes, the Barnwalls, and the Dillons, are originally of Norman stock, and eight centuries ago were as much strangers to the Emerald Isle as the Hellenes when they settled in the ancient Pelasgia. They are part of a horde of immigrants into Ireland, who sailed westward from the shores of England in the old Norman times to better their fortunes.

Many other families, who now enjoy the highest titles and the largest possessions in Ireland, are merely branches of old, but untitled, English families; such are the Beresfords, Chichesters, Boyles, Pakenhams, Annesleys, Binghamhs, Southwells, Ponsonbies, Colleys and Fortescues, to say nothing of a host of others.
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But unquestionably the greater part of the entire number are sprung from families who emigrated to Old Erin from England and Scotland either in the reign of Elizabeth, when the Queen transported thither, and permanently located, a large army to oppose "the rebellious natives," or else during the unhappy Civil wars of the succeeding century, in which Ireland played so conspicuous a part. As to many of these adventurers (for such they were) it must be owned that, until they came to the green shores of Ireland, they were too often obscure and unknown. Many of them gained the honour of knighthood and the peerage by means of their sycophancy, by playing the part of flatterers to the reigning powers, and by worshipping the rising sun of the Tudor or Stuart cause. They were soldiers of fortune, contractors and commissioners, civilians and placemen, individuals who, according to their own personal qualities, their industry, their good luck, their powers of adulation, or their skill in making money, found themselves in three or four generations lifted into titles and political consequence by the lever of property and prosperity. Thus, for example, the Colleys, from whom the Duke of Wellington is sprung, trace their descent from a person of that name who went from Rutlandshire to hold a post as captain in the
army of Queen Elizabeth in 1599; and the first of the Beresfords went from Westerham, in Kent, under her successor, James I., to carry into effect the "plantation" of Ulster. The first Irish Ponsonby was a follower of Oliver Cromwell, and the first Knox a Glasgow merchant, who settled in Dublin in the reign of Charles II.

Indeed, in looking over the hereditary descent of the Irish peerages now in existence, some one hundred and fifty in number, I am struck with amazement at finding only one of which it can be said that it is of genuine Irish and Celtic extraction. I believe that since the extinction of the grand old title of O'Neill* (some quarter of a century ago), O'Brien, Lord Inchiquin, is the only Irish peer who truly represents by unbroken male descent an original Irish family. The O'Flaherties, once princes in the south, the O'Donovans, the O'Mores, the O'Grades, the O'Reillies, and the other heads of ancient Irish Septs, (as the clans were called), and the rest of the old Milesian aristocracy, are, indeed, "conspicuous by their absence," and exist but sparingly among the landed gentry and the county families, their broad lands having been

* This title has been revived lately in the person of one of the Chichesters, who is descended in the female line from the old O'Neills.
lost by repeated confiscations, and their owners being forced—to too often by their own fault, we must allow—to go forth into exile, on account of their adherence to a foreign and proscribed religion. But every one knows that the possession of an Irish title is by no means an equivalent for the enjoyment of an English, or even a Scottish coronet. The truth is, too, that very many even of the present Irish peerage are comparatively poor and landless, besides being unconnected with the Emerald Isle; and this fact tends to confirm the want of prestige under which, it must be owned, the Irish peerage labours. But, perhaps, the greatest slur upon the Irish peerage is one which dates only from the former half of the reign of King George III: I allude to the years anterior to the "Union" of 1801.

"Throughout his whole reign," says Sir Nathaniel W. Wraxall,* "George III. adopted it as a fixed principle that no individual engaged in trade, however ample might be his nominal fortune, should be created a British peer. Nor do I believe, that in the course of fifty years he ever infringed, or violated his rule, except in the singlet† instance before us. He was not by

† The instance alluded to is that of Mr. Robert Smith, M.P. for Northampton, who, at Mr. Pitt's urgent and repeated re-
any means so tenacious of the Irish peerage. In fact, on the very same day on which Mr. Smith had been raised to his English dignity, another commercial member of the Lower House of Parliament, Sir Joshua Vanneck, was created a Baron of Ireland, by the title of Lord Huntingfield. Indeed, previous to the Union with the sister kingdom, in 1801, an Irish peerage, if conferred on an Englishman who possessed no landed property in that country, could be regarded as little more than an empty honour, producing, indeed, rank and some consideration in society, but conferring no personal privilege; neither securing his person from arrest in Great Britain, nor even enabling the individual to frank a letter by post.”

Sir Nathaniel might have added that, some ten years later, Mr. Thelusson, a wealthy London merchant, and of foreign extraction, was raised to the Irish peerage as Lord Rendlesham; and, curiously enough, after half a century has passed, both of these families still hold their broad acres, not in Ireland, which probably they have never seen, but in Suffolk, where they hold quest, was created an Irish peer, as Lord Carrington, in 1796, and advanced to the English Peerage, by the same title, about fifteen months afterwards. It is always thought that Mr. Pitt was under deep pecuniary obligations to this gentleman, which he could not pay by any other means.
the highest position after the Herveys and Rouses.

To show the humble estimate in which an Irish coronet was held in the time of our grandfathers,—the good old days when George III. was king,—it will be sufficient to tell the following story on the authority of the same Sir N. W. Wraxall:—

"I cannot advise His Majesty," said Lord North in 1776 to a Welsh baronet, "to allow you a private entrance to your house in St. James' Place through the Green Park, but I will get him instead to create you an Irish peer." After some hesitation as to the value of the equivalent offered, the matter was compromised on these terms, and Sir Richard Phillipps, of some un-Hibernian place in Pembrokeshire, was straightway gazetted "Lord Milford, in the Peerage of Ireland, with remainder to the heirs male of his body." In fact, we are continually reading of individuals who, unable to effect an entrance into the British House of Peers, were forced to content themselves with an Irish coronet. How cheap these coronets became at the time of the Union is a matter of history, and need not be repeated here. English gentlemen by shoals were on that occasion created peers of Ireland, and peers of Ireland in their turn were
advanced in "batches" of no small numerical amount, to the peerage of England. The misfortune (from an Irish point of view) was that in either case the gain was British and the loss Irish. The Saxon gentleman became not a whit more Celtic than before; he frequently owned not an acre of Irish soil, and never even visited the country which so freely bestowed her coronets on his friends and relatives. But the Irish peers, per contra, on accepting an English title, were fairly absorbed by wholesale into the peerage of England; they came to St. Stephen's, and—perhaps very wisely—there they stayed.

As an illustration of the above remarks, let us take a short retrospect of the history of the Fitzgeralds, of the ducal house of Leinster, and we shall see that even this, in more than one sense perhaps, the most illustrious of Irish families,—if we may be pardoned for the "bull,"—is not really Irish, but English, not Celtic, but Anglo-Norman. There is indeed no name in the ranks of the Irish peerage, as Thomas Moore remarks, that has been so frequently and so prominently connected with the political destinies of Ireland as that of this race. They have generally been distinguished alike by their generous dispositions and manners, and their hatred of English domination. Many of them have suffered death, and some of
them attainder too, in attempts to break off the yoke from the necks of their fellow-countrymen; and their family annals for more than six centuries past furnish ample illustrations of the mistaken policy of England towards the sister country. In later times more than one of the Fitzgeralds has been honourably distinguished. When Ireland, after the long sleep of exhaustion to which a code of tyranny, unexampled in history, had doomed her, was again beginning to exhibit some stirrings of national spirit, again was the noble name of Fitzgerald found foremost among her defenders; and the memorial addressed by the first Duke of Leinster to George II., denouncing the political Primate, Stone, as a greedy Churchman investing himself with temporal power, and affecting to be a second Wolsey in the state, marks another of those chapters of Irish history in which all the characteristic features of her misgovernment are brought together in their compendious shape. This honest remonstrance concludes with the following words:—"Your Majesty's interest in the hearts of your loyal subjects is likely to be affected by these arbitrary measures, as few care to represent their country in Parliament, where a junta of two or three men disconcert every measure taken for the good of the subject, or the cause of common liberty. Your
memorialist has nothing to ask of your Majesty—neither place, civil or military—neither employment nor preferment for himself or his friends; and begs leave to add, that nothing but his duty to your Majesty, and his natural hatred to such detestable monopoly, could have induced your memorialist to this presumption.” The name of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who died of wounds received by him in resisting an arrest on the charge of high treason during the vice-royalty of Lord Cornwallis in June, 1798, is but too well known to all our readers.

The attainder passed upon Lord Edward Fitzgerald without a previous trial and conviction remains a sad blot upon the escutcheon of the House of Peers, who assented to the act, though, with better sense, they subsequently agreed to its repeal. His eldest brother, Lord William Robert Fitzgerald, father of the late Duke, was unanimously chosen general-in-chief of the Irish Volunteers in 1782, and, notwithstanding some marked faults and failings, his amiable manners, his

* He was the husband of the celebrated Pamela, who is often (but erroneously) stated to have been an illegitimate daughter of the Duke of Orleans. We learn from Madame Genlis her true story—namely, that she was the daughter of English parents of the name of Sims, from whom the Duke obtained her, and took her over to France to be companion to the Duke’s daughter, the Princess Adelaide.
honesty of purpose, and his well-attested patriotism, endeared him to the Irish people. He succeeded to the Dukedom in 1773, and died in 1804, leaving his eldest son, the late Duke, then a youth of some twelve years old.

The family of Fitzgerald, we have said, are of English extraction; in common with the Fitzmaurices (now represented by the Marquis of Lansdowne as Earl of Kerry), they are descended from one Maurice Fitzgerald, who ably supported Henry II. in his conquest of Ireland. This Maurice is said to have been a son of the then "Castellan" of Windsor, and to have traced his origin to the princes of South Wales. For his services he received a grant of the town of Wexford, and the baronies of Offaley and Wykenloe, now called Wicklow; and being appointed one of the Governors of Ireland, slew O'Rourke, Prince of Meath, who had rebelled against the English invaders. His eldest son, Gerald, defended Dublin against O'Connor, King of Connaught, and was created Baron of Offaley. His son Maurice, who received a grant of Maynooth and the adjoining lands from Henry III., is said to have been the first who brought over the Friars Minor into Ireland, and eventually became Lord Justice of the kingdom. His elder son, Thomas, surnamed the Great, married an heiress who
brought him large possessions in the county of Kerry; his grandson, by a similar alliance, added the lands of the Decies and Desmond to the family estates, and married for his second wife, an Irish lady, the daughter of Hugh O'Connor, by whom he became the ancestor of the White Knight, the Knights of Glyn and of the Valley, and the Knight of Kerry, or the Black Knight. He was killed with his son at Callan, fighting against Macarthy More, and was succeeded by his grandson, named the Ape, according to Burke, from the fact of an ape, or baboon, having run away with him as he lay an infant, deserted in his cradle, and carried him up to the steeple of the Abbey at Tralee, where he bore him round the battlements, and after showing him to the gaping crowd, brought him down in safety, and laid him in his cradle again. From this fact, two apes have been adopted as supporters to the arms of Fitzgerald. The child thus wonderfully preserved became ultimately Prince of Munster, and was the ancestor of the Earls of Desmond, whose descendants, having ranked as the most powerful of Irish nobles for more than two centuries, were attainted by Queen Elizabeth on account of a rebellion raised against her rule in Ireland by the sixteenth Earl, who was slain in a foray, and his head sent over to England by the Earl of Or-
monde, and set upon London Bridge. His son became a Protestant, in the vain hope of obtaining the reversal of the attainder, and was recognised as Earl of Desmond by the Queen, who sent him back to Ireland to bring back his father's followers to their allegiance. But Burke tells us that when he came hither and attended Protestant worship at Kilmallock, the crowds who followed him withdrew, so that he was forced to return to England defeated in his proselytising objects, and died there in 1601. The old Roman Catholic leaven, however, was not extinct in the Desmond branch of the FitzGeralds; they migrated to Spain; and the last male heir of one branch of that noble house died in Germany in 1632, having borne the title of Earl of Desmond among the Roman Catholic nations of the south of Europe, and held commissions as an officer in the armies of the King of Spain and the Emperor of Germany.

We must now return to the elder branch. Their history is not without interest to our Irish readers. The Gerald above mentioned, having challenged the Lord of Kildare (who refused the challenge), and having been in consequence possessed of his manors, was ultimately created Earl of Kildare by Edward II. Some generations later the seventh Earl held a parliament at Dublin and at
Naas, in which it was resolved that, as no means could be found to stop the carriage of silver out of Ireland, a fine of forty pence should be imposed on each pound carried beyond the seas. He subsequently became Lord Chancellor of Ireland, but was involved with the Earl of Desmond, and attainted in 1467, though subsequently pardoned and restored. His son, the eighth Earl, was deputy to the Duke of Bedford, Lord Lieutenant under Henry VII. He assisted in the proclamation of Lambert Simnel as King Edward VI., and was present at his coronation in Christ Church, Dublin, when the sermon was preached by the Bishop of Meath. The ninth Earl revolted against Henry, in company with his five uncles, and died a prisoner in the Tower, with his honours attainted. Of his second son, Gerald, eleventh Earl, we find a remarkable account in the pages of Stonyhurst, a contemporary historian. At the age of ten he was preserved from the vengeance of the King by the care of his relatives, and sent abroad. He wandered about from court to court until Cardinal Pole sent him to Italy to complete his education. He married Mabel, daughter of Sir Anthony Browne, and, through that connexion obtained the favour of King Edward, and the reversal of his father's attainder. In the following reign he was restored by letters patent to the
Earldom of Kildare, with his original precedence; and it is not a little singular that, though attainted by Act of Parliament, this Gerald actually sat as a peer in the Parliament of 1560, and that it was not until Elizabeth's reign that the attainder was reversed by Act of Parliament.

From this Gerald the title descended regularly to the sixteenth Earl, the first of the family who conformed to the established religion, in which he was reared by his Scottish guardian, the Duke of Lennox. He married a daughter of the first Earl of Cork; his second son, Robert, took an active part in effecting the Restoration, but was stripped of his employments and estates by James II. He was in prison in Dublin when the news of the defeat of James at the battle of the Boyne was brought; and bursting forth from his dungeon, by his prudence and courage, saved Dublin from being sacked. He also had the honour of presenting the keys of the city of Dublin to William III. on his landing there. It was his only surviving son, James, twentieth Earl, who was created a Peer of Great Britain in 1746, and twenty years later was advanced to the Dukedom of Leinster.

* See below, p. 237, "The Ducal House of Leinster."
THE KIRKPATRICKS OF CLOSEBURN.

THE recent death of the Countess de Montijo, mother of the Empress Eugénie, has naturally drawn attention to her Scotch extraction; and many persons have asked how her Imperial Majesty comes to be connected with the house of Kirkpatrick of Closeburn. I will, therefore, endeavour briefly to answer their question.

Although the estate and castle of Closeburn, or Clotesburn, no longer is owned by the Kirkpatricks, having passed by purchase into the hands of those wealthy ironmasters, the Bairds; yet the memory of the "auld lairds" still hangs about the spot, which is situated in the fair district of Dumfriesshire, known as Nithsdale, on the left or eastern bank of the Nith, some ten miles north of Dumfries, and four miles south-east of Drumlanrig. The castle takes its name
from Clota, the ancient name of Old Kirkpatrick, near the source of the Clyde. The baronetcy of Kirkpatrick of Closeburn also, according to Sir Bernard Burke and the heralds, still survives to attest the long connection between the estate and the noble family which once were its lords and masters. The first mention that we find of the Kirkpatricks is in the reign of King David I., when one Ivone, or Ivor, Kirkpatrick, was witness to a charter by Robert Bruce the elder, granting the fishery of Torduff to the monks of Abbeyholm. Tradition, however, ascribes to them a far earlier origin, alleging that an ancestor of this "principal" family, as it is styled by Nisbet in his "Heraldry," possessed broad lands in Nithsdale as early as the ninth century of the Christian era.

A grandson of the above-mentioned Ivone obtained from King Alexander II., in A.D. 1232, a confirmatory charter of the lands of Closeburn; and his direct and lineal descendant, through a long line of warlike lairds of Closeburn, was a gallant knight—Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick, gentleman of the Privy Charter to James VI. of Scotland. Accompanying his sovereign southwards when he came to claim his English throne, he obtained a patent of denizenship south of the Tweed as well.
His grandson, or great-grandson—for it is not quite clear which—Thomas Kirkpatrick, of Closeburn, was created a baronet of Scotland in 1685, in recognition of his faithful services to Charles I. during the Civil War. He married a lady of the noble house of Sandilands, and his son, Sir Thomas (the second), a daughter of the House of Lockhart; while his grandson, Sir Thomas (the third), chose as his wife a fair lady of the Griersons, of Capenoch.

The first baronet, it appears, pulled down all of the ancient castle and fortress of Closeburn, except the tower, and with the materials built near it a magnificent mansion in the style of his time; but this house was burnt to the ground through the carelessness of drunken servants, in August, 1748, when nearly all the family portraits, papers, and plate were burnt along with it. This loss seemingly affected not only the pocket, but the health and spirits of its owner. He was never the same man afterwards; and when he died, some quarter of a century later, having lost his eldest son in the prime of life, he left to his successor, Sir James, the fourth baronet, little of an inheritance besides an honoured name. His grandson, the present baronet, is styled “of Closeburn,” but the reality of that territorial title has long since passed away. The “name”
is there, but the "local habitation" is gone for ever.

One of the younger sons of the third baronet, Thomas Kirkpatrick, having gone into voluntary expatriation, and living in the "sunny south," married, in Sweden, a lady of rank, and obtained a post as Swedish consul at Malaga in Spain. By this union Mr. Kirkpatrick had a family of several children, one of whom married the second son of the Count de Montijo. This gentleman succeeded his elder brother in the family honours, and became the father of Eugénie, and of another daughter, who married the Duke of Alba and Berwick. It appears, therefore, that the Empress has at least as much of Swedish and of Scottish as of Spanish blood in her veins; and this may possibly account for the fact that she has a fairer complexion and bluer eye than are often found south of the Pyrenees.

A word, however, about Closeburn, which has derived an additional lustre from the magic pen of Sir Walter Scott. It was built, as stated above, by Ivan Kirkpatrick. His descendant, Sir Roger de Kirkpatrick, with the barbarity sanctioned by the age in which he lived, despatched the Red Comyn as he lay dying at the altar of the Grey Friars' Church, in Dumfries, from a wound received from the hand of the Bruce. The tale is
mentioned by Hume, and other historians; and, in a note to the "Lord of the Isles" on the stanza—

"— Kirkpatrick's bloody dirk,
Making sure of murder's work,"

Sir Walter Scott enters into a somewhat lengthy discussion upon the deed. He tells us that the Bruce and the Red Comyn met at the high altar of the Grey Friars in Dumfries, that their differences broke out into high and insulting language, and that Bruce drew his dagger and stabbed Comyn; that, rushing to the door of the church, Bruce met two powerful Barons, Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, and James de Lindsay, who eagerly asked him "What tidings?" "Bad tidings," answered Bruce; "I doubt I have slain Comyn." "Doubtest thou," said Kirkpatrick; "I mak' sicker" (i.e., sure) of it." With these words he and Lindsay rushed into the church and despatched the wounded Comyn. The Kirkpatricks of Closeburn assumed, in memory of this deed, a hand holding a bloody dagger, with the memorable motto, "I mak' sicker."

Sir Walter then mentions a doubt raised by Lord Hailes as to the identity of the Roger de Kirkpatrick, since the Roger de Kirkpatrick who, with Lindsay, despatched the Red Comyn, is
supposed to be the same person who, in June, 1357, was murdered by Lindsay in Caerlaverock Castle; whereas, says Lord Hailes, "the representative of the honourable family of Kirkpatrick of Nithsdale, Roger de Kirkpatrick, was made prisoner at the battle of Durham, in 1346, and was alive on the 6th of August, 1357; for on that day, Humphrey, his son and heir, is proposed as one of the young gentlemen who were to be hostages for David Bruce. Roger de Kirkpatrick, Miles, was also present at the Parliament which met at Edinburgh, September 25, 1357, and is mentioned as alive in the following month of October."

To this it is answered that at the period of the Regent's murder there were two families of the name of Kirkpatrick (nearly allied to each other) in existence, descended from Stephen Kirkpatrick, styled in the Chartulary of Kelso, 1278, Dominus villæ de Closeburn, filius et hæres Domini Adæ de Kirkpatrick, Militis, whose father, Ivone de Kirkpatrick, witnessed a charter of Robert Bruce, 1141. Stephen had two sons—Sir Roger, who carried on the line of Closeburn, and Duncan, who married Isabel, daughter and heiress of Sir David Torthorwald of that ilk. After some remarks, to show that the Torthorwald could not have been concerned in Comyn's murder, he adds:
"Universal tradition, and all later historians, have attributed the Regent's death-blow to Sir Roger de Kirkpatrick, of Closeburn."

Sir Walter also remarks that the crest of the Torthorwald family, as it still remains on a carved stone, built into a wall in the village of Torthorwald, bears some resemblance to a rose. But this, most probably, was intended for a thistle, as the original crest of the family was a thistle, with the motto "Tich and I perse;" a crest which was exchanged by Kirkpatrick of Closeburn (as already recorded by me) for the hand and bloody dagger,* after the cruel deed which, in that barbarous age, was deemed honourable.

* Sir B. Burke gives the Kirkpatrick crest as "A hand, holding a dagger in pale, distilling drops of blood."
THE CLIFFORDS,
EARLS OF CUMBERLAND.

Of all great houses of the North in the days of the Plantagenets, the next in rank, wealth, and power after the Percies was undoubtedly that of the Cliffords, Lords Clifford, and afterwards Earls of Cumberland. Even the Dacres of the North could not match them in feudal splendour; and as for the rest of the nobility of the Borderland, they were literally nowhere in comparison of them.

We find Richard, son of William Fitz-Pontz, Earl of Arques, the uncle and companion-in-arms of the Conqueror, marrying,* at the end of the eleventh century, Maud de Tony, heiress of Clifford Castle in Herefordshire, from which his

* One of the daughters of this marriage was "The Fair Rosamond."
son Walter took the name of Clifford, in lieu of his own, after the fashion of the time. His sons, grandsons, and great-grandsons, for several generations, were chiefs among the feudal barons in the west and north of England, and, living at a distance from the royal court, were able to hold a rival court of their own; they obtained the Castle of Brougham in Westmoreland, and a large tract of country round about it, through the marriage of Roger de Clifford, so celebrated for his valour in the wars under Henry III. and Edward I., with the heiress of the Viponts; and the deaths of more than one Clifford on the battle-fields of Wales sealed their reputation for loyalty to the throne.

The first of this line, however, who seems to have been actually summoned to Parliament as one of the peers of the realm, was Robert de Clifford, who lived at the close of the thirteenth century, and was the son of the above-mentioned Roger. He inherited Brougham Castle from his father, who, when adding to it and repairing it, had caused the words “This made Roger,” to be carved in large letters in stone over the gateway. Robert, the first baron, was also Earl Marshal of England, and he fell fighting under the royal standard at the battle of Bannockburn. He married an heiress of the illustrious House of De Clare, and his son,
the second baron, was Sheriff of Westmoreland. Though he was beheaded at York in 1327, along with Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, still the line of the Cliffords was continued by his brother Robert, who became the ancestor of a long series of barons, of whom the eleventh was raised to the Earldom of Cumberland. The earldom in his case was no mere titular honour, as his property extended over a large portion of the two counties now dominated over by the Lowthers, to say nothing of another territory in Yorkshire—the broad acres which surrounded Skipton Castle. Another of his seats was Barden Tower, not far from Bolton. The tower is still standing; and from its gates must often have rode forth, in all the pride of chivalry,

"The stout Lords Cliffords that did fight in France—"

yes, and in Scotland and England too, and in the Marches of Wales, from the time of the Conqueror down to the days of the Tudors and Stuarts, including the "Old Clifford," and the "Bloody Clifford," who slew the young Duke of Rutland and afterwards the Duke of York, his father, as told by Shakespeare in "King Henry VI." From these same gates also doubtless went forth at a later date the great seafaring Lord Clifford, George, third Earl of Cumberland, the
hero of Elizabeth's reign, who made no less than eleven expeditions, chiefly against the Spanish and the Dutch, and mostly also at his own expense, to the West Indies, Spanish America, and Sierra Leone. Here too lived, in either childhood or girlhood, the heroic Countess of Derby, daughter of Henry, second Earl of Cumberland, and grand-daughter of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk; and also Anne Clifford, Countess of Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery, a lady of whom I have more to say in detail than of the rest of the family. She was the daughter of George, the third Earl, and was married at an early age to Richard Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, afterwards Earl of Dorset, by whom she had two daughters, afterwards Countesses of Thanet and Northampton. This lady, one of the most illustrious characters to whom our country has given birth, is well fitted to occupy a niche in the temple of history by the side of Lady Blanche Arundell of Wardour, and the "Lady of Lathom." She was a woman of high spirit, and gifted with a determined will, which nothing could break or bend. "By the blessing of a religious education, and the example of an excellent mother," writes her biographer, "the Countess imbibed in childhood those principles which in middle life preserved her untainted
from the profligacy of one husband and the fanaticism of another; and after her deliverance from both, conducted her to the close of a long life in the uniform exercise of every virtue which became her sex, her rank, and her Christian profession. She had all the courage and liberality of the opposite sex, united with the devotion, order, and economy (perhaps not all the softness) of her own. She was the oldest and most independent courtier in the kingdom; had known and admired Queen Elizabeth; had refused what she deemed an iniquitous award of King James; had rebuilt her dismantled castles, in defiance of Cromwell; and had repelled with disdain the interposition of a profligate minister, under Charles II."

In her second widowhood, and as soon as the iniquity of the times would permit—so runs the narrative—her genius began to expand itself. Her first husband was, like all the Buckhursts, a man of sense and spirit, but of licentious morals; her second was the illiterate and despicable tool of a party which she despised. Accordingly, we find her complaining that the bowers of Knowle in Kent, and of Wilton in Wiltshire, had been to her no better than the painted abodes of sorrow. Yet, perhaps, if there were a failing point about her character, it was that she loved
independence and even authority too well for a wife.

But the time now came when every impediment was to be removed; and with two rich jointures added to her paternal inheritance, she withdrew into the north, and set about her great works of "repairing the breaches, and restoring the paths to dwell in," and in a short time, by the integrity and economy of her agents, and by her own personal supervision, she was enabled to remove every vestige of devastation which the Civil Wars had left.

She had indeed some very fine traits in her character, and did many good works in her time, though she took care that they should not be forgotten. For instance, as already intimated above, she was the repairer and restorer of the castles and churches in the north.

Mr. William Howitt writes, in his "Visits to Remarkable Places:" "When she came to her ancestral estates she found six castles in ruins, and the Church of Skipton in a similar condition, from the ravages of the Civil War. She restored them all; and upon all set an emblazonment of the fact. One of the first things which she built was a work of filial piety—a pillar in the highway at the place where she and her unhappy
mother last parted, and took their final farewell. She erected monuments to her tutor Daniell, the poetic historian, and to Spenser—the latter in Westminster Abbey. She wrote her own life, of which the title-page is indeed a curiosity, being a whole page of the most vain-glorious enumeration of the titles and honours derived from her ancestors. Spite of her vain-glory, she was, nevertheless, a fine old creature. She had been an independent courtier in the court of Queen Elizabeth, possessing a spirit as lofty and daring as old Bess herself. She personally resisted a most iniquitous award of her family property by King James, and suffered grievously on that account. She rebuilt her dismantled castles in defiance of Cromwell, and repelled with disdain the assumption of the minister of Charles II.” Her historian tells us that “she patronised the poets of her youth, and the distressed loyalists of her maturer age; she enabled her aged servants to end their days in ease and independence; and, above all, she educated and portioned the illegitimate children of her first husband, the Earl of Dorset. Removing from castle to castle, she diffused plenty and happiness around her, by consuming on the spot the produce of her vast domains in hospitality and charity. Equally remote from the undistinguish.
ing profusion of ancient times and the parsimonious elegance of modern habits, her house was a school for the young and a retreat for the aged; an asylum for the persecuted; a college for the learned; and a pattern for all.” To this “it may be added (writes Mr. Howitt) that, during that age when such firmness was most meritorious, she withstood all the arts, persuasions, and all but actual compulsion of her two husbands, to oblige her to change the course and injure the property of her descendants.”

A memorable instance of her high spirit is recorded when, late in life, by failure of the male line, after thirty-eight years of family discord, she had come into possession of the great hereditary estates of the Cliffords, Earls of Cumberland. To these estates belonged, in her father's and her own day, the patronage of the borough of Appleby. Sir Joseph Williamson, the profligate Minister and secretary of “the Merry Monarch,” happening to suggest to her the name of a friend as an eligible representative for her borough, she returned to him the following laconic and patriotic answer:

“Sir,

“I have been bullied by an usurper, and I
have been neglected by a court; but I will not be dictated to by a subject. Your man shall not stand;

"Yours,

"ANNE DORSET, PEMBROKE, AND MONTGOMERY."

I have said that she was a great restorer of the castles on her large estates; among these is Barden Tower, on the front of which the following inscription may still be read:

"This Barden Tower was repayred by the Ladie Anne Clifford, Countesse Dowager of Pembroke, Dorsett, and Montgomery, Baroness Clifford, Westmoreland, and Vercie Lady of the Honor of Skipton in Craven and High Sherifesesse by inheritance of the Countie of Westmoreland in the years 1658 and 1659, after it had layne ruinous ever since about 1589, when her mother then lay in itt and was great with child with her till nowe that it was repayred by the said Lady. Is. chapt. 58. v. 12.* God's name be praised!"

Barden Tower stands in a quaint, picturesque, old-fashioned nook, in the midst of the North Yorkshire hills. Dr. Whitaker writes in his "History of Craven":

* Thou shalt build up the foundations of many generations, and thou shalt be called the repairer of the breach, and the restorer of paths to dwell in.
"The shattered remains of Barden Tower stand shrouded in ancient woods and backed by the purple distances of the highest fells. An antiquarian eye rests with pleasure on a scene of thatched houses and barns which in the last two centuries has undergone as little change as have the simple and pastoral manners of the inhabitants."
THE HOMES OF POLWARTH.

EW families in the past history of Scotland ever filled a more honourable place than did the ancient family of Home. Sprung from the Dunbars, Earls of March, whose ancestors were the Saxon Kings of England, and Princes and Earls of Northumberland, their own distinguished abilities, loyalty, and patriotism added fresh laurels to the princely house from which they were descended.

As the Barons of Home and the Earls of Marchmont, their names are enshrined in the roll of their country's heroes, while as "Polwarths of the Green," they live in its traditions and its song. And not inferior to the sons was one, at least, of the daughters of the house. The bravest of all Scottish heroines was undoubtedly the Lady Grizel Home, whose name will never be forgotten

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while a loving heart, self-sacrifice, and devotion are esteemed honourable in women.

The Lords of Home and of Marchmont had a common ancestor in Sir Thomas Home, a cadet of the noble house of the Dunbars, Earls of March, who flourished in the reigns of Robert II. and III., the former being descended from his eldest son, Sir George, and the latter from his youngest, Sir David. This Sir David, alike the progenitor of the house of Wedderburn and of the house of Polwarth, was a youth of a noble and undaunted spirit, and so greatly esteemed by Archibald, Earl of Douglas, that he appointed him his armour-bearer, and bestowed on him a grant of the lands and barony of Wedderburn, which was afterwards confirmed by a charter from the said Earl in 1415.

In the pedigree of the Home family we read that George and Patrick, the grandsons of Sir David, married Marian and Marietta Sinclair, daughters and co-heiresses of Sir John Sinclair, of Hermandston, the head of one of the most ancient families of that surname in Scotland; but the compiler fails to narrate the good old Border fashion in which this union of the two noble families was brought about.

At this troubulous period of Scottish history heiresses, as now, were in great demand; but the
wooning of these "well tochered damsels" was conducted in a far different manner from that of our more peaceful times. Few were married without the previous exchange of sword thrusts and sundry hard knocks, little calculated to soothe the angry feelings of those who chanced to be worsted in the encounter. As was to be expected, the prizes so eagerly sought after generally became the property of the strongest in the affray, if not the most worthy of their lovers. Of their numerous suitors, Marian and Marietta Sinclair preferred the two sons of their powerful neighbour and cousin, Home of Wedderburn; but their father unfortunately dying before their marriage had taken place, they fell into the hands of the inevitable "cruel uncle," so famous in nursery story. Rapacious to a degree, their unworthy relative resolved to prevent their marriage, in order that he might succeed to their estates. The better to carry out his nefarious scheme, he secreted his nieces in a grim old castle in Lothian. But "love laughs at locksmiths," and "where there is a will there's a way," as the stern old jailer speedily found to his cost. By means of a beggar woman who opportunely came soliciting alms to their prison gate, the captive damsels contrived to get a note conveyed to their lovers, acquainting them with their forlorn position and place of conceal-
ment. This missive at once met with a response from the youths in person, who made their appearance before the castle gate at the head of a stout body of Merse men; the latter, vassal like, being ready to burn, murder, or pillage as their chiefs required. Enraged to the utmost at this unexpected turn of events, the uncle made all possible resistance, but in vain; the gallant young Homes bore down all before them, and he had the mortification of seeing his nieces carried off in triumph before his eyes, hedged in by the conquering spears of Wedderburn. The victors escorted their lady loves to Polwarth, where their nuptials were immediately celebrated amidst the shouts and acclamations of the inhabitants. Part of the rejoicings consisted in a dance round two old thorn trees which grew in the centre of the village; and in commemoration thereof all marriage parties, until very recently, when the thorns fell to pieces through age, danced round the venerable trees to an air composed for the occasion, and known as "Polwarth-on-the-Green."

"At Polwarth-on-the-Green if you'll meet me in the morn,
Where lasses do come ever to dance about the thorn."

Through his marriage with Marietta Sinclair, Sir Patrick acquired the lands and barony of Polwarth, which had come into the possession of the
Sinclairs in the reign of Robert III., by the union of the then Sir John Sinclair, of Herdmanston, with Elizabeth, sole daughter and heiress of Sir Patrick de Polwarth.

Of Sir Patrick Home it is said that he was a man of great valour and fortitude, and a strenuous defender of the Borders against the encroachments of the English; and of his son, also a Sir Patrick, that he was most worthy and honourable, and so devoted to his king, James III., that the perfidious Duke of Albany in vain tempted him with considerable offers to aid him in his rebellion against his sovereign. "Nothing could induce Sir Patrick," says his historian, "to join with any measure contrary to the interest of his king and country." This loyal knight, though possessed of a vast estate, afterwards obtained under the Great Seal no fewer than seven charters of different lands and baronies; and so high was he in favour with James IV., that the King constituted him Comptroller of Scotland.

Sir Patrick, the fifth Baron, who was a great promoter of the Reformation, while acting as captain of the Regent's horse, received a fatal wound in a conflict with the Queen's troops at Cairney in 1570. His son and grandson, both named Sir Patrick, played equally prominent parts in the times in which they lived, and each re-
ceived signal proofs of his sovereign's favour. But by far the most distinguished member of this ancient house was Sir Patrick, the eighth Baron of Polwarth—a man distinguished for his patriotism, his misfortunes, and his after-greatness, but more distinguished as the father of Lady Grizel Baillie.

Sir Patrick was chosen in 1665 knight of the shire of Berwick, in which capacity his great genius and abilities soon made themselves known and felt. Some disturbances taking place in the country with regard to the militia, &c., he protested against the measures adopted on this occasion in such forcible terms that the Council, for his insolence, as they termed it, put him in prison; but he was soon afterwards liberated, chiefly through the intercession of the Countess of Northumberland. The execution of Russell and Algernon Sydney in 1684 invited the Duke of York and his supporters to prosecute those who had distinguished themselves in opposition to their tyrannical proceedings; and it was resolved that Sir Patrick should again be placed under restraint. Fortunately, the soldiers sent to arrest him stopped at the house of a friend to the Government in order to procure some refreshment. Their inquiries respecting the road to Redbraes Castle alarmed the lady, who secretly favoured the
Presbyterian party. Fearing that some danger threatened Sir Patrick, and yet not daring either to write or to send a message, she wrapped a feather in a piece of paper, and despatched a boy with it over the hills to Redbraes, while she contrived to detain the militia. Sir Patrick at once concluded it was meant as a hint that he should fly, and accordingly sought safety in the family burial-vault under the church at Polwarth, where he had no fire and no light, except such as could effect an entrance through a narrow slit in the wall. In this dismal abode he remained a whole winter month. Meanwhile, Patrick, the eldest son, was taken up and put in prison; and on the 26th of December a petition from him was presented to the Privy Council, setting forth the piteous condition of the family now deprived of their father and threatened with the loss of their estate. "He was but a poor afflicted young boy," he said, "who could do no harm to the State; he moreover cherished loyal principles, and was a hater of plots. All he craved was liberty, that he might see to some livelihood for himself, and be in some condition to help and succour his disconsolate mother and the rest of his father's ten starving children." The boon was granted, though grudgingly, the youth being obliged first to obtain security for his good behaviour to the extent of
two thousand pounds sterling. And now Sir Patrick's noble daughter, Grizel, steps upon the scene.

Lady Grizel, the eldest of ten children, was born on Christmas Day, 1663, at Redbraes Castle, in the Merse. From her earliest years she displayed great activity and intelligence, and her delight lay in performing offices of kindness for her relations. When barely beyond childhood she was despatched—probably in charge of a trusty domestic—on an important political mission to a great friend of her father's, Mr. Baillie, of Jerviswood, then lying a prisoner in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh; and so ably did she execute her errand that she was intrusted with a similar mission to him before his execution. In the course of these melancholy visits Lady Grizel made the acquaintance of his son, George Baillie, who at the time of his father's death was a youth of nineteen, and she a girl of eighteen. And now her own parent stood in need of her assistance. As has already been stated, Sir Patrick lay concealed in the family vault. With the comfort of a bed and bedding, and with his thick "Kilmarnock cowl" drawn down over his ears to protect him from the cold, he passed his time in repeating George Buchanan's Latin version of the Psalms, which he had in years gone by impressed on his
memory; and thither the young Grizel found her way alone at midnight laden with a basket of provisions, and stayed with him as long as she could, so as to return home before daybreak. To quote the family memoir written by her daughter, Lady Murray, of Stanhope: "In all this time my grandfather showed the same constant composure and cheerfulness of mind that he continued to possess to his death, which was at the age of thirty-four, all of which good qualities she inherited from him in a high degree. Often did they laugh heartily in that doleful habitation at different incidents that happened. She at that time had a terror of churchyards, especially in the dark, as is not singular at her age, arising from idle nursery stories; but, while engaged in concern for her father, she stumbled over the graves every night without fear of any kind entering her thoughts, save of soldiers despatched in search of him, of which the least noise or motion of a leaf put her in terror. There was also a difficulty in supplying him with food without the servants suspecting it; but she effected this by stealing it off from her plate at table into her lap. Many a diverting story she has told about this and other things of a like nature. Her father was fond of sheep's head, and while the children were eating their broth Grizel hid the greater part of one in
this manner—when her brother Sandy, the future Earl of Marchmont, looked up with astonishment, and said: 'Mother, will ye no speak to Grizel? While we have been taking our broth she has eat up the whole sheep's head.' As the gloomy habitation my grandfather was in was not to be long endured, they were contriving other places of concealment for him; amongst others, particularly one under a bed which drew out on a ground floor, in a room of which my mother kept the key. She, and a man named Winter, whom they had admitted into their confidence, worked in the night, making a hole in the earth after lifting the boards, which they did by scratching it up with their hands, not to make any noise, till she had left not a nail on her fingers, she helping the man to carry the earth as they dug it, in a sheet on his back, out of the window into the garden. He then made at his own house a box, large enough for her father to lie in, with bed and bed clothes and holes in the boards for air. When all this was finished, for it was long about, she thought herself the most secure, happy creature alive. When it had stood the trial for a month of no water coming into it, which was feared from its being so low, and every day examined by my mother, and the holes for air picked clean, her father ventured home, having that to trust to.
After being at home a week, the bed daily examined as usual, one day in lifting the boards the bed bounced to the top, the box being full of water. In her life she was never so struck, and had nearly dropped down, it being at that time their only refuge. Her father, with great composure, said to his wife and her, he saw they must tempt Providence no longer; that it was now fit and necessary for him to go off and leave them. They immediately set about preparing for my grandfather's going away. My mother worked day and night in making some alterations in his clothes for disguise. They were then obliged to trust John Allan, their grieve, who fainted away when he was told that his master was in the house, and that he was to set out with him on horseback before day, and pretend to the servants that he had orders to sell some horses at Morpeth fair. Accordingly my grandfather getting out by a window to the stables, they set out in the dark. Though with great reason it was a sorrowful parting, yet, after he was fairly gone, they rejoiced and thought themselves happy that he was in a way of being safe, though they were deprived of him, and little knew what was to be either his fate or their own. My grandfather, whose thoughts were much employed, and went as the horse carried him, without thinking of his
way, found himself at Tweedside, and at a place not fordable, and no servant. After pausing and stopping a good while, he found means to get over, and get into the road the other side, when, after some time, he met his servant, who showed inexpressible joy at meeting him, and told him, as he rode first, he thought he was always following, till, upon a great noise of the galloping of horses, he looked about and missed him. This was a party sent to his house to take him up, which they searched very narrowly; possibly hearing horses had gone from the house, they suspected the truth, and followed. They overtook the man, who, to his great joy and astonishment, missed his master, and, being too cunning for them, they were gone back before my grandfather came up with him. He immediately quit the high road, after a warning by so miraculous an escape, and in two days sent back his servant, which was the first intelligence they had at home of his not having fallen into their hands."

Sir Patrick got to London through bye ways, giving himself out for a surgeon—for he could bleed, and carried his instruments about with him; and, after one or two narrow escapes, he succeeded in making his way to Holland. He was then "forfeited," his estate being given to Lord Seaforth. Upon this Sir Patrick's lady, accom-
panied by her daughter Grizel, went to London by sea to solicit an allowance for herself and her children; but, in spite of their numerous and influential friends, and the sympathy which their misfortunes excited, all that they could get was £150 a year. They afterwards joined Sir Patrick with the rest of the family at Utrecht, where they remained till the Revolution, an interval of three years and a half. To these years of exile, poverty, and toil, Grizel was wont to refer in after-years as having been the happiest period of her life. Not many women would have thought so under the circumstances; for there was not a week in which she did not sit up at least two nights to do the necessary business of the house. She went to market, and also to the mill, where their corn was ground; she washed and dressed the linen, cleaned the house, cooked the dinner, mended the children's stockings, made their clothes, and in short did everything that could be expected of a good housewife. Added to which she undertook a voyage to Scotland by herself for the purpose of bringing over her young sister, Juliana, who had been left behind awhile with a friend.

In spite of her multifarious occupations, the incomparable Grizel found time to write a collection of Scottish songs, the best known of which
is the quaint old ballad, "There was a May and she lo'ed nae men."

The poorly provided house of "Dr. Wallace," as Sir Patrick styled himself, was the hospitable rendezvous for all reduced Scotch ladies and gentlemen during their stay in Utrecht; and doubtless many gay evenings were spent by the exiles in that Presbyterian household; for so little was Sir Patrick imbued with the usual stern asceticism of his party, that he liked to see his children hearty and merry, laughing, dancing, and singing about him. "Lost estates," he said, "can be regained, but health once lost by a habit of melancholy can never be restored."

Grizel's favourite brother Patrick was then a soldier in the Prince of Orange's Guard, and so was his dear friend, young Baillie of Jerviswood, whose acquaintance Grizel had made in the grim old Tolbooth of Edinburgh, as stated above. The young men rode in the Prince's Guard, stood sentry at his gate, and had the honour of seeing him eat in public; and in order that her brother might make a good appearance on these occasions, Grizel devoted a portion of her nights to the work of washing, starching, and darning his lace cravat and ruffles. Doubtless she also performed the same kind office for his friend and her lover—for Grizel Home was a handsome girl,
with a light lithe figure, delicate features, chestnut hair and brilliant complexion; but he was poor even as herself, his estates having been confiscated. They were happily young, and deeply attached, and so for a while were content to live on love and hope.

In 1685 Sir Patrick came to Scotland with the Duke of Argyle, and upon the suppression of the rebellion he narrowly escaped being made prisoner. Again retiring to Holland, he remained there till he came over to England with the Prince of Orange in 1688. On their return to their native land, Grizel declined the post of maid of honour to Queen Mary; but she did not refuse to become the wife of George Baillie, to whom she was married at Redbraes Castle on September 17, 1692, the revolution having restored him his estates, when he was in his twenty-ninth year, and she in her twenty-eighth. This union lasted for forty-eight years—"years of love and trust."

Sir Patrick, having been instrumental in getting the crown settled upon their Royal Highnesses, was immediately named one of the new privy councillors by King William, and was raised to the peerage by the title of Lord Polwarth of Polwarth in 1690; and by patent the King added to his armorial bearing in a surtout an orange
proper, ensigned with an imperial crown, as an everlasting mark of His Majesty's regard and esteem for the House of Polwarth. He was constituted successively sheriff principal of Berwickshire, one of the extraordinary lords of session and Lord High Chancellor of Scotland; and was created Earl of Marchmont in 1697. Other dignities followed in rapid succession. Queen Anne and George I. added further to his high offices, all of which he discharged with "great sufficiency, candour, and fidelity." He died in 1724, in his eighty-fourth year. His son, who sat in Parliament as Lord High Treasurer for Scotland, died before him without issue in 1710.

Alexander, second Earl of Marchmont, who married Miss Campbell, the heiress of Cessnock, was likewise distinguished for his great learning and abilities. He was made one of the senators of the College of Justice in Scotland, one of the Privy Council and Exchequer; in 1715 he was appointed Envoy Extraordinary to the Courts of Denmark and Prussia; and in 1721 he was sent as first ambassador to the Congress to be held at Cambray, when he made his public entry into that city with great splendour and magnificence. In 1728 he was invested with the Order of the Thistle. He died in 1740, and was succeeded by his youngest son, Hugh, who on his entering the
House of Commons in 1734, had attracted the favourable notice of Horace Walpole, and was esteemed the greatest orator and statesman of the age. On the death of his father, he was chosen one of the sixteen representative peers, and was appointed Keeper of the Great Seal for Scotland.

Shortly before he died, he disinherited his own sons because they supported a candidate for the county of whom he disapproved, and left the estates to his sister's children. His son Alexander, Lord Polwarth, was created a British peer as Lord Home of Berwick. He married Lady Amabel Yorke, afterwards Countess de Grey. The Earl died in 1781, having survived his son, so that the title became extinct.

Through the marriage of his daughter, Lady Diana Home, with Walter Scott, the Laird of Harden, who became chief of the name of Scott on the extinction of the male line of the elder branch, the barony of Polwarth was claimed and obtained by their son, Hugh Scott, in 1835.

The present possessor of this ancient title is Walter Hugh Hepburne Scott, twelfth Baron of Polwarth, who married in the year 1863, Mary, eldest daughter of George, fifth Earl of Aberdeen, by whom he has a numerous family. And it is no wonder that down to this very day the name
of Grizel—the Scottish equivalent of the "patient Griselda" of Boccaccio—is an especial favourite with the Baillies of Jerviswood, now Earls of Haddington, and with many other Scottish families.
THE DUCAL HOUSE OF BEDFORD.

The present moment, when the public mind is filled with sympathy for the bereaved relatives of the venerable statesman, who has just entered into his rest, after serving his country, to the best of his ability, for more than three score years, may not be inopportune for a brief sketch of the rise and fortunes of the Russell family; albeit that to many it may prove but a "twice-told tale."

The House of Russell claims that of Du Rozell, in Normandy, as the tree from which their branch was lopped off and planted on the English soil. The first historical notice of the family tells us that in the reign of King John, A.D. 1202, one John Russell, of Kingston Russell, in

* The allusion is to the death of Earl Russell, which happened in May, 1878.
Dorsetshire, and Constable of Corfe Castle, gave fifty marks for a licence to marry the sister of a local grandee, named Bardolfe. The offspring of this union was one Sir Ralph Russell, who sat as a knight of the shire for the county of Southampton, in the first Parliament of Edward II.; and this gentleman was ancestor in the eighth generation of Sir John Russell, Speaker of the House of Commons in the time of Henry VI.

A grandson of this Speaker, and bearing the same Christian name, who lived on his estate at Berwick (or Bury-wick), about four miles from Bridport, in Dorsetshire, was reputed the most accomplished gentleman of his day. In 1500 a violent and sudden storm drove the Archduke Philip of Austria, son to the Emperor Maximilian, to take refuge in the harbour of Weymouth, as he was returning from the Low Countries on his way to Spain. Sir Thomas Trenchard, who, it would appear, was then Governor of Weymouth, received the royal refugee with all due honours, and sent for his own relation, Mr. John Russell, to wait upon him, probably because this gentleman could speak French and German more fluently than the generality of even the high-born Englishmen of that day.

The Archduke was so much pleased with Mr. Russell that he insisted on his accompanying him
to London, and remaining in his service so long as he stayed at the English Court, where the royal guest did not fail to recommend his new favourite to the notice of his host, King Henry VII. On the departure of Philip the King made Mr. Russell a gentleman of his Privy Chamber, and he continued to show him especial favour as long as he lived.

Under Henry VIII. the Dorsetshire squire rose with great rapidity. He served with credit on the Continent, accompanied his royal master to the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and was knighted by the Earl of Surrey, Admiral of the English fleet, at the taking of Morlaix. He was afterwards employed by Henry in diplomatic negotiations with the Pope, the King of France, and the Emperor, and he fought at the battle of Pavia, when the defeated Francis succumbed to the power of Charles V.; and yielded up his sword to Lannoy. Henry rewarded Sir John Russell's services by making him Comptroller of the royal household and a member of the Privy Council, at the same time appointing him Warden of the Stannaries, Lord Admiral of England and Ireland, and Lord Privy Seal, and bestowing on him the Blue Riband of the Order of the Garter. In 1539 the lucky favourite was created Baron Russell of Chenies. On the attainder of Stafford
Duke of Buckingham, Henry bestowed on him also the Manor of Agmondesham, which had been forfeited by that nobleman. Lord Russell's marriage with the heiress of Chenies added that Manor and seat to his other possessions; and Chenies is still the place of sepulture of the House of Bedford. From generation to generation the Russells are buried, not at Woburn, but at Chenies, a little village on the borders of Buckinghamshire and Hertfordshire, where their tombs are well worthy of a pilgrimage. To the lover of English scenery I can recommend such a pilgrimage, as one of the most interesting objects to be seen within twenty miles of London. In the Russell chapel, which forms the north aisle of the parish church, and was built by Ann Countess of Bedford, in 1556, there are many fine monuments, including one in memory of Lord William Russell, who was beheaded, and whose body rests in the vault below, beside his brave and loving wife, Lady Rachel. The vault contains about sixty coffins, Earl Russell's being the last deposited there.

On the dissolution of the greater monasteries Lord Russell obtained the broad lands belonging to the Abbey of Tavistock, and in other parts of Devon, besides considerable church property in Somerset, Cornwall, and Buckinghamshire; but,
though so largely indebted for their wealth to Court favour and the spoils of the Church, they have always been the champions of the cause of the people.

When Henry VIII. attacked Boulogne, he took Lord Russell with him as Captain-General of the vanguard of the royal army, and one of his last acts was to increase his faithful follower's already enormous possessions by giving him a grant of the wealthy monastery of Woburn; while he added to his dignity and importance by appointing him a member of the council of his youthful heir.

At Edward VI's Coronation Lord Russell acted as Lord High Steward, and three years afterwards, in the year 1550, he was created Earl of Bedford. At this period, carrying his Protestant zeal to the precise length which then found favour at Court, he acted as an iconoclast in the west of England.

In spite of this fact, however, he was sent to Spain by Queen Mary in the second year of her reign, in order to escort Philip to England, and to ratify her contract of marriage with the Archduke. In the following year the Earl of Bedford died, leaving his titles and estates to his son, Francis, who had been one of the first to proclaim Mary queen, and who took a leading part
in the battle of St. Quentin, and in the capture of that town. He was a Privy Councillor under Queen Elizabeth, and was sent by her as ambassador to Francis of France, as also to Mary Queen of Scots, in order to negotiate a marriage between that ill-fated lady and Elizabeth’s favourite, the Earl of Leicester; after which he was again sent to France, to propose a marriage between herself and the Duke of Anjou. This Francis, Earl of Bedford, founded sundry exhibitions for poor scholars in University College, Oxford; and he was so prodigal in his munificence that Queen Elizabeth was once heard to say to him, “My Lord of Bedford, you make all the beggars.” He had four sons, of whom the youngest only survived him (reminding one forcibly of the curse of sacrilege), and was succeeded by Edward, only son of his third son Francis.

His youngest son, William (called to the House of Lords in his father’s lifetime as Baron Russell of Thornhaugh), on returning from foreign travel in his youth made no stay at the English Court, but betook himself to the wars in Hungary, France, the Low Countries, and Ireland. He was for some time Lord Deputy of Ireland, and there suppressed the rebellion of Tyrone and O’Madden. The Lord Deputy’s eldest son, Francis, suc-
ceeding his cousin, Edward, the third Earl, in 1627. Three years later he was the principal in a great work of drainage in the fen country, and was appointed a commissioner to inquire into defective titles, as also to treat with the Scotch malcontents at the beginning of the Civil War. His death, of small-pox, in 1641, was a great loss to Charles I., and Lord Clarendon tells us that it proved one great cause of the breach then becoming daily wider between the King and his people. He died the very day on which Stafford's death-warrant was issued; and Archbishop Laud mentions him as one of the many plotters against that unfortunate nobleman, but no other witness has confirmed this charge.

William, the eldest son of the fourth Earl, held a command in the cavalry for the Parliament; yet he was chosen to bear the royal sceptre of St. Edward at the Restoration. He was elected a Knight of the Garter in 1672, and still was sufficiently pliant in his allegiance to be sworn a member of the Privy Council when William and Mary came to the throne. In 1694 he was created Marquis of Tavistock and Duke of Bedford, and became, through his wealth and his skill in the practice of political science, one of the most powerful noblemen of the day. As a proof of this, it may be added that he was at the same
time Lord-Lieutenant of Cambridgeshire, Bedfordshire, and Middlesex. It is remarkable that in his ducal patent of nobility it is expressly recited that he was the father to William, Lord Russell, "the ornament of his age." The first Duke of Bedford died in 1700.

The following is the history of the first Duke's courtship and marriage, as it stands recorded by Sir Bernard Burke:

"The lady of his choice was Anne, daughter and heiress of Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, by his too celebrated Countess, Frances Howard, the divorced wife of Essex. 'Francis, Earl of Bedford,' says Pennant, 'was so averse to the alliance that he gave his son leave to choose a wife out of any family but that. Opposition usually stimulates desire; the young couple's affections were only increased. At length the King interposed, and sending the Duke of Lennox to urge the Earl to consent, the match was brought about. Somerset, now reduced to poverty, acted a generous part, selling his house at Chiswick; plate, jewels, and furniture, to raise a fortune for his daughter of £12,900, which the Earl of Bedford demanded, saying, that since her affections were settled, he chose rather to undo himself than make her unhappy.' The lady proved worthy of the alliance. It is said that she was ignorant of
her mother's dishonour till informed of it by a pamphlet which she accidentally found; and it is added that her Grace was so struck with this detection of her parent's guilt that she fell down in a fit, and was found senseless with the book open before her. The Duke had issue by this admirable woman seven sons and three daughters, of whom the eldest surviving son was the celebrated William, Lord Russell. This distinguished patriot was first returned to Parliament for the county Bedford, in 1678-9. His Lordship, who took an active part against the Court, appeared publicly in the King's Bench, at Westminster Hall, June 16, 1680, and presented the Duke of York as a recusant; he subsequently carried up the bill of exclusion of His Royal Highness, at the head of more than two hundred members of the Commons, to the House of Lords. Thus incurring the hostility of the Government, he soon fell a victim to his uncompromising patriotism. Charged as a participator in the Rye House conspiracy, his Lordship was arraigned at the Old Bailey, June 13, 1683, and convicted. He was executed, by decapitation, at Lincoln's Inn Fields, July 21 following. Between his condemnation and death Lord Cavendish offered to change clothes with him in the prison, and thus enable him to effect his escape; but Lord Russell
had too much magnanimity to expose his friend to so much danger."

Wriothesley, son to Lord William, succeeded his grandfather, the attainder passed on his father having been reversed by William and Mary. He married Elizabeth, only child and heiress of John Howland, Esq., of Streatham, who brought a large and valuable property into the family of Russell. Wriothesley had been created Baron Howland, of Streatham, before the death of his grandfather. He became in due course a Gentleman of the Bedchamber, Lord High Constable of England, and a Knight of the Garter; but he died young, of small-pox, leaving two sons, both of whom in their turn succeeded to the dukedom.

The elder, Wriothesley, third Duke, married a daughter of the Duke of Bridgewater, and died childless in 1732.

John, fourth Duke, K.G., was twice married—first to Lady Diana Spencer, daughter of Charles, Earl of Sunderland, and grand-daughter of the great Duke of Marlborough; secondly, to Lady Gertrude Leveson-Gower, aunt of the first Duke of Sutherland. By the latter he had a daughter, and also a son, Francis, Marquis of Tavistock, who died before his father. John was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and Ambassador at the Court of France, where he signed the prelimi-
naries of peace with France and Spain in 1732. In 1744 he became First Lord of the Admiralty and a Member of the Privy Council. On the breaking out of the Rebellion of 1745 the Duke raised a regiment of foot for the King. Honours now began to fall thickly on him. Two years afterwards he was Secretary-of-State, and held the seals of that office till 1751. He was also a Governor of the Charterhouse, Warden and Keeper of the New Forest, and Lord-Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of Devonshire and Bedfordshire. He also acted as a Lord Justice while the King was in Germany. On becoming Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland he showed especial favour to the Roman Catholics, most probably because he knew that the French were preparing to make a descent upon the island, in the hope of severing it from England. The Duke, however, rallied all the Irish around him, and put the island into a state of complete defence. A French fleet hovered near the coast, but was repulsed by Admiral Lord Hawke. Next year the attempt was renewed under Thurot, who landed troops at Carrickfergus, which capitulated; but the French had to evacuate it in five days. It may be added that Captain Elliott engaged this fleet off the Isle of Man and defeated it, when Thurot was amongst the slain.
When George II. died, the Duke was superseded in the viceregal office by the Earl of Halifax. In 1762, he was sent as Minister Plenipotentiary to Versailles, where he signed the preliminaries of peace with France and Spain. He died January, 1771, in the prime of life, and lay in state at his residence, Southampton House, Bloomsbury, before being carried for interment to Chenies, where he slept with his fathers. His grandson, Francis, eldest son of the Marquis of Tavistock, a boy only six years old, became the fifth Duke of Bedford; but he was cut off without issue at the age of thirty-five. His death was lamented as a national calamity, for the Duke had devoted himself to agricultural pursuits, and his seat, Woburn Abbey, became the seat of rural science, both agricultural and horticultural: for the Duke spent twenty thousand pounds a year on improving the breed of cattle and sheep, and he was one of those who founded the Agricultural Society of England.

Lord Ossory wrote in his note book of this young nobleman: "The operation was performed very successfully by Earle . . . . . . However, the progress of the disease was not favourable, and on March 2, about half-past eleven, a.m., he expired . . . . in Lord John's arms. His energetic and capacious mind, his en-
larged way of thinking and elevated sentiments, together with the habits and pursuits of his life, peculiarly qualified him for his high station and princely fortune. His uprightness and truth were unequalled, his magnanimity, fortitude, and consideration in his last moments, taken so unprepared as he was, were astonishing."

He left two brothers, John, who succeeded to the dukedom, and Lord William, who was murdered, in 1840, by his valet, Courvoisier. John, the sixth Duke, like his father, was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. He too devoted himself to agriculture, and to draining the fen districts, now known as the Bedford Level. He was carried off by a sudden attack of illness at the Doune of Rothiemurcas, in Perthshire, October 20, 1839. He was the father of Francis, seventh Duke, and of Earl Russell, also of a numerous family of other sons and daughters.

Like the Cavendishes, the Russells can boast that for three centuries the name of their family, in spite of their great wealth and honours and titles, has been always identified with the cause of the people and of freedom; and, at all events, no house of the English nobility could ever have produced a nobler specimen of its sons than the ill-fated Lord
William, whose death upon the scaffold in Lincoln's-inn-fields forms one of the saddest and at the same time most disgraceful chapters in English history.
TRAGEDIES OF THE HOUSE OF INNES.

READERS of Sir Walter Scott will not be surprised to find that among the chiefs of the Highland and Lowland clans of Scotland two or three centuries ago there was a disposition to "take the law into their own hands," and that there was many a "red hand in the foray" to be found among the Campbells, the Forbeses, the Mackintoshes, and the Mackenzies; but they may perhaps be astonished when they read that wars were thus waged not only between rival and hostile clans, but also between members of the same clan, and that family strifes were constantly appeased even in the neighbourhood of the Court of Holyrood by the summary assassination of an obnoxious relative. Of such a state of things the following paper will afford, at all events, two examples in the annals of the noble House
of Innes, the head of which wears the ducal coronet of Roxburgh. The first chief of this ancient house whose name has been handed down to posterity is Herewald, who received a charter from King Malcolm of Scotland for the broad lands between the rivers Spey and Lossy, in Elginshire. The royal giver of this estate was probably Malcolm the Maiden; but the names of two witnesses to the charter (which is still in existence) countenance the supposition advanced by some annalists, that they were bestowed by Malcolm Canmore, who reigned sixty years earlier.

In the days of King David Bruce, Sir Walter of Innes, the tenth in descent from Herewald, left three sons, who were all Lairds of Innes. The eldest, Walter, died unmarried; John, the second, was an ecclesiastic, and was first designated "Parson of Duffus;" but in 1406 he was consecrated Bishop of Moray.

"According to the family record, he was 'the great builder of the greatest and fairest fabrick in the kingdom, that is the Cathedrall of Elgine.' The work itself, the common tradition, and the inscription (that upon the bishop's tomb in the cathedral) prove sufficiently what is said. The man died young, whether he took anything from the estate or not, and gave it to the Church, it
needs not be said, because it cannot be proven. Though there be reports to that purpose."

Alexander, the twentieth Laird of Innes, is said in the record to have "had some particularity in his temper." Of this he gave sufficient proof by engaging in lawsuits with his friends, and among the rest, with one Innes of Pethnock (apparently a cousin), which brought both the litigants to Edinburgh in 1576. The laird met his opponent at the Cross, and, after passionately reproaching him for having dared to send him a citation, he either stabbed the poor man with a dagger or shot him with a pistol. Then, when the crime was committed, and the wounded man had breathed his last, pride forbade the laird to flee away from justice; so he paced haughtily up and down upon the spot, as if he had done nothing that could be condemned, his kinsman's life being a thing that he could dispose of without accounting for it to any man.

Tidings of the tragedy were, however, quickly carried to the Earl of Morton, then Regent, who sent a guard to fetch the murderer to the Castle. Then, when the Laird at length began to realise the extreme danger in which he stood, and saw that his rash and passionate deed would probably cost him his own life, he made an effort to save it, by surrendering to the Regent a barony which

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brought in twenty-four thousand marks yearly. The very evening that this transfer had been made, and duly signed and sealed, Laird Alexander made merry with some friends at a "collation;" and, speaking of the large ransom which the Earl of Morton had made him pay for his life, added a boast that, "had he his foot once loose, he would fain see what Earl durst come and possess his lands." Rash man! Laird Alexander, you shall soon find you have to pay more heavily for your words than for your deeds.

On this being reported to the Regent, he resolved to play a sure game with his prisoner, and therefore coolly ordered his head to be struck off within the Castle the very next day, while he took quiet possession of the barony.

As the beheaded Laird was childless, his brother John succeeded him. But this new Laird, in the words of the record, "had neither children nor discretion;" and this he speedily proved; for soon after he came to the estate, he allowed himself to be persuaded to part with it to the nearest heir male, Alexander Innes of Cromy, son to John's aunt, Margaret Innes, and her first cousin and husband James Innes of Cromy, whose father, Robert Innes of Cromy and Rathmackenzie, was grand-uncle to the Lairds Alexander and John. John did not, however, give up all his property and
rights at once; they seem to have been coaxed from him, bit by bit, during 1578, and at last, on the 2nd of December in that year, John completed his own impoverishment, by giving Alexander a charter of alienation of his whole estate.

The new possesor of the Innes property thenceforth took upon himself not only to act as if he were really laird, but even to call himself so, though his too-generous and credulous cousin was still alive. John seems even to have acquiesced in this arrangement; for, from the time of his renunciation of his rights, he called himself only plain "John Innes, sometyme of that Ilk."

There was then living in Scotland one Robert Innes, of Innermarky, a distant cousin to Laird John. This man was descended from one Walter Innes, commonly called Wyllie Watt, second son to Robert Innes, fifteenth Laird, who was a great hero of the family, having been conspicuous for his valour on several occasions, and especially at the battle of Brechin; but who also had received the undesirable appellation of "Ill Sir Robert."

About this time the House of Innermarky had become possessed of considerable estates and, for this reason its heads "conceited" themselves to be next to their chief; and, finding the Laird
childless, Robert of Innermarky was vexed that Cromy, whose estate, even as now augmented, was inferior to his own, should be raised to the chieftainship.

This displeasure of Innermarky was reported by kind friends to Cromy, who instantly challenged him to single combat, on the proposed terms that, each laying aside all pretensions, the best man should win the coveted rank. But the rich cousin refused to fight, pretending that he had yielded to the dissuasions of his friends.

Laird John was then living at Kinnairdy, the usual residence of the Innes family, while Cromy lived at Innes or at his own house at Cromy; and as Innermarky's abode was near Kinnairdy, he found frequent opportunities of holding forth to the old Laird upon the iniquities of his cousin, who had done him such dishonour and discredit in wheedling his estates away, and usurping his title and dignity, leaving the too-kind benefactor, by whose favour he had all, no better than a masterless dog. Had Cromy left him his estate and title for his life, the tempter argued, it would have kept him in some esteem; but, as it was, the pretender's insolence had made him more contemptible than the meanest beggar in the neighbourhood.
The old Laird listened to these tirades, and soon would have given anything to be able to take back all that he had bestowed upon his cousin. But it was useless, Innermarky would urge, for the Laird to expect to recover anything out of which he had been cheated, unless Cromy was first killed; and, if his chief would assent, he himself would do the deed, be the hazard what it might, for he could not endure that his chief should be Cromy's slave.

John's consent once obtained, they began debating how to put their purpose into execution. An opportunity offered itself in the month of April, 1580; at which time Cromy, having been called to Aberdeen by some business, was obliged to stay there longer than he had intended, because his only son, Robert, a youth of sixteen, was ill at the college, and his father could not leave the town until his boy had recovered. Accordingly he brought him out of the Old Town to his own lodging in the New, and continually sent messengers home with reports about the boy to his wife.

These messengers, in passing, would report at Kinnairdy on the circumstances that detained their master at Aberdeen; adding, with the garrulity of menials, every particular of where he lodged, and how he was attended. Innermarky
judged this opportunity too good to be lost. Therefore, first collecting a number of assistants, he and his Laird rode off to Aberdeen, entered the city after nightfall, and about midnight came to Cromy's lodging.

The outer gate of the Close was open, but all others were shut; so, unwilling to break any open with violence, they chose to raise such a cry in the Close as might induce those who were within to open their doors to see what the tumult might be.

The feuds between the families of Gordon and Forbes, both chiefs in Aberdeenshire, were not then extinguished. Therefore they raised the cry of "Help, a Gordon, a Gordon!" which was the gathering word of the friends of that family. Alexander, being deeply interested in the Gordons, started from his bed at the cry, took his sword in his hand, and opening a back door that led to the court below, stepped down three or four steps, and called to know what was the matter. Then Innermarky, recognising him by his voice, cocked his gun, and shot him through the body; in an instant, as many as could get about their victim, fell upon him, and butchered him barbarously. Meanwhile Innermarky, perceiving that the Laird stood by, as either relenting or terrified, held to his throat a bloody
dagger that he had just snatched out of their victim, swearing dreadfully that he would serve him in the same way if he did not draw his own dagger and stab it up to the hilt in the body of his nearest relative. After his example, all who were there were forced to do the like, that all might be alike guilty. Even a youth, John Innes, afterwards Laird of Coxtown, then at school at Aberdeen, was taken out of his bed by Innermarky, and compelled to stab the dead body, that the more might be under the same condemnation.

What a contrast was this scene of horror and butchery to the pale, pure light of the moon and the stars, by which the miscreants searched everywhere for the sick youth, Robert. That night he had been lying with his father; but upon hearing the gun and other noises, he had jumped out of bed, and, helped by some people in the house, had escaped by a back door into a garden, and from that into a neighbour's house, where he was kindly sheltered and concealed from his pursuers.

Then Innermarky took the dead man's signet-ring and sent it to his wife, as from her husband, by a servant whom he had bribed, ordering her to forward in return a particular box, containing all the deeds given him by Laird John, whom
the servant said he had left with his master at Aberdeen, adding that for the greater speed he had sent him on his best horse, and with the ring in lieu of a letter. The wife was troubled and perplexed, as well she might be, yet she delivered the box to the man and let him go.

At this time there was staying in the house a youth related to the family, who was most anxious to go to Aberdeen to see his cousin, who had been ill; so the boy ran to the stable to beg the servant to take him up behind him; but the man made all sorts of excuses. The lad, however, waited his opportunity, and, as the servant was starting again with the box, leaped up behind him, determined to have a seat. The man, enraged, drew his dirk to rid himself of his companion; but the lad wrenched it out of his hand and killed him with it, and brought back the horse and box to the house.

While the lady was lamenting this occurrence, another man arrived from Aberdeen with tidings of her husband’s murder, on which she fled to her own people, carrying her husband’s box of deeds, and by her friends was soon brought before the King.

The Earl of Huntly looked after Cromy’s son Robert; and, taking him to Edinburgh, put him
into the family of Lord Elphinstone, then High Treasurer of the kingdom, who took such a liking to the youth that some two years afterwards he gave him his daughter in marriage.

During these two years Laird John and Innermarky possessed the estates of Innes; but they were then declared outlaws, and Robert of Cromy came into the north with a commission against them and all others concerned in his father's murder. Laird John was soon taken and sent to Robert, who, however, did not put him to death, but bound him, under a contract, to give up the charterchest and the other property.

Innermarky fled to the hills; but, when weary of that life, lay concealed for a time in the house of Edenglassie, where, in September, 1584, he was surprised by Laird Robert. But his hiding-place was first entered by Alexander Innes of Cotts, the same who had killed the false servant sent by Innermarky. All his life after, Alexander went by the name of "Craig in Peril," for thus venturing upon Innermarky when desperate. "There was no mercy for him" (says the family record), "for slain he was; and his hoar head was cut off, and taken by the widow of him whom he had slain, and carried to Edinburgh, and casten at the King's feet." The compiler of the record
adds a brief and quaint note by way of comment, to which my lady readers will doubtless subscribe: "A thing too masculine to be commended in a woman."
THE DUCAL HOUSE OF LEINSTER.

The Fitz Geralds, Dukes of Leinster, who stand fairly at the head of the titled houses of Ireland in virtue of their descent, their achievements, and their broad acres, trace their pedigree traditionally from one Dominus Otho, a member of the family of the Gherardini of Florence. This individual, seized with a longing desire for change and foreign travel, quitted his own sunny land and repaired to Normandy, whence, in 1057, he crossed over to England, and presented himself at the Court of Edward the Confessor, with whom he soon became so great a favourite that the Saxon Thanes grew jealous of his influence. Between his own good sword and the favour of his King, he gained enormous possessions in England, which descended to his son Walter. The latter, however, resolving to be on the win-
ning side, joined William the Conqueror on his landing at Pevensey, and fought in the battle of Hastings. He married Gladys, a Princess of North Wales; and their son, Gerald Fitz Walter, soaring as high as his father had done before him, fixed his affection upon Nesta, daughter to the Prince who ruled over the southern half of the Principality; and his suit was successful. Nesta had two sons; the elder, David Fitz Gerald, became a churchman, and in due time was consecrated Bishop of the powerful, and, at that time, metropolitan See of St. David’s. There he kept open house, as the princely bishops were accustomed to do in those days; so it came to pass that Dermot MacMurrough, the expelled Irish King of Leinster, stayed at his episcopal palace on his way back from the English Court; and at his host’s hospitable board met Maurice Fitz Gerald, his younger brother, who, full of martial valour, and burning to make himself a name of renown, required little persuasion from the royal guest to take part in the expedition now being organised in England to replace him on his throne in Ireland.

Making hasty preparations, Maurice was able to embark for the “Emerald Isle” with his sturdy Welsh followers, in two ships, before any other division of the English army was ready to
sail; and a favourable wind quickly wafting them across the Channel, the adventurers landed in the Liffey, and took Dublin, where Strongbow soon joined them. Even then the English army numbered only six hundred men; and when Roderick O'Connor, King of Connaught, the chief among the petty Irish rulers, came with thirty thousand followers, and invested the fair city, blockading it on the seaboard with thirty Manx ships, the handful of invaders seemed doomed to destruction, and despair, no doubt, seized upon many a strong man's heart. Maurice Fitz Gerald, however, alone stood undaunted at the mighty odds against him; he went about exhorting his comrades to take the initiative, and to try a sortie, and, seeing that there was no other means of escape, they concluded that it would be more honourable, and would entail less suffering to perish on the battle-field than if they were to surrender themselves as prisoners of war. So the little band threw open the gates of Dublin and marched out, each man strong in the determination to sell his life as dearly as he could; and, falling on the hordes of undisciplined Irish, put them to the rout, Roderick himself escaping with difficulty from the scene of slaughter.

Thus the English power came to obtain the ascendancy in Ireland. Maurice seized on, or
otherwise acquired, such lands as he pleased to
take a fancy to, and died at Wexford in 1177,
but was laid to rest in the Abbey of Grey Friars
outside the walls of Maynooth. Giraldus Cam-
brensis writes of him that he was "an honour-
able and honest man, sunburnt, well looking,
and of middle height." The historian adds that
Maurice was "a man of innate goodness, de-
siring rather to be than to seem virtuous: his
words were few, but full of weight and earnest-
ness. Valiant and active, yet neither impetuous
nor rash, he was circumspect in attack, and re-
solute in defence; sober, modest, chaste, trusty,
and faithful. His death was a sorrow to his
friends, and much harm to the English settlers
in Ireland."

Gerald Fitz Maurice, his eldest son, was sum-
moned to Parliament as Baron of Offaly in
1205; but he died in the course of the same
year. Maurice Fitz Gerald, second Baron of
Offaly, appears to have been eminently a reli-
gious man; but he was a successful soldier
notwithstanding. In 1216, he invited some
Franciscan monks to come over to Ireland, and
he built for the brown-vested brethren a monas-
tery at Youghal. In 1229, he did the same pious
office for the Dominicans, who had not previously
gained any footing in the sister isle; and in
1231, he built a beautiful Franciscan Abbey at Youghal. In his old age, the second Baron of Offaly exchanged the casque for the cowl, ending his days in piety and peace among his beloved Franciscans.

John Fitz Thomas Fitz Gerald, sixth Baron of Offaly, and afterwards first Earl of Kildare, was saved from death in early infancy in an extraordinary manner. His father's castle of Woodstock, near Athy, caught fire, and in the alarm and confusion caused by the flames, the poor babe was forgotten as it lay in its cradle. The falling in of the roof of his nursery brought the child back to the memory of his parents and the assembled crowd; and all were bewailing him as dead, when strange sounds were heard on one of the towers of the castle, which thus far had escaped the flames. Looking up, all saw, with amazement, a large ape, which was usually kept chained, standing on the turrets, and holding the infant carefully in his arms, and talking to it in his own apish language. This was consoling, so far; but might not the creature awkwardly let the young heir fall over the battlements? All stood spell-bound in terror, when the strange nurse suddenly disappeared with its charge; and great was the relief and joy when the creature came below and laid its nursling down unin-
jured at its parents' feet. The boy, very naturally, got among his companions the nickname of "Nappagh Simiacus;" but when he grew to man's estate, he showed his gratitude to the preserver of his life by adopting an ape as his crest, and two others as the supporters of his arms, to which one of his descendants in later times added the motto, "Non immemor beneficiti."

When the ape's foster-child grew up, he had a bitter feud with William de Vesci, Lord of Kildare, who was so much esteemed by Edward I. that he was made by him Lord Chief Justice of Ireland. The estates of Lord Offaly joined those of the Lord of Kildare; so their respective owners had no lack of opportunities for quarrelling to their hearts' content. De Vesci invariably charged Fitz Gerald with being the cause of these disputes, averring that in private quarrels he was as fierce as a lion, but where public injuries were involved as meek as a lamb. Lord Offaly, in great indignation, replied to this charge in the Council Chamber, saying to his adversary, "You would gladly charge me with treason, that by shedding my blood, and by catching into your clutches my land, that is so near upon your lands of Kildare, you might make your son a proper gentleman." "A gentleman," quoth Vesci, "thou bold Baron! I tell thee the Vescis
were gentlemen long before the Geraldines were barons of Offaly. Yes, and before that Welsh bankrupt, thine ancestor, feathered his nest in Leinster 'so comfortably:' "As to my an-
estor," replied Fitz Gerald, "whom you term a bankrupt, how rich or how poor he was upon his repairing to Ireland I purpose not at this time to debate; yet this much I may boldly say, that he came hither as a buyer, not as a beggar. He bought his enemies' lands by shedding his blood! but you, lurking like a spider in his web to entrap flies, endeavour to bag subjects' lives wrongfully by despoiling them of their honour. I, John Fitz Thomas Fitz Gerald, Baron of Offaly, do therefore tell thee, William de Vesci, that I am no traitor and no felon, but that thou art the only buttress by which the King's enemies are supported."

In the royal presence he soon afterwards challenged De Vesci to mortal combat. On this issue his adversary took up the gauntlet, but before the day of combat he fled to France, thereby confessing the truth of the charge thrown in his teeth. The King, justly regarding this craven proceeding as an acknowledgment of his guilt, confiscated De Vesci's estates, and bestowed them on the Baron of Offaly, creating him at the same time Earl of Kildare.
How in due course the Earls of Kildare blossomed into Marquises of Kildare, and ultimately into Dukes of Leinster, I must now proceed to explain.

Gerald, the eighth Earl of Kildare, nicknamed "Geroit More," or the Great, was for some years Lord Deputy of Ireland; but his constant feuds with the Butlers, and the enmity of the Bishop of Meath, who happened to be high in Court favour, induced the King to revoke the appointment and send Lord Grey of Codnor to supersede him. However, Geroit More took no heed of the King's order, but set Lord Grey at defiance. Thereupon Edward III. summoned both to England, but the captive conquered his captor; for the King was so much charmed with the stout Earl of Kildare, that he re-appointed him Lord Deputy; and this office was held by the noble Earl till the reign of Henry the Seventh, who suspended him and called him back to England. Geroit More instantly convened a parliament at Dublin, and made the Barons there assembled write to the King that the presence of the Lord Deputy was indispensable to the peace and prosperity of Ireland. Soon afterwards he and his party acknowledged the impostor, Lambert Simnel, to be Edward, Earl of Warwick, and crowned him in Christ's Church Cathedral, Dublin,
with a crown borrowed from the head of a statue of the Blessed Virgin, which stood in St. Mary's Church, near Dame Gate. When Simnel was defeated, Kildare implored Henry's pardon; strange to say, the King granted it, and even continued him in office, remarking that they would at last come to crown apes, should he be long absent from Ireland.

Before Simnel's follower, Perkin Warbeck, appeared, the deputy had been displaced. He had followed his enemy, the Bishop of Meath, into a church, whither the latter had fled for sanctuary, and hurrying after him into the chancel, where the frightened prelate had fallen upon his knees, he exclaimed, "By St. Bride! (his favourite oath) were it not that I know my prince would be offended with me, I could find it in my heart to lay my sword upon thy shaven crown." He contented himself, however, with putting the poor Bishop into prison, where he kept him until his successor in the deputyship procured his release.

Being promised pardon for this and other offences, he ventured to go to Dublin, but had no sooner arrived than the then new Lord Deputy seized the turbulent nobleman and shipped him off to London, where he was detained in the Tower for two years. At last he was brought
before the King's Court. His outrage on the Bishop was first alleged against him. The prisoner replied, he was not learned enough to answer in such weighty matters; the Bishop was a learned man, and so was not he, so he might be easily outdone in argument. Henry replied he might choose a counsellor. "But," replied the Earl, "I doubt I shall not have that good fellow that I would choose." The King assured him that he should have his choice: adding, that "it concerned him to get counsel that was very good, as he doubted his cause was very bad." "Sire," replied the prisoner. "I will choose the best in England." "Who is that?" asked His Majesty. "Marry, the King himself; and, by St. Bride, I will choose no other." Henry laughed, and said, "A wiser man might have chosen worse." The prisoner was then accused of having burnt the Church of Cashel, to which he confessed, adding, "By my troth, I would never have done it, but I thought the Bishop was in it." The King laughed again; and when the Bishop of Meath exclaimed, "All Ireland cannot rule this man," at once replied, "Then he shall rule all Ireland!" and so restored him to his deputyship, honours, and estates, retaining only his eldest son as a hostage for his fealty. And the Earl showed his gratitude; for when Perkin Warbeck landed at
Cork, in 1497, he went against him, and nearly took him prisoner. For this feat Henry rewarded him with several manors in Warwickshire and Gloucestershire. When also the Earl of Clanricarde and many other powerful chiefs rose against the King, FitzGerald met them at Knock Tuogh (the Hill of Axes), about seven miles from Galway. Many of the lords who accompanied the deputy were alarmed at seeing the force of the enemy, and besought the general to offer terms of peace, but these he scornfully declined. The rebels made a furious onset, but the men of Leinster received them in such gallant fashion that they were repulsed in confusion. The Lord Deputy’s son, Gerald, thereupon charged without orders; a fierce battle raged for some time, and of the nine divisions of Clanricarde’s fine army, only one broken battalion survived. As a reward for this victory the Lord Deputy was nominated a Knight of the Garter. In 1513, he marched against Lemyvannon Castle (now called Leap Castle), in the King’s county; but, as he was watering his horse in the river at Kilkeen, he fell, shot by an O’More of Leix. After lingering five days he died, and was buried in his own chapel of Christ Church, before the high altar. Holinshed quaintly styles him “a mightie man of stature, full of honour and courage: who had
been Lord Deputie and Lord Justice of Ireland three and thirtie yeares. He was," he adds, "in government milde: to his enemies sterne. He was open and playne; hardly able to rule himself when he was moved in anger, and as sharp as short; being easily displeased, though sooner appeased."

Geroit Oge (Gerald the younger), ninth Earl, succeeded his father as Lord Deputy, and ruled as a King beyond the English pale, which then included only the counties of Dublin, Louth, Meath, and Kildare. Thus he incurred the jealousy of England and the hatred of Cardinal Wolsey, by which he nearly lost his head. Brought as prisoner to London, he was committed to the Tower, and soon afterwards brought up before the council, where Wolsey made a furious attack upon him; but he answered the Cardinal with so much wit and sense that his accuser withdrew from the Council chamber in a rage, and deferred his examination for a time. The Earl was much beloved by the Lieutenant of the Tower, who often sought his company; and one evening, when they were playing together at "slide-grote, or shuffle boorde," a message was brought from Wolsey that the Earl of Kildare was to be executed on the morrow. The noble prisoner marking his antagonist's deep sigh,
exclaimed, "By St. Bride, Lieutenant, there is some mad game in that scroll, but, fall how it will, this throw is for a huddle." When the worst was told him: "Now I pray then," he exclaimed, "do no more, but learn assuredly, from the King's own mouth, whether his Highness be willing thereto or not." The Lieutenant sorely feared he might displease Henry; yet his love for his friend made him post to the palace, though it was just upon midnight, and deliver his errand. Apparently Henry was ignorant of the order given in his name by the Chancellor; but, anyhow, he delivered his signet to the Lieutenant in token that the order for his execution was countermanded.

The Earl was soon after restored to his dignity, but had not long enjoyed it when he was again recalled to England and to his confinement in the Tower.

Before obeying this mandate he constituted his son Thomas, Lord Offaly, vice-deputy, in his absence; but the reports that continually reached him of the hot temper of this young man—especially of his murder of an archbishop, and of the consequent sentence of excommunication pronounced against him—broke the old Earl's heart. He died in the Tower, and was buried in St. Peter's Church within its walls.
Thomas, the tenth Earl, commonly known as "Silken Thomas" from the silk fringes worn on the helmets of his retainers, rebelled against the English rule, and calling a meeting at St. Mary's Abbey, declared that he was Henry's foe, offering his sword to the Lord Chancellor. This prelate, with tears in his eyes, begged him to abandon his treasonable design; but his domestic bard burst at that moment into such a wild, weird strain of martial music, that the nobleman yielded to its influence, turning a deaf ear to the wise counsels of his friend.

For a long time he resisted the lord-deputy, Skeffington, with all the forces which England could send against him; but finally, deserted by his allies, he was obliged to surrender, on a promise, sealed over the consecrated Host, that he should receive a full pardon in England.

Disregarding this solemn promise, Henry VIII. kept him in prison for sixteen months, at the end of which time (along with five of his uncles, two of whom had ever been staunch adherents of the English), he was hanged, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn on February 8, 1537, when only twenty-four years old. Surrey's "Fair Geraldine," the Lady Elizabeth Fitz Gerald, was half sister to "silken Thomas." In 1543 she married Sir Anthony Browne, when he was sixty years of age.
While in the Tower the young Lord was very badly treated, for he writes, with a singular disregard of orthography: "I never had any money syns I cam unto prison but a nobull; nor I have had nethyr hosyn, dublet, nor shoys, nor shyrt but on (one). I have gone barefote dyverse tymes (when yth hath not been very warme), and so I should have don styll and now, but that pore pryssners of their gentylnes hath sometyne gevyn me old hosyn and shoys, and old shyrtes. This I write to you, not as complaigning on my freyndes, but for to show you the trewth of my gret nede." Thus his chivalrous, generous, self-sacrificing spirit shone through all his sufferings. Like another member of his house, Lord Edward Fitz.Gerald, he allowed himself to be led astray by the very warmth and fervour of his patriotism; and he paid the penalty of his error by a violent death.

Gerald, the half-brother of "silken Thomas," then twelve years old, was sought for by the emissaries of the English Government, in order that he too might be kept under arrest; but, being safely conveyed to the Continent, the lad found an asylum at Rome with his kinsman, Cardinal Pole; and Cosmo de' Medici, Duke of Florence, appointed him his Master of the Horse. On the accession of Edward VI. he came to Eng-
land, and the young King restored his Irish estates, with many of his ancestral honours. He wooed and won Mabel, daughter of Sir Anthony Browne, K.G., and died in London in 1585, but was buried at Kildare.

In the lives of the succeeding Earls of Kildare and of their descendants, the Dukes of Leinster—for the head of this illustrious house was raised to an Irish dukedom by George III.—there has been less of romantic interest than that which surrounded the Fitz Geralds in the days of the Plantagenets and the Tudors. But still there remains something for me to say about them. Like the Cavendishes and the Russells in England, the heads and all the members of this House, though they owed their elevation in the peerage to the English Crown, have been found fighting on the side of the people and popular liberties. Down to the reign of Charles I. the Earls of Kildare had been staunch Catholics; but George, the sixteenth Earl, having been educated in the Reformed faith by the Duke of Lennox, his guardian, changed his religion, and his successors ever since have been Protestants, though uniformly kind and liberal to their Catholic tenantry, by whom they are loved and honoured. Robert, the younger son of this Earl, having taken an active part in the Restoration, held high posts in the adminis-
tration under our last Stuart and two first Guelphic sovereigns; and his son, the twentieth Earl, was raised to the Dukedom of Leinster, and also honoured with an English peerage, as Viscount Leinster, of Taplow. For more than a century the head of the Fitz Geralds stood alone in the ducal grade of Ireland; and the present Duke is the richest landlord, and holds the largest amount of broad acres of any nobleman in that kingdom.

A sad fate befell Lord Edward Fitz Gerald, the youngest son of the first Duke of Leinster. Fired with a rash zeal on behalf of his Catholic fellow-countrymen who were smarting under the Penal Laws, he rose in rebellion against his sovereign, and was mortally wounded in a vain attempt to resist the officers sent to arrest him. His wife, the lady so well known as "Pamela," is said, though erroneously, to have been an illegitimate daughter of the Duke of Orleans. Madame de Genlis tells us that she was the daughter of English parents named Sims, from whom she obtained her as a companion to the Duke's daughter, Madame Adelaide. Lord Edward's death happened in the year of the Irish rebellion of 1798. She survived till 1831.

It would be almost impossible in a paper like this to enumerate one half of the branches of the great Fitz Gerald tree. It is enough to say that
at various times they have held several Irish and English peerages and baronetcies, and that there are at the present day no less than a dozen individuals of that name who are heads of county families. Most of them are so noted for their pugnacious and belligerent qualities that they are often styled, half in fun and half in earnest, the "fighting" Fitz Geralds.

It should not, however, be omitted from our story that a younger son of the first Maurice Fitz Gerald became the ancestor of the Earls of Desmond, who ranked amongst the most powerful nobles of Ireland for at least two centuries, until Gerald, tenth Earl of Desmond, raising the standard of rebellion, waged open war against England and the English for ten years—as long a period as the siege of Troy—and eventually lost his life in attempting to seize upon some cattle in a border foray. His head was transmitted by the Earl of Ormonde to Queen Elizabeth, who caused it to be fixed on a spike upon London Bridge as the head of a traitor and malefactor. This step was followed by the usual attainder, under which the estates of the Desmonds, in three or four, if not more, counties of the South of Ireland were forfeited to the Crown. The son of this unfortunate nobleman, James Fitz Gerald, having been educated at the Court of Elizabeth,
was led to embrace the Protestant faith; and the Queen, craftily hoping through his influence to bring back the followers of his murdered father to their allegiance, restored to him his Earldom, or at least recognised him as Earl of Desmond, and sent him back to Ireland; but when it was known that he had publicly attended the Protestant service his adherents fell away from him, and he went off to England disappointed and crestfallen. He continued to be styled Earl of Desmond, but he lived on in obscurity in London, enjoying a titular distinction without any corresponding reality. He died in 1601. Sir Bernard Burke tells us that after his death the title of Desmond was assumed and borne by an individual supposed to be the last heir male of the race of Fitz Gerald, who died in 1632, an officer in the army of the King of Spain and Emperor of Germany.

It only remains to add that, as stated in a previous chapter (see page 175), the twentieth Earl of Kildare was raised by George III. to the Dukedom of Leinster.
IT has often been remarked that it is hard to
decide whether the Bourbons or the Stuarts
have been the most unfortunate of Royal Houses
in the history of modern Europe. The gloom
in which the sun of the latter House set in Eng-
land, is of course, known to every reader of our
annals; but not so the misfortunes which hung
around it in the morning of its day and in its
meridian splendour. Some of these early sorrows
may form an interesting chapter in this present
series of Stories of Great Families.

On February 22, 1371, his uncle, David Bruce,
having died without issue, Robert Bruce ascended
the throne of Scotland. According to the
historians of that period, a son of the celebrated
Banquo, after his father's murder by Macbeth,
fled into Wales, where he was kindly received by
Griffydh ap Llewellyn, the reigning prince. This kindness, however, the young man repaid by forming a connection with the fair Nesta, his host's daughter, who in the course of time gave birth to a son, named Walter. The indignant sire degraded his daughter to the position of a servant, and ordered her lover to be put to death. We are further informed that ere this child was grown to manhood, he killed at his grandfather's Court a man who taunted him with his birth, and then fled to that of Edward the Confessor, where he was also unable to restrain his murderous propensities, and thus had to seek a new refuge with Alan the Red, younger son of the Earl of Brittany, whom he accompanied to England in the train of William the Conqueror. Here he fought at the battle of Hastings, and afterwards married Alan's daughter, Christina, grand-daughter (on the mother's side) to Siward, Earl of Northumberland, whose father, we are assured, was the offspring of a Danish princess. Another daughter of Earl Siward married Duncan, King of Scotland, so that Walter's wife and Malcolm III. (styled Malcolm Canmore) were cousins.

The young man is said to have betaken himself to the land of his fathers during the reign of Malcolm, who promoted him to the office of High Steward of Scotland. On this account he gained
the name of Walter the Steward, and this (corrupted into Stuart) became, in course of time, the surname of his family. It is added that Walter had a son, Alan, also High Steward; but the truth of that assertion rests on two charters, one granted by Earl Cospatrick, and the other by his son, Waldeve, Earl of March, at Dunbar. To both charters Alan Dapifer (or Alan the Steward) subscribes as a witness; but this individual may have been merely the house-steward in Earl Cospatrick's family.

Banquo's father is said (by Kennedy) to have been one of the seven sons of Core, King of Munster; but Sir George MacKenzie makes him the son of Ferquhard, son of Kenneth III.; while Simpson calls this Ferquhard Thane of Lochaber, and son of Kenneth, son of Murdoch, son of Doir, son of Eth, King of Scotland.

In the reign of Malcolm IV. (surnamed the Maiden), in the middle of the twelfth century, there was certainly a Walter, son of Alan, who was High Steward of Scotland; and in 1319 in the reign of Robert Bruce, Walter, High Steward of Scotland, commanded the Scotch forces in Berwick, and repulsed an attack of the English on that city. Sir Walter Scott says that the former of these two personages was a member of the Anglo-Norman family of FitzAlan, and that
the dignity of High Steward became hereditary in his family; but the two accounts do not appear irreconcilable; and it should be added that the Stuarts always believed in their descent from Banquo. When James I. visited Oxford, he was saluted, on passing the gate of St. John's College, by three lads, dressed to represent the three witches, who, in Latin hexameters, bade the royal descendant of Banquo, "Hail! King of Scotland, England, and Ireland."

The first Stuart, King of Scotland, was the son of Marjory, daughter of Robert Bruce. He was aged and infirm; but, in spite of this fact, all through his reign he carried on warfare against the English; and in it occurred the battle between the Percies and the Douglas which gave rise to the celebrated ballad of "Chevy Chase." The administration of affairs devolved upon the old King's son, the Earl of Fife, his eldest son being lame, and also of an indolent disposition. The Earl of Buchan, his third son, was a great cause of grief to the aged monarch; for, having a quarrel with the Bishop of Moray, in order to spite that prelate, he burned the fair cathedral of Elgin, "the lantern and ornament of the north of Scotland." For this crime Robert put his son into prison, but died almost immediately afterwards, perhaps of grief; and the culprit also
died, or, perchance, was killed in his dungeon. His son, Duncan Stuart, assembled a band of the wildest Highlanders, and laid waste the county of Angus, to revenge his father; but both he and his savage followers were exterminated by the Earl of Crawford, sent against the young man by his uncle John, who, on his accession to the throne, had assumed the name of Robert III., his baptismal name, that of John, being considered unlucky in Scotland. But ill-luck clung to the King in spite of his casting off his real name. His brother, the Duke of Albany, found an inconvenient rival in the Duke of Rothesay, the heir apparent; and, continually assuring Robert II. that he was committing misdemeanours, obtained from him a writ, under which he was empowered to arrest the Prince, and keep him under restraint in order for his amendment. On this the Prince was waylaid, thrown into a dungeon, and starved to death; the daughter of one of his keepers, who passed a few thin oat cakes into his prison, and a poor woman who contrived to convey a little milk from her own breast to the famishing sufferer, both paid for their charity with their lives.

When King Robert was told of this tragedy, he sent off his younger son, James, to the King of France, in order to save him from a like fate;
but the ship in which the Prince sailed was taken by an English privateer, and Henry IV. committed his young royal prisoner to the donjon keep of Windsor Castle. When King Robert heard the news, he threw himself into such an agony of grief that he died in three days, March 29th, 1405.

Till 1424 the young Scottish King remained a prisoner; but then he was released, and united to the lady of his heart, Joan, grand-daughter to John o' Gaunt; and returned to his own country, hoping no doubt that life would henceforth prove one long sunny day. But he was doomed to be grievously disappointed. With an empty treasury, for all the patrimonial estates of the Stuarts had been disposed of by the Duke of Albany, James felt himself obliged to obtain from his Parliament an Act commanding the sheriffs of each county to find out what lands had belonged to his ancestors, in order that he might take possession of them. This step raised up against him a host of enemies, amongst whom was the Earl of Athol, who, with his followers, attacked James when he was sitting at supper with the Queen, without any body-guard, in a Dominican convent near Perth, and killed him, after inflicting twenty-eight wounds.

James II. was then a child, only seven years
of age. He was taken possession of by Crichton, the Lord Chancellor; but the Queen-mother rescued her son, and sent him to Leith, packed up in a clothes chest, and both she and the boy were received into Stirling Castle by the governor before their escape was discovered. Here they remained for some years; but the governor quarrelled with Queen Joan and shut her up in a mean apartment, bringing her afterwards before a convention of the States, while a strong guard ever attended the little King, even in his play hours. So Joan made friends once more with the Chancellor, who, with a strong body of cavalry, surrounded James's party while they were hunting, and carried him back to Edinburgh. When he reached his fourteenth birthday, James declared himself able to govern for himself, though Scotland was distracted by civil discord, which prevented him from tasting the blessing of peace even once during his whole reign. In 1460 he was accidentally killed by the bursting of a cannon at the siege of Roxburgh Castle, and his Queen, Mary of Gueldres, appeared in a few hours in the camp, presenting her seven-year-old son, James, to the army as their King.

As James III. grew up, he devoted most of his time and thoughts to the study of astrology, while he allowed his brother, the Duke of
Albany, to rule upon the English border. But the enemies of this nobleman and of James's other brother, the Earl of Mar, induced the chief astrologer to persuade the superstitious King that the stars betokened that the Scotch lion would be devoured by his own whelps; while an old woman, considered a witch, declared that his brothers intended to murder him. Mar provoked his fate by railing at these unworthy favourites; he was arrested and beheaded in the Canongate at Edinburgh. The Duke of Albany was next committed to Edinburgh Castle; but he let himself down the castle wall by converting his sheets into a rope, and so made his escape to France. In 1482 the chief nobility banded together, seized and hanged all James's unworthy favourites, and committed the monarch to easy restraint in Edinburgh Castle, from which the Duke of Albany delivered him. The great lords then placed the Duke of Rothesay, James's eldest son, a promising youth of fifteen, at their head, and declared that their King meant to subject Scotland to England, fortified themselves in the Castle of Stirling, and shortly afterwards met him, in battle array, near Falkirk. James was a coward, and at the first onset put spurs to his horse, a noble charger, that had been presented to him by Lord Lindsay, intending to gain the banks of the
Forth, and go on board one of the ships of Admiral Wood's fleet, which was then riding at anchor; but in passing through the village of Bannockburn, a woman, frightened at the sight of a man in armour galloping at full speed, dropped her pitcher, which she was filling at a burn. The horse shied at it, the King fell heavily to the ground, and a miller and his wife carried the stranger, all bruised and maimed, between them into their hovel. James immediately asked for a priest to hear his dying confession, when his hosts demanded his name and rank. "I was," he incautiously replied, "your King this morning." The woman clapped her hands in utter amazement, and, running to the door, called for a priest to confess the King. "I am a priest," said a passing wayfarer, "lead me to his Majesty." The King was covered with a coarse cloth, and the stranger kneeling by him, asked whether he thought he might recover if attended by a physician. James replied that he might perhaps get better; on which the counterfeit priest pulled out a dagger and stabbed the King to the heart. His name was never discovered.

The Duke of Rothesay, now King, was filled with anguish and remorse when he heard the strange and fatal news. He was crowned as
James IV., at Edinburgh, June 24, 1487; and the first four years of his reign were one long struggle between his party of regicides and the friends of the murdered King; but at last all were fully reconciled, and the Pope took his interdict off Scotland. In 1495 our own King, Henry VII., offered his eldest daughter, Margaret (though only ten years and a half old) to James for his bride, and the Scotch King accepted her, though he did not seem to like the arrangement; so during the reign of Henry VII. England and Scotland were at peace, and the latter became a maritime power. Henry VIII. offended James by granting letters of marque to Sir Thomas and Sir Edward Howard, against Sir Andrew Barton, a Scottish admiral, who, they declared, had plundered English ships, while professing to fight only against the Portuguese. Barton was killed and his ships taken, but James immediately resolved on war with England. Queen Margaret tried to dissuade him from his rash purpose; but her influence was very small, as James was now infatuated with an English lady, the daughter of one Heron, of Ford, who had been taken prisoner with his wife and daughter in one of the Scotch raids. So he marched into England at the head of a fine army, and fell in the battle of Flodden, leaving only an infant son, James V.; but soon
afterwards the Queen gave birth to a posthumous son, who received the name of Alexander. The Duke of Albany was now chosen as Regent. The Queen-mother married the Earl of Angus; but they quarrelled and separated, and that nobleman obtained possession of the young King, who, as he grew older, perceived that he was in fact a prisoner, for when he made an effort to escape, Sir Thomas Douglas, brother to the Earl, exclaimed, "Sir, rather than that our enemies should take you from us, we will lay hold of your person, and should you be torn to pieces in the struggle we will carry off part of your body." So James dissembled, and at last contrived to elude the vigilance of his gaolers by stealing away one night in the dress of a groom. He showed himself an able monarch, but as he grew older he became very cruel; the death of his two only sons preyed on his mind; finally he was haunted by frightful dreams and apparitions; and often would draw his dagger upon those about him. Having alienated all his nobles, and become suspicious of each, he appointed one Oliver Sinclair, a favourite minion, to command an army which he was sending against England to revenge an inroad of the Duke of Norfolk; but when they came in sight of the foe, and Sinclair read his commission, which had hitherto been a secret, the nobles
and private soldiers at once declared they would surrender to the English rather than follow such a general; and at once made good their words. James was at Caerlaverock, twelve miles from Solway Moss, the scene of the catastrophe, waiting for news, and when it came his melancholy and madness greatly increased. He would take no food, and his end was visibly approaching, when tidings came that his Queen, Mary of Guise, had presented him with a daughter. He was heard to say, "It will end as it began; the crown came by a woman, and will go with one;" then he turned his face to the wall, and, in broken accents, ejaculated, "Solway Moss." Soon after this James V. was a corpse, and the infant Mary a queen.

Trouble surrounded this poor child from her birth; civil wars and religious fanaticism distracted her country, while the armies of Henry VIII. wasted its broad fields and destroyed its fair cities. From the age of three, when the little Queen was sent to France, to return home a widow of sixteen, she had undoubtedly much enjoyment, with only the sorrow of her husband's death and that of quitting "La belle France;" but afterwards scarce one gleam of happiness cheered her life until she laid it down on the scaffold at Fotheringay.
The youth of her son, James VI., crowned King when but a year old, lacked the sweetness of a mother's love and of the ties of kindred. He was educated with care, but kept in a kind of captivity by the Earl of Morton, and, when fifteen, was seized by a party of malcontents, who promised him liberty if he would order the Earl of Lennox to quit Scotland; with these terms he complied, but it was only after two years' confinement that he escaped from their hands and really became King. He felt his mother's death acutely, but was too weak to prevent or avenge it; and soon afterwards nearly fell a victim to a conspiracy of the Earl of Gowrie. On succeeding to the throne of Elizabeth, he found himself constantly exposed to plots against his life and his crown. One of these conspiracies was started in order to set the Lady Arabella Stuart on the throne of England; the other to blow the King himself up in the House of Parliament. Still, compared with his predecessors, he might be esteemed fortunate; while upon his son, Charles I., fell the heaviest weight of misfortune and indignity, which culminated in his death upon the block, at the age of forty-nine.

Charles II. spent the best years of his life in exile, and even when called thence to his native country was treated with insult and indignity.
After the battle of Worcester his escape was almost miraculous. The plague and great fire of London signalised his restoration to the throne; frequent plots disturbed his government, and led to the execution of Lord William Russell and Algernon Sydney. He was suddenly carried off by a fit of apoplexy; many thought and said he was carried off by poison. James II. lost his throne by adopting measures subversive of the English constitution, and died a pensioner of Louis XIV. at St. Germain.

His daughter, Mary, married William Prince of Orange, but she had no children; her sister, Anne, married Prince George of Denmark, and lost all her children while they were young, so that on Anne's demise the crown passed to the House of Hanover. Thus for more than three hundred years ill fortune clave to the Royal House of Stuart, nor did the evil star fail to shed its baneful influence upon the fortunes of King James's male descendants.
THE GREAT DOUGLAS CASE.

Few romances exceed in interest the tale connected with this celebrated case, which almost convulsed society in England as well as Scotland in the middle of the last century. Its heroine, the Lady Jane Douglas, born in 1697, and left an orphan at the age of two years by the decease of her father, the second Marquis of Douglas, was brought up along with her brother, Archibald, third Marquis, a boy about two years older than herself, by their widowed mother, the Marchioness, a woman of great sense and spirit. Lady Jane grew up a beautiful and accomplished girl; and when the Earl of Dalkeith made love to her and asked for her hand, after winning her young heart, life must have seemed to the noble maiden to promise her a succession of sunshine and bliss. But any such dream was rudely
dispelled; a letter reached her, signed with her lover's name, stating that before meeting with her he had engaged himself to another fair lady, without whom, he now felt sure, he could not be happy.

Deeply stricken as she was by the disappointment of her earliest affections, Lady Jane felt yet more keenly that this barbarous affront would immediately be in the mouth of every one of her friends and acquaintances. How could she face it? how listen to the well-meant but cutting condolences which were sure to be offered her? The young girl's courage failed; and, taking only her maid into her confidence, she started off with her for France, determining there to enter a convent and to take the vows, renouncing the vain world, its pomps, and its joys. The Marchioness, however, obtained a clue to her flight, probably from the chattering of the maid with some friend before starting; and, following her daughter to Paris, was able to prevent her from carrying out her scheme. Her son, the Marquis of Douglas, fought with the recreant lover, and then assigned his sister a portion of £300 a year, and made her the heir of his estates in the case of his own death without issue; but in 1725 he involved himself in such trouble by his passionate fondness for gaming, that he was compelled to live in com-
plete retirement at Douglas Castle, and Lady Jane seldom even saw him.

She now lost her mother; and, left alone in the world in 1746, when eight or nine-and-forty years of age, she listened to the addresses of a widower, Mr. John Stewart, who had no fortune, but was "of a fine figure, lively conversation, and approved honour, but withal quite thoughtless and extremely profuse." But he was the younger brother of a baronet, who was aged, ill, childless, and possessed of a good property (Grandtully), to which Mr. Stewart was the undoubted heir presumptive.

Lady Jane naturally wished her marriage to be solemnised quite privately, lest it should come to her brother's ears, and he be offended at what he would be sure to regard as a mésalliance; so it was thus performed August 4, 1746, at Edinburgh, by one Robert Keith, who styles himself in the certificate a "minister of the Gospel;" and the pair started for the Hague for their honeymoon, and thence after a time removed to Aix la Chapelle.

In April, 1748, finding herself about to become a mother, Lady Jane wrote to her brother, who was now Duke of Douglas, acquainting him with her marriage and her hopes, adding that she and her husband were proposing to make a
journey to Switzerland, where some relations were living, on account of the dearness of rent, food, and all other necessaries at Aix la Chapelle, as well as of the noise and bustle in that city, which might prove injurious to her in her present condition. Lady Jane's medical man, however, put a veto on this long journey, and application was then made to the grand bailie of the Count of Salm for the use of the Count's castle of Bedbour. This the bailie, of course, could not grant without permission from his master, who was residing at Vienna; so, as time pressed, and the Count might refuse to lend his castle after they had waited for his answer, Lady Jane and her husband resolved to start at once for France.

They travelled in the public diligence; and, staying a few days at Liège en route, they met some Scotch acquaintances, who remarked Lady Jane's condition; and the same thing occurred at Sedan and also at Rheims, where they remained nearly a month—not, in fact, thinking of leaving it until advised that much better doctors were to be found at Paris, whither they proceeded, accompanied only by Mrs. Hewitt, Lady Jane's companion. After spending a couple of days at the Hôtel de Chalons, they removed to a lodging-house kept by a Mme. Le Brun, who strongly recommended one Louis Pierre de La Marr as
accoucheur, although, as it came out afterwards, the man had obtained no medical diploma.

However, he was fully up to his work, and, as the story goes, on the 10th of July, 1748, Lady Jane was safely delivered of twin boys—the first-born a strong, healthy child, but the younger so puny and frail-looking that La Marr immediately baptised the little fellow (in accordance with a rule imperative upon French accoucheurs, in such a case, at that time), and persuaded the parents to send him to a Mme. Garnier, a successful nurse, living at Haute Borne, near Paris, with whom the child remained more than a year, during which he became healthy and strong, the father meanwhile going frequently to see him, as did La Marr also. He was named Sholto Thomas.

As soon as Lady Jane was sufficiently recovered, she and her husband returned to Rheims, where they had left two maid-servants; and here the eldest boy was baptised, September 22, 1748, in a public and splendid manner, in the Church of Saint Jacques de Rheims, by the names of Archibald James Edward, one Anthony Curios being the officiating priest, while the Bishop of Joppa was among the invited guests.

In 1749 the Duke of Douglas, a proud, passionate, and suspicious man, who could not forgive his only sister for the crime of having married
without his consent, withdrew the pension he had hitherto allowed her; so Lady Jane and her husband were reduced to great straits. A pathetic letter from Lady Jane to the Earl of Morton, however, brought her £350 as a loan, on which she, accompanied by her trusted friend and companion, Mrs. Hewitt, went off to Paris, and brought her little Sholto Thomas away from the good nurse who had so well cared for him; then they paid their debts at Rheims, and started for England. But the Earl of Morton's money did not stretch out far enough in such unthrifty hands; and at Dunkirk they borrowed twenty-five louis d'or from the Chevalier Douglas, and £40 from Sir Walter Rutledge, to bring them to England, where they arrived before Christmas day, 1749.

Mr. Stewart was, in a very short time, put into prison for debt, and Lady Jane and her children, with Mrs. Hewitt, lodged meanly enough, sometimes in a back street in London, and sometimes at the little country village of Chelsea, for two years and ten months; but she was always in great straits. During this period letters passed frequently between the imprisoned husband and his wife, in which the children are continually mentioned in terms of the greatest affection.
Meanwhile the Duke of Douglas had been told that the little boys now brought to England, and supposed to be his heirs, were not Lady Jane's children at all, but had been obtained from poor parents in Paris, and that Margaret Kerr, Lady Jane's maid, before she went abroad, had stoutly maintained that a marble table could as easily become a mother as her mistress. The Duke was already very angry with his sister, because, having sent a messenger to her some time before to demand some deeds which he had formerly given into her hands, the man, who was in league with her enemies, had returned from Rheims vowing she would not give them up, though they were all the time in his possession, as he was forced to acknowledge at the subsequent trial. Lord Dundonald also had written to the Duke, assuring him that Lady Jane had called upon Lady Stair, accompanied by the little boys, but that Lady Stair, having examined the children's mouths, was convinced, from the difference in their teeth, that they were not exactly of the same age.

So, when Lady Jane brought her little ones to Scotland, in 1752, she wrote to her brother a touching letter, in which she says: "The children, poor babes, have never yet done any fault; may I not then plead for their being ad-
mitted and allowed to see you and to kiss your hands? The youngest, Sholto, is thought to resemble you much when you were a child; and Archie is thought by a great many to have the honour of resembling you much since you became a man."

The Earl of Crawfurd also wrote to the Duke, interceding for the poor lady so overwhelmed with trouble; but the influence of friends was all of no avail. Neither mother nor children were admitted inside the doors of Douglas Castle, although Lady Jane often called at the gates, and left notes for her brother with a man named White, of Stockbrigs, the Duke's confidential manager, who spoke fairly to the poor lady, but was in fact her greatest enemy, and probably never gave his master one of her letters.

While in Scotland Lady Jane writes to her husband: "The children, I bless God, enjoy perfect good health, and are in good spirits, they are mightily caressed here, and little Archie is thought to be very like you." In another letter she says: "This day Archie and Sholto are to begin to learn to read, taught by one Warden, recommended by the Countess of Stair, as one that teaches well, and brings children forward in a short time. I told them I was writing to you,
and they both prayed me to give their duty to their papa."

To this Mr. Stewart replies: "Many kisses to the dear little men, with my best blessing to them and you."

In April, 1753, Lady Jane being obliged to return to London, left the boys in Scotland with a maid named Isabel Walker: they then seemed quite well, but two days afterwards little Sholto showed signs of fever, which rapidly increased, and soon carried off the sufferer. The news so affected Lady Jane that she was never well afterwards. She wrote, however, another and most moving letter to the Duke, telling him of her grief at the loss of her younger darling. The child had been, as already stated, baptised by La Marr, but he had been conditionally re-baptised on arriving in England. From this time the poor mother's health failed more and more, and she died—as her doctor declared, of a broken heart—November 22, 1753, in a wretched apartment at Edinburgh, and destitute almost of the common necessaries of life. Her doctor writes of her that "she bore her sickness with Christian patience, resignation, and that remarkable sweetness of temper so natural to her." Four hours before her departure she sent for Archibald, and, laying her hand on the boy's head, said tenderly, "God bless
you, my child! God make you a good and honest man, for riches I despise. Take a sword in your hand, my son, and you may one day be as great a hero as were some of your ancestors."

Some time after the grave had closed over the heart-stricken mother, the Duke of Douglas heard from Lady Stair's own lips that the story reported to him of her examination of the teeth of his sister's children was utterly and maliciously false; and he became, to some extent at least, convinced of the injustice which he had done to the gentle companion of his own childhood.

Immediately after Lady Jane's death, Lady Schaw charged herself with the care of Archie, then five years old. His father also took a tender interest in his welfare, and writes to this kind friend to have him inoculated, or not, as her own judgment directs, reminding her that the person from whom the virus is taken should be of a clean and healthy constitution. He adds, "Give my blessing to my dear little man."

In 1758, the Duke of Douglas married, perhaps hoping to have an heir, who would prevent his dead sister's son from succeeding to his estates. If so, his hopes were disappointed; and, what is more, his Duchess became the motherless boy's warm friend; indeed, she pleaded his cause with her husband so eagerly that a
quarrel and a separation ensued. The Duke however, relented, and, on his reconciliation with his wife, acknowledged Archibald to be his nephew and heir. Three years later the Duke himself died, having executed, ten days before, an entail of his whole estate in favour of the heirs male of his father, and appointing Margaret Duchess of Douglas, the Duke of Queensberry, and the Earl of Morton his nephew's tutors and guardians during his minority.

The young Archibald was immediately "served heir" to his deceased uncle, upon proof of his birth and propinquity by an "inquest" held by fifteen men according to Scottish law. The proofs were deemed satisfactory, the jury were unanimous, and the lad was put in possession of the family estates.

Actions were soon after brought in the Scottish Courts of Law by the Duke of Hamilton (husband of the beautiful Elizabeth Gunning) and the Earl of Selkirk, both of whom claimed portions of the estate under settlement made by ancestors of the Duke of Douglas. But these claims were not allowed.

Meanwhile, the Duke of Hamilton sent an agent to France, to make inquiries about the birth of the youthful laird; and in December, 1762, it was given out that Archibald was no
son of Lady Jane Douglas, and that she never had a son at all. Mrs. Helen Hewitt was supposed to be an accomplice in the imposture; and against her and the poor boy's father (now Sir John Stewart, of Grandtully) a criminal suit was raised before the Tournelle Criminelle of the Parliament of Paris. In the summer of 1763, a Monitoire was published by the Archbishop of Paris, and dispersed throughout France, giving the story of Lady Jane's imposture as stated by the claimants, and enjoining all persons, on pain of excommunication, to impart to their parish curé anything they might know concerning the facts of the case, when the curé was to seal up such information and send it to the Procureur-Général.

Some witnesses deposed to the abstraction of a male infant from one Saury. This was not denied; but it was proved that the babe had not been carried off till the end of December, 1749, or the beginning of 1750, at which time the Douglas child and his parents were in England. Then a statement was put forward that at the time when the supposed birth of the twins took place, a gentleman applied to a poor woman named Marie Guinette to procure two newly born male children—or one if two could not be obtained—to present to a lady who had been
confined of twins, both of whom were dead. This Guinette, it was asserted, spoke to a friend named Mignon, wife of a glass-grinder in Paris, who had a boy three weeks old. According to the story, the husband and wife agreed to sell their infant, and took it to a shop, where the person who bought it at once changed its ragged clothes for fine ones. But the deposer added that the infant had bright blue eyes, whereas those of the young Stewart were undoubtedly black.

The case came before the Scotch Court of Session in July, 1767; not, however, as a criminal prosecution, but in the shape of an action of ejectment, the youthful owner being, of course, the defendant. Among the judges were several eminent men—Lord Auchinleck, Lord Kames, Lord Monboddo, and Lord Hailes. There was a division of opinion, and the casting vote against young Archibald was given by the Lord President Dundas, who up to that time had been supposed to be in his favour, but who professed to have received "a new light on the subject."

But Archibald's friends did not let the matter drop here. The claim was carried into the House of Lords, and in 1769 the decision of the Scottish Judges was reversed, owing chiefly to the powerful influence of the Earl of Mansfield, then
THE GREAT DOUGLAS CASE.

Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. The decision was received with vehement controversy and recrimination; indeed, Lord Mansfield was openly accused of corruption, and was even denounced, many years later, by Sir Philip Francis in the House of Commons. Dr. Johnson, with his usual common sense, held that the presumption of filiation was strong in the defendant's favour, and that great weight should be allowed to a dying declaration, meaning, of course, that of Lady Jane.

The successful young claimant, though he inherited the property of his mother's family, never became Duke of Douglas, that title being extinct; but in 1790, he was raised to the peerage of Great Britain as Baron Douglas of Douglas Castle, and, as such, took his seat in the House of Lords.

That honour, however, continued through only two generations in the male line; for, though three of his sons succeeded to the barony in turn, they each and all died without leaving a son. The Douglas property accordingly passed to the eldest daughter of the first Lord Douglas's daughter, who married the Earl of Home; and Lord Home, in right of his wife, is now the owner of Bothwell and Douglas Castles, and of other broad lands in Lanarkshire; and in his
favour the Barony of Douglas was revived in 1875.

Anyone who is curious to see the pros and cons of the great Douglas case, should read the "Summary of the Speeches, Arguments, and Determinations of the Lords of Session in Scotland, with a Preface by a Barrister-at-Law," which was published, as a quasi legal "Report," by J. Almon, opposite Burlington House in Piccadilly, in 1767. They will find them fairly stated and weighed in the balance; and I should add that I have made considerable use of the "Preface" in the Story of the "Great Douglas Case" as I tell it in these pages.
THE RADCLIFFES OF DERWENTWATER.

A NEW chapter will have to be written in the history of "pretenders" and "claimants," for only a few weeks since the daily papers recorded the premature death of a lady in the north of England, who styled herself "the Lady Amelia Radcliffe" and "the Countess of Derwentwater," and who, not so many years ago, made a bold attempt to assert what she believed to be her legal rights to the ruined Castle of Dilston, and to the rank of a peeress of England. At the time of her dashing adventure I wrote a short account of the Radcliffes in a magazine of small circulation, and now defunct; and as some interest just now attaches to her name, I have obtained the permission of the editor to reproduce the story, with a few corrections, in this series of tales.

In tender and touching reminiscences, few
spots in the whole of England surpass Dilston—or, as it was once called, Devilstone—Hall, as in its lonely and ruined state it still frowns down upon "the Devil's Water"—originally Dyville's Water—which foams along between steep and well-wooded cliffs, eager to join the Tyne, a few miles to the north-east of the ancient abbey tower of Hexham. Even now, though what remains of the old mansion is roofless, and though the bat and the owl fly in and out of its mullioned but unglazed windows, and as we walk along the grass-grown terrace that overhangs the valley and the river, our fancy cannot help repeopling it with its noble occupants of little more than a century and a half ago, when it was the home of James and Anne, the youthful, gay, brilliant, and ill-starred Earl and Countess of Derwentwater. There, even to the present hour, the young Earl's name lives in popular tradition, among a primitive and poetic race of peasantry; nor is there any episode in history that has a firmer hold on popular sympathy than his melancholy fate, and the ruin of his family which that fate involved.

According to Sir Bernard Burke, the Radcliffes of Derwentwater were one of the oldest knightly families in the county of Cumberland. In that county, a little beyond Hay Castle, the river Derwent runs under the base of the mountains
called the Derwent Fells, and spreads itself into a spacious lake, in which are three islands; one of these isles was inhabited by a population of miners; another was supposed to be the same in which—if we may believe the venerable Bede—St. Hubert led the life of a hermit; and the third was the seat of the family of Radcliffe, the head of which, being knighted by Henry V., married Margaret, daughter of John de Derwentwater.

In like manner, from the time of the Norman Conquest down to the reign of Henry III., Dilston Castle appears to have been in the possession of a family who bore the local name of Dyvelstone; and at length, after having passed through several intermediate hands—the Tyndales, the Crafters, and the Claxtons—it devolved on the Radcliffes, in the person of one Sir Nicholas Radcliffe, who as we said above, married the fair daughter and heiress of the Derwentwaters. Thenceforth the two properties became merged into one.

Their descendant in the direct line, Sir Francis Radcliffe, or Radclyffe, Baron of Dilston, in Northumberland, according to "Ulster," was raised to the Scottish Peerage as Baron Tyndale, Viscount Radcliffe and Langley, and Earl of Derwentwater. This nobleman, by his marriage with Catherine, daughter and heir of Sir William Fenwick, of Meldon, Northumberland, had a
family of four daughters and five sons, of whom the eldest, Francis, succeeded to the honours and estates; the second, Edward, died unmarried; while of the after-history and fortunes of the three youngest, Thomas, William, and Arthur, nothing is known, except that Thomas became a soldier. We now come to Francis, the second Earl, who had married in his father's lifetime Mary Tudor, one of the natural daughters of King Charles II., by Mrs. Mary Davis. By her he had a daughter, Mary Tudor, and three sons, one of whom died young, or, at all events, issueless, while the eldest, James, and the youngest, Charles, successively inherited the Earldom.

James, the third Earl, was the ill-starred and gallant nobleman who, becoming the victim of a steadfast though misguided loyalty, rashly embarked, together with his brother Charles, in the attempt to place the Chevalier St. George, better known by his sobriquet of "the Old Pretender," on the throne which his father had abdicated. He is described as having been "a perfect cavalier, and a fine specimen of a genuine English nobleman; amiable, brave, open, generous, hospitable and humane; 'and of so universal a beneficence that he seemed to live for others.' He gave bread to multitudes of people whom he employed on his estates; the poor, the widow, and the orphan all
rejoiced in his bounty." He joined the forces raised in Scotland in 1715, under the Earl of Mar, and other noblemen, including Lords Kenmure, Widdrington, and Wintoun, in the cause of "James III.;" and, marching at the head of a regiment or two southwards, made his way to Appleby, Lancaster, and Preston. Here they and their little band were met by a large force under General Carpenter; and the little chances which they had of success were rendered smaller by divided counsels. After a hard-fought encounter, the Earl and his brother were forced to surrender as prisoners in war. He was sent to the Tower of London, where he was kept in close custody. He was tried for his share in the rebellion before the House of Lords, and being found guilty of high treason, when only twenty-eight years of age, he was beheaded on Tower Hill on the 24th of February, 1715-16, when all his honours and estates became forfeited to the Crown.

On the evening of the day in which the Earl's head was struck off, the Cumberland and Northumberland sky was lit up by a splendid aurora borealis; and from that day to this the "Northern Lights," as they are called elsewhere, are spoken of among the rustic peasantry of Tynedale and Hexhamshire as the "Derwentwater lights." They
are viewed by them not without some feelings of terror and alarm, and are considered, as the comets of old were thought to be, the heralds of "nae gude" tidings to the neighbourhood. This fact alone will serve to show how deeply the memory of the Earl and his tragic end stands engraven upon the hearts of the Northumbrian peasants.

As to the place of his burial, there are great doubts.* According to Sir Bernard Burke, the best authenticated account states that he found a grave in the church of St. Giles' in the Fields; but there is also a tradition that his mutilated remains found a resting place at Dilston. Whatever be the truth of the story, however, one thing is certain, namely, that the memory of the ill-

* A correspondent writes to me with reference to this statement, "I believe that Lord Derwentwater's remains were taken straight from the place of execution to Dagnam Park, in Essex, and from thence to Dilston Church, in the vault of which they remained until the sale of that property by the Crown a year or two ago, when they were exhumed in the presence of a member of the Petre family, and conveyed to Thorndon, in Essex, where they were re-interred in the mortuary chapel of the Petre family. Lord Petre," adds my correspondent, "possesses several Badcliffe relics, including the clothes in which Lord Derwentwater was executed, his Missal, and a very beautiful portrait of the Earl. It may be added that Lord Petre is descended in the direct (female) line from James, third Earl of Derwentwater."
fated nobleman is still cherished by the people around Dilston Castle, and lives in many a rude ballad of the country-side; and we may add that the exquisitely touching lament, "Farewell to Lochaber" is said to have been written by the Earl, and addressed to his wife, on the eve of his departure for the adventure in which he forfeited, in a mistaken and hopeless cause, his life, his fair lands, and his family. James Radcliffe left a young and beautiful widow, Anna Maria, the daughter of Sir John Webb, Bart., of Oldstock, Wilts, and two infant children besides, to deplore his untimely fate. These children were, a daughter, Mary, who in 1732 became the wife of Robert James, eighth Lord Petre; and a son, John, who, if we may believe the Heralds, died young and issueless; but about whom it has recently been affirmed that he lived to marry and leave a family, to inherit his name, though not his coronet or his broad acres.

We now pass to his brother Charles, who, after the presumed death of his brother's son—a matter of which he must have been well assured by personal knowledge—assumed the title of Earl of Derwentwater, in spite of the attainder which had been passed upon it. He was, like his brother, one of the most unbending adherents of the House of Stuart, and took a prominent part in
the events of those stirring times in which his lot was cast. Bearing, with his brother, a share in the Rebellion of 1715, he had been taken prisoner at Preston, in the November of that year, and, being carried to London, was tried and condemned of high treason. After his conviction, in the following year he received several reprieves from time to time; and probably on account of his extreme youth, and of a reluctance on the part of the Government to shed any more blood of such a noble House, he would have been pardoned by the Crown. But on the 11th of December, 1716, in company with eleven other "rebels," he made his escape out of the gaol of Newgate, and thus unfortunately placed himself beyond the benefit even of a general act of grace which was passed about that time. Thus it happened that if the elder brother had escaped he would have saved his head; the younger brother would have saved his head by remaining in captivity.

On reaching the continent, Charles Radcliffe proceeded to Rome, where he obtained a pension from the Chevalier St. George. We next hear of him as settled in Paris, where in 1724 he became the second husband of Maria, Countess of Newburgh in her own right, by whom he had several daughters and a son, James Bartholomew, Earl of Newburgh, whose son, Anthony James, Earl
of Newburgh, died without issue in 1814. Twice, during his long period of exile, Charles Radcliffe came to London; and though his presence was well known to the Government, and though he assumed an attainted title, yet his visits were allowed to pass unnoticed; at all events, he came and went away unmolested by the King and his Ministry.

The rising of 1745 in favour of "Bonny Prince Charlie," however, again called him into the field of action. Still adhering to the cause of the Stuarts, he embarked for Calais in the November of that year, on board the ship of war "l'Espérance," a privateer, together with his son and some officers, and a store of ammunition of war, hoping, and no doubt intending, to join Charles Edward on the Scottish coast. Although there was no actual legal proof of any such warlike intention, yet the ship was seized in the open sea by the "Sheerness" man-of-war, and brought into the Downs. The captain landed his prisoners at Deal, when Radcliffe and his son were committed to the Tower. The son, being deemed a foreigner, was exchanged on the first cartel; but Charles Radcliffe himself was confined till the Rebellion was over.

In Michaelmas Term, 1746, he was brought to the bar of the Court of King's Bench to have
execution awarded against him under his former sentence, passed thirty years before. He pleaded that he was not proved to be the same person who had been previously convicted, and prayed time to bring witnesses in support of his statement; but as, in his affidavit, he would not positively deny that he was the attainted Charles Radcliffe, the Court proceeded, and decided against the plea. He then wished to plead in bar the general pardon of 1716, to which I alluded above, but, although one judge dissented from his brethren, the Court refused to hear or admit of any further plea, and he was ordered for execution.

Although strictly speaking he was not a nobleman, for the earldom was under attainder, yet regard was paid to his high rank and station so far that he was not made to undergo the then legal and customary penalty for high treason, in the case of obscure and ignoble criminals, but was beheaded on Tower Hill, like his brother before him, on the 8th December, 1746. It is needless to add that he met his fate with the same dignified calmness and manly courage which had marked his brother, although with less of pious resignation.

He was the mainspring of the support which his house and family gave to the cause of the Stuarts, and it is calculated that he and his
brother between them spent more than £300,000 in the attempt to place the exiled House once more upon the throne.

If, then, we follow the statement of Sir Bernard Burke, the Earldom of Derwentwater, as we have said, fell under attainder in the person of James, the third Earl, whose only representatives, according to the same authority, are Lord Petre's family, and they only in the female line; if, however, the Earldom had been restored to the male issue of Charles, the last who assumed it, still it would have become extinct in 1814, on the death of his grandson, Anthony James, Earl of Newburgh, whom we mentioned above, unless it be true that the son of James, the third Earl, lived to marry and have issue male. If this was not the case, it is clear that the only persons who can put in any claim for the Earldom of Derwentwater, are the male descendants of Thomas, William, and Arthur, the three youngest sons of the first Earl, if any such can now be found. It is presumed that the attainder passed upon his son or sons could not have any retrospective effect on him as their father, or on any legitimate male representatives who could or can prove their descent from them. But it is not stated anywhere, either by Sir Bernard Burke or by any reliable authority, that the Earldom created by James II.
was granted to the Radcliffes with any but the usual remainder to the issue male of the first grantee's body, lawfully begotten. If so, no female can establish any legal right to the title of Derwentwater, nor indeed can any male claimant whose line of descent passes through a female.

It was urged on behalf of the lady who styled herself "Amelia, Countess of Derwentwater," that John, the son of James, third Earl, did not die young of an accident, as is generally supposed, but lived to marry Elizabeth Arabella Maria, in her own right Countess of Waldsteine, and that on his death, in 1798, he left two surviving sons, James, fifth Earl, who married, but died without issue, shortly after the battle of Waterloo, and John James, styled the sixth Earl, who in 1813 married Amelia Anna Charlotte, Princess Sobieski. This Earl, it is alleged, had, with three sons, who died young, one surviving son, also John James, who called himself the seventh Earl, and whose death occurred in 1854. As he died unmarried, he left his claim—be it good or bad—to both title and the family estates to his only surviving sister, Amelia Matilda, who was born at Dover on the 2nd April, 1830, the same lady who, under the name of "Amelia, Countess of Derwentwater," made an ill-judged attempt to enforce her claims to the ancient inheritance of the Radcliffes at
Dilston, by a forcible entry into the halls of her ancestors.

Two things are clearly established, assuming "the Lady Amelia's" statement to be true: firstly, that Charles Radcliffe, who was executed in 1746, had no right or claim to the title of Earl of Derwentwater, his elder brother's son being still alive; and secondly, that, on the same assumption, her own brother no doubt would have been Earl of Derwentwater, except for the attainder passed on his ancestor. But I repeat that there is no proof whatever, so far as I can see, of the possibility of the title vesting in a female, unless the original patent was made out in favour of heirs general, instead of heirs male.

It was said by the Lady Amelia's friends that the representatives of the family, her brothers, her father, and her grandfather, would have long ago put in a formal claim to the title and estates if it had not been that they were unwilling to acknowledge the sovereignty of the House of Hanover, but that she herself was prepared to take the oath of allegiance to Queen Victoria. "While owning the power of the Crown to confiscate the estates on account of the rebellion of James, third Earl, she denied, as the lands are governed by the laws of entail, that such confiscation should have continued after his execution in 1716. Believing
that she was both heiress of entail and also heir general, she made her claim, and did what she deemed best to enforce it." There is no doubt that in so doing she struck upon the right chord of public sympathy, and one which would respond to her faithfully. The poetic halo that surrounds the grey walls of old Dilston Hall has not yet departed; and the name of Radcliffe all around Tynedale and Hexhamshire has even to this day a magic influence. But it is in a court of law, and before the House of Peers that she ought to have appeared in due form as a suitor, if she wished her claims to be legally investigated and honestly treated. The titles and estates of most of the other nobles who joined in the two Scottish uprisings of 1715 and 1745 have already been restored, and the Peerage is no longer without a Winton, a Perth, a Southesk, or an Airlie, or even an Earl of Mar.

Meantime it is of interest to us all to learn that so keen has been the love felt by the Radcliffes for their own land and for their own ancestral halls, that the two Earls, who shed their blood on Tower Hill by an executioner's axe, desired to be buried in the chapel at Dilston, where, also, still repose the remains of some others of the family. It is said that, in spite of the long enforced exile to which they have been subjected as a race for
their ancestor's folly or fealty, call it as you will, nearly every member of the Radcliffe family has contrived to pay at least one stolen visit to the banks of the "Devil's Waters," and to gaze on those grey walls that once belonged to his or her forefathers. Nay, further, they have so contrived that nearly every member for the past hundred years has been born in this island. For instance, John James, the sixth Earl (Lady Amelia's father), was born at Dilston, and the story of his birth has about it an air of romance. His mother, travelling incognito, came to England, and just before his birth made her way to Hexham and Corbridge. As she drove along the highway at Dilston the carriage, by pre-arrangement, was made to break down, as if by accident. The neighbours ran out to assist the strangers; and the "countess" was conveyed to a small inn in the village. Here, in a chamber called the Earl of Derwentwater's room, her child first saw the light of day; and that child's daughter, "The Lady Amelia," was born at Dover on the 2nd of April, 1830. The deceased claimant, it is said, though educated for the most part abroad, spent much of her life in this country, and during the last few years, from time to time, without revealing the secret of her name, she had paid stolen visits to Dilston Hall and its neighbourhood.
She made herself known to no one on these occasions, but contented herself by simply stating that the heir of Dilston was alive, and would one day appear in the midst of the good folks of Corbridge and Hexham, and along the banks of the Devil's Water:

"And Bertram's might and Bertram's right
Shall meet on Ellangowan's height."

It should be added that the Crown, when it had seized upon the estates of the Derwentwaters in Cumberland and Northumberland, of the present value of between £40,000 and £50,000 a year, transferred them to the Commissioners of Greenwich Hospital, to be devoted towards the foundation and maintenance of that institution. As the estates have been thus torn from their rightful owners, it is a matter of congratulation that their noble revenues are applied to a purpose so good in itself and so serviceable to the nation. Still, it is an open question whether, in event of the rightful heir establishing a claim to the coronet, the nation ought not to give back some share of that spoil which it took away in its hasty wrath; and this equitable right has been recognised to some extent; for in 1749 an Act was passed, inter alia "for raising certain sums of money out of the said estates for the benefit of the children
of Charles Radcliffe," under which an annuity was paid to his grandson, Anthony James, Earl of Newburgh, till his death in 1814, and was continued to that nobleman's widow, who died so lately as August, 1861, at Slindon House, Sussex, when she had nearly attained her hundredth year.
THE RISE OF THE HOUSE OF HARDWICKE.

It is always said, as a matter of legitimate boast, that in England the House of Peers is open to all, and that every subject of the Crown, if he has but sufficient industry and energy—to which qualities I should be inclined to add a dash of interest and good luck—may make his way from the humblest position into its foremost ranks; and as Archbishop of Canterbury or of York, or as Lord High Chancellor, the son of a small tradesman or yeoman may rise to take precedence of all his fellow-subjects, save only those of the blood royal. And so it is. The archiepiscopal mitre, during the last three centuries, has been as often gained by men of no family influence or high birth as by connections of the upper ten thousand. And the case of the
woolsack is the same. Lord Eldon was the son of a coal merchant, Lord Truro of a London attorney, Lord Thurlow of a Suffolk clergyman, Lord Selborne and Lord Cranworth were also sons of plain country clergymen.

Side by side with these names may be mentioned that of Philip Yorke, first Earl of Hardwicke, who was the son of an attorney of respectable character, but in narrow circumstances, and was born at Dover in the year 1690. After receiving a limited education—despite the wishes of his mother, who desired him to enter the Church—the boy was sent by his father to London, where he entered the office of a Mr. Salkeld, an eminent attorney. In this position he devoted every spare moment of his leisure in endeavouring to supply the defects of his early education. The wife of Mr. Salkeld was a notable and frugal housewife; and young Yorke being what is termed a gratis clerk (that is, one who has paid no premium for the legal lore he may acquire in his master’s chambers), she frequently employed him in running upon errands, and making him “generally useful” in the household. This reminds us of King Alfred in the household of the Danish peasant, and of Sir John Bowring when a boy-clerk in a merchant’s house at Exeter. This work was very distasteful to the
youth who was destined to be Lord Chancellor of England; and, anxious to be relieved from this uncongenial employment, one day when she had sent him "marketing," much to her surprise and chagrin, he brought his purchases home in a hackney carriage, the fare of which she had to pay. About this time, having entrusted to his clerk the charge of the cash for the petty expenses of the office, and looking over the accounts one day, he met with a striking example of his wife's notability as a housekeeper, for amongst the miscellaneous office disbursements there appeared several such items as "a saddle of mutton," a "barrel of oysters," "coach fare for vegetables from Covent Garden," &c.,—items not generally expected to be found amongst the office expenses of an attorney. This brought about an explanation, and the young aspirant for legal honours was relieved in future from the performance of the drudgery of these menial duties.

Steadily applying himself to his profession, Yorke entered as a student at the Middle Temple, and was called to the Bar in 1715; and as his abilities were known to be of a high order, he immediately obtained considerable employment. During the time he was "keeping terms," he became acquainted with Mr. Parker, one of the sons of Lord Chief Justice Macclesfield, the conse-
quence of which was an introduction to the judge, who highly appreciated Yorke's merits, and employed him as the companion and tutor to his sons.

After his call to the Bar, Mr. Yorke received the support of his old benefactor, Mr. Salkeld, together with the favour and patronage of Lord Macclesfield, and he was thus at the very outset enabled to acquire an extensive practice; indeed, the favouritism of Lord Macclesfield, even in Court, is stated to have offended and aggrieved many old and eminent practitioners.

In 1719, the year of Lord Macclesfield's elevation to the woolsack, young Mr. Yorke took his seat in the House of Commons as member for Lewes. In the same year he thought it would add to his happiness if he married; so looking round, he fixed upon the young widow of a Mr. William Lygon, of Madresfield, the daughter of Mr. Cocks, a gentleman of good estate in Worcestershire, and a niece of Lord Somers and of Sir Joseph Jekyll, then Master of the Rolls. The lady, amongst other recommendable qualifications, possessed that of a good jointure. And when, fortified by a letter of introduction from her uncle (Sir Joseph Jekyll, at whose house he had met her), Mr. Yorke called upon her father at his London residence, who asked him what
was his rent roll, he was surprised to hear that all Mr. Yorke’s estate consisted of “a perch of ground in Westminster Hall!” The father, however, being assured by Sir Joseph Jekyll that the young lawyer’s prospects were very good, gave his consent, and they were married; and she proved a most excellent wife for a period of forty-two years.

Lord Campbell, speaking of their domestic life, says: “They continued to old age tenderly attached to each other. She contributed not only to his happiness, but to his greatness. She often humorously laid claim (as she had good right to do) to so much of the merit of Lord Hardwicke’s being a good Chancellor—in that his thoughts and attentions were never taken from the business of the Court by the private concerns of the family, the care of which, the management of his money matters, the settling all accounts with stewards and others, and, above all, the education of his children, had been wholly her department and concern without any interposition of his, farther than implicit acquiescence and entire approbation.”

Lady Hardwicke was, it has been said, of a very careful and saving disposition, approaching to stinginess; and what he earned she saved. It has been related that she took care that the
purse in which the Great Seal is carried—which was made of very expensive embroidery, and renewed annually—should not become the perquisite of the seal-bearer, but be retained when discarded, by herself. So many of them were saved, that at length she had enough to hang with them the state-room in the mansion at Wimpole, and make curtains for the state-bed. Lord Hardwicke, in allusion to this, is said to have playfully remarked, "There was not such a purser in the navy."

But Lord Campbell, in alluding to this, gives a somewhat modified version of the story. He says: "The truth is, that this purse, highly decorated with the royal arms and other devices, is, by ancient custom, annually renewed, and is the perquisite of the Lord Chancellor for the time being, if he chooses to claim it. Lady Hardwicke, availing herself of this custom, caused the purse, with its decorations, to be put as embroidery on a large piece of rich crimson velvet, corresponding to the height of one of the state-rooms at Wimpole. These purses, just twenty in number, complete the hangings of the room, and the curtains of a bed, singularly magnificent. She, therefore, in reality, only prepared a characteristic and proud heirloom to be handed down to commemorate the founder of the family."
The following incident is told of Lord Hardwicke, whilst still a rising barrister: Mr. Justice Powis had a habit of frequently using the phrase "I humbly conceive," and "Look, do you see." On one occasion, during an interval in the Court, the Judge said, "Mr. Yorke, I understand you are going to publish a poetical version of 'Coke upon Lyttleton;' will you favour us with a specimen?"

"Certainly, my Lord," said the ready barrister, and proceeded gravely to recite:

"He that holdeth his lands in fee
Need neither to shake nor to shiver,
I humbly conceive; for look, do you see,
They are his and his heirs' for ever."

In 1720, while upon the Circuit, and within five years from his call to the Bar, Mr. Yorke was appointed to the post of Solicitor-General, and shortly afterwards received the customary honour of knighthood, and four years later he was promoted to the Attorney-Generalship. After holding this post for about ten years, Sir Philip Yorke was elevated to the Bench as Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and created Baron Hardwicke.

Lord Campbell speaks of Lord Hardwicke as "the man universally and deservedly considered the most consummate judge who ever sat in the
Court of Chancery;” while the Earl of Chesterfield has written of him:

“Lord Hardwicke was, perhaps, the greatest magistrate this country ever had. He presided in the Court of Chancery more than twenty years, and in all that time none of his decrees were ever reversed, or the justness of them questioned. Though avarice was his ruling passion, he was never in the least suspected of any kind of corruption—a rare and meritorious instance of virtue and self-denial under the influence of such a craving, insatiable, and increasing passion. He was an agreeable and eloquent speaker in Parliament, but not without some little tincture of the pleader. He was a cheerful, instructive companion, humane in his nature, decent in his manners, unstained by any vice (excepting that of avarice)—a very great magistrate, but by no means a great minister.”

It is related as an incident in Lord Hardwicke’s judicial career, that on one occasion an attempt was made to bribe him. This was by Thomas Martin, Mayor of Yarmouth, who foolishly wrote the Lord Chancellor a letter, in which he bespoke his favour, and asked him to read some papers which he inclosed (respecting a Bill in Chancery with which he was threatened), and for the trouble of so doing, he begged his
acceptance of a twenty pound note. An order being made upon the Mayor to show cause why he should not be committed to prison for contempt of court, he made an affidavit that the letter was written, and the bribe offered, through ignorance, and not from any evil intention whatever. The Court took a lenient view of the matter, and the rule was discharged upon his worship paying all expenses and agreeing that the twenty pounds should be given to the prisoners of the Fleet Prison.

Lord Hardwicke presided in King's Bench for three years and a half, during which time he added largely to his former high reputation; and on the death of Lord Chancellor Talbot in 1737, he was raised to the Woolsack. He continued to hold the Great Seal until November, 1756, and during the whole of those twenty years his integrity was never called in question: the wisdom of his decrees was the theme of universal eulogy, and it is worthy of note that during the whole time that he presided in the Court of Chancery three only of his judgments were appealed from, and those were confirmed by the House of Lords.

In 1754 Lord Hardwicke was advanced a step in the peerage, being created Earl of Hardwicke and Viscount Royston. But Lord Hardwicke
was not only the winner of a title, but the founder of a family which has more than held its own in the Eastern counties for two centuries. Wimpole Hall, Cambridgeshire, the estate of the Harleys, he purchased, and transmitted it to his posterity. His son and successor Philip, the second Earl, married the Lady Jemima Campbell, daughter of the third Earl of Breadalbane, and ultimately in her own right Baroness Lucas of Crudwell and Marchioness De Grey: his grandson Philip, third Earl, was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; and his great grandson, Charles Philip, fourth Earl, was also a Cabinet Minister under Lord Derby. Lord Hardwicke's second son held the office of Lord Chancellor, but died suddenly before a patent, which was in progress of creating him a peer as Lord Morden, could be completed. The present representative of the Yorkes, though removed by only three generations from the poor lawyer's clerk, is one of the wealthiest and most influential nobles in the Eastern counties.
FIELD-MARSHAL KEITH.

AMONG the records of brave and eminent Generals who have won for themselves an enviable share of fame far away from their country and their kindred, the name of Field-Marshal Keith occupies no mean place; whilst the sculptor has perpetuated his gallantry, as every travelled Englishman is aware, by placing him amongst the eight generals whose effigies surround the equestrian statue of Frederick the Great at Berlin. Field-Marshal Keith was the descendant of a noble and influential Scottish family who took a prominent part in the politics of their troubled country under the later Stuart sovereigns. He was born in 1696, and so, on the outbreak of the first Scottish rising in 1715, was just nineteen years old. Like the rest of his kith and kin, he joined the standard of the Chevalier
St. George, and after the battle of Sherifmuir, in which he was severely wounded, he effected his escape, along with his brother, to France, where he devoted himself to military studies—not, however, neglecting other matters of a more peaceful nature, for he became a member of the Academy of Sciences. Leaving Paris after awhile, he went to Spain, where he served for ten or twelve years as an officer in the Irish Brigade commanded by the Earl of Ormond. But, on accompanying the Spanish Embassy to Russia, he thought it best to throw up his commission in Spain and to enter formally the service of the Czar. Here he greatly distinguished himself upon several occasions, and was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-General. The Empress Catharine also invested him with the Order of the Black Eagle, and presented him with a sword set with diamonds, adding at the same time 2,000 roubles to his military pay and presenting him with an estate in Livonia. But fortune did not continue to smile upon him without interruption; for, being offended by an insult intentionally or carelessly offered to him by the Russian Chancellor, Count Bestuche, the Marshal gave up his appointment in the Russian service, on which the Empress, not very liberally nor very graciously, recalled the grant which she had made to him of the Livonian estate. Accordingly he
became for a third time a wanderer and exile on the face of the earth.

He had not, however, long to wait for a fresh start in life. The King of Prussia eagerly embraced this opportunity of making an officer of such distinguished merit his own. Keith soon gained the King's confidence, and became his favourite companion in his travels through Germany, Poland, and Hungary. The Seven Years' War gave Keith an opportunity of not only displaying great military talents, but he showed great bravery, taking part in all the eventful battles of the period.

On the 14th of October, 1758, the Austrians surprised the Prussians in their camp between Botzen and Hochkirchen. On the first alarm Keith mounted his horse, assembled a body of troops with the utmost expedition, and marched directly to the place which was attacked. The Austrians had possessed themselves of the rising ground, and had planted a numerous train of artillery along the hill, and made themselves masters of Hochkirchen. Keith, knowing the importance of the stake, directed his whole efforts to this place, while his master (Frederick) was employed in sustaining an attack from another quarter, and in forming the troops as fast as they could be assembled. Keith attacked the village
of Hochkirchen, and drove the enemy from that part; but, being overpowered by numbers, was obliged to retire in his turn. He rallied his men, returned to the charge, and regained the village. Being again repulsed by the fresh reinforcements of the enemy continually pouring down from the rising grounds, he made another effort, entered Hochkirchen the third time, and set it on fire, as he found it untenable. Thus he kept the Austrians at bay, and maintained a furious conflict against a vast superiority of numbers till the Prussian Army was formed. During the engagement Keith rallied the troops, charged at their head, and exposed his life in the hottest fire like a captain of Grenadiers; and it was in one of these charges that the gallant Field-Marshal was dangerously wounded. But even then he refused to quit the field, and continued to signalise himself in the hottest of the battle, until he received a shot in his breast, when he fell dead in the arms of Mr. Tilry, a gallant English gentleman who had made the campaign as a volunteer, and was himself shot through the shoulder. The Marshal happened to be so near the enemy that his body soon fell into their hands, and was stripped. In this situation it was found by Count Lacy, son of a general of that name, with whom Marshal Keith had served in Russia.
The young Count had been the pupil of Marshal Keith, and revered him as his military Mentor, though he now held a command in the Austrian service. He knew the body by the large scar of a dangerous wound which General Keith had received at the siege of Otchakov. He was deeply affected when he saw his old friend and honoured master extended at his feet—a lifeless and naked corpse. He immediately caused the body to be covered, and buried on the spot; but it was afterwards dug up by the curate of Hochkirchen, laid in a coffin, and decently interred. Some time afterwards Frederick the Great ordered it to be removed to Berlin, where it was buried with all the honours due to the rank and extraordinary merit of the gallant soldier.

It has often been asserted that Marshal Keith’s character was sadly tainted by avarice. But it is scarcely possible that his life could have been devoted, as was too often the case with the military commanders of the last century, to the accumulation of riches, for his brother, the Lord Marischall of Scotland, when writing about him to Mme. Geoffrin, remarked, “My brother has left me a noble heritage; after having overrun Bohemia at the head of a large army, I have only found seventy dollars in his purse.”

The name of Keith, happily, is still perpetu-
ated in the British Peerage, for the Marshal's sister and heiress became the wife of Charles, tenth Lord Elphinstone, by whom she had a son, George, who, entering the English Navy, was the comrade and friend of Nelson, and was created Lord Keith. His granddaughter, the Hon. Emily Jane Elphinstone de Flahault, the present holder of the title, is Dowager Marchioness of Lansdowne, and also in her own right Baroness Keith and Nairne.

THE END.

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